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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

VOLUME XVIII.

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BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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MY LADY LUDLOW.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

I AM an old woman now, and things are very different to what they were in my youth. Then we, who travelled, travelled in coaches, carrying six inside, and making a two days' journey out of what people now go over in a couple of hours with a whizz and a flash, and a screaming whistle, enough to deafen one. Then letters came in but three times a week; indeed, in some places in Scotland where I have stayed when I was a girl, the post came in but once a month;—but letters were letters then; and we made great prizes of them, and read them and studied them like books. Now the post comes rattling in twice a day, bringing short jerky notes, some without beginning or end, but just a little sharp sentence, which well-bred folk would think too abrupt to be spoken. Well, well! they may all be improvements,—I dare say they are; but you will never meet with a Lady Ludlow in these days.

I will try and tell you about her. It is no story; it has neither beginning, middle, nor end.

My father was a poor clergyman with a large family. My mother was always said to have good blood in her veins; and when she wanted to maintain her position with the people she was thrown among,—principally rich democratic manufacturers, all for liberty and the French Revolution,—she would put on a pair of ruffles, trimmed with real old English point, very much darned to be sure,—but which could not be bought new for love or money, as the art of making it was lost years before. These ruffles showed, as she said, that her ancestors had been Somebody, when the grandfathers of the rich folk, who now looked down upon her, had been Nobody,—if, indeed, they had any grandfathers at all. I don't know whether any one out of our own family ever noticed these ruffles,—but we were all taught as children to feel rather proud when my mother put them on, and to hold up our heads as became the descendants of the lady who had first possessed the lace. Not but what my dear father often told us that pride was a great sin; we were never allowed to be proud of anything but my mother's ruffles;

and she was so innocently happy when she put them on,—often, poor dear creature, to a very worn and thread-bare gown,—that I still think, even after all my experience of life, they were a blessing to the family. You will think that I am wandering away from my Lady Ludlow. Not at all. The lady who had owned the lace, Ursula Hanbury, was a common ancestress of both my mother and my Lady Ludlow. And so it fell out, that when my poor father died, and my mother was sorely pressed to know what to do with her nine children, and looked far and wide for signs of willingness to help, Lady Ludlow sent her a letter, proffering aid and assistance. I see that letter now; a large sheet of thick yellow paper, with a straight broad margin left on the left-hand side of the delicate Italian writing,—writing which contained far more in the same space of paper than all the sloping, or masculine hand-writings of the present day. It was sealed with a coat of arms,—a lozenge,—for Lady Ludlow was a widow. My mother made us notice the motto, "*Foy et Loy*," and told us where to look for the quarterings of the Hanbury arms before she opened the letter. Indeed, I think she was rather afraid of what the contents might be; for, as I have said, in her anxious love for her fatherless children, she had written to many people upon whom, to tell truly, she had but little claim; and their cold, hard answers had many a time made her cry, when she thought none of us were looking. I do not even know if she had ever seen Lady Ludlow; all I knew of her was that she was a very grand lady, whose grandmother had been half-sister to my mother's great-grandmother; but of her character and circumstances I had heard nothing, and I doubt if my mother was acquainted with them.

I looked over my mother's shoulder to read the letter; it began, "*Dear cousin Margaret Dawson*," and I think I felt hopeful from the moment I saw those words. She went on to say,—stay, I think I can remember the very words:

DEAR COUSIN MARGARET DAWSON,—I have been much grieved to hear of the loss you have sustained in the death of so good a husband, and so excellent a clergyman as I have always heard that my late cousin Richard was esteemed to be.

"There!" said my mother, laying her finger on the passage, "read that aloud to the little ones. Let them hear how their father's good report travelled far and wide, and how well he is spoken of by one whom he never saw. Cousin Richard, how prettily her ladyship writes! Go on, Margaret!" She wiped her eyes as she spoke; and laid her finger on her lips, to still my little sister, Cecily, who, not understanding anything about the important letter, was beginning to talk and make a noise.

You say you are left with nine children. I too should have had nine, if mine had all lived. I have none left but Rudolph, the present Lord Ludlow. He is married, and lives, for the most part, in London. But I entertain six young gentlemen at my house at Connington, who are to me as daughters—save that, perhaps, I restrict them in certain indulgences in dress and diet that might be befitting in young ladies of a higher rank, and of more probable wealth. These young persons—all of condition, though not of means—are my constant companions, and I strive to do my duty as a Christian lady towards them. One of these young gentlemen died (at her own home, whither she had gone upon a visit) last May. Will you do me the favour to allow your eldest daughter to supply her place in my household? She is, as I make out, about sixteen years of age. She will find companions here who are but a little older than herself. I dress my young friends myself, and make each of them a small allowance for pocket-money. They have but few opportunities for matrimony, as Connington is far removed from any town. The clergyman is a deaf old widower; my agent is married; and as for the neighbouring farmers, they are, of course, below the notice of the young gentlemen under my protection. Still, if any young woman wishes to marry, and has conducted herself to my satisfaction, I give her a wedding dinner, her clothes, and her house-linen. And such as remain with me to my death, will find a small competency provided for them in my will. I reserve to myself the option of paying their travelling expenses,—disliking gadding women, on the one hand; on the other, not wishing by too long absence from the family home to weaken natural ties.

If my proposal pleases you and your daughter—or rather, if it pleases you, for I trust your daughter has been too well brought up to have a will in opposition to yours—let me know, dear cousin Margaret Dawson, and I will make arrangements for meeting the young gentleman at Cavistock, which is the nearest point to which the coach will bring her.

My mother dropped the letter, and sate silent.

"I shall not know what to do without you, Margaret."

A moment before, like a young untried girl as I was, I had been pleased at the notion of seeing a new place, and leading a new life. But now,—my mother's look of sorrow, and the children's cry of remonstrance: "Mother! I won't go," I said.

"Nay! but you had better," replied she, shaking her head. "Lady Ludlow has much power. She can help your brothers. It will not do to slight her offer."

So we accepted it, after much consultation. We were rewarded,—or so we thought,—for,

afterwards, when I came to know Lady Ludlow, I saw that she would have done her duty by us, as helpless relations, however we might have rejected her kindness,—by a presentation to Christ's Hospital for one of my brothers.

And this was how I came to know my Lady Ludlow.

I remember well the afternoon of my arrival at Hanbury Court. Her ladyship had sent to meet me at the nearest post-town at which the mail coach stopped. There was an old groom inquiring for me, the ostler said, if my name was Dawson—from Hanbury Court, he believed. I felt it rather formidable; and first began to understand what was meant by going among strangers, when I lost sight of the guard to whom my mother had intrusted me. I was perched up in a high gig with a hood to it, such as in those days was called a chair, and my companion was driving deliberately through the most pastoral country I had ever yet seen. By-and-by we ascended a long hill, and the man got out and walked at the horse's head. I should have liked to walk, too, very much indeed; but I did not know how far I might do it; and, in fact, I dared not speak to ask to be helped down the deep steps of the gig. We were at last at the top,—on a long, breezy, sweeping, unenclosed piece of ground, called, as I afterwards learnt, a Chace. The groom stopped, breathed, patted his horse, and then mounted again to my side.

"Are we near Hanbury Court?" I asked.

"Near! Why, Miss! we've a matter of ten mile yet to go."

Once launched into conversation, we went on pretty glibly. I fancy he had been afraid of beginning to speak to me, just as I was to him; but he got over his shyness with me sooner than I did mine with him. I let him choose the subjects of conversation, although very often I could not understand the points of interest in them; for instance, he talked for more than a quarter of an hour of a famous race which a certain dog-fox had given him, above thirty years before; and spoke of all the covers and turns just as if I knew them as well as he did; and all the time I was wondering what kind of an animal a dog-fox might be.

After we left the Chace, the road grew worse. No one in these days, who has not seen the bye-roads of fifty years ago, can imagine what they were. We had to quarter, as Randal called it, nearly all the way along the deep-rutted, miry lanes; and the tremendous jolts I occasionally met with made my seat in the gig so unsteady, that I could not look about me at all, I was so much occupied in holding on. The road was too muddy for me to walk without dirtying myself more than I liked to do, just before my first sight of my Lady Ludlow. But by-and-by, when we came to the fields in which the lane ended, I begged Randal to help me

down, as I saw that I could pick my steps among the pasture grass without making myself unfit to be seen; and Randal, out of pity for his steaming horse, wearied with the hard struggle through the mud, thanked me kindly, and helped me down with a springing jump.

The pastures fell gradually down to the lower land, shut in on either side by rows of high elms, as if there had been a wide grand avenue here in former times. Down the grassy gorge we went, seeing the sun-set sky at the end of the shadowed descent. Suddenly we came to a long flight of steps.

"If you'll run down there, Miss, I'll go round and meet you, and then you'd better mount again, for my lady will like to see you drive up to the house."

"Are we near the house?" said I, suddenly checked by the idea.

"Down there, Miss!" replied he, pointing with his whip to certain stacks of twisted chimneys rising out of a group of trees, in deep shadow against the crimson light, and which lay just beyond a great square lawn at the base of the steep slope of a hundred yards, on the edge of which we stood.

I went down the steps quietly enough. I met Randal and the gig at the bottom; and, falling into a side road to the left, we drove sedately round, through the gateway, and into the great court in front of the house.

The road by which we had come lay right at the back.

Hanbury Court is a vast red-brick house; at least, it is cased in part with red brick; and the gate-house, and walls about the place are of brick,—with stone facings at every corner, and door, and window, such as you see at Hampton Court. At the back are the gables, and arched doorways, and stone mullions, which show (so Lady Ludlow used to tell us) that it was once a priory. There was a prior's parlour, I know; only we called it Mrs. Medicott's room; and there was a tithe barn as big as a church, and rows of fish-ponds, all got ready for the monks' fasting-days in old time. But all this I did not see till afterwards. I hardly noticed, this first night, the great Virginian Creeper (said to have been the first planted in England by one of my lady's ancestors) that half-covered the front of the house. As I had been unwilling to leave the guard of the coach, so did I now feel unwilling to leave Randal, a known friend of three hours. But there was no help for it; in I must go; past the grand-looking old gentleman holding the door open for me, on into the great hall on the right hand, into which the sun's last rays were sending in glorious red light,—the gentleman was now walking before me,—up a step on to the dais, as I afterwards learnt that it was called,—then again to the left, through a series of sitting-rooms, opening one out of another, and all of them looking

into a stately garden, glowing, even in the twilight, with the bloom of flowers. We went up four steps out of the last of these rooms, and then my guide lifted up a heavy silk curtain, and I was in the presence of my Lady Ludlow.

She was very small of stature, and very upright. She wore a great lace cap, nearly half her own height, I should think, that went round her head (caps which tied under the chin, and which we called mobs, came in later, and my lady held them in great contempt, saying people might as well come down in their nightcaps). In front of my lady's cap was a great bow of white satin ribbon; and a broad band of the same ribbon was tied tight round her head, and served to keep the cap straight. She had a fine Indian muslin shawl folded over her shoulders and across her chest, and an apron of the same; a black silk mode gown, made with short sleeves and ruffles, and with the tail thereof pulled through the pocket-hole, so as to shorten it to a useful length; beneath it she wore, as I could plainly see, a quilted lavender satin petticoat. Her hair was snowy white, but I hardly saw it, it was so covered with her cap; her skin, even at her age, was waxen in texture and tint, her eyes were large and dark blue, and must have been her great beauty when she was young, for there was nothing particular, as far as I can remember, either in mouth or nose. She had a great gold-headed stick by her chair; but I think it was more as a mark of state and dignity than for use; for she had as light and brisk a step when she chose as any girl of fifteen, and, in her private early walk of meditation in the mornings, would go as swiftly from garden alley to garden alley as any one of us.

She was standing up when I went in. I dropped my curtsy at the door, which my mother had always taught me as a part of good manners, and went up instinctively to my lady. She did not put out her hand, but raised herself a little on tiptoe, and kissed me on both cheeks.

"You are cold, my child. You shall have a dish of tea with me." She rang a little hand-bell on the table by her, and her waiting-maid came in from a small ante-room; and, as if all had been prepared, and was waiting my arrival, brought with her a small china-service with tea ready made, and a plate of delicately cut bread and butter, every morsel of which I could have eaten, and been none the better for it, so hungry was I after my long ride. The waiting-maid took off my cloak, and I sat down, sorely alarmed at the silence, the hushed foot-falls of the subdued maiden over the thick carpet, and the soft voice and clear pronunciation of my Lady Ludlow. My teaspoon fell against my cup with a sharp noise, that seemed so out of place and season that I blushed deeply. My lady caught my eye with hers,—both keen

and sweet were those dark blue eyes of her ladyship's:

"Your hands are very cold, my dear; take off those gloves (I wore thick serviceable doestock, and had been too shy to take them off unbidden), and let me try and warm them—the evenings are very chilly." And she held my great red hands in hers,—soft, warm, white, ring-laden. Looking at last a little wistfully into my face, she said—"Poor child! And you're the eldest of nine! I had a daughter who would have been just your age; but I cannot fancy her the eldest of nine." Then came a pause of silence; and then she rang her bell, and desired her waiting-maid, Adams, to show me to my room.

It was so small that I think it must have been a cell. The walls were whitewashed stone; the bed was of white dimity. There was a small piece of red stair-carpet on each side of the bed, and two chairs. In a closet adjoining were my washstand and toilet-table. There was a text of scripture painted on the wall right opposite to my bed; and below hung a print, common enough in those days, of King George and Queen Charlotte, with all their numerous children, down to the little Princess Amelia in a go-cart. On each side hung a small portrait, also engraved; on the left, it was Louis the Sixteenth, on the other, Marie-Antoinette. On the chimney-piece there was a tinder-box and a prayer-book. I do not remember anything else in the room. Indeed, in those days people did not dream of writing-tables, and inkstands, and portfolios, and easy chairs, and what not. We were taught to go into our bedrooms for the purposes of dressing, and sleeping, and praying.

Presently I was summoned to supper. I followed the young lady who had been sent to call me, down the wide shallow stairs, into the great hall, through which I had first passed on my way to my Lady Ludlow's room. There were four other young gentlewomen, all standing, and all silent, who curtsied to me when I first came in. They were dressed in a kind of uniform; muslin caps bound round their heads with blue ribbons, plain muslin handkerchiefs, lawn aprons, and drab-coloured stuff gowns. They were all gathered together at a little distance from the table, on which were placed a couple of cold chickens, a salad, and a fruit-tart. On the dais there was a smaller round table, on which stood a silver jug filled with milk, and a small roll. Near that was set a carved chair, with a countess's coronet surmounting the back of it. I thought that some one might have spoken to me; but they were shy, and I was shy; or else there was some other reason; but, indeed, almost the minute after I had come in to the hall by the door at the lower end, her ladyship entered by the door opening upon the dais; whereupon we all curtsied very low; I, because I saw the

others do it. She stood, and looked at us for a moment.

"Young gentlewomen," said she, "make Margaret Dawson welcome among you;" and they treated me with the kind politeness due to a stranger, but still without any talking beyond what was required for the purposes of the meal. After it was over, and grace was said by one of our party, my lady rang her hand-bell, and the servants came in and cleared away the supper things; then they brought in a portable reading-desk, which was placed on the dais, and the whole household trooping in, my lady called to one of my companions to come up and read the Psalms and Lessons for the day. I remember thinking how afraid I should have been had I been in her place. There were no prayers. My lady thought it schismatic to have any prayers excepting those in the prayer-book; and would as soon have preached a sermon herself in the parish church, as have allowed any one not a deacon at the least to read prayers in a private dwelling-house. I am not sure that even then she would have approved of his reading them in an unconsecrated place.

She had been maid of honour to Queen Charlotte: a Hanbury of that old stock that flourished in the days of the Plantagenets, and heiress of all the land that remained to the family of the great estates which had once stretched into four separate counties. Hanbury Court was hers by right. She had married Lord Ludlow, and had lived for many years at his various seats, and away from her ancestral home. She had lost all her children but one, and most of them had died at these houses of Lord Ludlow's; and, I dare say, that gave my lady a distaste to the places, and a longing to come back to Hanbury Court, where she had been so happy as a girl. I imagine her girlhood had been the happiest time of her life; for, now I think of it, most of her opinions, when I knew her in later life, were singular enough then, but had been universally prevalent fifty years before. For instance, while I lived at Hanbury Court, the cry for education was beginning to come up; Mr. Raikes had set up his Sunday Schools; and some clergymen were all for teaching writing and arithmetic, as well as reading. My Lady would have none of this; it was levelling and revolutionary, she said. When a young woman came to be hired, my lady would have her in, and see if she liked her looks and her dress, and question her about her family. Her ladyship laid great stress upon this latter point, saying that a girl who did not warm up when any interest or curiosity was expressed about her mother, or the "baby" (if there was one), was not likely to make a good servant. Then she would make her put out her feet, to see if they were well and neatly shod. Then she would bid her say the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed. Then she inquired if she could write. If she could, and she had liked all that had gone before, her

face sank. It was a great disappointment, for it was an all but inviolable rule with her never to engage a servant who could write. But I have known her ladyship break through it, although in both cases in which she did so she put the girl's principles to a further and unusual test in asking her to repeat the ten commandments. One pert young woman—and yet I was sorry for her too, only she afterwards married a rich draper in Shrewsbury—who had got through her trials pretty tolerably, considering she could write, spoilt all, by saying glibly, at the end of the last commandment, "An't please your ladyship, I can cast accounts."

"Go away, wench," said my lady in a hurry, "You're only fit for trade; you will not suit me for a servant." The girl went away crestfallen; in a minute, however, my lady sent me after her to see that she had something to eat before leaving the house; and, indeed, she sent for her once again, but it was only to give her a Bible, and to bid her beware of French principles, which had led the French to cut off their kings' and queens' heads.

The poor, blubbing girl said, "Indeed, my lady, I wouldn't hurt a fly, much less a king, and I cannot abide the French, nor frogs neither, for that matter."

But my lady was inexorable, and took a girl who could neither read nor write, to make up for her alarm about the progress of education towards addition and subtraction; and, afterwards, when the clergyman who was at Hanbury parish when I came there, had died, and the bishop had appointed another, and a younger man, in his stead, this was one of the points on which he and my lady did not agree. While good old deaf Mr. Mountford lived, it was my lady's custom, when indisposed for a sermon, to stand up at the door of her large square pew,—just opposite to the reading-desk,—and to say (at that part of the morning service where it is decreed that in quires and places where they sing here followeth the Anthem):—"Mr. Mountford, I will not trouble you for a discourse this morning." And we all knelt down to the Litany with great satisfaction; for Mr. Mountford, though he could not hear, had always his eyes open about this part of the service, for any of my lady's movements. But the new clergyman, Mr. Gray, was of a different stamp. He was very zealous in all his parish work, and my lady, who was just as good as she could be to the poor, was often crying him up as a godsend to the parish, and he never could send amiss to the Court when he wanted broth, or wine, or jelly, or sago for a sick person. But he needs must take up the new hobby of education; and I could see that this put my lady sadly about one Sunday, when she suspected, I know not how, that there was something to be said in his sermon about a Sunday school which he was planning. She stood up, as she had not

done since Mr. Mountford's death, two years and better before this time, and said,—

"Mr. Gray, I will not trouble you for a discourse this morning."

But her voice was not well-assured and steady; and we knelt down with more of curiosity than satisfaction in our minds. Mr. Gray preached a very rousing sermon, on the necessity of establishing a Sabbath School in the village. My lady shut her eyes, and seemed to go to sleep; but I don't believe she lost a word of it, though she said nothing about it that I heard until the next Saturday, when two of us, as was the custom, were riding out with her in her carriage; and we went to see a poor bed-ridden woman, who lived some miles away at the other end of the estate, and of the parish; and as we came out of the cottage we met Mr. Gray walking up to it, in a great heat, and looking very tired. My lady beckoned him to her, and told him she should wait and take him home with her, adding that she wondered to see him there, so far from his home, for that it was beyond a Sabbath-day's journey, and from what she had gathered from his sermon the last Sunday, he was all for Judaism against Christianity. He looked as if he did not understand what she meant; but the truth was that, besides the way in which he had spoken up for schools and schooling, he had kept calling Sunday the Sabbath; and, as her ladyship said, "the Sabbath is the Sabbath, and that's one thing—it is Saturday; and if I keep it, I'm a Jew, which I'm not. And Sunday is Sunday; and that's another thing; and if I keep it, I'm a Christian, which I humbly trust I am."

But when Mr. Gray got an inkling of her meaning in talking about a Sabbath-day's journey, he only took notice of a part of it; he smiled and bowed, and said no one knew better than her ladyship what were the duties that abrogated all inferior laws regarding the Sabbath; and that he must go in and read to old Betty Brown, so that he would not detain her ladyship.

"But I shall wait for you, Mr. Gray," said she. "Or I will take a drive round by Oakfield, and be back in an hour's time." For, you see, she would not have him feel hurried or troubled with a thought that he was keeping her waiting, while he ought to be comforting and praying with old Betty.

"A very pretty young man, my dears," said she, as we drove away. "But I shall have my pew glazed all the same."

We did not know what she meant at the time; but the next Sunday but one we did. She had the curtains all round the grand old Hanbury family seat, taken down, and, instead of them, there was glass up to the height of six or seven feet. We entered by a door, with a window in it that drew up or down just like what you see in carriages. This window was generally down, and then we could hear perfectly; but if Mr. Gray

used the word Sabbath, or spoke in favour of schooling and education, my lady stepped out of her corner, and drew up the window with a decided clang and clash.

I must tell you something more about Mr. Gray. The presentation to the living of Hanbury was vested in two trustees, of whom Lady Ludlow was one; Lord Ludlow had exercised this right in the appointment of Mr. Mountford, who had won his lordship's favour by his excellent horsemanship. Nor was Mr. Mountford a bad clergyman, as clergymen went in those days. He did not drink, though he liked good eating as much as any one. And if any poor person was ill, and he heard of it, he would send them plates from his own dinner of what he himself liked best; sometimes of dishes which were almost as bad as poison to sick people. He meant kindly to everybody except dissenters, whom Lady Ludlow and he united in trying to drive out of the parish; and among dissenters he particularly abhorred Methodists—some one said, because John Wesley had objected to his hunting. But that must have been long ago, for when I knew him he was far too stout and too heavy to hunt; besides, the bishop of the diocese disapproved of hunting, and had intimated his disapprobation to the clergy. For my own part, I think a good run would not have come amiss, even in a moral point of view, to Mr. Mountford. He ate so much, and took so little exercise, that we young women often heard of his being in terrible passions with his servants, and the sexton and clerk. But they none of them minded him much, for he soon came to himself, and was sure to make them some present or other—some said in proportion to his anger; so that the sexton, who was a bit of a wag (as all sextons are, I think), said that the vicar's saying, "the Devil take you," was worth a shilling any day, whereas "the Deuce" was a shabby sixpenny speech, only fit for a curate.

There was a great deal of good in Mr. Mountford, too. He could not bear to see pain, or sorrow, or misery, of any kind; and, if it came under his notice, he was never easy till he had relieved it, for the time, at any rate. But he was afraid of being made uncomfortable; so, if he possibly could, he would avoid seeing any one who was ill or unhappy; and he did not thank any one for telling him about them.

"What would your ladyship have me to do?" he once said to my Lady Ludlow, when she wished him to go and see a poor man who had broken his leg. "I cannot piece the leg as the doctor can; I cannot nurse him as well as his wife does; I may talk to him, but he no more understands me than I do the language of the alchemists. My coming puts him out; he stiffens himself into an uncomfortable posture, out of respect to the cloth, and dare not take the comfort of kicking and swearing, and scolding

his wife, while I am there. I hear him, with my figurative ears, my lady, heave a sigh of relief when my back is turned, and the sermon that he thinks I ought to have kept for the pulpit, and have delivered to his neighbours (whose case, as he fancies, it would just have fitted, as it seemed to him to be addressed to the sinful), is all ended, and done for the day. I judge others as myself: I do to them as I would be done to. That's Christianity, at any rate. I should hate—saving your ladyship's presence—to have my Lord Ludlow coming and seeing me, if I were ill. 'Twould be a great honour, no doubt; but I should have to put on a clean night-cap for the occasion; and sham patience, in order to be polite, and not weary his lordship with my complaints. I should be twice as thankful to him if he would send me game, or a good fat haunch, to bring me up to that pitch of health and strength one ought to be in, to appreciate the honour of a visit from a nobleman. So I shall send Jerry Butler a good dinner every day till he is strong again; and spare the poor old fellow my presence and advice."

My lady would be puzzled by this, and by many other of Mr. Mountford's speeches. But he had been appointed by my lord, and she could not question her dead husband's wisdom; and she knew that the dinners were always sent, and often a guinea or two to help to pay the doctor's bills; and Mr. Mountford was true blue, as we call it, to the back-bone; hated the dissenters and the French; and could hardly drink a dish of tea without giving out the toast of "Church and King, and Down with the Rump." Moreover, he had once had the honour of preaching before the King and Queen, and two of the Princesses, at Weymouth; and the King had applauded his sermon audibly with,—Very good; very good; and that was a seal put upon his merit in my lady's eyes.

Besides, in the long winter Sunday evenings, he would come up to the Court, and read a sermon to us girls, and play a game of piquet with my lady afterwards; which served to shorten the tedium of the time. My lady would, on those occasions, invite him to sup with her on the dais; but as her meal was invariably bread and milk only, Mr. Mountford preferred sitting down amongst us, and made a joke about its being wicked and heterodox to eat meagre on Sunday, a festival of the Church. We smiled at this joke just as much the twentieth time we heard it as we did at the first; for we knew it was coming, because he always coughed a little nervously before he made a joke, for fear my lady should not approve; and neither she nor he seemed to remember that he had ever hit upon the idea before.

Mr. Mountford died quite suddenly at last. We were all very sorry to lose him. He left some of his property (for he had a private estate) to the poor of the parish, to furnish

them with an annual Christmas dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, for which he wrote out a very good receipt in the codicil to his will.

Moreover, he desired his executors to see that the vault, in which the vicars of Hanbury were interred, was well aired, before his coffin was taken in; for, all his life long, he had had a dread of damp, and latterly he kept his rooms to such a pitch of warmth that some thought it hastened his end.

Then the other trustee, as I have said, presented the living to Mr. Gray, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. It was quite natural for us all, as belonging in some sort to the Hanbury family, to disapprove of the other trustee's choice. But when some ill-natured person circulated the report that Mr. Gray was a Moravian Methodist, I remember my lady said "She could not believe anything so bad, without a great deal of evidence."

THE EVE OF A REVOLUTION.

IN spite of that dim, forewarning smithy light seen through the chinks—nay, showing itself luridly through gaping crevices in the floor, with crackling sound and hot sulphuric vapour, surely sufficient to have scared any sane mortals—the mad revel went on.* A revel with eyes shut, and that obtrusive crackling drowned and swallowed up in the music from the gallery. Nothing nearly so like to it could be conceived as that awful break of day in the great Opera Theatre, when the few debauched masquers left, being busy with their last bacchanalian round, cast one drunken look aloft, and see a hot, glowing waste of flame preying on all the slides and tackle above. Terribly sobering that—with instantaneous rout of pale, scared masquers, bearing their paint and tawdry dressings into the broad daylight! Remains now to see what species of entertainment our French masquers were busy with, when news was brought that their orgie-house was on fire. Unhappily those noble revellers, with their Bacchantes of quality, did not find their way to the street so easily. The great roof, fire and all, was down upon the stupefied crew before they could compass that. It proved a complete cul-de-sac for them! Nay—to fit the parallel even closer—all their fine appliances for extinguishment, that huge tankful of *lits de justice*—divinity-edged kings—*l'état c'est moi*—ancient noblesse—and the rest of their potent jargon, was proved quite useless, out of gear, and rusted.

This, then, is to be text for the present paper—the fiddling, and drumming, and dancing; the sports, the shows, and pastimes our noble Paris quality were so hopelessly engrossed with, as to be heedless of all other concerns whatever.

In the earliest of this brace of papers, mention has been made of the little Royalist

Notebook, wherein is set down with such pride and satisfaction those glorious red-letter days on which had been held those Versailles receptions. Poor royalist himself had been bidden pretty often: no wonder that he makes entry of it with satisfaction. This Versailles business, and all connected with it—the Assembly (of two qualities, majeur and mineur, immeasurably superior distinction to be bidden to smaller)—presentations—ante-room attendance—and the rest—is beyond the grandest show of the time. The show by excellence! The show on which our Paris man and woman's heart rested with the deepest yearning! Where his treasure was, there naturally enough was his Parisian heart: that is with his divine sun-god: his ineffable majesty: his august eldest son of the church! It always lay somewhere along the track of that Versailles road—that precious four leagues of travel which led to the awful presence. Even the shopkeeper—bourgeois of good bodily condition—took his way out there with his family on Pentecost day, going cheaply by boat as far as Sèvres, and thence on foot to the Palace. There, he was allowed to see the state coaches, and the rich furniture; the Swiss guards; and, above all, the King and Royal family passing by to mass. Still more precious privilege, he might stand afar off, and look on at his Royal family while they eat.

That Versailles road had need to be as handsomely paved and lighted as it was: for every hour of the day and night it was crowded with vehicles on the one errand. The whole of the four leagues was illuminated with fine reflecting lamps, all at the State's charge. My Lord Duke's heavy Berline and six trundled along without impediment: but how was it to be with such as could not compass vehicles of their own? And here was another wretched sign and token, outspeaking in the highest degree, of the utter rottenness of all things then existing. Your courtier, expectant of savoury crumbs, may not stay away: yet means must be got somehow to set him down at the Palace. To take a chaise out and post it down, would fall with terrible heaviness on his purse: postmasters being privileged along that road to levy extra monies. For a daily attendance, such as his must be, this would be too grievous a burden—nay, one wholly impossible to carry. Fiacre, fourgon, cabriolet, and such light vehicles of the city, these are altogether forbidden the road: this being a matter of what is called "exclusive privilege"—a bit of Royal wind-raising, that is, and bringing in a handsome sum. Courtier dancing attendance must elect betwixt huge carrabas omnibus—heaving swinging machine, that takes full six hours to do the six short leagues; and a lighter conveyance, which however has the drawback of a questionable name. Carrabas

* See No. 428, page 539.

omnibus (did the feline Marquis of that name furnish them with this sobriquet?) had osier sides, was drawn by eight horses, and held twenty courtiers, with inconvenience. Of one of those hot Paris days, courtiers went pretty nigh to being set down thoroughly grilled: or else, if it came on to rain, quite steeped as it were in a soup. These poor valets of the Versailles valets, as wit Duclos styled them, had a weary life of it after all! But there is the vehicle with questionable name still open to him—a light, rapid conveyance, made like a gig, which will take him down for one shilling. It will hold four: and he who sits in front is pleasantly styled the Monkey, and the one behind the Rabbit! Rabbit and monkey, though doing it economically enough, ran awful risk as to the turn the weather might take. But being set down privily at the entrance of the town, both rabbit and monkey are undistinguishable from my Lord Duke who has come in his own Berline. Then, they may be seen in some corner, carefully dusting their shoes and buckles, arranging their bag-wigs, and setting their swords on straight. Then, being all trim, they may strut through the long long galleries and hang about the Royal antechambers with the rest of them. Heaven knows, this was wretched twopenny-halfpenny sort of nobility: a mean Brummagem going to Court! These same rabbits and monkeys may, for all we know, have hired their suits from the theatre—a thing done before now, nearer to home. Was not this so much open preaching of rottenness? Did not this, in its own small way, fall within Mr. Carlyle's noble speech concerning the certain doom of all shams? Was there ever such diseased finery as this mumming and going to Court in gigs? And surely, as funny Mr. Titmarsh put it long since, A Court Directory is in all conscience bad enough; but what shall be said to a sham Court Directory?

After all, our poor rabbit or monkey must have had a weary, heart-sick time of it. His wages were hardly earned—almost as hardly as those of the poor serf down in the provinces—property of a noble marquis. The game was scarcely worth the price of the light. That day of his at the palace must have been one of pain and anxiety, as he hung about the anteroom of the awful bull's-eye, listening to the dull chant of the strapping Swiss, always to the one tune:

"Pass on, gentlemen! Pass on! Stand back, gentlemen, stand back! You can't enter, my lord! Pass on, gentlemen, pass on!"

All eyes watch with devouring interest that handle of the door on which his fingers rest—watch every turn of it. Who shall he next give entrance to—to the mysterious *Ceil de Bœuf*? Irreverent name enough for the sacred apartment majesty condescends to sit in—odd enough truly so to style a royal room, after a little round window or bull's-

eye looking out into the court. The vails of this all-powerful Swiss giant amount to nearly five hundred golden louis in the year. His palm was not to be crossed with so mean a metal as silver. And so our poor rabbit or monkey lets the day go by, with his eyes eternally on the bulky Swiss, hoping against all hope, that some vain chance may turn up of his being sent for, or of his long assiduity being noted. The door opens not for him. Then he thinks it is time to look for a dinner, which can be had after a fashion quite in keeping with that omnibus jaunt down. For his majesty's cooks dispose of, cheaply, all dishes, scraps, and meats, broken as well as unbroken, that have come down from his majesty's table. And right gladly does our rabbit steal round to the proper place and purchase half a fowl, or a stray pâté, and make what cheer he can upon them. More of that rotten inside, forcing itself out in a thousand ways. To match fitly with which, it may be here incidentally mentioned, that at dinner parties certain dishes were mere delusions and snares: being no more than happy efforts of the mimetic. Thus, were presented tempting roasted pheasants—marvels of imitation—into which unthinking provincials boldly plunged their knives. Sham pies—sham fruits—in their own little way belonging to that false family. It was noted, too, how at this day the taste for this silent falsehood had crept into all matters of furniture and decoration; rooms abounding in sham marbles, sham woods—in short, everything that could be shammed. It has been before mentioned how our ladies of quality hung their watches to chains of base metal, known to them as pinchbeck; and how my lord marquis would have no hesitation in offering you a pinch from his lying snuff-box, all gold and jewelled as it would seem—in reality only brass and paste. The false meats and jewellery and sham metals all went up together in a cloud when the eruption took place. But to come back to our rabbit.

Late in the evening: he is in the antechamber again, with his wistful eyes fixed upon the Switzer. The hour of true expectancy is now at hand. Who shall be sent for to sup with that awful divinity, the well-loved, the desired, or whatever fantastic name they had for him? Question to be resolved with aching heart and bated breath. There were known, certain greyheaded monkeys and rabbits who had waited night after night with the same baseless longing, for good five-and-forty years, waiting for the tall Swiss to come forth with his list in hand, and hear him read out the eight or ten happy names called to sup, with the glorious sun-god. For five-and-forty years had he been turning silently away after that sure setting to rest of his day's hopes, going home in the mean gig once more, to be brought out again next morning as monkey or rabbit. A terrible bondage!

So much for what we may call the prime show of Paris in these queer days. But, for those other unroyal shows with which the city commonly were to be recreated—the open air, *al fresco*, pantomimic, and theatrical doings on boulevard and elsewhere,—there surely never was such racketing and pleasure hunting, and utter foregoing of all serious business since the days of Roman decadence. Surely it is the strangest problem in the world how a light people, so greedy of sport, so utterly given to recreation, should have flown off suddenly, at a tangent as it were, straight to rough cruel business, and serious bloody work! One would have fancied that with enough of sweet food and shows, the whole thing, sun-god, *l'état c'est moi*, and the rest of it, would have worked on somehow till Doomsday.

To overtake their own provincial Johnny Raw, who has been staring, oaf-like, at all things about him,—to take him good-naturedly in hand, as one might do a country cousin,—show him all sights and raree-shows,—he should be brought straight to the boulevards of an evening, to make a beginning, that is. Not to the fields called Elysian (*sobriquet* due to that whimsical craze for the classical with which the Paris folk were so bitten), but to the boulevards; then the grand focus of all stirring things. Such a busy pleasant scene of a cool evening could scarcely be conceived. The place is kept freshly sanded, and carefully watered, for behoof of the pleasure world. All Paris is out,—now free from such light harness as it bore during the day,—strolling, chattering, laughing, love-making, and coffee-sipping. It is the market-chorus of the Neapolitan opera. Colours passing and repassing with bright chequered effect. Every grand old tree,—and at that day there were lines and lines interminable of them—would have been the shady centre of a pleasant party. The cruel revolutionary axe had not as yet been laid to their roots.

Undoubtedly that crowd—principally of workmen coming from work—round a sort of booth, with stage in front whence some slight foretaste of the entertainment within is given to the gaping throng. This was the *Sieur Nicolet's* temple of magic,—temple, besides, of tumbling, dancing, and surpassing feats of prestidigitation, varied by comic interludes on the tight rope. No doubt his company of *voltigeurs*, *sauteurs*, and india-rubber brethren, had then all the charm of novelty. The mere elementary feat of passing a gold louis, obligingly lent by gentleman in the crowd, through one of the *Guy Fawkes' hats*—also obligingly lent by a gentleman in the audience—would be enough in that day to take away a plain man's breath. The mind of man, inquisitive concerning all things past, puts to itself this question—and pardonably too: were the *Sieur Nicolet's* acrobats men of melancholy

countenances, and of yellow skin? did they wear their hair in long ringlets, and confined by a fillet? Did they put themselves in sad postures, and recover themselves after each feat, with a desponding salutation of the audience?

A little way further on was the temple of the *Sieur Comus*, a man of extraordinary reputation in his walk of business—with a balcony outside, from whence strange men called to all passers-by to halt and enter. Charlatan would be the name that would fit him best, being plainly one of that species introduced by Mesmer and *Cagliostro*—men with beards and flowing dresses, who affected to know concerning the past and the future. That is to say, men who had studied physics and chemistry more carefully than their neighbours, and turned those sciences to gristing purposes. The *Sieur Comus* had it in his handbill, that he “respectfully submitted to public notice the truly marvellous and astounding effects of the magnetic and sympathetic essence.”

John Raw Provincial hearkens to the great mystery-man, and trembles. Persons of high quality went to *Monsieur Mesmer*. Here was a cheap open-air Mesmer for our commonalty. Then, there was the wax-work of the *Sieur Curtius*—one of the most surprising exhibitions of the day. For, there were to be seen inside, the figures of kings, great writers, all the pretty women of the capital, and even the great highwaymen. Above all, there was a mock show of the great show of all. Nothing short of the king and his royal family, with the emperor on his right hand, seated at a sham banquet. The excitement to see this piece of modelling was tremendous. And here the inquisitive mind puts to itself another question. Were these parties of singularly hoarse utterance, stationed outside, inviting the public in, after the traditional form: “All in to begin! Walk in ‘adies and g’ntl’m’n! All alive O!”

Not in those exact terms; but, strange to say, the precise shape of invitation in favour with the *Sieur Curtius's* following has come down to us. They said out loud—perhaps hoarsely, perhaps shrilly—“Walk in, walk in, messieurs! step in, and see the Grand Table! Walk in! Just the same as at the noble palace. Walk in!” The public walked in with such eagerness, laying down each his twopence with an honest ardour, that the wax-modelling *Curtius* often pouched over one hundred écus a day. *Nicolet* and his tumblers usually turned close upon two thousand pounds yearly.

There was a Dutch young lady, too, known popularly as “*La Jeune Hollandaise*,” who had a show of her own, of cut and coloured papers, making the mild entertainment called artificial fireworks. Then, there was the *Sieur Pelletier*, with a show embracing, as his advertisement puts it, “everything that can flatter, amuse, or instruct;” but with

this bounteous promise of entertainment, we are not vouchsafed so much as the smallest particular. There, too, were to be seen men with strange outlandish beasts—with mechanical toys and automata—with hocus pocus over again; while, from raised galleries, comic creatures in fantastic dresses, ranted Fescine verses against one another, delighting immeasurably the crowd below. One man leads about a bear, shaved close to the skin, and dressed up in shirt and trousers; the most extraordinary *lusus nature* in the wide world. Another has a huge colossus made of wood, which, strange to say, speaks, having a small child of six years' old inside of him.

A little while before this date there was the great Coliseum open; a dull, dingy place of entertainment. Some poor dancing, and dispiriting sea-fights on a piece of stagnant water, were its dreary attractions. In course of time, as was, indeed, fitting, the Coliseum passed away (whether the stroke came from execution, as befell other Coliseums, or from pure inanition of its own, is not known), and the New Chinese Temple, all gold and glory stood in its place; place of promenade, music, and light acting, gorgeous mirrors and costly refreshment. This was in imitation of Ranelagh, as it was called; and Waux Hall, of London. The curious orthography, no doubt, came over with the reding-gotes and the English mania. Ranelagh and Waux Hall were faint precursors of the glories of Jardins Mobile and D'Hiver!! Dancing, however, was only allowed between the decorous hours of seven and eleven.

But, should our Raw Provincial need more stimulating aliment, let him ask the way to the Grand Opéra on some Sunday night before Advent. Rather, let him first hire a domino in the Rue Saint Honoré, to be had for the small charge of ten francs, or for a gold Louis, if he want rich embroidery; and for six francs, paid at the door, he is free of the glittering salle and all its delectations until daybreak. But we have not done with the Boulevards yet.

There was an entertainment there of a very strange order, more, indeed, of the drawing-room character. This was the startling performance of three persons, a species of ventriloquism or polyphony. These men could imitate the buzzing of a fly, the shutting of a door, the fall of a key, the breaking of a jar. There, you heard the chanting of the nuns, in which was to be plainly distinguished those that were fresh from the old; the sound of a procession walking; of a funeral train, interrupted by a break-down and the hoarse shouting of the coachmen; an exhibition certainly worth a good franc for admission.

Besides these there were the shows theatrical, light gossamer pieces which, at our day, have only shifted their place to the Boulevards from the Fields Elysian. They were, it is to be feared, of a very free description, prin-

cipally owing to the privilege of acting the regular drama accorded to the grand theatres. The little theatres were, however, always full to overflowing, and the pieces infinitely relished. It was noted that, about this time, they were losing their joyous buffooning character, and were slipping into a sarcastic hitting at the abuses of the day—all such allusions being received greedily enough; significant sign of the times!

If the foresesing Cardinal, who asked what was being said of him, and was told that the people were busy singing, had lived some time longer, he would have thought twice before uttering that speech of his, "Never mind: if they sing they'll pay!" Rather would he have gone into his closet with a troubled air. That singing was a serious matter. All the large theatres closed at nine o'clock; but these vaudevilles remained open until midnight.

Prodigious use was made of gigantic posters and bills, which brought in abundant grist, falling under the category of *Privilège Exclusif*; every such poster having his tax to pay. Theatrical notices were all coloured, and were usually placed in each other's company. The stately royal theatres with their patents for acting Racine and heavy legitimate drama, were indignant at the plebeian who placed the flippant vaudeville affiches beside them. It was comical enough to read one under the other, *Athalie!* and *Jeannot* at the *Hair Dyer's!!!* or, perhaps, the tragedy of *Castor* and *Pollux*, shamed by the *Little Devil's Hornpipe!!* Advertisements of books, sacred and profane, treatises on the devout soul, lost dogs, sermons, &c., were all huddled together in a queer ruck upon the walls. The bill-stickers were an order, forty in number, in imitation or ridicule of the famous academy of forty, and they enjoyed the exclusive right besides of hawking the last dying words of criminals.

So far back as this pre-revolutionary epoch, theatrical observers had remarked on the mysterious law of combustion to which great theatres seem subject. Those of Rome, Amsterdam, Milan, and Saragossa, had all in their turn been burnt to the ground; and in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-one, upon the eighth of June, the Grand Opera House at Paris was discovered to be on fire. One of the cords hanging from the draperies was ignited by a lamp, and so was consumed what was held to be a noble building—*malgré ses défauts*, adds the chronicler.

But within little more than four months, there was standing on the Boulevards a second magnificent theatre—temporary it is true, but massive and almost enduring in the quality of its material. "Four months!" says a bitter radical of the time—"why for an hospital, they would have been four years talking over the mere plans!" But in the meantime, lest poor Paris should be altogether famished through operative drought,

His Majesty was pleased to give up a room in his own palace—the great hall of Malines, that is—to the uses of the opera! Here, was more of that queer jumble and meeting of extremes, always attendant on the eve of a crisis. Conceive the Paris public crowding in, and paying down their money at the palace door—ten francs for the best places—straying loose in the gilded corridors and ancient chambers of that noble palace! Conceive, too, the ten *prima donnas*, the six tenors, and the six basses; the chorus, the orchestra, the five leading danseuses, with their band of five and thirty coryphæes, all running loose, and at free quarters in the Palace of Kings! Here was glaring contradiction! The king so hedged up and fenced about with state—afar off at Versailles—and then of a sudden this rough familiarity, this rubbing of skirts with singers and dancers!

Room was also found in the palace for another entertainment known as the Concert Spirituel; and on Good Fridays, Christmas eves, and such occasions when the theatres were closed, the orchestra, chorus, and leading voices of the royal opera, migrated to the Hall of the Hundred Swiss, and gave *Te Deum* and *Miserere*! She who had been raving about the stage only the night before as *Arnida*, now gave out with holy compassion and fervour, the sacred strain of *Palestina*.

The parterre of the theatre was usually in possession of some half a regiment of Fusiliers. These gentlemen looked well to the right and to the left; and on any undue marks of disapprobation, the offender was marched off under escort. Such dramatic tyranny was submitted to, not without deep but suppressed mutterings. But there was other use for our French *militaires*: the noble Louis Antoine de Goutant, Duc de Biron, Marshal of France, Chevalier of all the Orders, St. Esprit, St. Louis, and the rest of them—this noble gentleman, allowed his regiment, the French Guards, to assist at the opera spectacles, filling the stage handsomely as “the Army;” but he insisted on their giving up to him the small drink-money they received for their night’s work. Be sure they were those very French Guard that flung down their arms at the people’s first invitation! Worthy regiment of a worthy colonel! Was he one of Mr. Burke’s pet cavaliers, whose sword was to have leaped from its scabbard when the trial came?

The profane wits of the day, christened Vespers and Evening Office—The Beggars’ Opera! The singing was so fine, and seats were to be had for sixpence. Which brings to mind a certain English place of worship, that used to be known in old times as the Shilling Opera.

There must have been a queer scene every night at the breaking up of the opera. There is a perfect mob of linkboys and men to call carriages, all comic fellows by profession. They deafen the air with cries for my Lord

Duke’s carriage, for my Lord Marquis’s vehicle! They are always ripe for a bit of drollery. If a poor Gascon, fresh from the country, and with a queer cut about the shape of his garments, should be trying to slip away home quietly, the wags lower their torches to light up his thin ungainly limbs, and whisper hoarsely to him: “Does my lord wish his coach called? What is my lord’s coachman’s name?” You must fee them handsomely; otherwise, be he duke or marshal, our opera-goer will have to stand upon the steps, all night perhaps, waiting vainly for his equipage.

They were very fond of private theatricals at this time, and especially of the pleasant little pieces poor M. de Musset had a knack in fitting together. At Chantilly, the Prince of Condé and Duchess of Bourbon performed with signal grace and success; and the Duke of Orleans would walk through a part fairly enough. How ill must that inflamed blotched countenance of his have looked by the glare of the footlights! The Queen Marie Antoinette had entertainments of her own—not in that charming Versailles theatre—but in her own “small suite,” as they called it. With what dignity she would have played her part, it need not be suggested; here is Mr. Burke’s delicate cabinet picture of her still to be seen, poor soul! That play acting and descampativos brought her no good. Yet it would have been a treat to have had a seat in a front stall and looked, on one of those Versailles nights, at the queen and noble lords and ladies enacting a *petite comédie*. What grace, what elegance, what ease, now that the finest ladies and gentlemen in the world were upon the boards! Poor, poor souls! they were to play upon another stage presently!

Now have been run through lightly, the chief points of that strange harlequinade. And what a queer picture it makes! All to be soon blown up sky-high, or buried in the lava! But they fiddled on to the last, busy with their dancing, and music, and opera, and even their bull-fights at Barrier. For these fine clement Bourbons had their bull-fights, though, not so long since, they turned capital out of certain doings at half-Spanish Bayonne. For all which short comings they have surely paid heavy reckoning!

Here then we will leave this fascinating subject; and so close this short series of papers all to the one tune.*

CHIP.

FLY-CATCHING.

It is as Mr. Brown of the Stock Exchange that I am now addressing the public. I had occasion, some few months back, to go to my bankers in Saint James’s Street to draw the

* Vide The French War Office in Seventeen Hundred and Eighty-five; Bourbon Paris Photographed; A Royal Pilot Balloon; The Eve of a Revolution (first paper).

sum of fifty pounds in gold, for the purpose of defraying certain household expenses. The banker—although it was during panic-time—delivered it to me without a murmur. I kept my hand over the pocket in which it lay, as a bird forsakes not her nest when it has eggs within it, from the very door to that of my own, on Ludgate Hill; yet when I got home it was gone. The loss itself did not affect me nearly so much as the method of the losing. I knew where another fifty pounds was to be got without much inconvenience, but whither that fifty pounds was gone, and by what miraculous means, was indeed a question. The pocket which my hand had covered was inviolate and without a hole in it. It could scarcely have happened that any thief, having ripped it open, would have the courtesy, as well as the skill, to sew it up again as I came along.

The problem so worried me; took so strong a hold upon my mind, that I sent for Inspector Ferret, of the detective police.

"Ferret," I said, after I had put him in possession of the circumstances, "now, who can have got this money?"

"Tom Daddles, or else the Spider, sir," he replied coolly, and without the least hesitation; "one of those two—certain; which of them, depends upon whether you lost the money east or west of the Bar. Tom takes all the Strand, and the Spider has Fleet Street and the Hill, here."

"Well, now," I said, "let me have a personal interview, Mr. Inspector, if you please, with the gentleman who has transferred this property of mine to his account. Of course, I will pass my word not to employ the arm of the law against him. But I very much want to know how the transfer was effected."

On the same afternoon the Inspector informed me, that Mr. Daddles was the new proprietor of the sum in question, and that he would pay me a visit on the following morning, early, with explanations.

Accordingly, while I was at breakfast, Mr. Daddles called. He was a thin, not ungentlemanly looking young man, soberly dressed, and having a rather conspicuous air of modesty and diffidence.

"With regard to the money, Mr. Brown," he said, "I saw you going westward along the Strand, with the intention of procuring specie—"

"How did you know that?" interrupted I.

"You bought, sir, at a shop close to Somerset House, a saffron-coloured linen bag, such as is used for carrying money, and you dangled it in your hand when you came out."

"Ass that I was!" I cried.

Mr. Daddles smiled forgivingly: "I never left you," he continued, "from that moment until you reached Saint James's Street. When I saw you go into the banking-house, I backed myself at two to one that I should relieve you of your money. When I saw you come out with the money in your left coat

tail, instead of buttoned up in a breast-pocket, the odds rose to five to one. I knew it was in your left coat-tail, because you kept your hand there."

"And," I said, impatiently, "I never took it out again; that I can swear to."

"You did not take it out for a long time, sir," replied Mr. Daddles, applauding moderately; "you gave me a great deal of anxiety, I must confess. But you did take it out at last."

"Where?" cried I, "where? If I did before I got home, I'll be hanged."

"Don't say that, sir," replied my new acquaintance, rather severely, "don't use an expression of that kind, whatever you do. You stopped at a print shop on the west side of Temple Bar, and then my last hope began to expire; for, a few steps more would have taken you into the Spider's territory, and my chance would have vanished."

"Why did you not cut the bottom of my pocket?" I asked, intensely interested.

"Because you would have missed the weight of the coin," explained Mr. Daddles. "Nothing remained for me, but to try the fly-dodge."

"A fly, Mr. Daddles, explain yourself; I saw no fly."

"You felt it though, Mr. Brown, if you remember, upon the left cheek, and you took your hand out of your pocket to remove it."

"I see it all now."

"That was it," assented Mr. Thomas Daddles, in conclusion, "and a very neat thing it was, too, though I say it."

Honour prevented me from giving Mr. Daddles into custody: but I feel bound to warn all pedestrians against any attempt at fly-catching when a quiet, thin, too observant pickpocket is by.

THREE SCENES FOR THE STUDY.

SCENE I. DIANA DE POITIERS AND CAILLETTE.

D. CAILLETTE! by those lowered eyes I often thought

You loved me.

C. Madame, where we dare not love

We may adore.

D. Speak plainly. Dost thou love me?

Rise, simpleton! If thou dost love me, save

My father, whom a cruel doom awaits.

The king hath sworn it: and the king hath said

Truth, if it leaves the world, shall rest with kings.

C. Is this encouragement to plead for pardon

Against his oath?

D. Argue not. Save my father.

He raised up thine, and gave the rank to thee,

Where none stands higher in favor.

C. Ah! God knows,

God, who will pardon me, that, when the post

Of Fool was forced on me, I seiz'd my dirk

And would have stabbed myself: unfriendly hand

Seiz'd mine, and left me life, grief, shame, disgrace.

D. Thy noble form, thy nobler manners, give

The power of scorn to thee; grief we will share,

Disgrace we never will. The worst disgrace,

In all men's eyes is that which kings inflict:

Their frown the gravest shudder at; the block

Blackens beneath it : such my father's doom.
Give the king verses, let him call them his ;
Give witticisms ; they win where pity fails ;
Try thou but these, and we may hope success.

C. Could Francis see that look, and kiss that hand
I now have kist and dare to hold, but dare not
(Lest my heart break) release . . .

D. Go, win my suit,
For thou canst win it, and none other can.
Go, tarry not.

C. The word wings me away ;
For the first time I go hence willingly.

SCENE II. DIANA AND CAILLETTE.

D. Well hast thou sped, Caillette ! It ill beseems
To show my gratitude within these walls ;
Beside, I hasten to the court to thank
Our gracious monarch for his clemency :
To thee I owe it all.

C. 'Tis only Fools
Who plead for mercy to an angry king.
I of all fools am the most fortunate.
Many are merry, few of them are happy,
I am for life. I will ask one more favor.

D. Ask any.
C. None from you, my sovran lady ;
One from our sovran lord.

D. What can that be ?
C. Freedom from court, from courtier, and from king.
O ! would God grant me evermore to kneel
Upon these fragrant rushes, close before
The tapestry where tread these slender feet !

D. Hush ! hear you not the horses tramp the stones
Under the archway ? Many days of rest,
Since my disquietude hath kept me in,
Make them impatient to prance forth again.
I see you in your fit habiliments
Ready to come with me.

C. To follow.
D. No ;
To sit in front of me, that I may see
The face of him who saved my father's life.

SCENE III. FRANCIS, DIANA, CAILLETTE, CHANCELLOR.

Fr. What means this whispering at the folding-door,
Before the curtain and behind it ?

Chan. Sire !
Caillette, your Majesty's appointed Poet,
Hath ventured to come forward with a dame
Who, from her father's criminality,
Must have incur'd your Majesty's ill-will.

Fr. Ill-favor only can incur ill-will
With me.

Chan. Too surely she is not ill-favor'd.
Fr. Let her then enter. Never would Caillette
Bring ugly one or cruel one to me.

Enter DIANA and CAILLETTE.

Fr. Diana ! troth ! I am well pleas'd to see
Thy beauteous face within this hall again.
Thy suit is granted.

D. Gracious Sire ! I come
To offer my most humble thanks for this.

Fr. Thou couldst have won without an intercessor,
But thou hast chosen well in choosing him :
No one is worthier of a lady's love.

D. I think so, Sire ! He has all mine where God's
And your own laws have sanction'd it.

Fr. None else ?
[Without a reply she turns to CAILLETTE.
D. Caillette ! take thou my hand : before thy king,
Before thy God, accept my gratitude.

Chan. By heaven ! she kisses him ! For shame ! for shame !

Fr. None but a virtuous woman dared do thus.
There have been modest poets ; Caillette is
The only modest fool that ever lived.

VITAL HEAT.

WE all of us like to make ourselves as comfortable as we can ; the mere aspect of a neatly-laid grate, with a thick foundation of chips and shavings overlaid by a stratum of the black shining pebbles which are known to cooks as nice round coal, is sufficient to alleviate the uneasiness which agitates us in a Highland hostelry when a rainy afternoon sets in. If the man who invented sleep was a blessed benefactor to the human race, certainly the hero who stole fire from Heaven was an adorable philanthropist. Man is not only a cooking animal, but an animal who loves to kindle a blaze, and then to exclaim, "A-ha ! I am warm." The reflected heat of a chimney-corner, when the wind is roaring out of doors ; the snug retreat afforded by a goose feather bed beneath and Witney blankets above, when the windows are covered with hoar-frost and the roofs of the opposite houses are glaringly white ; a hot cup of coffee before encountering the raw air of early November morning ; the gleams of genial sunshine in June which help the invalid and the aged to hold on to life just a little longer ; the earthen pot filled with burning charcoal, with which a continental belledame sometimes warms her fingers, sometimes smokes her own hams, and which—edifying spectacle that I have witnessed—she sometimes flings at her husband's head ; the snow cupola beneath which the Esquimaux creeps to shield himself from the icy darts of the North ; all stoves, whether Arnott's, American, or Prussiennes ; all calorifères, heating apparatuses, and hot-water systems, are so much material evidence of the fact that Man, together with his dependents and favourites (whether animal, parasitical, or vegetable), is a lover of tepid temperatures. Any medium approaching to zero is to him an abomination and a detestable state of things.

Meanwhile, few of us reflect that we are all furnished with a little internal stove, which is of infinite service in gratifying our taste for warmth. We are fitted up with an apparatus for the distribution of the heat so generated, more complete and less liable to get out of order than that of John Weeks and Company's best-warmed hothouse or than the thousands of feet of pipe which, it is advertised, can be efficiently and economically heated from one of Ormson's powerful, patent, jointless, tubular boilers. If you doubt it, do me the friendship to shake me by the hand, and you will discover what a warm-hearted fellow I am. For, I am a living organism.

Now, although living organisms are subject

to the general laws of interchange of temperature with neighbouring bodies, (whether through contact or by means of conducted heat, or at a distance, in consequence of the radiation of heat); nevertheless, as long as life remains, whatever place they may occupy in the scale of being, they enjoy the remarkable faculty of not necessarily assuming an equilibrium of temperature either with the inorganic bodies or other living organisms which are placed in their immediate neighbourhood, nor with the gaseous or liquid medium in which they may be completely enveloped. Thus, a living cormorant—whether it is reposing on the surface of a rock, or has hidden itself up to the tip of its bill in a tangled bed of water-weeds, or is taking a lofty flight through the clouds, or is diving to considerable depths in search of finny prey—does not gradually acquire the temperature of the rock, nor that of the bed of aquatic plants, nor that of the upper atmosphere, nor that of the water at the bottom of the lake. The cormorant, so long as it is animated by the vital spark, maintains its own proper temperature.

In the normal conditions of their development and their existence, that is, while they are in a healthy and natural state, organised beings have and, what is more, preserve, a temperature superior to that of the surrounding medium. The most careless observation suffices to demonstrate the fact in respect to birds and quadrupeds. The pigeon, the swallow, and the bat, who hover for hours suspended in air; the dab-chick, the otter, the penguin, the seal, and the water-rat, who remain submerged, some for considerable and frequent intervals, and others for the greater portion of their time; the mole and creatures who burrow underground, whom we might naturally believe to be chilled by the constant contact of the soil; all maintain a degree of warmth perceptibly, nay remarkably, higher than that of their habitat. In order to verify the correctness of the proposition with respect to the rest of the animal kingdom, and throughout the whole extent of the vegetable kingdom, it is necessary to have recourse to the most delicate methods of investigation, and, above all, to be carefully guarded against the refrigerating effects of evaporation; but the fact is not the less general, and at the present day incontestable. Both animals and vegetables which live in air necessarily lose at their cutaneous and respiratory surfaces a certain quantity of water, which is dissipated in the atmosphere under the form of vapour. Now, this water borrows from the living being, and carries away with it, the entire quantity of sensible heat necessary to maintain it at the temperature of the living organism from which it is derived, and also all the latent heat necessary to allow it to pass from the state of a liquid to the state of vapour. The double evaporation from the

lungs and the skin is, therefore, for aerial (in contradistinction to aquatic) plants and animals, an incessant and sometimes a very powerful cause of refrigeration.

When, exceptionally, the surrounding temperature rises above forty or forty-five degrees centigrade, living beings, unlike inanimate substances, refuse to receive the additional heat, and maintain themselves at a temperature lower than that which environs them. During the great heats of an African summer, a dead body is hotter to the touch than a living man; and the live man continues comparatively cool, provided the external influence is neither long enough nor intense enough to compromise his existence definitely.

The comparative study of the temperature of animals and of that of the medium—air or water—in which they live, has caused them to be divided into two very natural groups. The first comprises the mammifers and birds, for whom has long and exclusively been reserved the denomination of hot-blooded animals, because they were wrongly considered to be the only living creatures endowed with a temperature of their own. Into the second group were swept all the other animals who are still generally designated by the incorrect epithet of cold-blooded. With these last, the production of heat is sufficiently feeble to have been placed in doubt by some physiologists. For a long time, in fact, it was believed that their temperature is simply that of the surrounding medium, and that it follows its temperature in all its variations. Numerous facts, furnished by exacter methods of observation, have rectified this popular error.

Of all the organised beings, birds have the highest temperature; the common hen, the domestic pigeon (at liberty), the guinea-fowl, and the duck, are amongst the topmost on the thermometric scale. The hot blood of the pigeon doomed it to be the victim sacrificed in many of the barbarous remedies of olden time, such as spiriting its fresh-drawn arterial blood into a wounded human eye, or applying the whole bird, split asunder alive along the backbone, to the soles of the feet, as a cure for any great defect of spirits or decay of strength. The mammifers, although taking higher rank in the scale of animality, are sensibly inferior to birds in point of temperature; nevertheless, the difference is not so great as to prevent the highest healthy heat of quadrupeds from rising above the lowest healthy heat of birds. In spite of their continued existence in the water, the Cetaceæ, the whales and porpoises, are no exception to the above remark; while the case is just the contrary with hibernating mammifers. Although their organisation assigns them a high place in the scale of being, these creatures, by the phenomena of their calorification, are almost completely associated and put on an equality with members of the inferior classes. Within the

bounds of certain extremes, the temperature of mammals, like that of birds, varies according to the family, the genus, or the species to which they belong; it is found to be not identically the same in different individuals of the same species. The climate, the season, the different hours of day or night, and many other physiological conditions, influence the general temperature of animals, or the local temperature of diverse parts of their bodies. The sheep, the goat, the dog, the cat, and the rabbit, are among the hottest of quadrupeds.

The temperature of an adult man, taken at the armpit, which gives the heat of the trunk, varies in the temperate zone between thirty-six and a half degrees and thirty-seven and a half, centigrade. The force of resistance which the superior animals oppose to every cause of refrigeration is sufficiently proved by the narratives of Arctic voyagers, who have lived in an atmosphere seventy degrees below zero, or freezing point, without experiencing any notable alteration of their own temperature. Captain Parry found that the Arctic fox was more than seventy-six degrees warmer than the surrounding air; and Captain Back records that a willow grouse was more than seventy-nine degrees hotter than the air it breathed. Consequently, birds and mammals may be considered as creatures whose temperature is physiologically a constant quantity.

Under the denomination of inferior animals, may be comprised the two last classes of Vertebrata, namely, reptiles and fishes, and all the Invertebrata or backboneless creatures. Although very differently organised, they are brought into fellowship by the common property that their temperature, unlike that of mammals and birds, does not maintain itself sensibly fixed and independent of external circumstances, but is subject to considerable variations, which follow the variations of the medium, whether air or water, in which they live. The observation of their vital heat presents considerable difficulties. For creatures of very small volume, observers have frequently employed a special artifice, which consists in enclosing a certain number of them in a small glass vessel, in such a way, that they should be crowded round the bulb of a small thermometer. This mode has the advantage of preventing evaporation and the cold, which is its consequence. Newport, in his researches into the temperature of insects, seized his subject with a pair of pincers, and so applied and kept it in constant contact with the bulb of his thermometer, thereby avoiding any communication of heat from his own hands. To avoid radiation outwards, and evaporation, he took the precaution of wrapping the insect and the bulb in a piece of wool.

The temperature of reptiles has been the subject of numerous observations. The results obtained prove that they are all warmer

than the air or the water in which they live, and that they by no means deserve the reproach of being cold-blooded animals; on the contrary, they all produce a certain quantity of heat which is appreciable by scientific instruments, although very inferior to that of birds and of quadrupeds proper. The lizards are generally the warmest; then the vipers, adders, and snakes; then the tortoises; while frogs and toads appear to be endowed with a much feebler power of generating heat. But, generally speaking, the proper temperature of reptiles is very variable.

The same remarks apply to fish. The ravenous pike seems to be one of the hottest-tempered fellows of his class; and, what we should hardly expect to find, those nimble gambollers, the bleak, the trout, and the flying-fish, are chilly to, not a degree, but to half a degree and less above the chilliness of the water which bathes their agile bodies. The shark is not much more warmly constituted. The eel, also, is of a cool temperament; but what is most remarkable about the eel is, that although so tenacious of life under violence, he is extremely sensitive to any extreme temperature, either in the ascending or the descending scale. Still not only is it proved that fishes have the power of producing heat, but also that the muscular parts of their bodies, exactly the same as in birds and quadrupeds, are decidedly warmer than the other portions of their frame.

Swammerdam, without giving any thermometric degree, states that, even in the depth of winter, the temperature of beehives is considerably above that of the atmosphere. Réaumur and Huber have confirmed the fact. Newport, observing a hive under the same circumstances, caused its temperature to rise to a high degree, by "awaking and exciting the bees. Similar phenomena have been produced in the nests of wasps and ants. Nobili and Melloni endeavoured to ascertain the proper temperature of insects by means of an ingenious thermo-electrical apparatus; and they state that after operating on more than forty indigenous species in the various stages of metamorphosis assumed by those creatures, every indication of the needle was positive, that is, indicative of the creature's superior warmth, without a single exception. Newport has proved that the proper temperature is highest in insects which fly (and amongst them in bees and sphynxes) than in all the other articulated animals. Experiments made on molluscs also establish their faculty of producing heat. Snails and slugs maintain a degree of warmth sensibly superior to that of the ambient medium. So do cuttle-fish, sea-urchins, and sea-anemones. Star-fish and all zoophytes follow exactly the same rule. Valentin discovered that amongst the inferior creatures the proper temperature of the crustaceans is the highest, and that of the polypes the lowest; and that their power of producing heat increases exactly in

proportion as they occupy a higher grade in the zoological scale. During life, therefore, from man to the last of the zoophytes, every creature generates heat. It is true there is an enormous interval between the fox and the grouse of Captains Parry and Back, and the frog, who is only just able to turn the balance of warmth on the positive side; nevertheless, the wonderful phenomenon of the production of vital heat exists equally for the reptile as for the mammal and the bird. The inferior animals, it must be remembered, are so completely at the mercy of the physical condition of the medium in which they live, that their mode of existence entirely depends on external circumstances. During summer they are lively, active, and in the full enjoyment of their vital powers; at the approach of winter, they begin to languish; and, if the cold around them increases, they fall into a condition so utterly benumbed, that the functions of life seem to be suspended. Their heat-producing power becomes excessively weak; and their temperature, without falling below that of surrounding bodies, gradually approximates to it in proportion as their torpor masters them. It follows that their proper temperature should be studied at the time when their vital energy is in the plenitude of its exercise.

The real source of vital heat has been known only within the last eighty years, to speak in round numbers. Various hypotheses, of greater or less plausibility, had been maintained previously. Many of these may be permitted to slumber in the calm obscurity in which their obsolescence now envelops them. Our own Brodie has maintained that the nervous system in warm-blooded animals exercises a powerful influence on their temperature, and inquired what was the nature of the relation between this cause and its effect. Was the brain directly or indirectly a necessary instrument in the production of heat? French physiologists, with less reserve and cautiousness, have made experiments by cutting off the heads of animals (to suppress the action of the brain,) and have then concluded that the said animals died of cold, in spite of the artificial respiration which they took care to establish through a hole in the wind-pipe! Such mutilations, of course, prove nothing to the minds of any except the partisans of a theory. Delarive's electrical hypothesis, given to the world in eighteen hundred and twenty, is merely an instance of the favour at that date enjoyed by electro-dynamics as important agents in the phenomena of life.

Meanwhile, one grand fact reigns paramount through the whole history of animal warmth. All creatures are provided with various apparatus which enables the air to penetrate into the interior of their bodies, and to mingle with their fluids. Boyle's experiments proved that no animal can live in a vacuum; and that, consequently, the

action of the air is necessary for the maintenance of life. Other contemporary physiologists proved that a candle is extinguished, and that an animal dies, if shut up for too long a time in the same mass of confined air; and that, in both cases alike, a certain portion of the air disappears. Long discussions took place to ascertain whether the air became combined with the blood entirely and bodily, or whether it merely yielded certain principles; endeavours were likewise made to ascertain the real cause of the death of animals in air confined in close vessels. Each philosopher interpreted the fact after his own way of thinking. Haller prudently advised them to look out for some yet unknown cause of sudden death. Cigna, of Turin, demonstrated by clever experiments, that the red colour of arterial blood is due to the action of the atmospheric air.

Priestly made a masterly stride in advance; he proved that common air, when vitiated by the combustion of a candle, by fermentation, by putrefaction, by the production of rust on metals, and finally by respiration, are alike fatal to animal life; that all those modifications of air contain fixed air, or carbonic acid; and that, to remove its deleterious properties, to make it again respirable, he had only to place it for several days in contact with a plant vegetating vigorously. Comprehending the value of his experiments, he enunciated very just ideas respecting the reciprocal office of the plants and the vegetables scattered over the surface of the globe, as means of maintaining the atmosphere in an invariable state of composition. He afterwards discovered oxygen, which he called dephlogisticated air; he showed that this gas is not injurious to animals, but that, on the contrary, it serves for their respiration a little longer time than common air. Subsequently, he read before the Royal Society conclusive proofs that common air and dephlogisticated air alone possess the property of restoring to venous blood the brilliant colour of arterial blood, and that this action takes effect even through a moistened organic membrane; while bright arterial blood assumes the dark hue of venous blood when placed in contact with phlogisticated air (azote), inflammable air (hydrogen), and fixed air (carbonic acid). After this great physiological progress, we expect to see Priestly give the finishing stroke to his work by clearly and decidedly propounding the true theory of respiration; but the false notions of his time led him astray, and he just missed giving the true explanation of the grand vital function, all whose detailed phenomena he held so firmly within his grasp. Phlogiston was the ignis fatuus which beguiled his steps from the direct path, to wander fruitlessly in a morass of error. The failure is as if Columbus had died on board ship the day before the New World arose on the horizon. It is difficult to find in the whole range of

scientific history a more striking example of the fatal influence which incorrect but fashionable doctrines are able to exert on the intellect of a man of genius, even when armed with important and well-founded observations.

The crowning discovery was reserved for the great founder of modern chemistry, Lavoisier. In seventeen hundred and seventy-seven, he published his *Experiments on the Respiration of Animals*. Under a bell-glass filled with air, and whelmed over a basin of mercury, he placed various small animals. After their death, the air in the bell-glass was found to have become unfit for respiration; it no longer served to maintain combustion; it contained carbonic acid, and less oxygen than in its normal state. He thence concluded that the respiration of animals deprives the air of oxygen, produces no modification in its azote, but replaces the oxygen by a nearly equivalent volume of carbonic acid. The same year he read before the Academy of Sciences his famous memoir *On Combustion in General*. He did not take leave of the subject without applying his doctrine to the explanation of the phenomena of respiration; and he stated his theory of animal heat, which was always uppermost in his mind. The pure air (oxygen), he said, which has entered the lungs, comes out of them partly changed into fixed air (carbonic acid). By the process, therefore, of passing through the lungs, the pure air experiences a decomposition analogous to that which takes place during the combustion of charcoal. Now, in the combustion of charcoal, there is a disengagement of the matter of fire—of caloric, or heat; consequently, there ought to be also a disengagement of heat in the lungs in the interval between an inspiration and an expiration; and it is doubtless this matter of fire distributed by the blood throughout the animal economy, which maintains a constant warmth of about thirty-two degrees and a-half of Réaumur's thermometer. What confirms the notion that animal heat depends on the decomposition of air in the lungs, is the fact that the only warm animals are those which breathe frequently, and that this warmth is proportionally greater according as the respiration is more frequently performed; that is to say, there is a constant relation between the heat of the animal and the quantity of air which enters, or, at least, is converted into fixed air inside the lungs. In short, an animal, a guinea-pig for instance, burns in its lungs, in a given time, a determinate quantity of carbon, furnished by the venous blood; and this act of burning produces an amount of heat which can be measured, as we measure the amount of heat that a bushel of coals will give out in a furnace.

The identity of respiration and combustion was thus established. The substance of the animal itself, the blood, furnishes the combustible; and as a lamp will go out if not

supplied with oil, so an animal will perish if deprived of food wherewith to repair the waste occasioned by the maintenance of its vital warmth. It results, that the animal machine is principally governed by three main regulators: respiration, which consumes hydrogen and carbon, and which furnishes heat; perspiration, which increases or diminishes, according as it is necessary to carry off more or less heat from the system; and lastly, digestion, which restores to the blood what it has lost by respiration and transpiration. Later on, Lavoisier ascertained that, even with the mammals, the lung is not the only respiratory surface; he discovered the cutaneous respiration, and thus embraced, in their combination, and to their full extent, the relations which connect living beings with the atmosphere. Spallanzani proved that the absorption of oxygen is necessary to the inferior animals; he showed that their skin is a veritable respiratory organ; he even demonstrated that, in frogs, the cutaneous respiration is of more importance than the pulmonary respiration, and is alone sufficient to maintain the animal long in life. At the same time, he proved that with the inferior animals the absorption of oxygen is accompanied by the disengagement of heat, the same as in birds and mammals. Dr. Franklin, we know, writes enthusiastically of the effects of air baths on his own proper person.

All the while that Lavoisier firmly maintained his original idea, still he modestly refrained from asserting that its details were any other than provisional. The time required to finish and perfect his great work was not permitted to be his to enjoy. It must be added that, about the same time, Dr. Crawford, in England, occupied himself in investigating the same subject, arriving at nearly the same results. Edwards afterwards proved the truth of Lagrange's doctrine, that the combustion of the hydrogen and the carbon of the blood is not effected in the lungs, as Lavoisier supposed, but in the circulating stream itself, and especially in the capillaries, at the moment of the transformation of arterial blood into venous blood.

A few general facts may be added apropos. Infants are colder than adults. Women are constitutionally less able to resist external causes of cooling than men, and ought therefore to be more guarded against accidents from cold. The temperature of a sleeping man is nearly a degree centigrade lower than that of the same man awake. M. Chossat made three hundred observations, half on pigeons that were wide awake, and the other half on the same birds fast asleep; their temperature, like that of human beings, was higher at noon than at midnight. These results accord with the circumstance, well known to medical men, that slumbering persons cannot expose themselves, without considerable risk, to temperatures which they

would brave with impunity in their active and waking state. Insufficient food, in point of quantity, both in men and animals, produces a decided diminution of temperature and of power to resist cold. M. Chossat was cruel enough to starve pigeons, guinea-pigs, and other innocent creatures, to death; and he found that their temperature gradually diminished until the moment when their sufferings were at end; the greatest and most rapid diminution of their vital heat occurred on the last day of their life, both with birds and mammals. In fact, they really died of cold—as M. Chossat coolly remarks.

Living animals have the power of resisting extreme temperatures, for a certain time, until their powers give way under continued adverse influences, and death ensues. Heat is resisted by the cooling effects of evaporation from the skin. Thus, reapers support the fierceness of an August sun by imbibing an abundance of liquid, which furnishes the material of perspiration. In the same way, copious draughts—to an amount of gallons per day, incredible to persons who sit quietly at home in their parlours—alone enables glass-workers, copper-smelters, iron-founders, and the like, to bear the scorching glare, the radiated heat, and the burning atmosphere in which they are enveloped during their hours of toil. Blagden, who took a fancy to making personal experiments inside a heated stove, felt excessively uncomfortable at his first entrance, but was all right as soon as a profuse sweat broke forth throughout the entire surface of his skin. Heat, which is very bearable in a dry atmosphere (that is in an atmosphere which readily absorbs evaporation), becomes oppressive when the air is saturated with moisture, and is unbearable if endured in the form of a hot bath, which necessarily precludes all perspiration. Cold, we have seen, is defied by warm-blooded animals, so long as they are animals and not dead bodies, by maintaining an ever-burning fire within themselves.

There are certain creatures, however, such as dormice, loirs, and marmots, which approach the condition of the inferior races; instead of keeping up their active functions by respiration, they yield to the benumbing influence of winter, become torpid, and fall into a hibernal lethargy. The circulation in hibernating animals is languid and retarded, but still it continues to a slight degree. Mangili saw with the microscope the blood circulating in the capillaries of a torpid bat's wing. Hibernating mammals, in a lethargic state, although they apparently behave like dead bodies, are dead only in appearance. Under the influence of a temperature several degrees above the freezing point, their sensibility, their usual circulation, and the mechanical and chemical phenomena of respiration, are re-established. If the air around them becomes warmer still, they awake completely, and recover the full

exercise of all their functions. If, on the other hand, they are kept too long under the influence of a too low temperature, as they no longer absorb oxygen, so they no longer generate heat; they then cool like inert bodies, but slowly, because their tissues are bad conductors. Their extremities are the first to freeze; little by little congelation gains ground, till it reaches the organic centres. To natural lethargy succeeds death by cold, accompanied by all the anatomical disorders which take place in all animals under similar circumstances.

By the very reason of the imperfectness, or rather the simplicity of their organisation, the inferior animals resist much longer and better than hibernating mammals, the effects of very low temperatures. Facts have been observed which demonstrate that not only insects, but even vertebrate animals, are able to support a veritable congelation, without its resulting in death. The eggs of insects adhering to the twigs of trees, often bear uninjured the severest frosts. Caterpillars have been frozen stiff and hard, so that they caused a glass to ring when let fall into it, and yet have come to life again by being brought into a warm chamber. Monsieur Gavarrat, one of the Professors at the Faculty of Medicine of Paris—to whose able work we are indebted for the substance of this article—states an additional case, which we cannot read without a dubitating shake of the head. For some time past, it appears, it has been the practice in Russia and the northern part of the United States, to transport to a distance certain fish frozen as stiff as stakes, and in a veritable state of thorough congelation; nevertheless, it suffices to plunge them into water at a temperature a little above the freezing-point, to restore these much enduring fish to the full enjoyment of all their faculties. We know that toads have been frozen till they were hard and stiff like frozen meat; all their limbs were inflexible and brittle; and, when broken, there issued not one droplet of blood from the wound. Nevertheless, when put into slightly-warmed water, in ten minutes they completely came to life again. Toads are undoubtedly gifted with wonderful tenaciousness of life; in respect to the fish, the great difficulty is the absence of the specific names of the Russian and American frost-bitten, but, in spite of that, resuscitated patients.

A WESTERN CAMPAIGN.

On an April morning, in the year last ended, cannon were fired thrice from the ramparts of Fort Snelling, and re-echoed a hundred times from the rocks of the Mississippi valley. It was the signal for all soldiers on leave of absence to repair to quarters. The wind being west, the guns could be heard in the streets of Saint Paul, and obedient bands of

refreshed privates of the Fourth U.S. Infantry, coming forth from the public-houses of that town, took the road to the Fort without delay.

A reason for the summons ran through the town—The Indians are Coming! They have destroyed all settlements within the next hundred miles! They are up in arms all around! Thousands more of the northern tribes are rapidly approaching from the Red River! In a few days they will be at our gates!

Half-an-hour afterwards, the alarm-bell rang; the general was beaten by at least a dozen drummers; signal-horns and trumpets aroused every street. The whole town was raised in a few minutes; for, in America, everybody is a soldier. Eight thousand soldiers, arms in hand, were mustered at eleven o'clock, in the market-place of Saint Paul.

There were the German gymnastic companies called the Turners, clad in coarse linen, with an uniform of red neckerchiefs and scarfs, the emblems of their hatred of tyranny. They formed three battalions of a thousand men each, and a fine body they were. Next to them, drawn up in files, stood the other volunteer companies—the Minnesota Riflemen, the Saint Paul Fusileers, the Greys, the Blues, and several dozens more, all variously dressed, but all well armed. Then, two squadrons of light dragoons marched up; and at last a battery of citizen artillery galloped into the square. This looked like earnest: as I am a soldier myself, my heart was gladdened at the sight. I could have envied the young fellow who commanded those three German battalions. "Silence in the ranks!" he cried, when the colours were brought in. "Present arms!" The muskets clattered, and the band fell in with a tune strictly prohibited in the grand-duchy of Baden, when the red colours were fluttered in the morning air.

I knew that the Indians could not arrive before the day after the next, even in case they made every possible effort, which of course I hoped they would. Did these eight thousand citizen soldiers mean to stay in the market-place until that time? If we had been in Saxony, I should have thought that, very probable. Many and many a time, when I was there in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, have we been under arms for twenty-four hours together, because a tumult was expected to take place in some small village fifteen miles away. But I could hardly think the same tactics likely to prevail in the United States.

At last I heard what was proposed. The chiefs of all the different volunteer corps had resolved to declare to the commandant of Fort Snelling their readiness to place themselves under his command, requesting him to determine at once whither and when he wanted them to march. This resolution was communicated to the troops, and received with hearty acclamations. The arms were piled; the cavalry dismounted; the warriors allowed

themselves to become human again; and the public-houses next the market-place allayed unbounded thirst for something more than glory. Two hours afterwards the deputation returned from Fort Snelling with the answer of the military commandant. The drums rattled again; the signal-trumpets sounded; the foot soldiery went to arms; the dragoons mounted; the artillerymen hastened to their guns.

The commandant sent his best compliments to the assembled militia of Saint Paul, together with fullest acknowledgment of the warlike and loyal sentiments displayed by the same; but, as to the actual assistance offered to him, he said that there was no need for it whatever; the two companies of the garrison despatched by him already to the seat of action were enough to put a stop to the disturbances. Without, therefore, wishing to interfere in any way with the private inclinations of the citizen soldiers, he thought it his duty to suggest that they might as well go back to their usual occupations.

This was a heavy disappointment for eight thousand heroes. The flame of war began to blaze up suddenly even in the hearts of those who had hitherto been very peaceable. There were some, eager to go to war by all means, and to fight for their own dear homes, for wives and children, in spite of the commandant with his mercenaries and his idlers. Others laughed, and went home to their dinners. The German Turners marched off, with their band playing a national hymn. The market-place became gradually almost empty, but there remained one squadron of light dragoons, whose captain—a watchmaker—had explained to the men how important and decisive was the co-operation of cavalry in any enterprise of war, and how it was, therefore their duty not to forsake those two military companies sent from the fort. He should like to know how they would ever be able to make prisoners if they had no horse ready for pursuit? It was only a matter of a few days, and then he and his brothers in arms would go back to their shops; but no good citizen could grudge a few days to the welfare of the country when that was at stake, and the territory of Minnesota was sure not to forget those who had sacrificed themselves for the assertion of its honour!

Before the martial harangue of the watchmaker began, the squadron numbered eighty horses; during the same, its number diminished rapidly; and when the troop, after having crossed the river, rode up in a line on the opposite shore, only forty-two choice men of his army passed in review before the gallant captain. They reached Shakopee, on the Minnesota river, at a late hour of the night, and continued their march next morning in a south-westerly direction towards the theatre of war.

Jordan is a small place, at a distance of about two hundred miles south-west from

Saint Paul. It consists of four block-houses, namely, two boarding-houses, and two pioneer-stores, situated side by side, in a deep and wild, but very charming valley. The whole male population of the place—twelve in number—is capable of bearing arms. On the tenth of April last year, however, the backwoodsmen, for twenty miles round, had sought shelter there, together with their women and children, thus raising the defensive force to six-and-thirty muskets.

Now, let me relate how the war began. Some fifty miles westward from Jordan there lived an Irishman named Radcliff. A few days before the general alarm of the country, he had met with a gang of Indians on his hundred and sixty acres, and had told them to take to their heels, because he would have no vagabonds upon his land. The Indians did not heed him, and he therefore set his bloodhound on them. Still the descendants of the Warpekteys remained motionless, smoking their pipes as unconcerned as if they were the last persons in the world who had anything whatever to do with the matter. One only had started up and shot the dog. Almost at the same time came the report of the Irishman's rifle, and the Indian, shot through the heart, fell dead.

Were these the men, so mute and motionless but half a minute since, now starting up, descending with a swoop upon the Irishman, felling him to the ground, dashing his brains out, tearing off his scalp, and howling the while, like so many devils? And within an hour there was an awful cry resounding through the silent woods—the war-whoop of the Warpekteys! They murdered the dead man's wife and his two little children; they set fire to his blockhouse; they pounced upon the next settlements, which they took by surprise, and there too they slew mother, child, and sister. During the night they were joined by others; when they continued next day to attack the settlements, massacring inhabitants and burning dwellings, they numbered about fifty men. On the day following, they rested and enjoyed the liquors they had found in the homes of their victims.

Matters stood thus, when the alarm spread round the country. The intelligence of these outrages assumed, of course, with every mile of distance from the scene, more frightful proportions, and a general decampment of the backwoodsmen south of the Minnesota river was the consequence. When the Indians, after their day's rest, again set out on their expedition of vengeance, they found all the settlements abandoned, so they halted opposite Jordan, in the woods of the small valley, and took counsel together on their further operations.

In Jordan were made hasty preparations for defence. The blockhouses were strengthened, doors barricaded, windows blocked with mattresses, walls pierced with loopholes; on the roofs, water-pails and wet

blankets were kept ready. A courier had been dispatched already to Fort Snelling, to apply for military help.

The Indians were quiet during day, well knowing there was but a poor chance for them. At a late hour of the night, however, they broke forth with savage cries, and discharging their guns towards the blockhouses, tried the chance of an assault. Fortunately, the night happened to be clear; the backwoodsmen stood upon their guard, and their aim was sure. There was not even hand to hand encounter. The Indians drew back as suddenly as they advanced, dragging along with them five dead bodies. In the houses, no one had been hurt.

The three following nights passed quietly away, but the men did not yet venture to quit the houses, for they dreaded an ambuscade. On the afternoon of the fourth day, two volunteer companies of sharpshooters arrived from Shakopee, and pitched a flying camp close to the battle-ground. Then, the men thought themselves strong enough to act on the offensive, without waiting for the military force; and it was resolved to beat cover in the surrounding woods on the next morning. The woods were empty; the Indians gone. The glorious days of old, had passed with the Warpekteys!

On the sixteenth of April the two military companies of Fort Snelling arrived, and continued their march—after a day's rest—to the south-west in two different detachments, for the pacification of the country.

The inhabitants of Jordan had already gone back to their peaceable occupations, when, two days after the departure of the military, they were roused out of their morning sleep by the sound of a trumpet. The light dragoons of Saint Paul—twenty-five horses in all, the rest having fallen off on the way—made their public entry into the forest city. The commander shook his head incredulously when he was told of the conclusion of hostilities. He wanted to shed Indian blood, he said, even if he was obliged to march as far as the Red River. His twenty-five men said that he might march even to California if he chose to do so, but as far as they were concerned, they would have breakfast and go home. The commander yielded, the trumpet sounded a retreat. But, when his squadron, after a difficult march of two days through thick forests, set foot at last upon the large plain which extends to Shakopee on the Minnesota, the dragoons perceived two Indians coming from the town, and travelling along the road quite inoffensively. The eagle-eye of the triumphant watch-maker flashed fire. The decisive moment had arrived.

He drew his sabre, and therewith pointed to the double reinforcement which the enemy was upon the point of getting, and which they were bound to intercept. Charge! His trumpet sounded the alarm. The two Indians

stopped, and seemed to hesitate in wonder for a moment. When they saw, however, that they were being charged in good earnest, they threw their blankets off, and ran away.

Those Indians are good walkers. If they had been thus hunted in the woods, the valiant dragoons might have been discomfited, but over twenty miles of prairie there was easy chase. In less than half-an-hour therefore, the greater part of the dragoons—their captain foremost—were close at the heels of the fugitives. The poor fellows stopped again, lifting up their guns for self-defence. “Ha-a-a-alt!” shouted the watchmaker partly to his steed which was in that critical minute running away with him, and carrying him through the very midst of the two corps d’armée of the enemy.

“Ready for fi-i-i-ire!” he was yet heard to roar at an enormous distance, whilst he darted on like a John Gilpin of the western plain.

The Indians fired a volley of small shot against their assailants, wounding one amongst them. They were, however, soon surrounded, disarmed, tied together, and to Shakopee conveyed triumphantly. Here the headless squadron met again with its commander, who had given notice of his victory almost at the moment in which it was gained.

The following day numbers amongst the brightest in that hero’s life. His public march from the quay to the market-place of Saint Paul was a triumphal procession. Before the counsel house he gave the word to halt, and after having thanked his subalterns for their perseverance and intrepidity, he delivered his two prisoners of war into the hands of the magistrate, declaring thereby that he had done his duty, and that it remained only for the civil authority to do the rest.

I am glad to say that the rest was wisely done. The magistrate ordered the poor fellows to be locked up until the assembled people had dispersed; then, having given each of them a few dollars to buy another blanket, he allowed them to resume their interrupted journey.

THE GROWTH OF OUR GARDENS.

We are so accustomed to certain treasures, both of knowledge and of possession, that we forget how they were first acquired; with what difficulty the most insignificant importation from foreign countries was first made; and how many noble human lives were spent in solving questions, which now that wonderful being, Every Schoolboy, has by heart. Heirs to all the ages, we are too often ungrateful to those from whom we inherit, and by whose infinite pains, trouble, risk, and sometimes suffering, our present goods were gained.

Now, in the special matter of fruits and vegetables, who cares to reflect on the original birthplace of those which are of present daily use and universal consumption? They

have become so naturalised and so familiar that we treat them as indigenous; and, indeed, most of us, in our secret hearts, hold a vague, floating kind of belief, that they are British by origin rather than by adoption, and belong to us by aboriginal grace of nature, instead of by the toil and intelligence of man. For instance, in that commonest of all vegetables, the potato, who ever thinks of the history lying between the present time of national abundance, and the days when those untried foreign roots grew wild and untasted about Quito? Sir Walter Raleigh, amongst many other great and good things that he did, brought those roots as rare dainties from Virginia to England, in fifteen hundred and eighty-six; but Gérarde, Queen Elizabeth’s famous gardener, received them as curiosities only in fifteen hundred and ninety-seven. Eleven years had not made them known, or brought them into fashion. What revolutions, too, have passed over society since sixteen hundred and sixteen, when potatoes were eaten at the royal table of France as a regal luxury; though soon after to be abandoned to the commonality with contempt—since sixteen hundred and nineteen, when they were one shilling a pound, here in English markets—and even since seventeen hundred and ninety, when Suffolk first began to possess them, according to the testimony of Arthur Young. Why, the most important changes which the world has ever seen, have occurred since then. The whole map of Europe has been re-cast, and the whole fabric of human society has been remodelled; countries have been annihilated, and nationalities extinguished; while religious dogmas, political questions, and moral views, have all been as thoroughly taken to pieces, and patched into new shapes, as if we had pulled down a baronial castle, and made a row of model cottages with the stones.

The first potatoes grown in Ireland were from tubers, given to Sir Robert Southwell’s grandfather by Sir Walter Raleigh. They soon became popular; but no one then looked forward to the time when the poor of the nation would live almost exclusively on them; nor, when a failure in the crop would produce one of the most heart-rending famines on record. An Irish ship, laden with the roots, was wrecked off Lancashire; at least, so runs the tradition; when the potatoes, taking root, soon spread far and wide; and, in a short time, Lancashire was filled and famous. They were introduced into the south of Europe by way of Spain and Italy. The Spaniards brought them from Quito direct, and passed them into Italy, whence they journeyed to Vienna, through the patronage of the governor of Mons in Hainault. It was not until fifteen hundred and ninety-eight that they were sent to Clusius, a year after the time when Gérarde received them. In Spain they were called papas and bolotas, in Italy tartufi bianchi (white truffles), and

also potato, and—like the French and Germans—earth-apples. Potato is our version of the *balata*, or *patata* of the south. Houghton says that in Ireland in sixteen hundred and ninety-nine, they were roasted or boiled, and eaten with butter and sugar; it seems to have been quite of late years, that anything like a rational or scientific method of preparing them has been discovered. And even now, few good plain cooks understand the proper manner of cooking them. You may find cooks who can make exquisite soufflés, and delicious *méringues*, ice puddings, *vol-au-vents*, and all the latest refinements of the *Café de Paris*; but, to find one who can properly cook a potato, is as difficult as to discover a new planet, or a new pleasure.

The love-apple or *tomata* is of the same tribe as the potato. Both are *solanums*, or nightshades, and both came originally from South America. Chops and *tomata sauce* were not known two hundred years ago; and the *Pickwicks* of that day ran one danger the less. Jerusalem artichokes are sun-flowers—*girasoles*—from Brazil. Mr. John Goodyer received in sixteen hundred and seventeen, two small roots, no bigger than hens' eggs, from Mr. Franqueville of London; the one he planted, and the other he gave to a friend. The root he planted, produced a sufficient number to supply all Hampshire. But, there is every reason to believe that they were known in Queen Elizabeth's time, though not generally cultivated, nor, indeed, generally known. Society was neither so communicative, nor so democratic as at present; and, what the *grandees* and nobles got for themselves, they did not seek to make general among the people. At first, Jerusalem artichokes were boiled tender, then peeled, and stewed with butter, wine, and spices; they were also made into pies, with marrow, dates, ginger, raisins, sack, &c. The French brought them into Europe from Canada, but their original home was in Brazil. The common artichoke—which is only a more delicate kind of donkey's food after all, for it is nothing but a thistle—was evidently known to the Greeks and Romans; but no one now can trace its birthplace. It is found wild in the south of Europe, Italy, Sicily, the south of France, &c.; but, it is a wildling after transportation, not by the dignity of vegetable autochthony. It is said that its use had been forgotten in Italy between the time of the Romans and the year fourteen hundred and sixty-six, when one of the Strozzi family brought to Florence some of these dainty thistles from Naples, which had just received a cargo of roots from the Levant. The first artichokes seen in Venice, says Hermolaus Barbarus, were seen in fourteen hundred and seventy-three. The artichoke is common in Persia; though it is said to have been carried thither by the Carmelite monks, who transplanted many of the European garden vegetables to Iranstán.

Salsafy—goat's-beard, buck's-beard, Jack-go-to-bed-at-noon, Joseph's Flower, Star of Jerusalem—by what name soever it may please the reader to designate it—came from Siberia. It is not of any striking popularity in England, but it is a more delicate kind of parsnip in taste, and might be more cultivated than it is, with advantage. The broad-bean was originally an Egyptian; by the bye, forbidden to the priests; but it is also found in China and Japan, and has been known for centuries, in Europe. The kidney-bean, which means the scarlet-runner as well, came from the East Indies; the delicious pea is from the south of Europe, China, Cochín-China, and Japan. The garden carrot was brought from Aleppo, though we have plenty of wild carrots in our wastes and hedges; turnips are partly wild, and partly from Sweden and Holland. Turnips also were known to the Romans: were they eaten with boiled beef and legs of mutton, by those stately robbers in sandals and togas? Parsnips are natives, improved by cultivation; so are cabbages; but cauliflowers were brought from Candia, Cyprus, and Constantinople, to Italy, by the Venetians and Genoese; and broccoli, or little sprouts, came from Italy to France, towards the end of the sixteenth century. Celery is native; good for nothing wild, but, as we all know, one of the most delicious of our vegetables when cared for and cultivated. Cress, horse-radish, and mustard, are partly native, and partly foreign. Asparagus is doubtful. It is found wild in some parts of England, and it also comes from the East; but, it is not exactly known whether our garden-beds are peopled with improved Britons, or with foreigners. Anyhow, they are peopled with esculents which almost deserve the strange kind of canonisation given to vegetables, as well as to cows and birds, on the banks of old Nile. Spinach is in the same condition of uncertainty. It was known to the Arabian physicians; and probably by them—through the Moors—introduced into Spain, whence it spread through Europe; but who was the benefactor to the human race who first brought it into use we have no means of knowing. Neither can we raise a monument to the memory of that sainted man, who once eat a cucumber when travelling in the far East, and, fired by a noble patriotism, pocketed the seeds for the everlasting delectation of the west. Radishes come from China, Cochín-China, and Japan; beet-root comes from the sea-coast of the south of Europe; endive, from China, Japan, and Italy; vegetable-marrow (squash), from America; lettuce, from the Levant in the second instance, but in the first unknown; garlic, from the East; shallots from Palestine; and onions from Spain and Portugal.

Before all these importations were made, substitutes and predecessors were found in plants which now rank little higher than

weeds. Dandelion leaves were used as salad, as they are to this day in the north, and the blanched roots served the place of endive; winter cress was also a common salad; so was rocket, which is still used in Italy; bulbous charophyllæd, or chervil, and corn-salad, a valerian, were the ancient lettuces; France, the country of gastronomy, paramount above all, knows the value of both, though we have turned them out among the rank and file of weeds. The Viennese are notorious consumers of chervil. Rampion was a salad, so were sorrel leaves; common Alexanders did duty for celery; and skirret, a poor, rank water-parsnip, was eaten cold with oil and vinegar, or boiled, like the cultivated civilised parsnip of modern tables. By the way, parsnip, stripped in long, thin strips, and fried in batter, is infinitely superior to parsnip plainly boiled, even with melted butter in addition. Monk's rhubarb was used as spinach; and even after the introduction of spinach in thirteen hundred and fifty-one, some feeble-minded individuals sought to restore it to its former place, to the prejudice of the new plant: English mercury—good King Henry, or goose-foot—is still much cultivated in lieu of the same: Lincolnshire being especially notorious for its wealth in mercury, and its dearth of spinach. Vetches were ancient peas and beans; the leaves of the pepperwort, or poor man's pepper, were used instead of our modern East Indian spice; parsley was a favourite salad, and young nettles made a *recherche* dish of greens. Borage leaves were used for soup, and the beautiful blue flowers of borage were used for salad and wine, to strengthen the heart. The sea-cabbage, or colewort, was the cabbage most in request; and scorzonera, or viper's-grass, was eaten freely as an antidote to snake bites, actual, or possible. Hume says that "it was not till the end of the reign of Henry the Eighth that any salads, carrots, turnips, or other edible roots, were produced in England; the little of these vegetables that was used, was imported from Holland and Flanders. Queen Catherine, when she wanted a salad, was obliged to despatch a messenger hither on purpose." But he forgets the common roots and plants which we have now disregarded—more's the pity in some instances; and how the poor made up for the loss of foreign esculents, by the use of native weeds.

Of fruits, we have very few of home produce; even the commonest have been transformed out of all likeness with the original stock, partly by cultivation, and partly by the introduction of foreign sorts; so that it can scarcely be said of any of them, that they are purely native. Gooseberries came originally from Siberia; currants, though indigenous, have been so re-crossed with stocks from America, and the south of Europe, that it would be hard to say how much of native juice is left in them. Black currants are

wholly American; and the pink, or champagne, are French. Strawberries are indigenous; and are said to have been under cultivation ever since the time of Richard the Second. But, John Tradescant the elder, who was gardener to Charles the First in sixteen hundred and twenty-nine, and who knew every flower, and herb, and tree, by heart, first saw the strawberry plant, as a cultivated and cherished plant, in a woman's garden near Plymouth. Her little daughter had seen it growing wild in the woods, and had transplanted it to the home garden for sake of its beautiful flower and fruit. If it had been in anything like general cultivation before then, Tradescant, the Paxton of those days, would have surely known of it. Afterwards, Miller saw it in Hyde Park and Hampstead Woods; and gradually it has become a prime public favourite. The hautboy is said to have come from America. Is it not rightly hautbois, or from the high woods? The wood strawberry is in much esteem in France, and the high wood would naturally be the best flavoured. Raspberries are indigenous, too, but, like currants, have been crossed and cultivated, till little of the original is left. Bilberries are wild now, and ever have been; so are cranberries; but the best cranberries come from America; barberries are all over Europe, but they were not originally wild in England. Pears came from the south of Europe to France, thence to England; so did the best kinds of apples, though we have our native crab in its full perfection of sourness and indigestibility. The bullen is native and wild; so is the sloe; but the real ripe purple plum came from Asia to Europe, passing from Syria to Greece, thence to Italy, and from Italy everywhere. The greengage is French, as, indeed, are most of the best varieties of almost every fruit. Cherries are wild in England as in other parts of Europe, but the best sorts are English neither by origin nor by cultivation. It is said that cherries were first cultivated in the time of Henry the Eighth; there is written evidence, however, that they were cried about by hawkers before the middle of the fifteenth century; for, Lydgate, the black Benedictine of Bury St. Edmund's, who lived in the earlier part of the fifteenth century, says in his poem of Lickpenny:

"Hot pescape own (one) began to cry,
Straberrys rype and cherries in the ryse."

Our best varieties came from Spain and France; and the finest we have are to be found in Kent, that most beautiful garden of England. Apriots came from Armenia. They were known to the ancients, and are mentioned by Dioscorides. Breda, Rome, and Turkey, supplied us with our best kinds; Portugal sent us quinces; the south of Europe, Germany, and America, medlars; the East, peaches and nectarines; the south of Europe the sorb apple, or service-tree. In

France, the wood of the service-tree is used by turners and mathematical-instrument makers, also for the gauging-sticks of excisemen, and for other purposes. The black mulberry came to the south of Europe from Persia; the white, from Spain and the south of Europe generally; the paper mulberry, from Japan, China, and South Carolina. The white mulberry feeds the silkworms; it is the black which the old Flemish weavers have planted so thickly about London. The olive, also, comes from the south of Europe; and everyone knows who first planted the vine, and where—with the fatal consequences thereof. Melons are natives of Calmuc-Tartary and Armenia; but the best kinds came from an insignificant little village near to Rome. Almonds are East-Indian and Chinese.

The first fig-tree planted in England was supposed to have been one of the white Marseilles kind, planted by Cardinal Pole in the palace garden at Lambeth. It was certainly brought to England in the time of Henry the Eighth; and, as Cardinal Pole had been a great deal abroad, and ecclesiastics are famous as connoisseurs, it is as likely as not to be a true tradition. Another very ancient tree was—and may still be—in the garden of the old Manor House at Mitcham, formerly the private residence of Archbishop Cranmer; a third was in the Dean's garden at Winchester. This was of the red kind, and was alive in seventeen hundred and fifty-seven, protected by a rude wooden frame and glass. On the stone wall to which it was fastened was this inscription: "In the year sixteen hundred and twenty-three, King James the First tasted of the fruit of this tree with great pleasure." The tree died, for want of repairs to the frame. Dr. Pococke planted one in sixteen hundred and forty-eight, in the garden of the Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford. The learned doctor brought the slips from the East, and the planting of them was an event of no small magnitude. The black fig-tree was first cultivated, in fifteen hundred and sixty-two, according to Turner; in fifteen hundred and ninety-seven, Gérarde says of it: "The fruit never cometh to a kindly maturity with us, except the tree be planted under a hot wall, whereto neither north nor north-east winds can enter." But, the country which produced vines in the abundance in which they once grew here, ought not to have found much difficulty in growing figs. We wish there were more south walls at the present, day covered with their magnificent leaves and luxurious purple fruit! They came to us from Spain and Ischia, but their origin is Asian.

Pine-apples, that royal fruit, are from Africa and the West Indies; oranges and lemons passed from Asia to southern Europe.

Genoa was long our nursery for lemons; but, Genoa had gone to Media for her first seeds; now, we import chiefly from Spain and Portugal. The shaddock was brought from Batavia to Japan; and, though a citrus, was named after Captain Shaddock, its first importer, from the East.

As to nuts; the walnut is from southern Europe and America, the hickory from America, the hazel originally from Avellino, a town in Naples; hence its name, *Corylus avellina*. Filberts came from Pontus; chestnuts were brought by the Romans from Sardis in Lydia, to Italy. They are indigenous also in Asia; notably in China, Cochín-China, and Japan. Evelyn says, that the chestnut, is a native of Great Britain; and S. Ducarel quotes an old deed of gift from Henry the Second to the monks of Flexly Abbey, by which he grants them a title of his chestnuts in the Forest of Dean. The Honourable Davies Barrington says, that it is not a native of Great Britain, and that it is not found wild, north of the Trent. It sometimes grows to an enormous size. The famous Castagno di centi cavalli on Mount Etna, was reported in seventeen hundred and seventy to be two hundred and seven feet in girth; but it was supposed that this was more than one tree; another, equally famous, and indubitably single, called *il Castagno del galea*, was twenty-six feet in girth, at the distance of two feet above the ground; instances of extreme bulk and longevity might be multiplied if we had time and space. Our forefathers had but few nuts, though, compared to our wealth in that item. They did not import cashew-nuts, or Brazilian cocoa-nuts, or American nuts of various names and multitudinous sizes; but they had beech mast, which they shared with the forest swine, and they made the most of the wild hazel. Anyway, we are better off in our gardens than they were; and it is not one of the least of the blessings referable to steam and commerce, that our dinners have pleasanter vegetables, and our desserts richer fruits, than in the days when Queen Elizabeth ruled, or bluff King Harry so nobly brought the heads of sweet women who had lain on his bosom, to the block.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS

WILL READ AT ST. MARTIN'S HALL:

On THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 17th, at Eight, The Poor Traveller, Boots at the Holly Tree, and Mrs. Gamp.
On WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 23rd, at Three, The Story of Little Dombey.

On THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 24th, at Eight, The Christmas Carol.

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THE THISTLE IN BUD.

BETWEEN the troublous days of her sovereign lady, Mary, when it was said of Scotland, "Lo, here a nation born in one day; yea, moulded into one congregation, and sealed as a fountain with a solemn oath and covenant,"—between those days of the half-mail-clad baron and his band of followers, with swords and pistols, and the days of the silken gallant in full periwig, who wore a rapier for show, and quietly saw ruin in the Revolution by which the existing political system was brought near to a settlement,—there lie about six score years of slow, yet certain progress. They are years of progress from a form of society full of strange features of barbarity and violence, to another form that was hardly in closer harmony with what we see to-day. The whole interval was occupied by civil strife bred of religious differences; at the close of it the people remained poor. They had incompetent universities, no bank, no newspaper, no permanent stage-coach communication, no system of police: they had only organised within five-and-twenty years a post system upon a small scale. They even imported their woollen cloth and their paper. Judges were partial; witches were burnt; it was still possible for gentlemen of ancient family, by trick or violence, to seize on heiresses of tender years; monopolies were the great rule of trade; intolerance was universal.

When the lesson of tolerance was learnt, and concord was established in the land, prosperity set in; "and, then," writes Mr. Robert Chambers—who has very recently collected *The Domestic Annals of Scotland* from the Reformation to the Revolution, into two most interesting volumes—"in five years from the settlement of its religious troubles, the country has its first bank; in a few years more it has native newspapers. Other troubles, or chances of trouble, being removed by union with England, and the suppression of all hopes in favour of a dis-crowned dynasty, commerce becomes active; an improved agriculture commences; and nearly every kind of manufacture for which England is distinguished takes hearty root with us. Scotsmen, frugally reared, and endowed with the elements of learning at

their parish schools, go forth into every realm to take leading positions. Literature and science are cultivated at home with the most brilliant success. And the short period of a century sees nearly every disadvantageous contrast between our country and her neighbours obliterated."

The privy council and other records preserved in the General Register House at Edinburgh, manuscripts of histories and journals preserved in the Advocates' library, burgh records, the volumes of curious record published by the Maitland Club, the Spalding Club, the Wodrow Society, the Bannatyne Club,—from these and other sources of information, Mr. Chambers has drawn an assemblage of suggestive facts, illustrative of life in Scotland during the important period to which we have referred. These facts are the *Domestic Annals of the country*,—"the series of occurrences beneath the region of history, the effects of passion, superstition and ignorance in the people, the extraordinary natural events which disturbed their tranquillity, the calamities which affected their well-being, the traits of false political economy by which that well-being was checked, and generally those things which enable us to see how our forefathers thought, felt, and suffered; and how, on the whole, ordinary life looked in their days." To collect a body of such annals has been the well-devised and thoroughly fulfilled intention of the book, from the surface of which we propose to scrape a fact or two into this paper.

To begin with the subject of intolerance, there are many quaint illustrations in these annals, not merely of the want of tolerance, but of the utter absence of a perception that any such principle of social life exists in nature. Even at the close of the period illustrated, Patrick Walker says of himself and his friends, the extreme presbyterians, who looked at the Revolution "as a surprising, unexpected, merciful dispensation," that we "thought it some way belonged to us to go to all the popish houses and destroy their monuments of idolatry, with their priests' robes, and put in prison themselves."

There was some hankering after tolerance in James the Sixth; which, when it shows

itself, is set down, as a matter of course, for evidence of infirm adherence to the presbyterian cause. "You see, my lord," he said privately one day to Lord Hamilton, "you see, my lord, how I am used, and have no man in whom I may trust more than in Huntly, &c. If I receive him, the ministers cry out that I am an apostate from the religion; if not, I am left desolate."

"If he and the rest be not enemies to the religion," said the Lord Hamilton, "ye may receive them. Otherwise not."

"I cannot tell," saith the king, "what to make of that; but the ministry hold them for enemies. Always, I would think it good that they enjoyed liberty of conscience."

Then the Lord Hamilton crying aloud, said, "Sir, then we are all gone! then we are all gone! then we are all gone! If there were no more to withstand, I will withstand." When the king perceived his servants to approach, he smiled and said:

"My lord, I did this to try your mind."

Afterwards, his majesty found it advisable to repel the slander of those who accused him of the crime of religious tolerance more publicly. Some acts of lenity towards Romish clergymen begot a rumour to his prejudice; and, in great indignation thereat, the king wrote from Hitchinbrooke to his Scottish councillors, as to the report of his intention to "tolerate or grant liberty of conscience," that "the foolish apprehension thereof had given occasion both to papist and puritan, to take heart, and grow insolent; the one vainly boasting of the said pretendit liberty, and the other with a seeming fear thereof." He said, "God knows that what proceedit in that course concerning the papists here was without any such intention;" adding that he "could not but marvel how any of our subjects can be possess with so unjust an opinion of us."

What disorder was not possible in the half-civilised nation, whose king was compelled to resent as injury the imputation of a charitable temper? Here is a tale of Scotland in the days of James the Sixth. In the year fifteen hundred and fifty-seven, John Innes, of Innes, being childless, entered into a mutual bond of tailzie with his nearest relation, Alexander Innes, of Cromy, conveying the whole estate of either, failing heirs male of his body, to the one who should survive. A richer and more distant branch of the family was represented by Robert Innes, of Innermarky, who was violently displeased at the preference that had been shown to Innes of Cromy. Therefore, "Cromy, who was the gallantest man of his time, found himself obliged to make the proffer of meeting him single in arms, and, laying the tailzie upon the grass, see if he durst take it up: in one word, to pass from all other pretensions, and let the best fellow have it."

Innermarky, braver in the dark than in

the daylight, declined open combat, and employed himself in poisoning the mind of the laird of Innes against Cromy, whom he accused of taking all upon himself, even to the name of laird, and against whom there was no longer any defence, but by putting him out of the way. So the laird consented to the murder of the relative, who, but a few months since, had been his nearest friend. Three years after the signing of the bond, it happened that Cromy, who had been called on business to Aberdeen, was detained there by reason that his only son, Robert, a youth of sixteen years of age, had fallen sick at the college, and his father could not leave the place till he saw what became of him. He had carried him to his lodgings in the New Town, and sent several of his servants home from time to time, to let his lady know of the boy's state. In that domestic trial the assassins saw their opportunity. From the servants who arrived at Kinnairdy, they learnt where and how Cromy was lodged at Aberdeen, and how attended. Wherefore, getting together a considerable number of assistants, Robert of Innermarky, and the laird, John, rode forth on their errand of death, entered Aberdeen at night, and about midnight came to Alexander's lodging. The outer gate of the close they found open, but the rest of the doors were shut. They were afraid to break up the doors by violence, lest the noise might alarm the neighbours. The cry of feud between the families of Forbes and Gordon, and the simulation of street combat would, as a common incident, excite less notice in the neighbourhood, and would bring Cromy out, for he was deeply interested in the Gordons. They raised a cry, therefore, as if there had been an outfall of these people—"Help a Gordon—a Gordon!" Cromy started from his bed, took sword in hand, and, opening a back-door that led to the court below, stepped down three or four steps, and cried to know what was the matter. Innermarky, who, by his white shirt, discerned him perfectly, then shot him through the body, and in an instant as many as could get about him fell upon him, and butchered him barbarously.

Innermarky, perceiving that the laird John stood by, as either relenting or terrified, held to his throat the bloody dagger, that he had newly taken out of the murdered body, swearing dreadfully that he would serve him in the same way if he did not as he did, and so compelled him to draw his dagger, and stab it up to the hilt in the body of his nearest relation. All others were bound to stain their weapons in like manner; and even a boy of the family, then at school, was raised out of bed, and compelled by Innermarky to stab a dagger into the dead body, that he might be under the same condemnation. The sick youth, Robert, scrambled away to the shelter of a neighbour's house. His blood was eagerly sought;

but in vain, for he lived long enough to bring home vengeance to the murderers.

Then Innermarky took the dead man's signet ring, and sent one of the dead man's purchased servants on the dead man's horse, with a cunning story to his wife, as from her husband, ordering her to send him a particular box, containing the bond of tailie, and all that had followed betwixt him and laird John. The wife, though troubled by so blind a message, delivered to the man what he sought, and let him go. But there happened to be about the house a youth related to the family, who, being a close friend to the young laird, then sick, desired to go to Aberdeen and see him. This youth had gone to the stable to intercede with the servant that he might carry him behind him, and, by the man's confusion of statement, was led to suspect, he knew not what; but, further knowledge he resolved to have. Therefore, he stepped out a little beyond the entry, watching the servant's coming, and, as he went by, suddenly leapt up behind him, where he would stay, till he had sufficient reason why he should not. The contest became such, that the servant drew his dirk to rid him of the youth's trouble, which the other wrung out of his hands, and downright killed him with it, and brought back the box with the writs and horse to the house of Innes. Into the midst of the confusion suffered by the lady, came another of the servants in from Aberdeen, to tell the manner of her husband's slaughter. She secured, therefore, his writings, and fled to her friends, by whom she was brought to make complaint before the king.

But of public justice there was then so little dread, that Innermarky, five weeks after the event, obtained from his chief a disposition of the estate in his own favour. The avenger of blood was the son of the murdered man, at first taken under the care of his relative, the Earl of Huntly. Two or three years afterwards the young laird of Cromy went north, with a commission for the avenging of his father's murder, and the laird of Innes went as well as Innermarky into hiding. Innermarky skulked among the hills, then made a retreat for himself in the house of Edinglasvie. There, Cromy at length surprised him; the same young man who had killed his servant being the first to force a way into his den; and, for this venturesome act he was, all his life after, called Craig-in-peril. Innermarky's head was cut off, taken to Edinburgh, and cast exultingly at the king's feet, by the elder Cromy's widow.

Again, in the career of George Auchinleck of Balmanno, there are incidents which present to our minds vividly the wildness of those times. Auchinleck had been a friend to the Regent, Morton, in his days of power. His position was then so secure, that he could thrust his sword through Captain

Nesbit's body in the Edinburgh High Street, quietly walk on to the Court of Session, and there sit as if he had done no wrong. Once, when Auchinleck stood within the bar of the Tolbooth, a decayed old man pressed forward to him, and, when Auchinleck asked what he wanted, said, "I am Oliver Sinclair;" and, without another word, turned and departed. Oliver Sinclair, then a broken man, had once been a king's favourite, and men talked of his strange presentment of himself to Auchinleck, because it seemed to mean, Be not too proud, I was as you are, and your end is yet to come. And the end came. With the decline of Morton's power, fell the prosperity of Morton's friend. Four of his private enemies beset Auchinleck when he was walking in the High Street of Edinburgh, near St. Giles's church, and by one of them he was shot through the body, but not killed. He survived to fall in the following March into the hands of the Earl of Arran, by whom he was put to the torture, in order to extract from him confession of certain crimes which he denied.

Of the use of torture, here is an example. John Master of Orkney was accused, without sufficient ground, of practising, by witchcraft and otherwise, against his brother's life. The case rested on the confession of an old woman, Alison Balfour, who had been executed as a witch, in December, fifteen hundred and ninety-four. When she made her confession it was under this pressure of suffering: she had been kept forty-eight hours in the cashielaws—an iron case for the leg, to which fire was applied till it became insupportably painful. At the same time, her aged husband, a man of ninety-one years, her eldest son and her daughter were likewise kept under torture, the father being in "the lang irons of fifty stane wecht," the son fixed in the boots (a foot-screw) with fifty-seven strokes, and the daughter in the pinie-winks (a finger-screw), that they "being sae tormented beside her, might move her to make any confession for their relief." From another person, a man, the desired statement was extorted, "he being kept in the cashielaws eleven days and eleven nights,—twice in the day by the space of fourteen days callit (driven) in the boots, he being nakit, in the meantime, and scourgit with taws (ropes) in sic sort that they left neither flesh nor hide upon him."

In proportion as the working of the law was rude, it was intrusive, and concerned itself with private matters. A child might receive sentence from the presbytery for passing his father without reverent salutation. The Aberdeen town council fined a householder or his wife thirteen and fourpence, a craftsman six and eightpence, for absence from sermon on Sunday "afore and after noon," or on Tuesday and Thursday "afore noon." "And in case any merchant or burgess of guild be found within his

merchand booth after the ringing of the third bell to the sermon on the week day, to pay six and eightpence."

At a later date, stringent laws were enforced in Edinburgh against the wearing of plaids by the women. The use of plaids as a mantilla which enclosed also the head and face, was declared immodest, and the law declared every woman's honesty suspect, who did not fully show her face; but to wear hoods was to obey the law of fashion, and the ladies defied every civil penalty and every uncivil imputation, rather than put aside their hoods till fashion, supreme lawgiver, revoked the edicts that had gone forth in their favour. The law, of course, was beset also with protectionist devices. At one time it was unlawful to eat lamb, because the breed of sheep needed protection.

There were no newspapers to teach better doctrine, and what newspapers there were taught nothing. Two hundred years ago the magistrates of Glasgow, feeling the need for "ane diurnall, appoint John Fleming to write to his man wha lies at London" to cause one to be sent for the town's use. It was only twenty years before that time, according to Clarendon, that Scotland had first been found worth mention in a London newspaper, though the whole English nation was solicitous to know what passed weekly in Germany, Poland, and other parts of Europe.

Towards the close of the period illustrated in these domestic annals, the kidnapping of idle, vagrant, and criminal people on the Scotch coast for transportation to the plantations in Virginia and elsewhere, was an occupation for which licences were granted; and in the Edinburgh privy council records it appears that one ship, called the *Ewé* and *Lamb*, was particularly active on this service. It was complained, however, that "the master and merchants of the ship called *Herculus*, bound for the plantations, had apprehended some free persons, and put them aboard the said ship, upon pretext that they were vagabonds, or given their consent thereto."

In addition to this was the liability to capture by the descents of the Barbary rovers upon all our coasts. In those days men who could see unmoved a murder in the street, might be afflicted perhaps by a dream about a toothache. In the days of Charles the First, Sir Thomas Hope, a devout man, and a leader among the Covenanters, enters incidents like these into his diary:

"June 24, 1643.—This night I thought that a tooth (whilk was loose) fell out of my gums, and that I took it up in my hands, and kep it; and it seemed so real that while I awakit, I thought it really true, and could scarcely believe it otherwise when I had awakit. Thir repeated dreams portends some calamity to me or mine; but I have resolved to submit myself to my good Lord, and to adere his providence, and the Lord give me grace to

bear it patiently. June 25.—At night I dreamed that while I was pulling on my left buit, both the tongues of it brake. This fell out really on the 26 September thereafter. . . . God prepare me. The Lord prepare me, for I look certainly to suffering in such way as my Lord pleases."

It is at the close also of the period illustrated by the research of Mr. Robert Chambers that we find note of the low civilisation of the Scotch in the statement of Fountainhill, that "plumbers cannot subsist in Scotland as a distinct trade, there being so little to do; only our curiosity is daily increasing." And, at the same time, the Edinburgh privy council records show that the first four miles of the road from the capital of the country, leading towards London, were so ruinous that passengers were in danger of their lives "either by their coaches overturning, their horses falling, their carts breaking, their loads casting, and poor people with the burdens on their backs sorely grieved and discouraged." Moreover, it was said, "strangers do often exclaim thereat."

But, whatever might be the short comings of Scotland, it was not, on all occasions, safe for strangers to exclaim thereat. In the days of James the Sixth, John Stercovius, a Pole, had come among the Scotch, wearing the dress of his country, which, exciting much vulgar attention, he was hooted at in the streets and treated altogether so ill that he was forced to make an abrupt retreat. Naturally enough, when he got home, he did not give a favourable account of his reception, but published a *Legend of Reproaches* against the Scottish Nation;—and the Scotch were then pouring exorbitant numbers of miserable, debauched, weakly people into Poland, besides merchants and pedlars. The *Legend* is set down in the privy council records as "ane infamous book against all estates of persons in this realm." King James, hearing of this sharp criticism on the Scotch, employed Patrick Gordon, his agent at Danzig—himself a man of letters—to raise a prosecution against Stercovius in his own country, and had influence enough to cause him to be beheaded for his offence! The persecution cost six thousand merks, and a convention of burghs was called, to consider means of raising the sum by taxation. Taxation failed, and the king sought aid in the payment of the money from Patrick Gordon.

In the early part of the same king's reign, an Act was passed by the estates, which inflicted sharp penalties on "sic as make themselves fules, and are bards," and against "vagabond scholars of the universities of Saint Andrew's, Glasgow, and Aberdeen." A month or two before the passing of the Act, two poets had been hanged. So much for the advancement of learning.

A notable example of the punishment of death for a faint cause, occurred in the reign of

Charles the First; when, although marriage of first cousins was legal, Alexander Blair, a tailor in Currie, was beheaded for marrying his first wife's half-brother's daughter. On the same day another man proved guilty of bigamy, received no worse sentence than exile.

It was also somewhat hard upon a person who was "both man and woman, a thing not ordinar in this kingdom," that he-and-she should be hung for such irregularities as that "his custom was always to go in a woman's habit." "When opened by certain doctors and apothecaries, he was found to be two every way, having two hearts, two livers, two every inward thing." On the same day an old man was burnt for warlockry, upon his own confession, and desire to be burnt for the safety of his soul.

Our last citation we give as it stands upon one of the later pages of the annals. It belongs to the reign of Charles the Second, and the date is October, sixteen hundred and seventy-eight: "At this time, eighty persons were detained in prison in Edinburgh, on account of matters of religion, waiting till they should be transported as slaves to Barbadoes.

"In connection with this distressing fact may be placed one of a different complexion, which Fountainhall states elsewhere. The magistrates, he tells us, were sensible of the inadequacy of their old Tolbooth for the purposes of justice in those days of pious zeal. Consequently, one Thomas Moodie leaving them twenty thousand merks to build a church, they declaring 'they have no use for a church'—offered to build with the money a new Tolbooth, above the west port, 'and to put Thomas Moodie's name and arms thereon!'

"It really appears that our ancestors looked upon the building of a gaol as a public act of some dignity and importance. *Patris et posteris* (for our country and posterity) is the self-complacent inscription on the front of the Canongate Tolbooth."

The Scottish Church was, in those days, a prison. The bond of Christian brotherhood differed but little from the fetters of the Tolbooth. A bequest for a gaol might reasonably have been spent in the erection of a church, and it was not less reasonable, as the world then went in Scotland, that when Thomas Moodie bequeathed money for the building of a church, the Edinburgh corporation, in a candid humour, gave it the form of a gaol.

These domestic annals are full of romantic pictures of Scottish life, which startle an Englishman familiar with the social state of his own nation during the contemporary period, by their dark shadows. Mr. Robert Chambers has most judiciously refrained from any tampering with the originals: he presents them to us without any re-touchings of his own; and with the skilful arrange-

ment of a sound and appreciative historian, and a man who is, in all things, an honour to Scotland.

MY LADY LUDLOW.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

BEFORE I tell you about Mr. Gray, I think I ought to make you understand something more of what we did all day long at Hanbury Court. There were five of us at the time of which I am speaking, all young women of good descent, and allied (however distantly) to people of rank. When we were not with my lady, Mrs. Medicott looked after us; a gentle little woman, who had been companion to my lady for many years, and was indeed, I have been told, some kind of relation to her. Mrs. Medicott's parents had lived in Germany, and the consequence was, she spoke English with a very foreign accent. Another consequence was, that she excelled in all manner of needle-work, such as is not known even by name in these days. She could darn either lace, table-linen, India muslin, or stockings, so that no one could tell where the hole or rent had been. Though a good Protestant, and never missing Guy Faux day at church, she was as skilful at fine work as any nun in a Papist convent. She would take a piece of French cambric, and by drawing out some threads, and working in others, it became delicate lace in a very few hours. She did the same by Hollands cloth, and made coarse strong lace, with which all my lady's napkins and table-linen were trimmed. We worked under her during a great part of the day, either in the still-room, or at our sewing in a chamber that opened out of the great hall. My lady despised every kind of work that would now be called Fancy-work. She considered that the use of coloured threads or worsted was only fit to amuse children; but that grown women ought not to be taken with mere blues and reds, but to restrict their pleasure in sewing to making small and delicate stitches. She would speak of the old tapestry in the hall as the work of her ancestresses, who lived before the Reformation, and were consequently unacquainted with pure and simple tastes in work, as well as in religion. Nor would my lady sanction the fashion of the day, which, at the beginning of this century, made all the fine ladies take to making shoes. She said that such work was a consequence of the French Revolution, which had done much to annihilate all distinctions of rank and class, and hence it was, that she saw young ladies of birth and breeding handling lasts, and awls, and dirty cobbler's-wax, like shoe-makers' daughters.

Very frequently one of us would be summoned to my lady to read aloud to her, where she sat in her small withdrawing-room, some improving book. It was generally Mr. Addison's "Spectator;" but one

year I remember, we had to read Sturm's *Reflections*, translated from a German book Mrs. Medlicott recommended. Mr. Sturm told us what to think about for every day in the year; and very dull it was. But I believe Queen Charlotte had liked the book very much, and the thought of her royal approbation kept my lady awake during the reading. Mrs. Chapone's *Letters*, and Dr. Gregory's *Advice to Young Ladies*, composed the rest of our library for week-day reading. I, for one, was glad to leave my fine sewing, and even my reading aloud, (though this last did keep me with my dear lady), to go to the still-room and potter about among the preserves and the medicated waters. There was no doctor for many miles round, and with Mrs. Medlicott to direct us, and Dr. Buchan to go by for receipts, we sent out many a bottle of physic, which, I dare say, was as good as what comes out of the druggist's shop. At any rate, I do not think we did much harm; for if any of our physicks tasted stronger than usual, Mrs. Medlicott would bid us let it down with cochineal and water, to make all safe, as she said. So our bottles of medicine had very little real physic in them at last; but we were careful in putting labels on them, which looked very mysterious to those who could not read, and helped the medicine to do its work. I have sent off many a bottle of salt and water coloured red; and whenever we had nothing else to do in the still-room, Mrs. Medlicott would set us to making bread-pills by way of practice, and, as far as I can say, they were very efficacious, as before we gave out a box Mrs. Medlicott always told the patient what symptoms to expect; and I hardly ever inquired without hearing that they had produced their effect. There was one old man, who took six pills a-night, of any kind we liked to give him, to make him sleep; and if, by any chance, his daughter had forgotten to let us know that he was out of his medicine, he was so restless and miserable that, as he said, he thought he was like to die. I think ours was what would be called homeopathic practice now-a-days. Then we learnt to make all the cakes and dishes of the season in the still-room. We had plum-porridge and mincepies at Christmas, fritters and pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, furmenty on Mothering Sunday, violet cakes in Passion Week, tansy pudding on Easter Sunday, three-cornered cakes on Trinity Sunday, and so on through the year; all made from good old Church receipts, handed down from one of my lady's earliest Protestant ancestors. Every one of us passed a portion of the day with Lady Ludlow; and now and then we rode out with her in her coach and four. She did not like to go out with a pair of horses, considering this rather beneath her rank; and, indeed, four horses were very often needed to pull her heavy coach through the stiff mud. But it was rather a cumbersome

equipage through the narrow Warwickshire lanes; and I used often to think it was well that countesses were not plentiful, or else we might have met another lady of quality in another coach and four where there would have been no possibility of turning, or passing each other, and very little chance of backing. Once when the idea of this danger of meeting another countess in a narrow deep-rutted lane was very prominent in my mind, I ventured to ask Mrs. Medlicott what would have to be done on such an occasion; and she told me that de latest creation must back, for sure, which puzzled me a good deal at the time, although I understand it now. I began to find out the use of the *Peerage*, a book which had seemed to me rather dull before; but, as I was always a coward in a coach, I made myself well acquainted with the dates of creation of our three Warwickshire earls, and was happy to find that Earl Ludlow ranked second, the oldest earl being a hunting widower, and not likely to drive out in a carriage.

All this time I have wandered from Mr. Gray. Of course, we first saw him in church when he read himself in. He was very red-faced, the kind of redness which goes with light hair, and a blushing complexion; he looked slight and short, and his bright light frizzy hair had hardly a dash of powder in it. I remember my lady making this observation, and sighing over it; for, though since the famine in seventeen hundred and ninety-nine and eighteen hundred, there had been a tax on hair-powder, yet it was reckoned very revolutionary and Jacobin not to wear a good deal of it. My lady hardly liked the opinions of any man who wore his own hair; but this she would say was rather a prejudice; only in youth none but the mob went wigless, and she could not get over the association of wigs with birth and breeding; a man's own hair with that class of people who had formed the rioters in seventeen hundred and eighty, when Lord George Gordon had been one of the bugbears of my lady's life. Her husband and his brothers, she told us, had been put into breeches, and had their heads shaved on their seventh birthday, each of them; a handsome little wig of the newest fashion forming the old Lady Ludlow's invariable birthday present to her sons as they each arrived at that age; and afterwards, to the day of their death, they never saw their own hair. To be without powder, as some underbred people were talking of being now, was in fact to insult the proprieties of life, by being undressed. It was English sansculottism. But Mr. Gray did wear a little powder, enough to save him in my lady's good opinion; but not enough to make her approve of him decidedly.

The next time I saw him was in the great hall. Mary Mason and I were going to drive out with my lady in her coach, and when we went down-stairs with our best hats and

cloaks on, we found Mr. Gray awaiting my lady's coming. I believe he had paid his respects to her before, but we had never seen him; and he had declined her invitation to spend Sunday evening at the Court (as Mr. Mountford used to do pretty regularly,—and play a game of piquet too,—) which, Mrs. Medicott told us, had caused my lady to be not over well pleased with him.

He blushed redder than ever at the sight of us, as we entered the hall, and dropped him our curtsies. He coughed two or three times, as if he would have liked to speak to us, if he could but have found something to say; and every time he coughed, he went hotter-looking than ever. I am ashamed to say, we were nearly laughing at him; half because we were so shy too that we understood what his awkwardness meant.

My lady came in, with her quick active step—she always walked quickly when she did not bethink herself of her cane,—as if she were sorry to have kept us waiting,—and as she entered, she gave us all round one of those graceful sweeping curtseys, of which I think the art must have died out with her,—it implied so much courtesy;—this time it said, as well as words could do, “I am sorry to have kept you all waiting,—forgive me.”

She went up to the mantel-piece, near which Mr. Gray had been standing until her entrance, and curtseying afresh to him, and pretty deeply this time, because of his cloth, and her being hostess, and he, a new guest. She asked him if he would not prefer speaking to her in her own private parlour, and looked as though she would have conducted him there. But he burst out with his errand, of which he was full even to choking, and which sent the glistening tears into his large blue eyes, which stood farther and farther out with his excitement.

“My lady, I want to speak to you, and to persuade you to exert your kind interest, with Mr. Lathom—Justice Lathom of Hathaway Manor—”

“Harry Lathom?” inquired my lady,—as Mr. Gray stopped to take the breath he had lost in his hurry,—“I did not know he was in the commission.”

“He is only just appointed; he took the oaths not a month ago,—more's the pity!”

“I do not understand why you should regret it. The Lathoms have held Hathaway since Edward the First, and Mr. Lathom bears a good character, although his temper is hasty.”

“My lady! he has committed Job Gregson for stealing—a fault of which he is as innocent as I—and all the evidence goes to prove it, now that the case is brought before the Bench; only the Squires hang so together that they can't be brought to see justice, and are all for sending Job to gaol, out of compliment to Mr. Lathom, saying it is his first committal, and it won't be civil to tell him there is no evidence against his man. For

God's sake, my lady, speak to the gentlemen; they will attend to you, while they only tell me to mind my own business.”

Now, my lady was always inclined to stand by her order, and the Lathoms of Hathaway Court were cousins to the Hanburys. Besides, it was rather a point of honour in those days to encourage a young magistrate, by passing a pretty sharp sentence on his first committals; and Job Gregson was the father of a girl who had been lately turned away from her place as scullery-maid for sauciness to Mrs. Adams, her ladyship's own maid; and Mr. Gray had not said a word of the reasons why he believed the man innocent,—for he was in such a hurry, I believe he would have had my lady drive off to the Henley Court-house then and there;—so there seemed a good deal against the man, and nothing but Mr. Gray's bare word for him; and my lady drew herself a little up, and said:

“Mr. Gray! I do not see what reason either you or I have to interfere. Mr. Harry Lathom is a sensible kind of young man, well capable of ascertaining the truth without our help—”

“But more evidence has come out since,” broke in Mr. Gray.

My lady went a little stiffer, and spoke a little more coldly.

“I suppose this additional evidence is before the justices; men of good family, and of honour and credit, well known in the county. They naturally feel that the opinion of one of themselves must have more weight than the words of a man like Job Gregson, who bears a very indifferent character,—has been strongly suspected of poaching, coming from no one knows where, squatting on Hareman's Common—which, by the way, is extra-parochial, I believe; consequently you, as a clergyman, are not responsible for what goes on there; and, although impolitic, there might be some truth in what the magistrates said, in advising you to mind your own business,”—said her ladyship, smiling,—“and they might be tempted to bid me mind mine, if I interfered, Mr. Gray; might they not?”

He looked extremely uncomfortable; half angry. Once or twice he began to speak, but checked himself, as if his words would not have been wise or prudent. At last he said:

“It may seem presumptuous in me,—a stranger of only a few weeks standing—to set up my judgment as to men's character against that of residents—” Lady Ludlow gave a little bow of acquiescence, which was, I think, involuntary on her part, and which I don't think he perceived,—“but I am convinced that the man is innocent of this offence,—and besides, the justices themselves allege this ridiculous custom of paying a compliment to a newly-appointed magistrate as their only reason.”—

That unlucky word “ridiculous!” It undid all the good his modest beginning had

done him with my lady. I knew, as well as words could have told me, that she was affronted at the expression being used by a man inferior in rank to those whose actions he applied it to,—and, truly, it was a great want of tact, considering to whom he was speaking.

Lady Ludlow spoke very gently and slowly; she always did when she was annoyed; it was a certain sign, the meaning of which we had all learnt.

"I think, Mr. Gray, we will drop the subject. It is one on which we are not likely to agree."

Mr. Gray's ruddy colour became purple, and then faded away, and his face became pale. I think both my lady and he had forgotten our presence; and we were beginning to feel too awkward to wish to remind them of it. And yet we could not help watching and listening with the greatest interest.

Mr. Gray drew himself up to his full height, with an unconscious feeling of dignity. Little as was his stature, and awkward and embarrassed as he had been only a few minutes before, I remember thinking he looked almost as grand as my lady when he spoke.

"Your ladyship must remember that it may be my duty to speak to my parishioners on many subjects on which they do not agree with me. I am not at liberty to be silent, because they differ in opinion from me."

Lady Ludlow's great blue eyes dilated with surprise, and—I do think—anger, at being thus spoken to. I am not sure if it was very wise in Mr. Gray. He himself looked afraid of the consequences, but as if he was determined to bear them without flinching. For a minute there was silence. Then my lady replied:

"Mr. Gray, I respect your plain speaking, although I may wonder whether a young man of your age and position, has any right to assume that he is a better judge than one with the experience which I have naturally gained at my time of life, and in the station I hold."

"If I, madam, as the clergyman of this parish, am not to shrink from telling what I believe to be the truth to the poor and lowly, no more am I to hold my peace in the presence of the rich and titled." Mr. Gray's face showed that he was in that state of excitement which in a child would have ended in a good fit of crying. He looked as if he had nerved himself up to doing and saying things, which he disliked above everything, and which nothing short of serious duty could have compelled him to do and say. And at such times every minute circumstance which could add to pain comes vividly before one. I saw that he became aware of our presence, and that it added to his discomfort.

My lady flushed up. "Are you aware, sir," asked she, "that you have gone far astray from the original subject of conversation? But as you talk of your parish, allow

me to remind you that Hareman's Common is beyond the bounds, and that you are really not responsible for the characters and lives of the squatters on that unlucky piece of ground."

"Madam, I see I have only done harm in speaking to you about the affair at all. I beg your pardon, and take my leave."

He bowed, and looked very sad. Lady Ludlow caught the expression of his face.

"Good morning!" she cried, in rather a louder and quicker way than that in which she had been speaking. "Remember, Job Gregson is a notorious poacher and evil-doer, and you really are not responsible for what goes on at Hareman's Common."

He was near the hall-door, and said something—half to himself, which we heard (being nearer to him), but my lady did not; although she saw that he spoke. "What did he say?" she asked, in somewhat a hurried manner, as soon as the door was closed—"I did not hear." We looked at each other, and then I spoke:

"He said, my lady, that God help him! he was responsible for all the evil he did not strive to overcome."

My lady turned sharp round away from us, and Mary Mason said afterwards she thought her ladyship was much vexed with both of us, for having been present, and with me for having repeated what Mr. Gray had said. But it was not our fault that we were in the hall, and when my lady asked what Mr. Gray had said, I thought it right to tell her.

In a few minutes she bade us accompany her in her ride in the coach.

Lady Ludlow always sate forwards by herself, and we girls backwards. Somehow this was a rule, which we never thought of questioning. It was true that riding backwards made some of us feel very uncomfortable and faint; and to remedy this my lady always drove with both windows open, which occasionally gave her the rheumatism; but we always went on in the old way. This day she did not pay any great attention to the road by which we were going, and coachman took his own way. We were very silent, as my lady did not speak, and looked very serious. Or else, in general, she made these rides very pleasant (to those who were not qualmish, with riding backwards), by talking to us in a very agreeable manner, and telling us of the different things which had happened to her at various places,—at Paris and Versailles, where she had been in her youth,—at Windsor and Kew and Weymouth, where she had been with the Queen, when maid of honour—and so on. But this day she did not talk at all. All at once she put her head out of the window.

"John Footman," said she, "where are we? Surely this is Hareman's Common."

"Yes, an't please my lady," said John Footman, and waited for further speech or orders. My lady thought awhile, and then

said she would have the steps put down and get out.

As soon as she was gone, we looked at each other, and then without a word began to gaze after her. We saw her pick her dainty way, in the little high-heeled shoes she always wore (because they had been in fashion in her youth) among the yellow pools of stagnant water that had gathered in the clayey soil. John Footman followed, stately, after; afraid too, for all his stateliness, of splashing his pure white stockings. Suddenly my lady turned round, and said something to him, and he returned to the carriage with a half-pleased, half-puzzled air.

My lady went on to a cluster of rude mud houses at the higher end of the Common; cottages built, as they were occasionally at that day, of wattles and clay, and thatched with sods. As far as we could make out from dumb show, Lady Ludlow saw enough of the interiors of these places to make her hesitate before entering, or even speaking to any of the children who were playing about in the puddles. After a pause, she disappeared into one of the cottages. It seemed to us a long time before she came out; but I dare say it was not more than eight or ten minutes. She came back with her head hanging down, as if to choose her way,—but we saw it was more in thought and bewilderment than for any such purpose.

She had not made up her mind where we should drive to when she got into the carriage again. John Footman stood, bare-headed, waiting for orders.

"To Hathaway. My dears, if you are tired, or if you have anything to do for Mrs. Medicott, I can drop you at Barford-Corner, and it is but a quarter of an hour's brisk walk home?"

But luckily we could safely say that Mrs. Medicott did not want us, and as we had whispered to each other, as we sat alone in the coach, that surely my lady must have gone to Job Gregson's, we were far too anxious to know the end of it all to say that we were tired. So we all set off to Hathaway. Mr. Harry Lathom was a bachelor squire, thirty or thirty-five years of age, more at home in the field than in the drawing-room, and with sporting men than with ladies.

My lady did not alight, of course; it was Mr. Lathom's place to wait upon her, and she bade the butler,—who had a smack of the gamekeeper in him, very unlike our own powdered venerable fine gentleman at Hanbury,—tell his master, with her compliments, that she wished to speak to him. You may think how pleased we were to find that we should hear all that was said; though I think afterwards we were half sorry when we saw how our presence confused the squire, who would have found it bad enough to answer my lady's questions, even without two eager girls for audience.

"Pray, Mr. Lathom," began my lady,

something abruptly for her,—but she was very full of her subject, "what is this I hear about Job Gregson?"

Mr. Lathom looked annoyed and vexed, but dared not show it in his words.

"I gave out a warrant against him, my lady, for theft, that is all. You are doubtless aware of his character; a man who sets nets and springes in long cover, and fishes wherever he takes a fancy. It is but a short step from poaching to thieving."

"That is quite true," replied Lady Ludlow (who had a horror of poaching for this very reason): "but I imagine you do not send a man to jail on account of his bad character."

"Rogues and vagabonds," said Mr. Lathom. "A man may be sent to prison for being a vagabond; for no specific act, but for his general mode of life."

He had the better of her ladyship for one moment; but then she answered,

"But in this case, the charge on which you committed him was theft; now his wife tells me he can prove he was some miles distant from Holmwood, where the robbery took place, all that afternoon: she says you had the evidence before you."

Mr. Lathom here interrupted my lady, by saying, in a somewhat sulky manner,

"No such evidence was brought before me when I gave the warrant. I am not answerable for the other magistrates' decision, when they had more evidence before them. It was they who committed him to gaol. I am not responsible for that."

My lady did not often show signs of impatience; but we knew she was feeling irritated by the little perpetual tapping of her high-heeled shoe against the bottom of the carriage. About the same time we, sitting backwards, caught a glimpse of Mr. Gray through the open door, standing in the shadow of the hall. Doubtless Lady Ludlow's arrival had interrupted a conversation between Mr. Lathom and Mr. Gray. The latter must have heard every word of what she was saying; but of this she was not aware, and caught at Mr. Lathom's disclaimer of responsibility with pretty much the same argument that she had heard (through our repetition) that Mr. Gray had used not two hours before.

"And do you mean to say, Mr. Lathom, that you don't consider yourself responsible for all injustice or wrong-doing that you might have prevented, and have not? Nay, in this case the first germ of injustice was your own mistake. I wish you had been with me a little while ago, and seen the misery in that poor fellow's cottage." She spoke lower, and Mr. Gray drew near, in a sort of involuntary manner, as if to hear all she was saying. We saw him, and doubtless Mr. Lathom heard his footstep, and knew who it was that was listening behind him, and approving of every word that was said. He grew yet more sullen in manner; but still my lady was my lady, and he dared not

speak out before her, as he would have done to Mr. Gray. Lady Ludlow, however, caught the look of stubbornness in his face, and it roused her as I had never seen her roused.

"I am sure you will not refuse, sir, to accept my bail. I offer to bail the fellow out, and to be responsible for his appearance at the sessions. What say you to that, Mr. Lathom?"

"The offence of theft is not bailable, my lady."

"Not in ordinary cases, I dare say. But I imagine this is an extraordinary case. The man is sent to prison out of compliment to you, and against all evidence, as far as I can learn. He will have to rot in gaol for two months, and his wife and children to starve. I, Lady Ludlow, offer to bail him out, and pledge myself for his appearance at next quarter sessions."

"It is against the law, my lady."

"Bah! Bah! Bah! Who makes laws? Such as I in the House of Lords—such as you in the House of Commons. We, who make the laws in St. Stephen's, may break the mere forms of them, when we have right on our sides, on our own land, and amongst our own people."

"The lord-lieutenant may take away my commission, if he heard of it."

"And a very good thing for the county, Harry Lathom; and for you too, if he did,—if you don't go on more wisely than you have begun. A pretty set you and your brother magistrates are to administer justice through the land! I always said a good despotism was the best form of government; and I am twice as much in favour of it now I see what a quorum is! My dears!" suddenly turning round to us, "if it would not tire you to walk, home, I would beg Mr. Lathom to take a seat in my coach, and we would drive to Henley Gaol, and have the poor man out at once."

"A walk over the fields at this time of day is hardly fitting for young ladies to take alone," said Mr. Lathom, anxious no doubt to escape from his tête-à-tête drive with my lady, and possibly not quite prepared to go to the illegal length of prompt measures, which she had in contemplation.

But Mr. Gray now stepped forward, too anxious for the release of the prisoner to allow any obstacle to intervene which he could do away with. To see Lady Ludlow's face when she first perceived whom she had had for auditor and spectator of her interview with Mr. Lathom, was as good as a play. She had been doing and saying the very things she had been so much annoyed at Mr. Gray's saying and proposing only an hour or two ago. She had been setting down Mr. Lathom pretty smartly, in the presence of the very man to whom she had spoken of that gentleman as so sensible, and of such a standing in the county, that it was presumption to question his doings. But before

Mr. Gray had finished his offer of escorting us back to Hanbury Court, my lady had recovered herself. There was neither surprise nor displeasure in her manner, as she answered:

"I thank you, Mr. Gray. I was not aware that you were here, but I think I can understand on what errand you came. And seeing you here, recalls me to a duty I owe Mr. Lathom. Mr. Lathom, I have spoken to you pretty plainly,—forgetting, until I saw Mr. Gray, that only this very afternoon I differed from him on this very question; taking completely at that time the same view of the whole subject which you have done; thinking that the county would be well rid of such a man as Job Gregson, whether he had committed this theft or not. Mr. Gray and I did not part quite friends," she continued, bowing towards him; "but it so happened that I saw Job Gregson's wife and home,—I felt that Mr. Gray had been right and I had been wrong, so, with the famous inconsistency of my sex, I came hither to scold you," smiling towards Mr. Lathom, who looked half-sulky yet, and did not relax a bit of his gravity at her smile, "for holding the same opinions that I had done an hour before. Mr. Gray," (again bowing towards him) "these young ladies will be very much obliged to you for your escort, and so shall I. Mr. Lathom, may I beg of you to accompany me to Henley?"

Mr. Gray bowed very low, and went very red; Mr. Lathom said something which we none of us heard, but which was I think some remonstrance against the course he was, as it were, compelled to take. Lady Ludlow, however, took no notice of his murmur, but sat in an attitude of polite expectancy; and as we turned off on our walk, I saw Mr. Lathom getting into the coach with the air of a whipped hound. I must say, considering my lady's feeling, I did not envy him his ride,—though, I believe, he was quite in the right as to the object of the ride being illegal.

Our walk home was very dull. We had no fears, and would far rather have been without the awkward, blushing young man, into which Mr. Gray had sunk. At every stile he hesitated,—sometimes he half got over it, thinking that he could assist us better in that way; then he would turn back unwilling to go before ladies. He had no ease of manner, as my lady once said of him, though on any occasion of duty, he had an immense deal of dignity.

SHOT.

It is the fortune of war to be honoured with monuments. Not always dignified statues standing on short pedestals—not always marble horsemen sitting jauntily upon marble steeds—not always blood and fury relieved, which, with their attendant tablets, adorn the peaceful, dim, religious aisles of the

National Cathedral—not always iron dukes, who, in the hats of beadles, and with the batons of the ghosts in Hamlet and Don Giovanni, point, for a bronze eternity, to some London stable-yard or skittle ground—but sometimes it is a more ambitious monument—a column that towers upward into the outer coating of the metropolitan smoke, looking at a distance like a high constable's staff of office, or the ornamental pillar of a lamp for patent candles. Two such columns as these are among the architectural features of our city,—the monument to Lord Nelson, and the pillar of the Duke of York.

Standing in the iron cage that crowns the summit of this latter structure, and directing your eyes in a south-easterly direction to the banks of the river, you may yet see another circular column of greater altitude, but of more homely exterior, built, in fact, of unpretending brick, and surmounted by nothing more ornamental than a bare flag-staff. This is also a building dedicated to war, but it bears the same relation to the Duke of York's column as the private soldier does to the commander-in-chief,—the same relation to the Nelson column, as the able seaman does to the lord high admiral. It is the Lambeth shot-tower, and if poetical justice had been consulted instead of the adornment of the metropolis, the statues of those distinguished fighting men whom England delights to honour should have been placed upon the summit, and in niches round the interior of this working monument, where the stream of deadly shot, pouring from roof to basement, with a leaden roar, would have gladdened their marble eyes and ears, and hearts, making a worthy Walhalla for their mighty marble souls, even amongst the Bankside wharves and timber-yards. As it is, the Lambeth shot-tower is in the peaceful possession of Messrs. Walker, Parker, and Company (by whose kind permission I have been allowed to go over the works), and the constant manufacture of the small, globular, insidious instruments of death does not seem to have had an unamiable effect either upon masters, overlookers, or labourers.

Those who are curious in speculations on the effect of certain employments upon the mental and moral character of man, will probably be glad to learn that the labourer who is occupied for ten hours every day in sharpening daggers and bayonets, or giving the finishing edge to the chine-splitting sabre, is a mild, an inoffensive creature in the intervals of business; an affectionate husband; and an indulgent father of a family. Deadly revolvers are not put together in all their fatal beauty by sour cynics who have become weary of, or spiteful to the world, but by hard-handed workmen, who laugh, sing songs, and whistle tunes as they follow their employment, and claim a fair day's wages for what they consider a fair day's work. The motley ingredients that go to make up

those engines of war that are known by the titles of bombshells and hand-grenades, are not mixed by crook-backed, grinning dwarfs with grinding teeth, and aged, mumbling crones with withered arms. Oh, no, my Christian brethren, for these things—like all things else—obey the universal law of supply and demand. Machinery may intervene, and remove the workman to a decent distance from his labour, but grant the necessary stipend, and pay it punctually, and you shall never want for jovial, full-blooded men to obey your bidding. And while one mass of fools are determined to march against another mass of fools for the avowed purpose of fire and slaughter, who can grumble that they have materials put into their hands with which to kill each other in an artistic and expeditious manner? Therefore, if any enthusiastic and hot-headed members of the Peace Society should ever think of marching bodily against my friends of the shot-tower, I will be one of the first to defend them and their stronghold with all the physical power at my command.

If ever I am to be sent suddenly into the lap of eternity, let it be with my body nicely beplumbed with the smooth, round, glossy shot that I have seen manufactured at Lambeth, and not—like some of my ancestors—with my head split in two, like a water-melon, by a clumsy battle-axe, or one of my eyes knocked into my brain with a cloth yard shaft. Let me—like Julius Cæsar in the forum—die decently; let me—unlike Julius Cæsar—have all the advantages of civilisation assisting at my death, as developed in the improvement of the engines of destruction.

A most deceptive place is the shot-department of this Lambeth workshop. If the emblem of peace is plenty—as the poets put it—and the image of plenty, as the painters put it, is a female scattering, right and left, the seeds of golden corn, then must the shot-tower and its warehouses be the very temple of peace, for never did a place that was not a granary, put on such a natural granarial appearance. If any member of that society that I have before alluded to was brought here blindfolded, and the bandage taken off when he was in the midst of the sifters, and the troughs of shot, he would immediately fancy himself, without any stretch of imagination, in the corn-market of Mark Lane, handling his specimens of the finest agricultural produce. Canvas bags open at the top, and full of the smooth, black, deadly grain, are lying about, to aid in the illusion, which is further assisted by the general cleanliness of this department of the place.

Led by a steady, rushing noise, like the sound of a great waterfall, I take the arm of my imaginary friend from the Peace Society, and in a few minutes we are standing inside the base of the shot-tower. It is a few feet higher than the monument on Fish Street

Hill, and about three times its diameter. It is circular in form, built all the way up with solid brickwork, and lighted at intervals with small, arched, cavernous, glazed windows, the recesses of which serve to show the thickness of the wall. Winding up the side is a narrow staircase, plentifully lined with dirt, coaldust, and blacklead, and protected by a thin iron railing. The cost of this tower is estimated at thirty thousand pounds. On the floor are several bars of prepared lead—the material from which the shot is cast—and a kind of copper with a fire burning underneath it. In the centre are two short, broad tubs—like washing-tubs—filled with a thick, muddy-looking water. One is perfectly tranquil on the surface, but the other is bubbling and foaming up like a water-plug that has been opened in the streets, for a stream of lead is pouring into it from the roof of the tower, at the rate of a ton of shot in every five-and-forty minutes, causing the ceaseless, deafening roar that first excited our attention. Casting our eyes upwards along this stream, and tracing it to its source, we find it coming from a few silvery drops that fall through a small square trap in a wooden platform erected across the top of the building. These drops increase in force and density as they fall lower, until, about the centre of the column, they unite in a straight, thick, slate-coloured stream, lighted up by the sunbeams as it passes the windows in the wall. Looking through the open trap at the top, watching the descent of his handiwork, is the man who is superintending the casting, dressed in a dirty canvas smock shirt and a brown paper cap; presenting the appearance of a small, quaint picture set in a square frame. He has a counterpart in a mild-looking fellow-workman below, who stands calmly by, while the cataract of death is hurrying down to the waters of oblivion. Anxious to examine more closely the source of the cataract, we toil laboriously up the winding stairs, passing the roaring, rushing stream at every turn, until, after a time, we reach the summit. There we find a simmering cauldron full of molten lead, set in a frame of brickwork on a furnace; while by its side stands over the open trap a metal pan, or shallow basin, set upon four thin iron legs. The bottom of this pan is made of paste, and as the man in the paper cap keeps lading it full of the red-hot liquid metal from the copper, small, bright, silvery drops keep oozing through, like quicksilver globules, and falling down the open trap like harp strings into the gulf beneath. I look on, perhaps, with culpable indifference, equal to that of the placid workman who goes through his allotted task like a workhouse master serving out the dinner soup; but my shadowy companion of the Peace Society, shudders as he feels that in that small, insignificant hand-basin, lies the source of the great stream of death that

thunders down into the waters beneath. As we wind slowly down the stairs, we stay to reflect that in the perfectly globular form which the liquid metal assumes as it descends the pit, is contained a beautiful, although minute exemplification of that great law of physics which gave the spherical shape to every planet that rolls above our heads. The object of preparing the water below to receive the metal drops, is to preserve the globular form, which would be destroyed by coming in contact with an unyielding substance.

When the white shot is taken out of the tubs of water, it is removed to that part of the building which I term the granary, where it undergoes a simple process of drying. After this, it is found necessary that it should be carefully sifted, to separate the different sizes of shot. The machinery provided for this is a long, hollow, copper cylinder, perforated with holes like a nutmeg-grater, or the barrel of a musical box, when all the pegs are taken out. These holes are of different sizes, divided into several stages down the cylinder, the smallest coming first, and progressing gradually to the largest, which come last. The cylinder is slightly inclined towards the large perforations, and is made to revolve slowly by steam power; the shot is then poured in through a funnel at the upper end, and the operation is then left to work itself out. The baby-shots, the youthful shots, and the full-grown shots, as they roll into and are worked round the cylinder, find the holes themselves through which they can comfortably squeeze their forms, falling into the different troughs that are waiting to receive them. This is altogether so much like an agricultural operation connected with the seed trade, that my shadowy, peace-loving friend forgets where he is, and, for a time, is happy.

When the deadly grain is collected from the troughs, it is placed within another small, revolving cylinder (not perforated) where its leaden whiteness is changed by the agency of blacklead, to a bright, polished sable. It is then found that amongst the mass are a number of imperfect globular shot, so much flattened at the pole or poles, as to be utterly unfit for a place in the hearts of men, or birds, or beasts, and only worthy of a tomb in the waste-box. These false ones are detected by a simple, but very ingenious process. A small, smooth, wooden fan-shaped platform is fitted up, edged in, and inclining slightly towards two troughs, one placed immediately under the edge of the board, the other at a little distance from it. The polished shot is then poured gently, and with equal force, down a perpendicular funnel that discharges itself upon the inclined platform. The shot that is perfect rolls with sufficient impetus down the board, to carry it over into the further trough; while the imperfect shot either sticks fast with its flattened sur-

face upon the platform, or drops lamely into the nearest waste-trough waiting to receive it.

With this mild, playful, infantine, toy-like process the terrible business of shot-making ends. That which began in the tempest of the roaring shot-tower, is finished calmly in the quiet of the granary of death. We walk out into the street once more, and into the middle of the nineteenth century—I and my shadowy, peace-loving friend; and though those who pass us by can hear no voice, there are certain questions that he pours into my ear which I cannot answer, though I have the will.

HISTORY OF A MIRACLE.

ABOUT the middle of the month of September, eighteen hundred and forty-six, the diligence running from Valance to Grenoble, took up at Saint Marcellin, among the mountains of Dauphiny, a lady of mature age, whose only luggage consisted of a bandbox. All the places inside being already filled, the lady was obliged to share with the conductor the modest cabriolet which surmounted the vehicle. Soon entering into conversation, she informed the conductor that a glorious event had just happened in her family; one of her nearest relatives had covered himself with glory in Africa, had been mentioned in the order of the day to the army, and had won a higher grade. The lady added, however, that she thought military renown was as fleeting as the smoke of gunpowder; and aspiring herself to a more durable lustre, she was combining an act which would become immortal, and was then on her way to the Alps, feeling sure of founding there the immortality at which she aimed. The conductor, while admiring her courage and resolution, could not understand what she meant, and when on arriving at Grenoble he handed the lady her bandbox, and she repeated that she was going to the mountains, where a great event would soon take place, he wished her a good journey and good luck, and thought no more of the incident.

A few days afterwards, two shepherds, named Maximin Giraud, aged eleven years and a half, and Melanie Mathieu, aged fourteen years, on descending from the mountain of La Salette, where they had been tending their cattle, informed their master that, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, a beautiful lady had appeared to them, telling them some great news, and confiding to each of them a great secret. When questioned, they gave a detailed account of the apparition, of which the following is the substance:

In the afternoon, after taking the cows to drink, the children had gone to sleep beside the stream, near a little dried-up fountain. On awaking they went in search of the cows, and on their return saw what they called a great light, near the fountain. When the

shepherds approached this light, it seemed to open, and in its midst they perceived a lady sitting upon a stone, weeping, with her elbows resting upon her knees, and her face in her hands. At seeing her the little girl became frightened, and let fall her stick; but the boy courageously told her to keep her stick, as he did his, because if he (the light) did them any harm, he would give him a good thump. But the lady dispelled all fear by getting up, and begging the children to advance towards her and listen to what she had to tell them. The lady then said:

"If my people will not humble themselves, I shall be obliged to let my son's arm fall down upon them; it is so heavy and so weighty, that I can hold it up no longer. How long I have suffered for you all because I do not wish my son to abandon you, and all the while you do not care.

"I have given six days for labour, and reserved to myself the seventh; but you will not give it to me! That weighs down my son's arm.

"And also the carters cannot swear without using my son's name. These are the things which weigh down my son's arm.

"If the harvest rots, it is all the same to you. I warned you last year by the potato harvest, but you did not care; on the contrary, when you found rotten ones, you swore and used my son's name: therefore they will continue to rot, and by Christmas there will be none left."

Here Melanie did not understand what had been said, and inquired of her companion, upon which the lady answered:

"Ah! my children, you do not understand French; wait then, I will tell it to you differently."

She then repeated in patois the sentence about the harvest, and continued:

"He who has corn must not sow it, because the animals will eat it; if a few plants were to grow, in thrashing them they would fall into dust.

"A great famine is coming; before it comes, the little children under seven years of age will be seized with trembling, and will die in the arms of the persons holding them; and the grown-up people will make penance by hunger. The grapes will rot, and the walnuts will become bad."

At this point the lady gave each of the children a secret, speaking in French, but adding, "You must not tell this, nor this, nor this * * *." As she spoke to each in turn, the other could not hear what she said, only seeing the movement of her lips. The lady then added:

"But if they become converted, the stones and the rocks will transform themselves into corn, and the potatoes will be found planted in the earth."

The mysterious stranger then explained to the children, at some length, the nature of bad corn; after which she concluded by say-

ing twice in French: "Well! my children, you will make this known to my people."

"She then ascended the mountain," says Maximin, in his account of the affair, "about fifteen paces, sliding along the grass as if she was suspended or being pushed, her feet hardly touching the earth. We followed her to an elevation, Melanie passing before her, and myself walking by her side. Before disappearing, this beautiful lady raised herself up as high as a metre and a half from the ground, remaining thus suspended in the air for a moment; we then successively lost sight of her head, her arms, and the rest of her body. She seemed to melt away like butter in soup. A great light remained, which I tried to catch in my hand, as well as the flowers which she wore upon her feet, but they all vanished together.

"Melanie said to me, 'She must be a great saint,' and I replied, 'If we had known she was a great saint, we would have asked her to take us with her.'"

The costume worn by the lady, as described by the shepherds, was as strange as her language. It consisted of a white dress trimmed with a garland of silver flowers; a yellow silk apron edged with silver fringe; yellow stockings; white satin shoes ornamented with a tiny garland of flowers; a scarf also trimmed with roses; a rosary made of red coral beads; a gracefully put-on veil, attached by a wreath of roses; a chain bearing a crucifix; and hanging to her waist a hammer and pair of pincers, which are believed by French Catholics to be instruments used in the torture of Jesus Christ.

Great excitement prevailed in the little village of La Salette on Sunday the twentieth of September, when Monsieur the Curé had announced from the pulpit the event of the preceding day. Soon the news, flying from department to department, spread all over France and the Catholic world: and pilgrims rushed in crowds to the holy mountain, to drink the water of the formerly dried-up, but now miraculously abundant fountain, standing near the scene of the apparition.

On the nineteenth of July, eighteen hundred and forty-seven, the Bishop of Grenoble instructed Monsieur Rousselot, his vicaire-général, and Orcel, the superior of the grand seminary, to proceed to an investigation of the event of La Salette. After spending two months in visiting the mountain, questioning the children, and examining the persons who had first heard their story, as well as those who pretended to have been miraculously cured by using the water of the fountain, these two gentlemen made a report, in which they came to the conclusion that the apparition was supernatural, and that it was the Holy Virgin who appeared and spoke to Maximin and Melanie. This report having been submitted to a commission composed of sixty canons, curés, and vicaires of Grenoble, and presided

over by the bishop himself, was adopted after eight sittings.

About the month of July, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, the Pope, having been informed that the little shepherds wished to divulge to him the secrets they had received from the Holy Virgin, his holiness requested Monseigneur de Bonald, the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons and Metropolitan of Grenoble, to go and question the children, and receive from them, in his name, their so-called secrets. Arriving on the twelfth of the month, according to appointment, the archbishop was received by all the clergy of the diocese, except the curé of the cathedral, who, worn out, he was informed, with the fatigues of his ministry, had gone to the country to take a few days' rest. His lordship was also told that the children, declining to confide to him their secrets, intended to send them direct to the Pope. Meanwhile, Monsieur Rousselot and Monsieur Gérin, the curé of the cathedral, had started six days before for Rome, carrying with them the secrets, which had been put into writing by the children, and carefully packed and sealed in presence of witnesses. The archbishop, doubtless, feeling hurt by this proceeding, on his return to his own diocese protested against the growing belief in the apparition.

Nevertheless, upon the nineteenth of September following, the fifth anniversary of the apparition, the Bishop of Grenoble issued a doctrinal charge to his clergy, in which he stated his opinion as follows:

We deem that the apparition of the Holy Virgin to two shepherds, on the nineteenth of September, 1846, upon one of the mountains of the Alpine chain, situated in the parish of La Salette, bears in itself all the appearances of truth, and that the faithful are authorised in believing it to be indubitably certain. We believe that this fact acquires a new degree of certainty from the immense spontaneous concourse of faithful to the site of the apparition, as well as from the wonderful results of the said event, a great number of which cannot be questioned without violating the rules of human testimony. On this account, to testify to God and the glorious Virgin Mary our lively gratitude, we authorise the worship of Our Lady of Salette. We expressly forbid the priests and the faithful of our diocese from ever speaking or writing publicly against the fact which we proclaim to-day, and which henceforth commands respect for all.

The worship of La Salette, after the appearance of this document, assumed gigantic proportions. Pioneers were employed to cut a road in the steep and precipitous mountain, which had already been marked out with crosses by devout pilgrims. The bare tableland of the mountain entirely changed its aspect, becoming covered with houses in which missionaries of the Salette took up their abode. The sheep and cattle disappeared from their green pastures, while sisters of charity arrived in flocks to provide for the wants of the pilgrims. The miraculous water, sold at four shillings a bottle,

was dispatched to all parts of the world ; medals commemorative of the apparition, also said to possess healing virtues, were struck and widely distributed ; and finally on the twenty-fifth of May, eighteen hundred and fifty-two, the bishops of Valance and Grenoble laid the foundation-stone of the church, which is now seen rising majestically upon the site of the apparition.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, seeing the mania spreading thus rapidly, tried to check its course by issuing, on the sixth of August, a charge to his clergy, forbidding them from encouraging the worship of La Salette until it had received the sanction of the Pope. He also warned them not to be taken in by miracles, prophecies, pictures, or prayers, which were only a source of guilty gain to covetous people. About the same time the Bishop of Gap denounced the affair as a guilty intrigue and an unworthy speculation, and also severely interdicted the worship of La Salette in his diocese until its approval by our holy father the Pope.

These obstacles were, however, soon removed by a rescript from his holiness, dated the twenty-fourth of August, granting certain privileges to the grand altar of the Sanctuary of La Salette, and by a bull conferring special indulgences upon all the members of the brotherhood of La Salette.

Toward the end of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two, however, the worship of our Lady of Salette received a severe blow from an unexpected quarter. A priest of the diocese of Grenoble, named Deleon, curé of Villeurbanne, published, under the name of Donnadieu, in a pamphlet entitled *La Salette Fallavaux* (*fallax vallis*), or the Valley of Falsehood, a violent attack upon the devotion of La Salette. Throwing doubts upon the testimony and veracity of the children, and by analysing the language which they put into the mouth of the Virgin Mary, as well as the costume they described, Monsieur Deleon argued that the miracle of La Salette had been invented for the purpose of imposing upon the credulity of the faithful, and robbing them of their money. He denounced the affair as a Californian speculation got up by the clergy and Bishop of Grenoble for their own profit, and helped by Monsieur Rousset to pay his debts.

Immediately after the appearance of this publication, the Bishop of Grenoble wrote to the Univers and all the other religious newspapers, condemning that infamous pamphlet, full of false statements, calumnious suppositions, and gross abuse, containing as many lies as words. In January, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, Monsieur Rousset published an answer to the attack of Monsieur l'Abbé Deleon, in a book called *A New Sanctuary to Mary* ; adding many cases of marvellous cures to those already known.

But, in the month of April following, Monsieur Deleon re-entered the lists, armed with

new and more formidable weapons. Taking as his starting point the explanation of the apparition by divine intervention, as given by the Bishop of Grenoble, he sought to prove in a second volume of the *Valley of Falsehood* that the affair was a purely human invention. Bringing into notice the lady traveller who journeyed from Marcellin to Grenoble with a bandbox in eighteen hundred and forty-six, Monsieur Deleon alleged upon the authority of the conductor of the diligence, that it was a Mademoiselle Constance Saint Ferreol de Lamerlière, who, carrying her costume with her in a bandbox, and arriving unseen upon the mountain of La Salette, had played the part of the Holy Virgin to the stupid and ignorant shepherds.

Monsieur Deleon says :

"When the miracle of La Salette had taken some hold of the popular belief, the conductor of the diligence suddenly recollected the strange language held by the lady traveller who was going to the mountains, and aiming at immortality. And he soon came to the conclusion that this lady was the heroine of La Salette. He said nothing, however, for some time, until one day happening to go upon business to the house of a respectable and intelligent inhabitant of the village of Tullins, named Mazet, the conductor found him and his wife examining some of the medals struck in honour of the apparition. Monsieur Mazet showed the medals to Fortin, the conductor, who, after taking them in his hand and turning them over, smiled and shrugged his shoulders, saying : 'La Salette is a trick of Mademoiselle Lamerlière's.' Monsieur and Madame Mazet knowing Mademoiselle Lamerlière, and not being able to believe what Fortin had alleged, replied : 'You would certainly not dare to say such a thing if Mademoiselle Lamerlière were here.' 'You are mistaken,' he answered, 'for if she were here I would repeat to her what I have said to you, and she would not deny it.'"

Chance would have it, that Mademoiselle Lamerlière came to pay a visit to Monsieur and Madame Mazet while the conductor was still talking to them about the miracle.

"You see," he whispered, "that I am not afraid—I do not go away, and I will tell her what I said."

Madame Mazet, without allowing him time to speak, repeated to Mademoiselle Lamerlière exactly what Fortin had said respecting her : and Mademoiselle Lamerlière merely replied :

"What the conductor says must not be believed, because it would injure religion."

Three or four days after this conversation, Fortin meeting Mademoiselle Lamerlière in the street, accosted her, saying : "We are alone to-day : all reserve upon your side is useless—tell me what induced you to go to La Salette, and play the part of the Holy Virgin?" Mademoiselle Lamerlière caught

unawares, and pressed by an interrogator whom she could not deceive, answered: "You, Fortin, may be allowed not to believe in it, but pray let others believe in it, because it is so good for religion."

Mademoiselle Lamerlière is descended from a good family, and her brother-in-law, the Marquis de Suzy, greatly distinguished himself in Africa. From her youth until about the year eighteen hundred and forty-six, Mademoiselle Lamerlière was a nun. Soon after she ceased to belong to any religious institution, her sister and brother-in-law tried to have her deprived of the management of her affairs upon the pretext of insanity. Ever since that time she has lived a wandering life, travelling from place to place, but always carrying with her a bandbox. Immediately after the announcement of the miracle of La Salette, Mademoiselle Lamerlière became one of its most ardent and zealous supporters; all her energy, all her intelligence, her whole efforts were concentrated upon the propagation of the new belief.

When the revolution of February, eighteen hundred and forty-eight, had inflamed all the youthful imaginations of the towns, it was for a moment feared that morality and religion might suffer in consequence. Mademoiselle Lamerlière, therefore, took up her abode in a modest apartment in Grenoble, which soon became the daily rendezvous of the most democratic of the workmen, soldiers, and students. Then standing before an image of the Madonna, and child, she preached. And, pretending to be more liberal than any of her auditors, she surprised them all, by the boldness of her ideas, and the temerity of her language. Indeed, Mademoiselle Lamerlière carried her revolutionary excitement so far as to attend and speak at the democratic clubs, where she always provoked the laughter and applause of her audience. Moreover, when disputing in the clubs against an eccentric abbé, named Didon, her popularity rose to such a pitch, that the multitude carried her in triumph through the streets; and, finally, Mademoiselle Lamerlière became a candidate for a seat in the National Assembly.

Not having been elected, however, she left Grenoble about the end of April, eighteen hundred and forty-eight; and in a few days it was announced that a beautiful white lady had appeared at a lonely spot near the village of Sodières to a little boy and girl, telling them that she was the Lady of Salette, and that people did very wrong in not believing what she said.

Two months after this, the Lady of Salette again appeared to two young girls near Sodières, still dressed in the same costume, holding the same language, and giving the same warnings to her people. These apparitions having been repeated several times, created a considerable sensation in the surrounding country, inducing some thousands

of people, including many priests, to hasten to the spot, and stay all night, watching for a re-appearance of the apparition; but the Lady of Salette did not venture to show herself.

Meanwhile, Mademoiselle Lamerlière, in the course of her wanderings, often stopped at an hotel outside the town of Grenoble, kept by an honest couple named Carrat. Mademoiselle Lamerlière was generally accompanied by a governess, whom she had fascinated, and who had given up a good situation to follow her. She had, moreover, four dogs; and all this family lived together in one room on tenpence a day. Mademoiselle Lamerlière, finding her bed too soft, asked and obtained permission to sleep upon the bare ground in the stable, where a stone served her as a pillow; and she lay, with her precious bandbox and crucifix by her side. She remained in her room all day, going out only at twilight, and returning late in the evening to her bed in the stable.

This strange existence having inspired distrust in the mind of the hostess, she went up one day to her lodger's room and remonstrated with her, kindly and gently, upon her way of living.

"You do not know," answered Mademoiselle Lamerlière, "who I am. I will inform you."

She then opened her bandbox, and took out of it a purple dress, tastefully trimmed with different ornaments, and put it on. Without allowing her visitor time to admire it, she took out a pink dress and put it on with a somewhat mystic air. Madame Carrat then thought that her lodger was an actress, and told her so mildly.

"You are very simple, my dear hostess," replied Mademoiselle Lamerlière, "wait a moment." And immediately taking off her pink costume, she replaced it by a white dress, a yellow apron, yellow stockings, white satin shoes, a scarf, a veil; a wreath of roses, a gold chain and cross, a coral chaplet, a hammer, and a pair of pincers, the exact costume, in short, of the Lady of Salette. Madame Carrat was still more surprised by the studied attitude of her lodger, who in an inspired tone, told her of the evils which overran France, caused by the impiety of the people, and of the mission she had received from God to prevent their continuance. Grieved indeed, was Madame Carrat, at what she saw and heard, for she thought herself a good Christian, and had in her kitchen a picture of the apparition representing the Lady of Salette in the very same costume she beheld before her. Moreover, she had read what had been written about the event, and recognised in the mouth of Mademoiselle Lamerlière, the language attributed to the Virgin.

"You have done a bad action," she said to her; "it was you who went to La Salette."

"The action is very praiseworthy," an-

swered Mademoiselle Lamerlière, "because it serves the interests of religion; besides, am I not as beautiful as a Virgin?"

"Beautiful, I grant you! But why did you play the part of the holy Virgin?"

"The welfare of religion required it. You have seen my means of success, and can you expect me to do otherwise than succeed? Let me continue my mission in your house,—the locality is favourable. I will soon draw crowds, and you will be happy through me."

This proposal not having been accepted, Mademoiselle Lamerlière left the hotel, and after wandering about for a few more months, finally took up her residence at Cras, a little village near Tullins, in a hut containing but one room. Upon the outside of the hut, the following sign is painted, in large letters,—*"To the little Bethlehem."* Inside the hut there are two beds, and the walls are covered with inscriptions and devices. Underground there is a cellar which has been transformed into a stable, representing the birth-place at Bethlehem, with the child and mother in the manger, and the ass and bullock all complete. Mademoiselle Lamerlière's hut is, indeed, a sort of temple, in which she assembles her neighbours and the peasants from the surrounding villages, to preach to them about La Salette. But she is not satisfied with people coming to her; upon Sundays, market-days, and fair days, she goes to the different villages, in the public places and the public inns, where she gossips, drinks, and preaches La Salette. She mounts upon a table in order to be better seen, and her faithful companion, Mariette Bertin, sings Hymns in honour of La Salette; often until a late hour at night; and this has lasted for many years. Every Sunday she is to be seen, either at Polienas, at Morette, or at Tullins, always ready to drink in the public-houses, provided people will listen to her sermons and hymns upon La Salette.

And this is not all: nearly all the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Lamerlière have seen her bandbox and her costume, which she venerates almost as much as her manger; and none of them doubt that she is the heroine of La Salette. Moreover, she has been often questioned upon the subject, and if she has never thought it prudent to confess, at any rate she has never denied it, merely replying when hard pressed, "Believe in La Salette, because it is good for religion."

Such is the accusation brought by Monsieur l'Abbé Deleon, against Mademoiselle Lamerlière, in the second volume of *The Valley of Falsehood*. No notice, however, was taken of the work, either by that lady or by the clergy of Dauphiny.

In the month of September, eighteen hundred and fifty-four, two new works upon La Salette made their appearance in one

volume. The first was entitled *La Salette* before the Pope, or Rationalism and Heresy flowing from the event of La Salette, by Monsieur l'Abbé Deleon. In this book Monsieur Deleon examined the miracle from an ecclesiastical point of view, showing that it had not been sufficiently proved, to be received according to the rigid doctrines of the Church: and he continued to point out Mademoiselle Lamerlière as the heroine of the apparition.

The second work was entitled, *A Memoire* addressed to the Pope by several members of the diocesan clergy. A Monsieur l'Abbé Cartellier, one of the curés of Grenoble, wrote the *Memoire*, and then fifty-four priests of the diocese signed their names and gave their adhesion to it; upon the condition, however, that none of their names should be published. Moreover, the *Memoire* was taken to the Archbishop of Lyons, the known enemy of the miracle, and obtained his private sanction prior to its publication.

A few days after the appearance of this book, Monsieur Deleon was summoned before a secret ecclesiastical tribunal, presided over by the Bishop of Grenoble; and, after a trial which lasted two days, was found guilty of insubordination towards his superiors, and was therefore interdicted from all priestly functions. The venerable Abbé Cartellier was also informed that he would meet the same fate if he did not separate himself from Monsieur Deleon, and make a complete retraction of everything contained in his *Memoire*.

Upon the thirtieth of September the Bishop of Grenoble issued a charge to his clergy, condemning the two works, and threatening with severe punishment any person in holy orders, who either read, kept, lent, or circulated in any way whatever any of Monsieur Deleon's books against La Salette, and with excommunication any member of the laity guilty of the same offence.

Twenty-two months afterwards, Mademoiselle Lamerlière brought an action against the Abbés Deleon and Cartellier, and Monsieur Rendon, their publisher, for eight hundred pounds damages, for defamation. Of course, while the trial was preparing, the Parisian press busied itself with discussing the different aspects of the case: and among the writers against La Salette none wrote in so gay, so witty, or so amusing a strain as Monsieur Pellitan in the *Siècle*. That gentleman, following the authority of Monsieur Deleon, presented Mademoiselle Lamerlière before the world as the heroine of La Salette, acting upon the inspiration of the clergy of her diocese. This allegation aroused her anger to such a pitch that she wrote to the Bishop of Grenoble, threatening to sue in the ecclesiastical courts for permission to bring an action against him personally, if he did not promise that she should receive complete satisfaction for the insults

heaped upon her from all sides. Mademoiselle Lamerlière also wrote a letter to Monsieur Pellitan containing a half confession, which was turned into a powerful weapon against her upon a subsequent trial.

After a long speech from Monsieur Morel, on behalf of Mademoiselle Lamerlière, the defence of Monsieur Deleon, presented by himself, and a few explanations on behalf of the Abbé Cartellier and Monsieur Rendon, the court gave a verdict for the defendants, but condemned them to pay all expenses.

Mademoiselle Lamerlière appealed against this decision, except as regarded Monsieur Rendon, and all parties had to prepare for a new trial.

In April, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, Monsieur Deleon published another work against La Salette, entitled, *The Conscience of a Priest and the Power of a Bishop*: and in it he brought to light some new details respecting the miracle and Mademoiselle Lamerlière.

The reception of the children's secret by the Pope is thus described by Monsieur Deleon. In the month of July, eighteen hundred and fifty-two, many cardinals and Roman prelates were passing the evening at the Vatican. The Pope deigned to entertain them with an account of the mysterious embassy of the morning, calling the first secret a silly stupidity, and the second a monstrosity, and saying that those absurd documents had been brought to him on that day by two fanatical priests, and had been immediately thrown among the waste paper.

Mademoiselle Lamerlière's appeal against the decision of the first court came on for hearing upon the twenty-seventh of April, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven. Orders were given to prevent women from attending the court, but Mademoiselle Lamerlière insisted upon being admitted with her companion, Mariette Bertin, good-humouredly observing: "As I have to pay for the dinner, I have a good right to sit down to table." And she accordingly took her seat beside her advocate. She is described as a little woman, neatly dressed, about sixty years of age, and rather stout, with bright eyes and a lively disposition. Monsieur Deleon, who is tall, with a severe and expressive countenance, announcing great energy of character, sat by the side of Monsieur Bethmont, and Monsieur Cartellier did not appear.

The court was so crowded with barristers and priests, that the judge found it necessary to send for a body of troops to keep order in the room. Upon the opening of the sitting the Attorney-General demanded that the French newspapers should be forbidden from publishing any accounts of the proceedings. This request was granted by the court, with a view, it was said, of preventing public disturbances.

The principal points which Monsieur Jules Favre, for the fair plaintiff, tried to prove,

were,—that the apparition of La Salette was not a human one, because nobody except shepherds could climb such steep mountains. Monsieur Bethmont answered, that the lady, with her strong constitution, was well able to climb the mountain. With regard to the accounts given by the children, that the lady was in an aureola of light, and disappeared gradually, head first, and feet last, Monsieur Bethmont declared them to be merely optical delusions. In the first place, the lady had on a yellow silk apron, and yellow silk stockings, and all her costume was spangled over with gold and silver: the sun shining upon her would therefore strike upon everything bright, and produce the effect of rays of light. In the second place, upon the tops of mountains, especially in the autumn time, there are often thick mists, and as the lady is described as disappearing on going up the side of the mountain, she probably became more and more covered in mist, until she vanished entirely from the gaze of the bewildered shepherds.

Monsieur Jules Favre having replied without adducing any new facts, Monsieur Farconet made a short speech in favour of the Abbé Cartellier. In it he said, it was not in fact Mademoiselle Lamerlière, but the miracle, which was in cause, and that if the court decided in favour of Mademoiselle Lamerlière, it would be remaking the fortune of La Salette.

At length, after a few explanations made by Monsieur Deleon, and the summing up of the Attorney-General, the court confirmed the decision of the first tribunal, and condemned Mademoiselle Lamerlière to pay all expenses, and the fine which is always imposed upon unsuccessful appellants.

TOO WEAK FOR THE PLACE.

THE boy was never strong enough for the place. His age must have been about fourteen when he went there. He was inclined to be spiderish about the legs, and his memory was weaker than his body.

His parent (a mother, his father being dead) had asked him several times what he would like to be? She might also have asked him what he would like to do and to suffer? What could he say? They were poor, and he could not be apprenticed to any trade; and yet it was necessary that he should go to work. He made several inquiries about employment, without success, and in an evil moment he saw a bill stuck up in the window of a city tavern, "A strong, sharp, active lad wanted." He did not quite come up to the description, but he thought he would try. He was always a willing boy.

They engaged him upon trial at a few shillings a week, much to the delight of himself and his mother.

He began work on a Monday at seven in the morning; his duty being to assist in pre-

paring the kitchen for the business of the day. It was a busy place, that tavern—a rushing, tumbling, bawling, maddening, busy place—between the hours of twelve and four. Every man in the City of London seemed to run in there for luncheon, and to have no time to eat it in. Digestion, and the nourishment of the human body, were seemingly considered to be things of very minor importance by the side of office appointments, transactions, operations, and the saving of a few minutes of time. The marvel is, why they came in at all—why they did not hurry along the streets, cramming pieces of bread into their mouths by the way, and washing them down by drinking from a flask constructed like a pocket-book. But no, they wanted something, and they came into the tavern to get it. When there, their individual tastes were as various as the cut of their coats, or the patterns of their waistcoats. If they had all been content to feed out of a huge bowl, and drink out of a huge mug, the kitchen of the tavern—notwithstanding its large fire in the heat of summer—would have been more like Paradise, instead of its antipodes. But the variety of food and drink, which they called for, and which was supplied to them with electric rapidity, was something wonderful: while their combinations of eatables were remarkable for ingenuity, and originality.

The boy's employment at this period of the day was to attend to the sliding shelves which descended from the tavern floor to the kitchen, filled with empty plates, and which ascended from the kitchen to the tavern floor re-filled with the various eatables. He had another, and a more onerous duty to perform; his ear was made the responsible repository of the crowd of motley orders which raced with fearful rapidity down a speaking tube. There was no time for thought, no time for repose. The powerful lungs of the master of the establishment were incessantly in action, giving out the mandates for endless food, in a bullying tone, that he imagined to be absolutely necessary to command attention. He was a bully by nature, this tavern-keeper. Stout, beetle-browed, and perspiring. Paid his way, and did not care for brewer or distiller. Why should he care for cooks, scullions, and stout, active boys?

At twelve o'clock mid-day this stern, well-to-do, determined tradesman took up his position ready for anything. Orders were shouted down the tube to be in readiness. He felt like a General directing an army. At the turn of the hour, the avalanche of hunger came down upon the devoted building. Clerks, merchants, stockbrokers—no matter what their relative stations—small balance at bankers, large balance, or no balance—met in the temple of refreshment as on common ground, for the general craving for nourishment had made equals of them all. It is a warm day, and the

occasion of the opening of a new Corn Exchange. Woe upon the luckless boy in the kitchen below. The tempest began with a rump-steak pudding, rump-steak pudding and French beans. Large plate of lamb and new potatoes; small plate and old potatoes; large plate again, and no potatoes—cauliflower instead. Extra beans for the rump-steak pudding. Now, the steam is up, and cooks, scullions, and stout, active boy are in fearful agitation, like the cranks and wheels of a large engine, working to the top of their bent. Stern, perspiring, excited tradesman bawls down the pipe, and demands that his words shall be repeated, to make sure that the order is clearly understood.

"One sausage!"

A feeble echo of sausage comes from the depths of the kitchen up the tube. Again the boy repeats the word to the man presiding over the gridiron: a glowing, dancing being, who, with a long toasting-fork, keeps pricking, goading, and turning small steaks, lamb chops, mutton chops, kidneys, and sausages—about sixty in number, all frizzling together over the same fire. An incessant rumble is caused by the sliding shelves going up and down.

"Roast veal and ham; gooseberry tart; small plate of cold beef and horseradish; a roast fowl; large plate of boiled mutton, no caper sauce; rhubarb tart; extra cauliflower; large plate of roast beef, well done; small plate of roast mutton, underdone, greens, and new potatoes; small plate of veal, no ham; currant and raspberry tart; two rump-steak puddings; lamb chop and cauliflower; extra potatoes, new; mutton chop; large steak and greens; small plate of roast fowl; basin of oxtail; extra greens; two sausages; small of boiled mutton and new; kidney; four rhubarb puddings; now then, that roast fowl; small steak instead of oxtail; boiled mutton, lean; extra greens; summer cabbage instead of cauliflower with that lamb chop."

One after the other, these orders pour down the pipe, coming up executed in half dozens on the shelves. Perfect Babel and pantomimic madness below—fully equalled by the Babel and pantomimic madness above. No one would suppose eating capable of developing the latent talent for sleight of hand which seems to exist amongst the frequenters of this temple of refreshment. No one would suppose that much benefit could be derived from a luncheon or dinner taken in a crowd such as assemblies at the pit doors of a theatre, when free admission is given by order of Government on a great public holiday. All standing up—reaching over each others' heads—eating on the corners of counters—tops of casks—balancing plates in one hand, while carving with the other—hustling and jostling—ten times worse than a large rout in a small house in May Fair. Shouting of orders, anxious glances at the clock, goading of excited perspiring trades-

man, who adds fifty per centum to the goading, and shouts it down the pipe. The storm increases; the call for food becomes louder: the varieties are not distinctly marked. Names of meat and vegetables, fish, flesh, and fowl, pastry and salad, are mixed up together in hopeless confusion. The machinery is going wrong. Once the shelves come up with nothing on them, to be hurled down indignantly by stern proprietor. Again they rise to the surface with everything out of order—potatoes standing in the midst of raspberry tart, and gooseberry pudding put in a butter-boat. A barman is ordered to take charge of the position, while the bursting proprietor rushes round to the kitchen to see what is the matter. Once more the shelves go down; once more they come up, containing a scrubbing-brush, and one pickled onion! The storm of indignation from hungry customers is overwhelming. Again the stentorian landlord nearly splits the pipe with reiterated orders, sent down in a whirlwind of rage. A sound of faint, weak, imbecile singing is heard below.

The proprietor goes down. He finds the kitchen a wreck. The dancing maniac at the gridiron has fled with two scullions to enlist in the army.

Mon Dieu! the very cook is fast asleep,
And all that bullock's heart is baking still!

The artist of the establishment is lying supinely on his back at an open window. The boy—the stout, active lad—has given way under the pressure; his mind is a blank; he sits at his post, but he is an idiot!

City men are eccentric, and very exacting where labour is concerned; but they are kind, humane, and generous, notwithstanding. They felt that they were responsible for this sad state of things underground. A subscription was raised. The boy wanted repose (the cook had already taken it). He was removed to a lonely fisherman's hut on the Essex coast, far from the sound of everything, except the sailor's song upon the river, and the washing of the water in amongst the sedges on the bank. His mind sometimes wanders, and his tongue babbles of strange and unknown dishes; but he is progressing favourably.

BARDANA HILL.

IMPOSTORS are almost always—for a while, at least—successful. Their popularity surpasses the measure of any triumph yet recorded to have been won by a veritable benefactor of his species. Thus, while John Hunter, footsore and dust-begrimed is trudging all the way from Scotland up to London, with a single change of linen tied up in a darned cotton handkerchief, John Law is giving audience in his gilded saloon at Paris, under the shadow of the old palatial Tuileries, to a cringing mob of princes of the blood, and of

the ancien noblesse, representatives of that haughtiest of all the proud European aristocracies. And so, too, while that dearest friend of us all, Doctor Oliver Goldsmith, then of Southwark, stands bowing before his poor Bankside patient, politest of all thread-bare physicians, his second-hand three-cornered hat held pertinaciously over the patch in the rusty velvet, Cagliostro, the Knave of Trumps, the very trump of all the knaves in the ever-shuffling human pack, is making his tour of the great capitals of the continent with as many kings grouped before his chariot wheels as were ever harnessed, according to the old classic story-book, to the triumphal car of the Emperor Sesostris. Intolerable though all contrasts of this disheartening kind undoubtedly are in themselves, I nevertheless do frankly acknowledge at once, that I have a certain weakness for these same delightfully mendacious charlatans. I think it is only, indeed, in obedience to a common weakness of our nature, a weakness, by reason of which we all of us love to be deluded sometimes.

Supposing, for example that a curious pang has seized upon a pet molar or a favourite incisor—cherished tooth of all, like the weakest bantling in a family, or, what is pretty much the same, with the maternal preference, the veriest scapegrace and the most incorrigible ne'er-do-weel,—supposing the demon ache in that agreeable little bony core of throbs to have reached the very climax of pulsation, and the old preposterous nostrum in the little finnikin bottle with the big cork, the panacea you have tried so often, and never yet with any avail whatever, is brought forth again for the ninety-ninth time for the purpose of that purely imaginary alleviation! Don't you, even then, look with an inflamed eye of unbelief over the top of your handkerchief, still with a secret, sanguine, spectral credulity in your heart, as the snowy atom of cotton is being pinkly moistened—though you know perfectly well in your heart of hearts, what must, after all, by necessity, be the one inevitable consequence? Namely, that in a few minutes afterwards you will be closeted in the back-parlour of your diabolical neighbour round the corner, Forceps the dentist, reposing in the cruel luxury of that ridiculously easy chair, taking an open-mouthed contemplation of the ceiling: while the catfooted manipulator, with his delicate instrument of torture secreted, like a conjuring trick, up his wristband, comes to you with his hand behind his back and, with that monstrous affectation of merely looking, that you feel, even then, as an insult to your common sense. Yet, next year, next month, with the toothache rampant, perhaps, in another section of the jaw, I dare say that absurd little anodyne will be out again, as though the futility of all its exhilarating, but utterly illusive, pretensions had never once been detected.

I don't wonder then in the least that, before now, miraculous curatives like magic rings have been worn, or that other marvellous things, such as love-philters, have been swallowed. It is only quite natural after all that the Romans should have had their amulets, and the Greeks their phylacteries. It seems only a matter of course that of yore such extraordinary note should have been taken of Omens, and that such wonderful regard should have been paid to Numbers. People have evinced even in the middle of this boasted nineteenth century, in the scientific age of steam engines and electric telegraphs, such an ineradicable love of the marvellous, such an insatiable thirst and hunger for deception—in the preposterous matter of Table Turnings and of Spirit Rappings—that we should fairly have the tables turned against us, that our sneers of incredulity would probably and with justice be regarded as in common parlance really not worth a rap, if directed against the gullibility of our forefathers. Against their search for waterprings by means of the divining-rod or the dowsing-withy—against their credence in the significance of the palmy lines of chiromancy—against their reverent faith in the second-sight vouchsafed to the privileged adepts in the pseudo-science of Deuteroscopia. With the Mormon Creed still festering at Utah, a social gangrene or political imposthume—with many a sleight-of-hand and sleight-of-anke Medium, still procurable at a fee of a few paltry guineas for the holding of a séance in our drawing-rooms any evening in the twelvemonth—I don't think that we have any clear right to be supercilious of the amiable wisecracks of a bygone generation; or to wonder so very open-eyed at the epochs when there were alchemists and astrologers, enchanters and rosi-crucians.

Did not the seed-germ of alchemy—buried away and rotting—blossom into chemistry? Remembering the jargon droned by alchemists over their furnace fires—fires that were notwithstanding kept thus perpetually kindled by their hands, as the very Vestal lamps of truth—may we not apply to them Pope's wisely witty and familiar couplet:

Fly to their altars, there they'll talk you dead;
Yet fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

Precisely thus by sheer force of their serene and unblushing audacity have these reviled pretenders to scientific authority often proved to have been the pioneers to solid knowledge.

Conspicuous among the impostors who have been really useful in their generation is one of whose name I am but just now reminded by a somewhat startling application—to wit a request recently made by a sick pauper for a bottle of Sir John Hill's Essence of Waterdock.

A wonderful humbug was this vivacious and versatile Sir John Hill. As Bardana Hill

he still survives to this day in a queer little out-of-the-way corner of the world's remembrance—so called by after times, as by his own, in consideration of that tincture of bardana, notable even among the many imaginary remedies catalogued in the ridiculous list of his spurious pharmacopeia. A nonsensical repertory of anodynes including, among other marvels, fever-few-tea as a certain cure for headache, the daisy for hectic fever, the leaves of camomile for cholera, the flowers of camomile for ague—to say nothing of Sir John's renowned and most redoubtable pectoral balsam of honey, his essence of sage, and his tincture of valerian. Yet, outrageous quack though the man indubitably was, Bardana Hill did some good service in his day. Despite his absurd exhibition of himself before the Royal Society, decked out in tinsel-trappings, armed with a dagger of lath, and bearing before him a shield of pasteboard—the buffoon-censor was actually the means of effecting, if not a total reorganisation, a perceptible improvement in the whole scheme of the Philosophical Transactions. And—what is yet more extraordinary in his regard—Sir John Hill, with all his pretensions as a herb-doctor, truly and literally did more than any other man of his age towards the general development and elevation of the science of botany, and in so doing materially assisted the labours of the naturalist. If he crowned himself with the fool's cap-and-bells by publishing his coxcombical pamphlet on the virtues of British herbs, he secured to himself the gratitude of all the after disciples of Linnæus by his ingenious volume entitled *Exotic Botany*, and afterwards by the most laborious and ornate of his manifold literary productions, *The Vegetable System*—a work published (plain) at thirty-eight guineas, and (coloured) at one hundred and sixty guineas—comprising within it sixteen hundred four-guinea copperplate engravings, extending over twenty-six folio volumes, and portraying, by means at once of the pen and the graver, no less than twenty-six thousand different plants; everyone of them copied from nature. No wonder the poor man was ruined in the prosecution of this resplendent enterprise. No wonder his health sunk under the toil, and his life, at last, under the failure of so very exhausting and ponderous an undertaking.

Although Bardana Hill died of gout in the sixtieth year of his age, on the twenty-second of December, seventeen hundred and seventy-five, such is the sense of vitality about him produced in one's mind by the scrambling records of his career, that he appears somehow to have died in a manner prematurely. Looking down the perspective of those sixty years, I can hardly think of him as having been born at Spalding in seventeen hundred and sixteen, the son of Mr. Theophilus Hill, a respectable clergyman of Peterborough. It would seem more reason-

able to note his entrance into life in a cellar of Grub Street, or in a garret in Seven Dials. The adventurer's after career divides itself into five separate sections, each as distinct in its way, even in costume and situation, as the transformations of a mountebank. At the outset, young Bardana sets up reputedly as an apothecary in St. Martin's Lane, Westminster. Afterwards, he assumes the direction of the botanical gardens of Lord Petre and the Duke of Richmond. Quitting that more wholesome and primitive occupation, he struts and frets his hour upon the stage until fairly hissed and laughed off the boards, successively of Covent Garden and the Haymarket, as something too ridiculous to be tolerated even as a histrionic butt. Subsequently, the ex-actor, ex-gardener, ex-apothecary, takes to literature, and takes kindly too. He undertakes the *British Magazine*. He scribbles off a *Naval History of England*—leaving Horatio Nelson to illustrate it transcendently, and William James to write it a long while afterwards. Turning Novelist even, he pens the *Adventures of a Craole*, the *Life of Lady Frail*, and the *History of Mr. Lovell*.

By the bye, however, Bardana Hill, took a higher flight. Not content with thus merely dabbling in literature, the chrysalis of the desk burst forth at last resplendently into the butterfly of the Quack-Physician, basking in the daylight and the waxlight alternately, as a gay lounge perfectly equipped in the airiest fashions then in vogue: his cane daintily clouded, his velvet coat richly embroidered, his wrists and breast delicately laced, his peruke exquisitely crimped and powdered. His chariot rolls continually between Bedford Square and Ranelagh. He is such a matchless economist of the twenty-four hours, that, in spite of all his professional avocations, during an interval of many years, he is never once known to have missed a single public entertainment. He is at every rout and ridotto. He flaunts among the "pleached allies" and the smooth-shaven lawns of the public gardens. Conspicuous in his box at the theatre, he there raises critical turmoils about him during the performances. Having judiciously obtained his diploma betimes, from the college of St. Andrew's in Scotland, Bardana becomes further glorified by the King of Sweden, who creates him Chevalier of the order of the Polar Star or Vasa. Whereupon, forth comes yet more lustroously the ever-imperturbable and self-complacent Quack, styling himself—Sir John Hill, Acad. Reg. Scient. Burd. Soc. To which magical hieroglyphic my amusing acquaintance Smart, one of the small poets of those times, facetiously alludes in his satiric volume, entitled *The Hilliad*, where he says:

While Jargon gave his titles on a block,
And styled him M.D. Acad. Budig. Soc.

Bardana Hill certainly came in for more than a few smart raps over the knuckles. What does Charles Churchill sing of him in the terrible *Rosciad*?

With sleek appearance, and with ambling pace,
And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,
The Proteus Hill put in his modest plea,—
'Let favour speak for others, worth for me.'
For who, like him, his various powers could call
Into so many shapes, and shine in all?
Who could so nobly grace the motley list—
Actor, inspector, doctor, botanist?
Knows any one so well—sure no one knows—
At once to play, prescribe, compound, compose?

But then his own hand was against every other man's remorselessly. And everybody knows how proverbial wisdom saith dogmatically—Those who play at bowls must look out for rubbers. Rubbers! Sir John the Doctor had more than those to look out for, as his wonderful serio-comic history relates. It is in most significant allusion to this circumstance that the merciless Smart puts into the mouth of a wretched Sybil this ludicrous admonition:

The chequered world's before thee; go, farewell!
Beware of Irishmen, and learn to spell.

This mysterious and remarkable warning had reference to an irascible gentleman of the name of Browne and of the nature of Pat, who, irritated by some of the scandalous pleasantries of Sir John, one fine afternoon thrashed him soundly with a cane upon one of the lamplit gravel walks of Ranelagh. More terrible, however, than either the scornful couplets of Smart, or the muscular drubbings of Browne, there descended upon poor luckless Hill the stinging, derisive wit of Henry Fielding, from the empyrean of his *Covent Garden Journal*. Even this, Bardana Hill drew down upon himself—at the very time, too, when he was being unmercifully belaboured by the lithe and flickering wand of the then famous Harlequin, Woodward. Literary onslaughts of a far more damaging description Sir John doubtless often had to endure, but no assailant ever made more lively attacks upon his matchless impudence than light-footed, merry-handed Harlequin Woodward: one of whose paper-pellets directed against the Quack of Quacks, still preserves a most agreeable reputation as an exquisite specimen of sly and humorous bantering.

Who can wonder, however, that Bardana, having raised himself thus conspicuously upon a pedestal of insolent pretension, should have there become the butt upon which were concentrated for a time all the flying shafts of ridicule, pointed with the scorn and winged with the wit of the wisest as well of the most whimsical of his many gifted contemporaries? Surely no one who has ever ventured to turn the leaves of his scurrilous *Inspector*, a periodical paper

published diurnally during two disgraceful years by Sir John Hill in the columns of the London Daily Advertiser. Simultaneously with the production of which disreputable effusion of spleen and effrontery, Sir John—waving between his old love, the stage, and his new love, literature—blossomed into the miserablest straggling weed of a dramatist ever heard of! Writing besides an opera, called *Orpheus*, two inane farces; one entitled the *Rout*, and the other the *Critical Minute*; farces so execrably bad, that they never actually appear to have won for themselves the shadowy glory of even being damned. It is in allusion to these abortive efforts of the doctor as a playwright, that David Garrick penned that cruel epigram:—

For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is—
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is.

The epigrammatists of those days had no compassion whatever for Bardana Hill. Apostrophising the arch-delinquent, quoth one, with the fury of Scarron and the voice, one might fancy, of Boanerges:

Thou essence of dock, of valerian, and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of this age;
The worst that we wish thee for all thy vile crimes
Is to take thy own physic and read thy own rhymes.

Whereupon another has thus unpitifully as well as pithily commented:

The wish must be in form reversed
To suit the doctor's crimes;
For if he takes his physic first,
He'll never read his rhymes.

Yet for all this, I cannot but remember, and that too with a sense of amusement, that Sir John Hill had his revenges! At the period during which he may be said to have attained the heyday of his fortunes; when, upon his rather doubtful escutcheon might at any rate have been emblazoned confidently the one radiant device *Florescat*; when he was rolling in his coach from coffee-house to conversazione from drum to masquerade; when he was scribbling impertinencies about everything and everybody, day after day, in his mendacious and unblushing paper, *The Inspector*; when he was selling his quack medicines, by the ton and by the hogshead,—Sir John was perpetrating for the entertainment of his own and other generations, some of the most extravagant and outrageous practical jokes that ever varlet adventured upon. This, moreover, when he was making large as well as lucrative contributions to polite as well as to what may be called at the very least unpollite literature! Realising by his pen fifteen hundred pounds sterling in a single twelvemonth, a circumstance regarded, as long afterwards as eighteen hundred and fourteen, with bewildered astonishment by Mr. Alexander Chalmers; which sum saith that worthy

in his redoubtable Dictionary (to the amusement I can fancy of the Great Unknown, if he ever chanced to glance at the passage) “is, we believe, at least three times as much as ever was made by any one writer in the same period of time!”

It is scarcely to be supposed that the flourishing literary physician made much by such a venture as his guinea quarto, entitled “Thoughts concerning God and Nature,” undertaken strangely enough by such a man (constituting, in truth, a redeeming trait in his character) as a labour of love, in answer to the renowned treatise of Viscount Bolingbroke. The prodigious sums acquired, so much to the admiration of Mr. Chalmers, came I should be disposed to conjecture, from sheer book-making cunningly applied: such, for example, as Sir John's two volumes of fictitious *Travels in the East*, or, more probably still, from such a book as the one of which Hill is now universally reputed to have been the author according to an accepted tradition—Mrs. Glasse's *Cookery*. Speaking of the popular belief, even then prevalent, that Dr. Hill wrote Mrs. Glasse's *Cookery* book, is it not recorded in the Great Biography, under date seventeen hundred and seventy-eight, in the age of the Doctor sixty-nine, how Johnson, with his customary snort of indignation, as if somebody had contradicted him (which nobody had), said “Well, sir, this shows how much better the subject of cookery may be treated by a philosopher?”

Favourably introduced to the notice of the more eminent members of the Royal Society, first of all in seventeen hundred and forty-six by his then recently published and ingenious Treatise upon *Gems*, from the Greek of Theophrastus, Bardana Hill punished them five years afterwards for the credulity with which they had unwittingly admitted him to the privilege of their friendship, and punished them cruelly: his atrabilious insolence, arising simply out of their not altogether unnatural reluctance to welcome the clever charlatan formally amongst themselves. Sir John happening then, among his other miscellaneous avocations, to be engaged, in conjunction with one Mr. Scott, F.R.S., in compiling the Supplement to Chambers's Dictionary, endeavoured by one master-stroke to gratify his own vanity and the wishes of his publishers, by having the magical initials affixed to his own name also upon the title-page. Hardly can it be regarded as in any way surprising that Martin Folkes, then president of the Royal Society, friend and successor of Isaac Newton, should have failed to obtain in Hill's behest, three signatures to enforce, or indorse, his own generous recommendation. However this may be, so the event proved; the application was wholly inoperative. And, thereupon, away to the

winds of heaven were scattered pell-mell, helter-skelter, by the unhesitating hand of Dr. Hill, all the amenities, all the decencies, all the proprieties, of society, of science, of philosophy, of literature. His sarcasms were squandered abroad indiscriminately. Even Martin Folkes, staunchest of kindly supporters, passed not unscathed. All the scientific collectors were jeered at, in succession. The Antiquarian Society had its members derided as medal-scrappers and antediluvian knife-grinders. The conchologists were depicted as cockle-shell merchants. The naturalists were described as recording pompous histories of sticklebacks and cockchafers. One of the foremost of the living entomologists, Henry Baker, was represented under the ludicrous aspect of a person displaying the peristaltic motion of the bowels in a louse, by the aid of the microscope. The docterial Pasquin, the Quack Juvenal, played off his fantastic tricks against the learned, variously, under his own name, under a false name, and, at times also, and these frequent times, anonymously. Among the pseudonyms of Dr. Hill in this way, were the purely imaginary names of Dr. Crine and Dr. Uvedaile.

But where he acquitted himself most effectively was in his grand attack upon the Royal Society by which he conceived himself to have been most shamefully aggrieved. It was an attack that commenced with a humorous prose satire of Hill's, entitled *Dissertation on Royal Societies*, in a letter (to his friend) from a Slavonian Nobleman. This production was rapidly followed up by a ponderous quarto volume, in external appearance and internal arrangement as like as two peas to a volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*: the name of the second and, in every respect, the far weightier sarcasm, being simply, *A Review of the Royal Society*, in Eight Parts: several of the divisions being suggestive, in the midst of all their facetious absurdities (as in the instance of the proposed plan for forming a *Horridus siccus*), of considerable, and some of it really valuable, information. The crowning vengeance of all found vent in the richest hoax, perhaps, ever played off upon a solemn council of grave and reverend seigneurs. Happily for us, Horace Walpole has told the tale, and told it too with piquancy in one of the drollest fragments of his motley and voluminous correspondence. The pleasantest version of it, however, because the one marked by the most fantastically punctilious particularity in regard to the details, is the narrative of it given by Sir John Hill's historian in the *Biographie Universelle*.

It happened in the thick of Bardana Hill's squabbles with the Royal Society, that much was daily talked in society

and printed in the newspapers, about the marvellous cures effected by the employment of tar-water, eau de goudron. One morning the postal delivery from the provinces brought to the Secretary of the Royal Society a letter addressed to him in his official capacity by a certain so-called medical practitioner at Portsmouth. The communication related how the writer of it had recently had confided to his care, a poor sailor whose leg had been broken by a fall from the mast-head. The Secretary was further informed by his correspondent that, having brought the broken parts together and properly adjusted them by means of bandages, the writer had then carefully bathed them with tar-water—and such, continued the Portsmouth physician had been the miraculous effect already produced by the application, that within a few days, the sailor had been enabled to use his leg as well as he had ever used it before the accident. At the very next meeting of the Royal Society this remarkable document was submitted to its consideration. It was read, and immediately originated an animated discussion which, we are informed by contemporary authorities, was yet in active progress when another letter, stamped with the Portsmouth postmark, was delivered into the hands of the Secretary. A letter, this was, in which the imaginary doctor informed the Royal Society that he had omitted to mention one trifling circumstance in connection with the cure: namely, that the sailor's leg was a wooden leg!

Bardana Hill, Sir John, Dr. Crine, Dr. Uvedaile, call him what you will—for he, of course, was this wicked, hypothetical, seaside Esculapius—had avenged himself.

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WANTED, A COURT-GUIDE.

Or all the many divinities that hedge a king there are none so numerous, or whose power is so fixed and immutable, as the members of the royal household. Within the somewhat homely and rather circumscribed limits of a modern English palace, it is difficult to imagine where standing room can be found for the swarming members of this idle and ornamental army. Taking the area of their sphere of action, and comparing it with their numbers and their average bulk, it is not difficult to demonstrate to the meanest mathematical capacity, that they must huddle together in the palatial ante-rooms, and ride upon each other's backs up the palatial staircases.

It is difficult to solve the problem of their physical accommodation, far more difficult to ascertain the exact nature, amount, and value of their individual functions, and to reconcile those functions, when discovered, with our notions of comfort, and our rules of prudence and common-sense. When we hold forth, in our superior civilised wisdom and our benevolent platform pity, upon the lamentable social condition of the wretched natives of India, we are accustomed to place our discerning fingers upon the absurd doctrine of caste as the one cause that lies at the bottom of their abasement—the one stumbling-block and barrier in the way of their improvement. But, what shall we say when we examine the interior of the first house in our kingdom, the residence of our gracious monarch, and find it given up to the possession of a crowd of titled menials, who have encrusted royalty with an empty, useless, expensive, and distasteful state, and whose allotted duties are as slight and divided as those of the benighted servants of an Asiatic mansion?

It must be a pleasant thing for the sovereign of the realm to see about one thousand, unselected, vested interest, hungry, hereditary bondsmen, dancing round the Crown, like Red Indians round a stake, and scrambling for three hundred and twenty-five thousand of the three hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds that is thrown to them every year by a liberal and uninquiring country. Far be it from us, as worthy members of the greatest nation under the sun—as members of

a gentle nation that never took a poor man's bed to satisfy an unpaid tax—far be it from us to say, that the royal claims are too exacting even to the extent of the odd five pounds per annum. If we are considerably silent on the amount of the grant, we may, perhaps, be allowed to criticise the manner of its disposal.

We can imagine a young, amiable, sensitive, and newly-created monarch—a monarch simple in tastes, who had spent much of his time in the comparative solitude of yacht sailing—coming unexpectedly to a throne in consequence of some uncalculated vagaries of death, and being set down suddenly and unprepared in the midst of this eddying whirlpool of frothy state. We can imagine his bewilderment at the crowd in the first department—that of the Lord Steward—consisting of the Lord Steward himself, a treasurer, a comptroller of the household, master of the household, secretary of the master, another secretary, three clerks of the household, secretary of the garden-accounts, paymaster of the household, office-keeper, two messengers, and a necessary woman. A clerk of the kitchen, four clerks of the kitchen, one messenger of the kitchen, a necessary woman of the kitchen; a chief cook, four master cooks, sundry apprentices, two yeomen of the kitchen, two assistant cooks, two roasting cooks, four scourers, three kitchen maids, one storekeeper, two green-office men, two steam-apparatus men, first yeoman of the confectionery, second yeoman of the confectionery, an apprentice of the confectionery, three female assistants, an errand-man, a pastry-cook, two female assistants of the pastry-cook, a baker, an assistant baker, three coffee-room women; one yeoman of the ewer, two female assistants of the yeoman of the ewer; the gentleman of the wine and beer cellars, two yeomen of the intoxicating liquors, a groom of the intoxicating liquors; a principal table decker, a second table decker, a third table decker, an assistant table decker, a wax fitter; three yeomen of the plate-pantry, a groom of the plate-pantry, and six assistants of the plate-pantry. Two principal coal-porters, eleven assistants of the two principal coal-porters. First gentleman-porter, first yeoman-porter, second yeoman-porter, an assistant porter, three groom-porters, a state serjeant-porter, five state

yeomen-porters, four state under-porters, and ten night-porters. One first lamplighter, a second lamplighter, seven assistant lamplighters, a yeoman of the steward's room, five assistants of the yeoman of the steward's room, an usher of the servants' hall, three assistants of the usher of the servants' hall. To complete this bewildering list, there is an Hereditary Grand Almoner (honorary), Lord High Almoner (honorary), yeoman secretary of the almonry, one knight marshal and eight marshals, ranger of Windsor home park, ranger of Windsor great park, and deputy-ranger of Windsor great park.

Scarcely recovered from these overwhelming parasites of the Lord Steward's department, we can imagine the bewildered monarch wandering into another household province: that of the Lord Chamberlain. There, he is hustled by the Lord Chamberlain, the Vice-Chamberlain, the comptroller of accounts, and superintendent of the duties of the department of the Lord Chamberlain, a chief clerk, an inspector of accounts, three assistant clerks, an office-porter, three office-messengers, keeper of the privy-purse, secretary to the keeper of the privy-purse. He has next to acknowledge the curseys of a mistress of the robes, eight ladies of the bedchamber, eight maids of honour, eight bedchamber women, and an extra bedchamber woman; then to endure the obeisances of a groom of the robes, a clerk to the groom of the robes, a messenger to the groom of the robes, and a furrier to the groom of the robes. He is next saluted by eight lords in waiting, eight grooms in waiting to help the lords in waiting, an extra groom in waiting, four gentlemen ushers of the privy-chamber, four gentlemen ushers, several daily waiters, an assistant gentleman usher, four grooms of the privy-chamber, eight gentlemen ushers, quarterly waiters, an extra gentleman usher, ten grooms of the great chamber, thirty-two (honorary) gentlemen of the privy-chamber. A master of the ceremonies, assistant master of the ceremonies, a marshal of the ceremonies, five pages of the back stairs, two state pages, a page of the chambers, six pages of the presence, and three pages' men to wait upon the pages. Then come serjeants-at-arms: he must have a night serjeant-at-arms, a Lord Chancellor's serjeant-at-arms, House of Commons' serjeants-at-arms, three kings of arms, six heralds, four queen's messengers, one Lord Chamberlain's messenger. He is further troubled with three inspectors of palaces, three carpet-men, nine housekeepers, three linen-room women, three necessary women, sixty housemaids, two strangers' attendants, at Windsor Castle. When he goes to chapel he encounters a dean of the Chapel Royal, a sub-dean, a chaplain, a clerk of the queen's closet, three deputy-clerks, resident chaplain in ordinary, a closet-keeper, forty-eight chaplains in ordinary, ten priests in ordinary, four chaplains, three preachers,

three readers, sixteen lay gentlemen of the chapels royal, four organists, two composers, a violinist, a serjeant of the vestry, a groom of the vestry, a master of the boys, and ten boys to be mastered. He must not be ill without evoking the services of two physicians in ordinary, four physicians extraordinary, one physician to the household, first and second physician-accoucheur, one surgeon-accoucheur, two serjeant-surgeons, one surgeon to the household, three surgeons extraordinary, four apothecaries to the person, two apothecaries to the household, two apothecaries extraordinary, a chemist, a druggist, one dentist to the household, two surgeon-dentists, an aurist, an oculist, and a surgeon-chiropractist. He is bound to be fond of music. Woe to the unhappy monarch if he be not; for he must keep a master of the estate band of music, a conductor, twenty-five performers, a serjeant-trumpeter, and nine household trumpeters. He must pay also a poet-laureate, an examiner of plays, a master of the tennis-court, three bargemen and watermen, a keeper of the swans, a keeper of the jewel-house in the Tower, an exhibitor of jewels, a principal librarian, a librarian in ordinary, a painter in ordinary, a surveyor of pictures, captain and gold stick, lieutenant and silver stick, standard-bearer and silver stick, clerk of the cheque, adjutant and silver stick, gentleman harbinger and silver stick, two sub-officers, a secretary to the captain, and forty gentlemen-at-arms; captain of yeomen body-guard, lieutenant, ensign, adjutant and clerk of the cheque, four exempts, assistant adjutant, eight serjeant-majors, two messengers, one hundred yeomen; and Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle.

Having finished the Lord Chamberlain's department, our fatigued and distracted monarch, on going into his stables, finds the Master of the Horse, one principal coachman and twelve others, four footmen, twenty-six grooms, chief equerry and clerk marshal, four equeries in ordinary, an extra equerry, four pages of honour, crown equerry, and secretary to the Master of the Horse, first clerk of the stables, second clerk of the stables, assistant clerk of the stables, inspector of stables, a veterinary surgeon, a yeoman rider, a lady rider, a serjeant-footman, fifteen footmen, fifty helpers. A Master of the Buckhounds and Hereditary Grand Falconer cannot be done without.

We can imagine our bewildered monarch, exhausted with the labour of the survey, retiring to a vacant apartment (if such a place could be found), and, looking over the list of his host of attendants, attendants' attendants, and servants of attendants' attendants. He finds there, the names of members of the first families in the land, who carry out the old feudal custom of waiting on the sovereign; and who, as there are no castles to be sacked, and as there is no plunder to be had, are content to receive a common-place

remuneration in the form of salary, varying from forty to four thousand pounds per annum, and paid every quarter out of the Civil List portion of the taxes. He looks over that same Civil List, and finds that, although he is its head and centre, he receives for his own disposal less than one-sixth every year, the rest being absorbed before it reaches him by the surrounding circles. Indignantly he rings a bell, and is answered, like Lord Bateman, by a proud young porter, page, equerry, groom, waiter, and K.C.B. The bewildered monarch, considerably awed, asks for a glass of water. Four and twenty bells ring in succession, each one summoning another, until at last the man is reached, whose duty it is to draw the water, after the Asiatic system of caste in full working order, aided by all the advantages of a superior civilisation. The water—with some considerable delay—is passed on from hand to hand, until it reaches the expectant and bewildered monarch. He sees the whole organisation at a glance—the perfect, unbroken chain of relative flunkeyism: everybody combing everybody else's hair, everybody brushing everybody else's coat, everybody pouring out everybody else's coffee, everybody handing everybody else a shoe-horn, everybody attending everybody else abroad, everybody waiting upon everybody else at dinner, everybody laughing at everybody else's jokes, and sometimes (for quarrels will arise in the very best-regulated palaces), everybody kicking everybody else down-stairs.

Finally, we can imagine our bewildered monarch so much alarmed at the amount of detail that exists for him to master, and at the number and variety of individualisms of different degrees of importance he has to avoid offending and misdirecting, that, in the dusk of evening he seizes a stout pea-jacket, and slips privately out at a back-gate, to take a long and quiet cruise in the Baltic or the Mediterranean.

MY LADY LUDLOW.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

As far as I can remember, it was very soon after this that I first began to have the pain in my hip, which has ended in making me a cripple for life. I hardly recollect more than one walk after our return under Mr. Gray's escort from Mr. Lathom's. Indeed, at the time, I was not without suspicions (which I never named) that the beginning of all the mischief was a great jump I had taken from the top of one of the styles on that very occasion.

Well, it is a long while ago, and God disposes of us all, and I am not going to tire you out with telling you how I thought and felt, and how, when I saw what my life was to be, I could hardly bring myself to be patient, but rather wished to die at once. You can everyone of you think for yourselves

what becoming all at once useless and unable to move, and by-and-by growing hopeless of cure, and feeling that one must be a burden to some one all one's life long, would be to an active, wilful, strong girl of seventeen, anxious to get on in the world, so as, if possible, to help her brothers and sisters. So I shall only say, that one among the blessings which arose out of what seemed at the time a great, black sorrow was, that Lady Ludlow for many years took me, as it were, into her own especial charge; and now, as I lie still and alone in my old age, it is such a pleasure to think of her.

Mrs. Medlicott was great as a nurse, and I am sure I can never be grateful enough to her memory for all her kindness. But she was puzzled to know how to manage me in other ways. I used to have long, hard fits of crying; and, thinking that I ought to go home—and yet what could they do with me there?—and a hundred and fifty other anxious thoughts, some of which I could tell to Mrs. Medlicott, and others I could not. Her way of comforting me was hurrying away for some kind of tempting or strengthening food—a basin of melted calves'-foot jelly was, I am sure she thought, a cure for every woe.

"There! take it, dear, take it!" she would say; "and don't go on fretting for what can't be helped."

But I think she got puzzled at length at the non-efficacy of good things to eat; and one day, after I had limped down to see the doctor, in Mrs. Medlicott's sitting room—a room lined with cupboards, containing preserves and dainties of all kinds, which she perpetually made, and never touched herself—when I was returning to my bedroom to cry away the afternoon, under pretence of arranging my clothes, John Footman brought me a message from my lady (with whom the doctor had been having a conversation) to bid me go to her in that private sitting-room at the end of the suite of apartments, about which I spoke in describing the day of my first arrival at Hanbury. I had hardly been in it since; as, when we read to my lady, she generally sate in the small withdrawing-room out of which this private room of hers opened. I suppose great people do not require what we smaller people value so much,—I mean privacy. I do not think that there was a room which my lady occupied that had not two doors, and some of them had three or four. Then my lady had always Adams waiting upon her in her bed-chamber; and it was Mrs. Medlicott's duty to sit within call as it were, in a sort of ante-room that led out of my lady's own sitting-room, on the opposite side to the drawing-room door. To fancy the house, you must take a great square, and halve it by a line; at one end of this line was the hall-door, or public entrance; at the opposite the private entrance from a terrace, which was terminated at one end by a sort of postern door in an old grey-stone

wall, beyond which lay the farm buildings and offices ; so that people could come in this way to my lady on business, while, if she were going into the garden from her own room, she had nothing to do but to pass through Mrs. Medlicott's apartment, out into the lesser hall, and then turning to the right as she passed on to the terrace, she could go down the flight of broad, shallow steps at the corner of the house into the lovely garden, stretching, sweeping lawns, and gay flower-beds, and beautiful, bossy laurels, and other blooming or massy shrubs, with full-grown beeches, or larches feathering down to the ground a little farther off. The whole was set in a frame, as it were, by the more distant woodlands. The house had been modernised in the days of Queen Anne, I think ; but the money had fallen short that was requisite to carry out all the improvements, so it was only the suite of withdrawing-rooms and the terrace-rooms, as far as the private entrance, that had the new, long, high windows put in, and these were old enough by this time to be draped with roses, and honeysuckles, and pyracanthus, winter and summer long.

Well, to go back to that day when I limped into my lady's sitting-room, trying hard to look as if I had not been crying, and not to walk as if I was in much pain. I do not know whether my lady saw how near my tears were to my eyes, but she told me she had sent for me, because she wanted some help in arranging the drawers of her bureau, and asked me—just as if it was a favour I was to do her—if I could sit down in the easy chair near the window—(all quietly arranged before I came in, with a footstool, and a table quite near)—and assist her. You will wonder, perhaps, why I was not bidden to sit or lie on the sofa ; but (although I found one there a morning or two afterwards, when I came down) the fact was, that there was none in the room at this time. I have even fancied that the easy chair was brought in on purpose for me ; for it was not the chair in which I remembered my lady sitting the first time I saw her. That chair was very much carved and gilded, with a countess' coronet at the top. I tried it one day, some time afterwards, when my lady was out of the room, and I had a fancy for seeing how I could move about, and very uncomfortable it was. Now my chair (as I learnt to call it, and to think it), was soft and luxurious, and seemed somehow to give one's body rest just in that part when one most needed it.

I was not at my ease that first day, nor indeed for many days afterwards, notwithstanding my chair was so comfortable. Yet I forgot my sad pain in silently wondering over the meaning of many of the things we turned out of those curious, old drawers. I was puzzled to know why some were kept at all ; a scrap of writing may-be, with only half-a-dozen common-place words written

on it, or a bit of broken riding-whip, and here and there a stone, of which I thought I could have picked up twenty just as good in the first walk I took. But it seems that was just my ignorance ; for my lady told me they were pieces of valuable marble, used to make the floors of the great Roman emperors' palaces long ago ; and that when she had been a girl, and made the grand tour long ago, her cousin, Sir Horace Mann, the Ambassador or Envoy at Florence, had told her to be sure to go into the fields inside the walls of ancient Rome, when the farmers were preparing the ground for the onion sowing, and had to make the soil fine, and pick up what bits of marble she could find. She had done so, and meant to have had them made into a table ; but somehow that plan fell through, and there they were with all the dirt out of the onion-field upon them ; but once when I thought of clearing them with soap and water, at any rate, she bade me not to do so, for it was Roman dirt—earth, I think, she called it.—but it was dirt all the same.

Then, in this bureau, were many other things, the value of which I could understand—locks of hair carefully ticketed, which my lady looked at very sadly ; and locketts and bracelets with miniatures in them,—very small pictures to what they make now-a-days, and call miniatures ; some of them had even to be looked at through a microscope before you could see the individual expression of the faces, or how beautifully they were painted. I don't think that looking at these made my lady seem so melancholy, as the seeing and touching of the hair did. But, to be sure, the hair was, as it were, a part of some beloved body which she might never touch and caress again, but which lay beneath the turf, all faded and disfigured, except perhaps the very hair, from which the lock she held had been dissevered ; whereas the pictures were but pictures after all—likenesses, but not the very things themselves. This is only my own conjecture, mind. My lady rarely spoke out her feelings. For, to begin with, she was of rank ; and I have heard her say that people of rank do not talk about their feelings except to their equals, and even to them they conceal them, except upon rare occasions. Secondly,—and this is my own reflection,—she was an only child and an heiress ; and as such was more apt to think than to talk, as all well-brought-up heiresses must be, I think. Thirdly, she had long been a widow, without any companion of her own age with whom it would have been natural for her to refer to old associations, past pleasures, or mutual sorrows. Mrs. Medlicott came nearest to her as a companion of this sort ; and her ladyship talked more to Mrs. Medlicott, in a kind of familiar way, than she did to all the rest of the household put together. But Mrs. Medlicott was silent by nature, and did not reply at any great length. Adams,

indeed, was the only one who spoke much to Lady Ludlow.

After we had worked away about an hour at the bureau, her ladyship said we had done enough for one day; and as the time was come for her afternoon ride she left me, with a volume of engravings from Mr. Hogarth's pictures on one side of me (I don't like to write down the names of them, though my lady thought nothing of it, I am sure) and on a stand her great prayer-book open at the evening-psalms for the day, on the other. But as soon as she was gone, I troubled myself little with either, but amused myself with looking round the room at my leisure. The side on which the fire-place stood, was all panelled,—part of the old ornaments of the house, for there was an Indian paper with birds and beasts, and insects on it, on all the other sides. There were coats of arms of the various families with whom the Hanburys had intermarried all over these panels, and up and down the ceiling as well. There was very little looking-glass in the room, though one of the great drawing-rooms was called the "Mirror Room," because it was lined with glass which my lady's great grandfather had brought from Venice when he was ambassador there. There were china jars of all shapes and sizes round and about the room, and some china monsters, or idols, of which I could never bear the sight, they were so ugly, though I think my lady valued them more than all. There was a thick carpet on the middle of the floor, which was made of small pieces of rare wood fitted into a pattern; the doors were opposite to each other, and were composed of two heavy tall wings, and opened in the middle, moving on brass grooves inserted into the floor—they would not have opened over a carpet. There were two windows reaching up nearly to the ceiling, but very narrow, and with deep window-seats in the thickness of the wall. The room was full of scent, partly from the flowers outside, and partly from the great jars of pot-pourri inside. The choice of odours was what my lady piqued herself upon, saying nothing showed birth like a keen susceptibility of smell. We never named musk in her presence, her antipathy to it was so well understood through the household; her opinion on the subject was believed to be, that no scent derived from an animal could ever be of a sufficiently pure nature to give pleasure to any person of good family, where, of course, the delicate perception of the senses had been cultivated for generations. She would instance the way in which sportsmen preserve the breed of dogs who have shown keen scent; and how such gifts descend for generations amongst animals, who cannot be supposed to have anything of ancestral pride, or hereditary fancies about them. Musk, then, was never mentioned at Hanbury Court. No more were bergamot or southern-wood, although vegetable in their nature. She

considered these two latter as betraying a vulgar taste in the person who chose to gather or wear them. She was sorry to notice sprigs of them in the buttonhole of any young man in whom she took an interest, either because he was engaged to a servant of hers or otherwise, as he came out of church on a Sunday afternoon. She was afraid that he liked coarse pleasures, and I am not sure if she did not think that his preference for these coarse sweetnesss did not imply a probability that he would take to drinking. But she distinguished between vulgar and common. Violets, pinks, and sweet-briar were common enough; roses and mignonette, for those who had gardens, honeysuckle for those who walked along the bowery lanes; but wearing them betrayed no vulgarity of taste; the queen upon her throne might be glad to smell at a nosegay of these flowers. A beau-pot (as we called it) of pinks and roses freshly gathered was placed every morning that they were in bloom on my lady's own particular table. For lasting vegetable odours she preferred lavender and sweet-woodroof to any extract whatever. Lavender reminded her of old customs, she said, and of homely cottage-gardens, and many a cottager made his offering to her of a bundle of lavender. Sweet woodroof, again, grew in wild, woodland places, where the soil was fine and the air delicate; the poor children used to go and gather it for her up in the woods on the higher lands; and for this service she always rewarded them with bright, new pennies, of which my lord, her son, used always to send her down a bagful fresh from the Mint in London every February.

Attar of roses, again, she disliked. She said it reminded her of the city and of merchants' wives, over-rich, over-heavy in its perfume. And lilies of the valley somehow fell under the same condemnation. They were most graceful and elegant to look at (my lady was quite candid about this), flower, leaf, colour—everything was refined about them but the smell. That was too strong. But the great hereditary faculty on which my lady piqued herself, and with reason, for I never met with any other person who possessed it, was the power she had of perceiving the delicious odour arising from a bed of strawberries in the late autumn, when the leaves were all fading and dying. Bacon's Essays was one of the few books that lay about in my lady's room; and if you took it up and opened it carelessly, it was sure to fall apart at his essay on gardens. "Listen," her ladyship would say, "to what that great philosopher and statesman says, 'Next to that,'—he is speaking of violets, my dear,—'is the musk-rose,'—of which you remember the great bush at the corner of the south wall just by the Blue Drawing-room windows; that is the old musk-rose, Shakespeare's musk-rose, which is dying out through the kingdom now. But to return to my Lord Bacon:

'Then the strawberry leaves, dying, with a most excellent cordial smell.' Now the Hanburys can always smell this excellent cordial odour, and very delicious and refreshing it is. You see, in Lord Bacon's time, there had not been so many intermarriages between the court and the city as there have been since the needy days of his Majesty Charles the Second; and altogether in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the great, old families of England were a distinct race, just as a cart-horse is one creature, and very useful in its place, and Childers or Eclipse is another creature, though both are of the same species. So the old families have gifts and powers of a different and higher class to what the other orders have. My dear, remember that you try if you can smell the scent of dying strawberry leaves in this next autumn. You have some of Ursula Hanbury's blood in you, and that gives you a chance."

But when October came, I sniffed and sniffed, and all to no purpose; and my lady—who had watched the little experiment rather anxiously—had to give me up as a hybrid. I was mortified, I confess, and thought that it was in some ostentation of her own powers that she ordered the gardener to plant a border of strawberries on that side the terrace that lay under her windows.

I have wandered away from time and place. I tell you all the remembrances I have of those years just as they come up, and I hope that in my old age I am not getting too like a certain Mrs. Nickleby, whose speeches were once read out loud to me.

I came by degrees to be all day long in this room which I have been describing; sometimes sitting in the easy chair, doing some little piece of dainty work for my lady, or sometimes arranging flowers, or sorting letters according to their handwriting, so that she could arrange them afterwards, and destroy or keep as she planned, looking ever onward to her death. Then, after the sofa was brought in, she would watch my face, and if she saw my colour change, she would bid me lie down and rest. And I used to try to walk upon the terrace every day for a short time; it hurt me very much, it is true, but the doctor had ordered it, and I knew her ladyship wished me to obey.

Before I had seen the back-ground of a great lady's life, I had thought it all play and fine doings. But whatever other grand people are, my lady was never idle. For one thing, she had to superintend the agent for the large Hanbury estate. I believe it was mortgaged for a sum of money which had gone to improve the late lord's Scotch lands; but she was anxious to pay off this before her death, and so to leave her own inheritance free of incumbrance to her son, the present Earl; whom, I secretly think, she considered a greater person, as being the heir

of the Hanburys (though through a female line), than as being my Lord Ludlow, with half-a-dozen other minor titles.

With this wish of releasing her property from the mortgage, skilful care was much needed in the management of it: and as far as my lady could go, she took every pains. She had a great book, in which every page was ruled into three divisions; on the first column was written the date and the name of the tenant who addressed any letter on business to her; on the second was briefly stated the subject of the letter, which generally contained a request of some kind. This request would be surrounded and enveloped in so many words, and often inserted in so many odd reasons and excuses, that Mr. Horner (the steward) would sometimes say it was like hunting through a bushel of chaff to find a grain of wheat. Now, in the second column of this book, the grain of meaning was placed, clean and dry, before her ladyship every morning. She sometimes would ask to see the original letter; sometimes she simply answered the request by a "Yes," or a "No;," and often she would send for leases and papers, and examine them well, with Mr. Horner at her elbow, to see if such petitions, as to be allowed to plough up pasture fields, &c., were provided for in the terms of the original agreement. On every Thursday she made herself at liberty to see her tenants, from four to six in the afternoon. Mornings would have suited my lady better, as far as convenience went, and I believe the old custom had been to have these levées (as her ladyship used to call them) held before twelve. But, as she said to Mr. Horner, when he urged returning to the former hours, it spoilt a whole day for a farmer, if he had to dress himself in his best and leave his work in the forenoon (and my lady liked to see her tenants come in their Sunday-clothes; she would not say a word, may-be, but she would take her spectacles slowly out, and put them on with silent gravity, and look at a dirty or raggedly-dressed man so solemnly and earnestly, that his nerves must have been pretty strong if he did not wince, and resolve that, however poor he might be, soap and water, and needle and thread should be used before he again appeared in her ladyship's ante-room). The outlying tenants had always a supper provided for them in the servants'-hall on Thursdays, to which indeed all comers were welcome to sit down. For my lady said, though there were not many hours left of a working-man's day when their business with her was ended, yet that they needed food and rest, and that she should be ashamed if they sought either at the Fighting Lion (called at this day the Hanbury Arms). They had as much beer as they could drink while they were eating; and when the food was cleared away they had a cup-a-piece of good ale, in which the oldest tenant present, standing up, gave Madam's health; and after that was drunk,

they were expected to set off homewards; at any rate, no more liquor was given them. The tenants one and all called her "Madam;" for they recognised in her the married heiress of the Hanburys, not the widow of a Lord Ludlow, of whom they and their forefathers knew nothing; and against whose memory, indeed, there rankled a dim unspoken grudge, the cause of which was accurately known to the very few who understood the nature of a mortgage, and were therefore aware that Madam's money had been taken to enrich my lord's poor land in Scotland. I am sure—for you can understand I was behind the scenes as it were, and had many an opportunity of seeing and hearing, as I lay or sat motionless in my lady's room, with the double doors open between it and the ante-room beyond, where Lady Ludlow saw her steward, and gave audience to her tenants,—I am certain, I say, that Mr. Horner was silently as much annoyed at the money that was swallowed up by this mortgage as anyone; and some time or other he had probably spoken his mind out to my lady; for there was a sort of offended reference on her part, and respectful submission to blame on his, while every now and then there was an implied protest,—whenever the payments of the interest became due, or whenever my lady stinted herself of any personal expense, such as Mr. Horner thought was only decorous and becoming in the heiress of the Hanburys. Her carriages were old and cumbrous, wanting all the improvements which had been adopted by those of her rank throughout the county. Mr. Horner would fain have had the ordering of a new coach. The carriage-horses, too, were getting past their work; yet all the promising colts bred on the estate were sold for ready money; and so on. My lord, her son, was ambassador at some foreign place; and very proud we all were of his glory and dignity; but I fancy it cost money, and my lady would have lived on bread and water sooner than have called upon him to help her in paying off the mortgage, although he was the one who was to benefit by it in the end.

Mr. Horner was a very faithful steward, and very respectful to my lady; although sometimes, I thought, she was sharper to him than to anyone else; perhaps because she knew that, although he never said anything, he disapproved of the Hanburys being made to pay for the Earl Ludlow's estates and state.

The late lord had been a sailor, and had been as extravagant in his habits as most sailors are, I am told,—for I never saw the sea; and yet he had a long sight to his own interests; but whatever he was, my lady loved him and his memory, with about as fond and proud a love as ever wife gave husband, I should think.

For a part of his life Mr. Horner, who was born on the Hanbury property, had been a

clerk to an attorney in Birmingham; and these few years had given him a kind of worldly wisdom, which, though always exerted for her benefit, was antipathetic to her ladyship, who thought that some of her steward's maxims savoured of trade and commerce. I fancy that if it had been possible, she would have preferred a return to the primitive system, of living on the produce of the land, and exchanging the surplus for such articles as were needed, without the intervention of money.

But Mr. Horner was bitten with new-fangled notions, as she would say, though his new-fangled notions were what folk at the present day would think sadly behind-hand; and some of Mr. Gray's ideas fell on Mr. Horner's mind like sparks on tow, though they started from two different points. Mr. Horner wanted to make every man useful and active in this world, and to direct as much activity and usefulness as possible to the improvement of the Hanbury estates, and the aggrandisement of the Hanbury family, and therefore he fell into the new cry for education.

Mr. Gray did not care much,—Mr. Horner thought not enough,—for this world, and where any man or family stood in their earthly position; but he would have every one prepared for the world to come, and capable of understanding and receiving certain doctrines, for which latter purpose, it stands to reason, he must have heard of these doctrines; and therefore Mr. Gray wanted education. The answer in the catechism that Mr. Horner was most fond of calling upon a child to repeat, was that to, "What is thy duty towards my neighbour?" The answer Mr. Gray liked best to hear repeated with unction, was that to the question, "What is the inward and spiritual grace?" The reply to which Lady Ludlow bent her head the lowest, as we said our catechism to her on Sundays, was to, "What is thy duty towards God?" But neither Mr. Horner nor Mr. Gray had heard many answers to the catechism as yet.

Up to this time there was no Sunday-school in Hanbury. Mr. Gray's desires were bounded by that object. Mr. Horner looked farther on; he hoped for a day-school at some future time, to train up intelligent labourers for working on the estate. My lady would hear of neither one nor the other; indeed, not the boldest man whom she ever saw, would have dared to name the project of a day-school within her hearing.

So Mr. Horner contented himself with quietly teaching a sharp, clever lad to read and write, with a view to making use of him as a kind of foreman in process of time. He had his pick of the farm-lads for this purpose, and, as the brightest and sharpest, although by far the raggedest and dirtiest, singled out Job Gregson's son. But all this—as my

lady never listened to gossip, or indeed, was spoken to unless she spoke first—was quite unknown to her, until the unlucky incident took place which I am going to relate.

AT THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

I HAD been serving as a volunteer in the batteries, for some twenty days previous to the eleventh of September, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven. Early on the morning of the twelfth we had completed the breaching batteries, and opened fire at about eight A.M. with a salvo and three cheers. Then for two days and nights came hot and heavy work; we never left the battery, though occasionally we retired to snatch a moment's sleep, or eat a morsel of food, and then again to our posts by the guns. Our duty was to breach the wall near the Cashmere Gate, knocking away also as much as possible on either side the flanking loopholes for musketry. After the first two or three hours' firing, the battery filled with a murky heavy smoke, so thick that we could barely distinguish each other's faces; our throats and mouths choked and parched with sulphureous gas, and the noon-day Indian sun darting down its rays upon our unsheltered heads, helped to give us no unfair idea of Pandemonium. Our batteries having been thrown up with great rapidity, the necks and shoulders of the embrasures were not properly finished, so that after every discharge we had to look out carefully for fire, one newly-erected battery having been burned to the ground before it was possible to extinguish the old dry fascines and gabions of which it was composed. We tried pegging raw hides over the gabions in the embrasures, but without much success, as they were blown away almost every time the gun was discharged.

About four P.M. on the thirteenth, almost all firing on our side ceased, and, lighting a pipe, I squatted down, taking care to take cover as well as circumstances would allow, for shot, shell, and grape, were coming in very liberally from Delhi. I had already experienced the most marvellous escapes, once being struck on the head by a splinter of a shell two pounds in weight, and only just scratched; at another time, whilst laying a gun, a shell came through the embrasure, and burst in the air within one yard from my face, yet never touched me at all, though it astonished me so much, that it was not until I had shaken myself two or three times, and felt my head and respective limbs, that I could persuade myself into a conviction of my entity, and that I was not scattered to the four winds of heaven. Just after I had taken up my position, and was commencing to inhale the choicest Cavendish from the dirtiest or best coloured of cutties, a poor bheestie, or water-carrier, who had been all day most gallantly attending our men, carrying them water under the heaviest

fire, was returning with his empty water-skin to the well for a fresh supply, when a round shot struck him behind the thigh, carrying the limb clean away. Nervous feeling must have been completely destroyed, for his face expressed no pain, and he sank to the ground so quietly, that had we not seen the accident, we might have fancied he was sitting down to rest. When a couple of men rushed up to his assistance, his whole mind seemed fixed on his water-skin, and all that he said was, "don't trouble yourselves about me, but take care of my mussock." Two minutes later, the poor bheestie was filling water-skins in the Styx.

As evening wore on, firing ceased altogether; retiring to the hollow behind the battery, we prepared for dinner, none the less welcome to us officers, as though the men had contrived by a system of relays to take their food pretty regularly, we had scarcely touched any for two days, so great was our excitement whilst breaching. Squatting on our charpoys, we proceeded to examine the baskets, which our careful and courageous kits had brought up from camp, and loud and sincere were the praises and promises of bucksheesh which we bestowed on our faithful servitors, as we extracted savoury pie, or well-spiced currie, and sparkling Bass. It has been admitted on all sides, that the conduct of native servants has in general been excellent during the whole crisis, few having deserted a master who had treated them with kindness; and many instances are on record of their having risked their own lives in the defence of those they served. A singular amount of courage and fidelity was displayed by a Madras servant in camp, whose master's life was saved by this man's having followed him into the very thick of a skirmish, and put a loaded rifle into his hand at the nick of time; nor would he leave his master's side until the position had been gained, and the enemy obliged to retire, though he had received a severe wound. Such are the natives of India: to-day the most devoted and faithful: to-morrow the most treacherous and deceitful, of the human race. That man, who had braved the bullets of the enemy to save his master, would next day have robbed him of every pice, or have sold his life for a plate of sweetsmeats.

After we had dined, and smoking had commenced, a short speech was made by one of the officers, alluding to the probability of our soon going to town, which was received with immense applause; and some native of the Emerald Isle called out, "Bedad, sir, we'd sooner go into Delhi nor take our breakfasts the morning." Great cheering followed this ebullition, and singing commenced, the officers setting the example. We had plenty of songs, chiefly of the love and war or death and glory style; but I shall never forget the effect produced by a young artilleryman,

who gave us a song with a chorus, something to this effect :

As we march through life's campaign,
In spite of every by-gone ill,
Were I to choose my life again,
I would be a soldier still.

No one could have been more rapturously encored and applauded, or have succeeded better in firing the minds and imaginations of the soldiers; every one was mad with excitement, an extra tot of grog was served round, and we all lay down in our clothes to await the morrow, each man eager for vengeance, his heart throbbing and blood boiling at the idea of the hand-to-hand fight with Pandy; and all as confident of success, as if the fearful odds that we were to contend against were in our favour.

A light touch on the shoulder awoke me; I sprang up, and saw three or four officers standing round a lantern, reading the orders which had just arrived from camp. They were short, clear, and precise, and each officer, as he hurriedly looked out his own name on the list, and found out for what duty he was told off, inquired, "At what o'clock do we assault?"

"About six, I believe," was the answer, "or, at all events, as early as practicable; but we know nothing for certain."

We all shook hands, and separated, to repair to our several posts. My orders were to hold two twenty-four-pounders in readiness to take into the city, *viâ* the Cashmere Gate at a moment's notice; so I set to work with a will, to get the ammunition together, the oxen harnessed, and the drivers ready to start, the instant they might be required.

About half an hour after daylight, the General and his staff arrived; it was the first time I had ever seen him; he came into the battery, and commenced reconnoitering the walls from behind the cover of the gabions, while I had a good opportunity of examining him; he is a tall man, with very large quiet contemplative eyes, a high forehead, grizzled hair, no whiskers, but a moustache, and a goat's beard; in age probably between sixty and seventy; his passion for his old trade, artillery, unconquerable; since then I have had many opportunities of seeing and observing him, but I never yet saw him pass artillery of any kind, guns, mortars, or howitzers, large or small, without looking over them carefully, putting his thumbs into the vents, trying with his own hands if they were loaded or empty, and, finally, when departing, giving them an affectionate pat, a sort of parental farewell, as if to say, "Now do be good guns, and behave properly till I see you again."

Shortly after the chief engineer, and two or three of his attendants, arrived, much on the *qui vive* about some infernal machine for blowing up or opening something somewhere,—I rather think the Cashmere Gate.

The chief was a little lively man, with a face like a ferret; and, having been hurt in the leg some days previously, hopped about like a lame kangaroo.

And now a dull heavy sound begins to be heard, continuous, regular, slow. It comes nearer, nearer; it seems to steal on your excited ears like the muffled roar of an approaching torrent; suddenly the leading files come in sight, and a column slowly turning the angle of the road, like some huge caterpillar, vanishes on its way to Delhi.

Everybody knows all about the assault. Indeed, there seem to be many people in England who are better up on the subject of the assault and capture of the city, than either the engineers who planned it, or the general and the army who executed it. I will only mention one of the finest sights of that morning—the charge of the Bengal Horse Artillery—one that can never be forgotten by those who saw it.

Suddenly, I am told that the Cashmere Gate is opened, and I find myself taking in my guns. The stupid oxen won't move, they don't like cannon-balls, and they hate the smell of powder; the more stupid native drivers pretend not to understand me. They turn and twist every way but the right, I abuse them mildly, according to the custom of the country, by expressing doubts as to their parentage, and giving hints as to the misconduct of their female relations, but without effect; so, drawing my sword, I experimentalise with the point, upon both man and beast, and then we jog along merrily enough.

The Cashmere Gate is blocked up by the most heterogeneous living mass that can be conceived; natives eager for plunder swarming into the city, officers' servants, officers themselves, stray camels, commissariat carts and officers, a few tattoos, some dead Pandies, Goorkhas, Sikhs, Pathans, the wounded being carried out in doolies, soldiers clearing away the dead, aide-de-camps, bullocks, an insane elephant, and a sprinkling of women, goats, sheep, and poultry. All of these that could speak, were speaking: English oaths, Hindoo yells, Moslem curses, filled the troubled air; whilst bullets went sportively whizzing about, occasional round shot dropped in, and shells burst playfully in every direction.

With much trouble, difficulty, and danger, I worked a way in for myself and guns, one of which I was directed to leave in charge of another officer, and to take on the other at once to the head of the bazaar, opposite Skinner's House, where we had our furthest picquet, and there fire at discretion. We were momentarily expecting a sally up the street of the bazaar; which, if attempted previous to the arrival of the gun, would most probably have been successful, and with our picquets driven in, we should have been compelled to retire on the Cashmere Gate with much loss, forfeiting the con-

siderable portion of the town already gained. How I reached Skinner's House with the gun, I really scarcely know, all across the esplanade, or open space in front of the church; round shot were flying like cricket-balls in a playground; bullets on the loose were every moment singing in my ears; and I kept perpetually hopping an involuntary hornpipe in the endeavour to avoid the showers of grape which kept pit-patting all over the place. Yet I did reach it without the loss of a bullock, unlimbered, put the gun in position, covering as nearly as possible the turn in the street of the bazaar, lighted the port-fire, and took cover carefully in a small shop on the opposite side to Skinner's House, where there was a picket of the Fifty-second (Light Infantry), and also some of the Buzbees, who did not, however, remain long. The enemy maintained a very smart fire down the street, though they wouldn't show,—and I saw five men killed in about as many minutes from simple carelessness in exposing themselves; the picquets occasionally returned fire, but in a very desultory manner. All the men were dreadfully fatigued, and more ready to drink or sleep than to fight, while the enemy kept themselves so carefully ensconced behind walls and shutters, that it was mere waste of powder firing at them, though they managed to pick off a good many of our side.

At the bend of the lane there was a huge tree, in which one Pandey had managed to ensconce himself, and, dodging behind a large branch, he avoided every shot we fired at him, whilst three of our men fell beneath his fatal aim. Two were wounded, and one killed. Sitting close by me were two Afghan Pathans, squatting on their haunches, smoking, and calmly gossiping in Pushtoo. They belonged, I think, to the Guides, but having somehow or other got separated from their corps, probably in the search for loot, had thought my little nook, protected as it was by the picquet and guns, as safe and comfortable a place of refuge as they could find. I touched one of these fellows on the shoulder, and said to him, in Pushtoo,

"You Pathans are great shots; why don't you knock that Pandey off that tree?"

"Sahib," said he, "since you wish it, I will kill that Pandey; but why do not the red coats kill him?"

So saying, he raised himself slowly, put up his hookah, and proceeded with great deliberation to load his matchlock, a weapon with a barrel about six feet long, a straight stick for a stock, round which the live-match was wound, and very small bore. Down this he poured a handful of very coarse powder, over that rammed down the ball, and over the ball a bit of cloth, then primed, but all with the greatest gravity and solemnity; then, salaaming to me, he dashed across the street, avoiding a shower of balls, and disappeared in a shop on the opposite side,

nor was he seen again for some time—rather to my alarm.

We had waited for about a quarter of an hour, when suddenly, an old Pathan clutched me by the arm, and pointed. I looked out in the direction indicated, and at that moment the gentleman in the tree fired at us. Suddenly, from the roof of a house close to the tree, up rose our friend, calm and deliberate as ever. He shifted his aim two or three times, and then fired, and over rolled Pandey, from the tree to the roof, from the roof to the street, shot through the forehead.

A grog-shop was found near our picket; and several Parsee stores, or Europe-shops, which sell everything, were broken open, in consequence of which the British soldier was soon either more than half-seas over, or feasting on jams; preserves, sardines, and other eatables.

The intoxication which prevailed amongst our troops on the afternoon and night of the fourteenth was truly frightful; worn out by fatigue, and exhausted by want of rest, they laid themselves down and slept, dead to every sense of duty, or roamed about the city, mad with wine, reckless of every danger. I have heard from all military men whose opinion is worthy of respect, that had the enemy been aware of the state of our troops on the afternoon of the fourteenth, and had they mustered sufficient courage to have once more rallied and attacked us, we must have been infallibly driven from our position, and forced to retire on the Cashmere Gate, if not worse.

In the evening Skinner's House was selected for head-quarter camp, and all the head-quarter people came over and dined there; it was protected to the rear by, I think, the Kumaon Battalion or some Goorkha troops, and to the front by one eighteen-pounder, one six-pounder, and a picket of the Sixtieth Rifles. Before dinner, the General himself went all round, posted double sentries everywhere, laid the guns himself, and saw that everything was in good order. The enemy's marksmen kept up a smart fire, but he walked about and across the street, without even seeming to be aware of it, though he several times cautioned the men against exposing themselves unnecessarily.

I had a dreadful night—constant alarms and no sleep. This, in addition to all the fatigue and excitement I had undergone in the last few days, quite knocked me up, so I was glad to be relieved next morning, and find a little time for rest. My servants arrived from camp with a change of clothes and food; and, after a bath, sleep, and breakfast, I sallied forth eager to hear tidings of my friends—news which, when it did arrive, was, alas! in but too many instances, of the most mournful kind; a mere list of friends destroyed or mutilated, comrades wounded or slain.

In the afternoon I strolled out, wearing, of

course, my sword and revolver. The enemy had been driven entirely out of the bazaar, and for several hundred yards, almost up to the cross-roads leading to the Chadnee Chok, was our own. The sights which struck the eye on every side were worse, if possible, than the noisome stench. Now, you passed the shop of a bunya, or native shopkeeper: his dead figure, perhaps, stretched across his own threshold: beside him the corpse of his son: strewed around, and scattered in every direction, his various stores—grain, atta, dal—the white flour blackened with dried or drying blood, his books still open, his papers just written, and his accounts filed, just as the owner left them, when he himself was called to his last account. As you stand at the door, out sneaks some miserable camp-follower trying to conceal in his kapra the wretched plunder he has pillaged from the dead; you make him drop his bundle, kick him, and pass on. Similar scenes continually strike you, varied, indeed, in the minutiae, but with the same strongly-marked features—death, destruction, and avarice.

I sickened of the scene, and moodily strolled on, lighting a wholesome weed as some slight antidote to the pestilential effluvia. I had walked for some time, and, without perceiving it, had diverged from the direct line of street into one of the numerous alleys which intersect the town in every direction, when, on a sudden, I seemed to awaken to a sense of danger, and almost started when I found myself perfectly alone in a small, gloomy street—on the right a high dead-wall, on the left a line of houses, lofty, sombre, turreted, balconied, and castellated. I was close to a huge gateway, when I detected a movement behind one of the wooden gates, which was open and folded back; a moment's delay might be death. I drew my sword and cocked my revolver. An old Mussulman tottered out; and, falling at my feet, clasped me round the legs, and begged for mercy. I questioned him as to who he was? what he was doing? to whom the house belonged? et cetera. For some minutes he could not articulate for fear; but, as soon as he saw that I had no intention of hurting him, his instincts returned, and he commenced lying with great volubility; so, catching him by the arm, and holding my pistol to his forehead, I desired him to show me over the house, clearly explaining to him that, whatever happened to myself, if he led me into any trap, I would blow his brains out.

Passing in through the gateway, we entered a small quadrangle, with a fountain in the centre, and shrubs planted round with considerable taste. Crossing this, we reached an arched doorway, which led us along a narrow passage to the foot of a handsome staircase. This we mounted and reached a spacious landing-place, or hall, showing several doors at various distances in

the wall. My guide here seemed to hesitate, but I pushed him forward towards the largest door, whispering something into his ear, which, coupled with the cold muzzle of the revolver—which I kept cocked and pressed to his forehead—seemed an effective inducement to action. He opened the door with a key at his girdle, and we passed into a vast room splendidly furnished, evidently the residence of some very wealthy nawab or Mussulman prince. From this room we passed into another, and so on till we had made the complete circuit of the house, which was all furnished in the same style and with the greatest extravagance. I was beginning to recollect to mind the Arabian Nights and Persian Tales, and to wonder whether my old conductor would vanish in a flame, or melt into air, when I was recalled to this sublimity world by the opening of a door at the end of a corridor directly facing me. There was just time to catch a glimpse of a woman, veiled from head to foot, to hear a scream, and the light sound of her retreating footsteps, before the door was slammed again with violence and locked and chained from the inside. I was alarmed. The nawab, or sheik, and his whole family had taken refuge in the zenana, or women's apartments, and would only wait to make sure there were no men with me below, to sally out and attack me. I could not suppose that a native lady would have been left with no other guardian than the feeble old wretch who still trembled in my grasp.

We proceeded together to the door of the zenana, and, after some expostulation from within, were admitted, passing through two or three passages, and crossing once or twice the roofs of houses. We at length reached an apartment where three old women were spinning, and a fourth lay on a bed crying passionately. The room might have been called the Temple of Luxury. Large, lofty, and with arched ceilings, the upper walls were covered with illuminative designs; round the room, for about the height of six feet, a kind of padded wainscoting of yellow silk was fastened, so as to form an easy back for the lounge sitting on Turkish cushions, while rich carpets covered the floor. Opening from either side of the apartment were the gussul-khana, or bathing-rooms; the ab-khana, or water-rooms; the buruf-khana, or ice-house; the baberchi-khana, or kitchens; all fitted up in the most splendid manner with all the apparatus of luxury. Round the room were ranged atta-dans, or perfume-boxes; pandans, or pawn-boxes; and peek-dans, or spittoons; of solid silver. Two hookas—one lighted and ready for use—literally covered with gold, turquoise, and emerald—caught my sight; and two small gold lamps, studded with alternate diamonds and rubies, and inscribed with verses from the Koran, gave out a strong perfume and a bright light, in front of an enormous mirror which occupied one

end of the room. Were I to say that the effect produced on the mind by the appearance of this apartment was a blaze of gold, silver, and jewellery, I should not exaggerate. The old women, seeing me, dropped their wheels, and, falling on their knees, howled for mercy, whilst the lady on the charpoy, in whom I recognised my former vision, buried her head in a shawl and wept more violently than before. I made the old man assure the women of their safety, and stepped up to her, and whispered in her ears a few words in her native tongue. She slowly raised her head and drew up her veil. A face more lovely I never beheld. She asked if I intended to kill her? I replied with assurances of comfort and protection.

I arranged a plan for her. That evening, disguised as a boy, she and her attendants passed through the gates of the city, and she reached my tents in safety, with all her property in money, jewels, shawls, and clothes. My servants were too old and too confidential to blab; and, as I gave my own tent entirely to her and her servants, and returned to sleep in the city, with directions that no one should be allowed inside my enclosure, the adventure was never known. Two days afterwards, I contrived her safe escape to the Punjab, with all her portable property and servants, including my ancient guide, who blessed me most fervently when we parted, and requested Heaven to make me a General quickly—a prayer which I hope may be granted. But I rather doubt it.

Our orders to march on the twenty-third arrived, and we were marched out, a pursuing force or column of punishment in the direction of Bolundshuhur; our duty, to burn, ravage, and destroy, and to leave our path marked by ransacked villages and deserted homesteads.

THE LADY'S DREAM.

I stood one eve within a forest's shade,
I saw the sunlight flow,
Flickering and dancing down the pillar'd glade,
A golden shadow that with shadows play'd,
On a green floor below.

I saw the soft blue sky through latticed trees,
Soft sky and tender cloud;
I saw the branches tremble to the breeze,—
Saw, as they trembled, still and far off leas,
To holy musings vow'd.

The sweetness and the quiet of the place
Deep through my soul had gone,
Till in some world not ours, I seem'd to trace
The skirts of parting glory, and the face
Of glory coming on.

Ah me! I said, how beautiful and glad
This sylvan realm might be,
Peopled with shapes too holy to be sad,
Shapes lovely as the fabled foreworld had
When Fancy yet was free.

Some pastoral quaint of ancient Greece were fit
To be enacted here;
Or haply here the fairy court might sit,
Or fairy children flowery garlands knit,
To lead the silk-neck'd steer.

Or yet more fit, amid a scene so calm,
Might deep-wing'd angels stand,
Or dance, as in great Milton's lofty psalm,
Face fronting face, and palm enfolding palm,
A holy, happy band.

So mused I, in that sacred forest shade,
When suddenly I heard
Low voices murmuring down the pillar'd glade,
While, mix'd with song, soft music round me play'd
Till flowers and leaves were stirr'd.

See, through the boughs that part on every side,
What children come this way!
See, how the forest opens far and wide,
For entrance to the joyous shapes that glide
Into its emerald day!

Ah see, what pictures hang upon the air,
Making the sunset dim!
Full eyes, all loaded with dark light are there,
That gleam mysterious under golden hair,
Round cheek and rosy limb.

Ah, happy steer! by gentle children led,
And wreath'd with flowery chain;
Slant ever thus thy proud and graceful head,
And bear us to some Eden, long long fled,
Or bring it back again.

O wonder not, though heaven should open wide,
And o'er its flaming wall
A wing'd messenger should downward glide,—
Angels with children, angels, too, abide,
Or come when children call.

Pass on, O dream of antique truth and love!
Fade, cherub, with thy flowers!
Pass on, O gracious creatures, as ye move!
Fair boys with garlands, sing of worlds above,
And bring them down to ours.

Pass on, pass on, with merry shout and play!
Pass on with flute and reed!
Through the long forest aisles ye fade away,
Sweet sounds, sweet shapes, ye fade with fading day,
And leave us poor indeed.

STRAWBERRIES.

DUKES decorate their coronetted brows
with golden or jewelled strawberry leaves;
thirsty commoners pamper a humbler portion
of their head by the application and intro-
duction of the ripe juicy fruit. Learned
botanists will tell you that a strawberry
is not a berry any more than it is a nut
or a peacock, but, if you please, a fleshy
receptacle studded with seeds. As the straw
once strewn between the rows of plants, to
keep the ground moist and the fruit clean, is
mostly omitted in the modern course of cul-
ture, we thus have an utterly false denomina-
tion, strawberry, which it would be difficult
to change for the better. The strawberry
grows wild in the old world and in the new;

on the mountain, in the valley, and through the forest. It is anything but a despicable fruit. As the finest diamonds are weighed by the carat, so the first forced strawberries are sold by the ounce. The strawberry, saith Rembert Dodoens, physician of the city of Malines, when green is cold and dry, and when ripe cold and moist. The decoction of the plant used as a drink, arrests a flux. The same held in the mouth, comforts the gums, cures malignant ulcers in the mouth, and takes away all evil smell from the same. The juice of the leaves cures all redness of the face. Strawberries quench thirst, and the continual usage thereof profits those who have any great heat in their stomach. What a pity, therefore, that strawberries are not to be had for the picking, on the borders of gin-palaces! They deserve the special favour and encouragement of Temperance Societies, at home and abroad.

Our ancestors seem to have valued the strawberry plant rather for its medicinal than its epicurean merits; notwithstanding which, the strawberry was probably one of the earliest luxuries enjoyed by the primitive British households or hutholds. Ere sloes had been ameliorated into Orleans plums; while crabs were the only native representative of apples; before Lucullus had introduced cherries to Roman tables, and when Armenia had apricots all to herself, ancient British children would gather fragrant desserts from the strawberry plants that skirted ancient British woods, or which clothed the sunny side of the ditches that divided the kingdom of Cowford from the kingdom of Pigham. Our early navigators did something for strawberries; the discovery of America did more. The new arrivals received shelter and hospitality from worthy and wealthy merchants and traders, such as John Tradescant, with his famous garden in Holborn. Whether we hold them to be species botanically distinct, or mere varieties of the same species, the original pine-strawberry is supposed to come from Surinam, the original scarlet from Virginia. The old Caroline, from Carolina, is a most respectable, prolific, and sapid fruit. Ever since seventeen hundred and twelve, the Chili strawberry has marvellously thriven at Brest, in France, from whence it has spread over the rest of the civilised world, and to which city it was first brought from La Conception by an officer of engineers named Frezièr—rather a curious coincidence of sound, as Fraisier is French for strawberry-plant. The Alps, too, were found to hide within their secret recesses several strawberries of peculiar character, to which, after long years of neglect, it is desirable that the attention of horticulturists should be seriously directed. The latest discovery and importation is the new Californian species, *Fragaria lucida*, the shining-leaved strawberry, which perhaps may be one of the

"coming men," fated to raise the destinies of its family. How, will appear from the patient perusal of this paper to its close. All that I, the writer, am able to say of it from personal knowledge, is that it is a very pretty and prepossessing little plant. Monsieur Van Houtte, the famous nurseryman of Ghent,—from whom it is to be obtained at the moderate price of four francs the dozen, states, with his accustomed honourable candour, that from the results hitherto obtained by him, he begins to fear that, although quite hardy, it has not found, in his cold exposed situation,* a sufficiently mild climate for its perfect prosperity. Monsieur Van Houtte received the seeds from Monsieur Boursier de la Rivière, who brought them from California. Madame Elisa L. Vilmorin, the wife of one of the able contributors to that capital almanack the *Bon Jardinier*, publishes her opinion that this new Californian strawberry is the most important and the most interesting in her whole collection. She esteems it of the greatest value, not only as a species, but still more as a fruit. It is productive of exquisite flavour, and very late. It ripens at a time when no other strawberries remain, except the last fruits of the Chili, to which, at Verrières, it has proved greatly superior. Madame Vilmorin is about to give to the world a monograph on strawberries; the lady's combined opportunities and talents are an assurance that the work will be of value both to the botanist and the fruit-grower.

The strawberry dislikes light sandy soil; thrives best in sound rich loam; is grateful for a good supply of manure; and cannot abide a scalding arid subsoil. The plant is naturally of an unsettled roaming disposition: it is the infliction of a real punishment to make it stay too long in a place. No kind of strawberry should remain more than three years in the same plot of ground; others, as the Alpines and other perpetuals, are better transplanted every autumn. Most strawberries gratify their rambling propensities by means of what gardeners call runners—a sort of stalk-like seven-league boots which enable the offspring, if not the parent plant itself, to effect a change of residence. We may calculate approximately, how long it would take a new sort of strawberry to cross over from one end of a garden to the end opposite, by means of its runners. The offsets thus shot forth from home, to root and settle themselves at the end of their string, are highly useful for the purposes of multiplication, especially as their fruit always resembles that of the mother plant. Consequently, there are two ways of propagating strawberries; by their runners and by their seed. The first, the quickest and the surest; the second, more tardy and troublesome, but eminently useful as a means of obtaining new varieties, whether by leaving nature to

* See Household Words, vol. xiii., p. 577.

her own freaks and vagaries, or by the artificial process of systematic hybridising.

Strawberries of vigorous growth become absolutely annoying to the gardener, during the season of making their runners, from the luxuriance with which they obtrude themselves in all directions, choking up the passage of gravel walks, pushing their way through hedges, and smothering flower-beds. A serious inconvenience of this rampant vegetation is the difficulty which it causes in keeping two similarly-leaved kinds unmixed and distinct, if the size of the garden does not permit the separation of the beds by a wide interval either of alley or of some crop. To avoid these nuisances, some cut the runners as fast as they start—a wearisome task; others fear to do so lest they should injure the plant. But it has been proved by experiment that the strawberry bears and thrives equally well whether its runners are cut or not—in short, that it makes no difference. The cutting, moreover, is a self-increasing labour; the runners are like the hydra's heads; the faster you cut them, the faster they start. It is a violence done to nature, against which she rebels; and the best plan is to let them alone, removing them, to provide young stock for neighbours and friends, as soon as the first runners are fairly rooted. For, runner number one, if left undisturbed, will send forth a runner number two; number one will blossom the following spring, number two most probably not. But there is an almost forgotten variety of the wood-strawberry which makes no runners, known by the French as *fraiser sans filets* and *fraiser buisson*, or bush strawberry, because it grows in little tufts (like the well-known thrift) by the division of which, in autumn, it is multiplied. It forms an exceedingly pretty edging, and gives no trouble to keep it neat. Its fruit, though small, lasts in long succession. There is a white-fruited sub-variety which is not generally known. Besides these, there is a runnerless alpine called the *gaillon* strawberry, because it was found, about eighteen hundred and twenty, by Monsieur Le Baube, in a bed of seedling alpenes, at Gaillon. It flowers and bears all summer long. This, too, has a white-fruited variety. The *Gaillons*, which require to be frequently divided and repanted, bear even more abundantly in autumn than in spring. Here, then, are qualities whose value will be estimated at a glance by progress-loving horticulturists, like Rivers and Paul. Here is the faculty of bearing a constant succession of fruit, and a habit of growth which saves all the plague and confusion of runners. If we could but unite to these merits the juiciness of the Elton, or the size of the Chili, what a grand stride in advance would the strawberry have made!

Another mode of cutting is sometimes practised, for neatness' sake, which I venture to qualify as barbarous. As soon as the poor

plants have ripened their last fruit, there comes a two-legged monster who makes more frequent use of his muscles than of his brains, bearing a scythe, or a pair of shears, or a carving-knife of round-of-beef power, with which he shaves the unfortunate strawberry-bed as closely as he crops his own chin on Sundays. You remonstrate. Oh! it does no harm; it gets rid of the litter; the leaves will grow again, and then the bed will look fresh and green; no fear of that. It is useless to talk to him about the functions of leaves; he has never killed a strawberry-bed in that way, nor has he weakened it—that he knows of. Strawberries take a deal of killing. His father before him always did so, and so did his grandmother, poor old soul. Don't waste your breath in talking; set him at once to cleave wood and fetch water, and let him cut away all the dead leaves he likes any time in the course of next December.

"And those strawberry plants, madam, that you did me the favour to accept last year? Are they bearing well? They ought, I think."

"Why no, sir, not exactly. I have gathered just three or four little ones, and they were sour."

"That is very extraordinary. They are amongst the very best strawberries in cultivation."

"Well, you know; I put them in an out-of-the-way corner, where the aspect is not very good, and they have not had much sun and air. They are a little overgrown by trees. I suppose, perhaps, there may be something in that. But John, our farming-man, told me that strawberries would grow almost anywhere."

"Certainly, madam, and so will wheat. And therefore John may as well sow your next year's crop of bread-corn in some cold wet corner, with a bad aspect, and underneath the drip of trees. It will grow, no doubt."

English strawberries, like many other excellent things, are the fruits of peace. As observed by Doctor Lindley, they are the result of a series of quiet and silent experimentation, of the highest importance to gardeners, which has been going on for a number of years in this country, and which commenced under the auspices of Mr. Thomas Andrew Knight. At that time, but little interest had been directed to horticulture. It was only at the end of the last great war, which so desolated Europe, that any attention could be paid to it; and it was not until eighteen hundred and eighteen that steps were taken for effecting those improvements, the results of which we now enjoy. Mr. Knight was a great physiologist, and he devoted his attention, talent, and fortune to the perfecting of fruits, and to none more perseveringly than the strawberry. In his time, the strawberry of the garden, however rich, was small and unwilling to bear

abundantly compared with the sorts now in cultivation; but Mr. Knight's experiments led to the production of a race, of which the British Queen was the great example, and of which that called the Princess Alice Maude is another form.

The sorts of strawberries are numerous now, and it cannot be said that the worst of them is bad—unless they go blind and sterile, as some of the *hautbois* do; in which case they are null and void, without appreciable qualities. You cannot state that a thing which is not, is either grateful or unpleasant to the taste. The price of strawberries varies greatly. Novelties always come out at a high figure. Thus, there is the Wonderful strawberry, raised by J. Jeyes, nurseryman, Northampton, price one guinea per hundred, stated to ripen a week later than the British Queen, and to produce fruit in such abundance that it is necessary to place a stick near the centre of each plant, and from it to support the long clusters of fruit from covering the surrounding ground. A most meritorious characteristic that, if the strawberry stands the proof of the eating. [N.B. There is a new scarlet geranium, Wonderful, also. Tyros, who want a plentiful dessert, will take care not to order plants which, instead of fruit, will only produce magnificent bouquets.] As a contrast in respect to saleable value, there is Kitley's Goliath—it should have been Goliath's Head, because it is round, big, and (calumniators say) a little inclined to be woolly, like the rest of its kindred—offered for the reasonable price of one pound per thousand plants.

Tastes differ in regard to strawberries, as with everything else. The palatable properties of wood or wild strawberries have been, it seems to me, estimated rather poetically. Of those in cultivation many are so excellent as to make you regret they should be so transitory. You have a few days' glut, and then they are over. Fastidious fruit judges are apt to find fault with the Chilias in general as deficient in flavour, as incurably woolly, watery, and insipid; I, the scribe, accept them gratefully, when thoroughly ripened with plenty of sun. Wilmot's Superb, though slightly esteemed by professional horticulturists, has nevertheless great family merits; it is of enormous size, looks handsome on the dish, and fills the mouth of little people with a large lump of wholesome bread fruit. The scribe's gardens—not to crack too loud, they are two, of modest dimensions—contain some five or six-and-twenty kinds, such as Nicholson's Ajax, Captain Cook, Fill Basket, and Ruby; Swainston's Seedling, Hooper's ditto; Pelvilain's Comte de Paris; Haquin's Liegeoise; Myatt's Globe and Prolific *Hautbois*; Trollope's Victoria the Magnificent; and, of course,—of course, three times of course,—the Black Prince, the British Queen, and the Elton Pine. Besides these, there exist other very desirable

varieties too numerous to mention. Sir Harry is a novelty which is astonishing the world with its voluminous presence. As curiosities, there are the single-leaved, the five-leaved, and the variegated-leaved strawberries. One or two seedlings, which are not yet out, raised by Mr. Nicholson and by Mr. Cuthill himself, appear likely to contest the palm of earliness with Cuthill's well-known Black Prince, which is occasionally gathered ripe, in the open ground, by the end of May.

A great English naturalist, who has left behind him standard works, amused the last years of his amiable and useful life by the study of cultivated fruits. One day, he pulled from his pocket three beautiful apples and laid them out before me on the table. I thought they were meant as a friendly offering, and was about to thank him for the same; but he anticipated the coming speech, and undeceived me.

"This," he said, "is for to-day; this for to-morrow, and that for next day. Every day, at dessert, I learn one variety of apple that is new to me. I first observe its outside complexion; I then cut it in halves perpendicularly from the crown to the stalk, and I make a tracing of the outline of the section, which gives me a correct profile likeness; and, lastly, I eat it, which determines the flavour. I only eat one apple a day, for fear of confounding the different varieties in my memory."

Just so, at the present season, you, my reader, may undertake a course of strawberries. It would be as well if you could get a leaf of each sort to accompany the lesson contained in the plate. Covent Garden will supply specimens, early and late, numerous and true. You will make the acquaintance of the Roseberry and the Bath scarlet, of that lucky accident Keen's seedling, of——but you will find a succession of flavours much more entertaining than a succession of names.

Good gardeners have drawn up carefully selected lists comprising sundry varieties of strawberries, by growing which you may count upon a constant succession of fruit for six weeks or a couple of months. Such guiding help is doubtless acceptable in its way, and good as far as it goes; but it is only a half-measure, or a quarter-measure. It does not attempt to supply the thing really wanted, namely, new sorts of strawberries of a class totally different to those now in repute and general cultivation.

The horticultural world should do for strawberries what it has done for roses. Remember the roses of our great-grandmothers' days. There was the hundred-leaved or cabbage, the yellow cabbage, the pompons or rose de Meaux, the Burgundy or crimson pompon, the doctor's rose, the *rosamundi* or striped doctor's rose, and a few others. Some of these were, and still are, very beautiful; but

if their spring blossom-buds were suffered to be destroyed, by neglecting to rescue them from the onslaught of grubs, as often happened, there was an end of roses till the following year. Except in the case of the semi-double Portland or Peestan rose, autumnal roses were unlooked for accidents, produced by the brutal pruning of some drunken gardener's labourer, or by a September thunderstorm at the end of a long summer's drought. Then came the charming monthly or China-rose; but it was suffered, for years and years, to decorate the cottage porch unimproved. Afterwards arrived the crimson and the white Chinas, the first Noisette from America, the Ile de Bourbon, and the original and the yellow tea-roses. And then gardeners set to work in earnest. They remembered the advance made by that great benefactor of his country, Thomas Andrew Knight, and they carried out his principles and his practice of skilful hybridisation. The result is that roses are a never-ending gratification. It is possible to have roses in bloom very nearly—if not quite—all the year round. Even such classes as the moss, which obstinately adhered to their orthodox season, have at least been persuaded to become perpetual. There are moss-roses—white, red, and blush,—which continue to flower till the end of summer. The rose now says to her master in a tone which challenges him to do his best, "Do you supply me with manure and culture, with kind attention to my whims and fancies, with sunshine and shade at the times when I want them, with a friendly humouring of my natural habits, and I, growing in the open air, will supply you with abundant bouquets from June till October; later perhaps. Perhaps, even on Christmas Day, you shall have a few blooms to mingle with your holly and your laurustinus."

Well, what we now want is a set of perpetual strawberries which shall make as generous a return for liberal treatment as the *Géant des Batailles* or the *Queen of the Bourbons*. The project is perfectly feasible. It will take time, certainly; it cannot be completely carried out by one single head and one pair of hands; but it may, and it will be effected, for we already possess the elementary materials; and we know not what further helps may turn up, either at home in the course of the attempt, or abroad in countries yet unexplored, as China, Japan, the Himalayas, and North-Western America, all which regions promise well. Several perpetual strawberries are already in existence, though greatly neglected in England of late years; they are stuck into some odd corner, as merely fit to amuse holiday-children with a surprise of autumnal fruit, or they are consigned to the obscurity of old farm-gardens, tenantless mansions, and remote parsonages, where they form part of a collection of rarities. But they have the grand merit of producing a succession of flowers and

fruit; all that is required is to combine this valuable faculty with the merits for which modern varieties are esteemed. The first results may not be perfect; the change, therefore, will have to be made by passing through several steps. There are the *Black Prince* and the *Princess Royal* to give earliness; the first also has a great tendency to throw out a second crop when circumstances favour, as when the plants have been forced for a first crop and then turned out into the open ground. *Keen's Seedling* and the *British Queen* will induce in their progeny abundant bearing. Fine flavour will come from the *Downton*, *Myatt's Elisa*, the old *Caroline*, and some of the *hautbois*. *Kitley's Goliath* and *Wilmot's Superb* will contribute size; and the new Californian arrival will prolong the season far beyond its present limit. In short, when a garden can show its beds of strawberries, of different kinds, but all agreeing in the novel characteristic of bearing, from some time in June till some time in October, an abundance of fruit of various types, but all handsome, all well-flavoured, of good size, and in never-failing succession,—such a garden will indeed be a pleasure-ground.

Fancy these perpetual strawberries, ye contented ghosts of our ancient British ancestors; ye, who, in your barbarism, thought a handful of seedy wood-strawberries very fine eating! The idea of a *New Perpetual Elton* always at hand to pluck, at the same time luscious, piquant, and bulky, throughout all the heats of haysill and harvest, through the London season, the bathing season, and the shooting season,—it is enough to make your venerable mouths water in your mysterious graves.

INFAMOUS MR. FULLER.

ENGLISHMEN who hear of treasons and conspiracies abroad; of societies of the *Marianne* and societies of the tenth of December; of midnight visits from gendarmes or Italian sbirri; of sudden discoveries of muskets or grenades in mouldy cellars or poverty-stricken garrets; of police spies in white neckcloths and glazed boots, mingling in private soirées, and looking stray nods or shrugs, or half-heard whispers; of warrants of banishment from the *préfet* under *lois de suspects*, of secret denunciations and mysterious disappearances of incautious talkers—even Englishmen who have lived amid these things, and got away (as wise men do) as soon as they can, would have some difficulty in imagining the enactment of such scenes at home. Something like them, however, has been seen, even in England before now—times of plots and conspiracies, and distrust, when no man's life or property was safe. It is not without its uses, at this time, to go back and regard some of the features of such periods in the under-currents of their history.

All readers of English history know the stories of Oates, and Bedloe, and Dangerfield; and all know that one of the most terrible symptoms of the civil troubles in which they flourished, is the prevalence of false witnesses, who, to shelter themselves, or for the gratification of old hatreds, or more commonly for the sake of gain, or of favour with those in power, forge evidence against the lives and liberties of others. Of the latter class—one of an infamous school—Mr. William Fuller, may be taken as a fair example. His adventures are briefly touched on by Mr. Macaulay, who describes him as having done all that man could do to secure an eminent place among villains. "That Fuller's plot is less celebrated than the Popish plot," he says, "is rather the fault of historians than of Fuller." But though now forgotten, he must once have secured a considerable amount of public interest, if I may judge from the bundle of pamphlets concerning him which I have lately stumbled upon in an old library. I find many lives of him. Here is *The whole Life of Mr. William Fuller, being an Impartial Account of his Birth, Education, Relations, &c., Together with a true Discovery of the Intrigues for which he now lies confined; with his hearty Repentance for the Misdemeanours he did in the late Reign, Impartially writ by Himself, 1703; and to this is prefixed an engraved portrait of William Fuller, Gent. (the engraver has left out the e in gent, but being afterwards better informed, has conscientiously inserted it with a caret). And truly he does appear here an honest, simple, country gentleman, of a very open and pleasant countenance. Then, I have the Life and Unaccountable Actions of William Fuller, alias Esq. Fuller, alias Colonel, &c.; the notorious English Cheat, &c. The Second Edition, with large Additions; also the Life of William Fuller, alias Fullee, alias Fowler, alias Ellison, &c.; by original, a Butcher's son; by education a Coney-wool-cutter; by inclination an Evidence; by vote of Parliament an Impostor; by Title of his own making a Colonel, and by his own Demerits, now a close Prisoner in the Fleet, 1702. I have a number of other pamphlets; from all of which, giving him the benefit of his own explanations as far as they go, I will endeavour to sketch his story.*

Fuller was born at Milton next Sittingbourne in Kent, in sixteen hundred and seventy. His father, he says, was a grazier, and supplied the fleets and navies during the Dutch wars with cattle; but the hostile biographers say a butcher, and declare that he could only have fed the fleets and navies by a miracle. His mother, he also informs us, was the daughter of Charles Herbert, cousin-german to the Marquis of Powis, who married his father without the knowledge of any of her relations and friends; and, although this, too, is denied, it appears from

circumstances to be probable. His parents died when he was young, but they had placed him at a good school at Maidstone, where, says Fuller, whose humility and repentance had not by any means lowered his self-esteem, "I scorned common sports, and had always an aspiring mind." His guardian, Mr. Cornelius Harfleet, however, does not appear to have observed any of these indications of future greatness; for he apprenticed him to Mr. James Hartley, a skinner, in Shoe Lane, London; but Fuller felt that he could not "be company for a parcel of silly unpolished fellows and wenches, pulling and cutting of beaver and coney-skins." He fretted in his new employment; and meeting one day with a relation of his mother's, Sir John Burrows, a Roman Catholic, he was introduced by him to Lord Powis, and taken into that nobleman's family, and afterwards became page to Lady Melford, the wife of another Catholic nobleman at the court of James. Here, Fuller saw much of court-life, and when the Revolution came, fled to France with his master.

The queen had already taken refuge at Saint Germain but the king still lingered in England; and one day Fuller was despatched with letters from the queen to her husband. "Though I was young," says Fuller, "being born in Kent, I had a perfect knowledge of those roads, and having been used to travel, the queen adjudged me a proper person." The account of this part of his life is necessarily drawn from his own narrative; but it is probably substantially correct; for it is impossible to account for some portions of his known career, without assuming his intimate acquaintance with the Courts of Saint James and Saint Germain. Fuller discharged his commission to the satisfaction of his employers, and was thenceforth frequently sent upon such perilous errands. Letters to various persons in England were elaborately sewn into the buttons of his coat, and Fuller undertook, at imminent risk of the hangman, to deliver them. Sometimes he came boldly up the river, and went ashore near the Tower, and set about his business unobserved; or, a French sloop landed him at night on the beach between Deal and Dover; but at other times the smugglers were his friends. At that time our forefathers, in their wisdom, had forbidden the export of wool from this kingdom, and the consequence was a large smuggling trade in that article upon all the southern coast. The men engaged in this Owling trade, as he calls it, frequently conveyed Fuller over, and landed him in the marshes near Lydd, whence he got to London as well as he could. Once after landing he groped his way over the slippery shingles,—the smugglers having given him good-night, and put out to sea again,—and climbed up the sea-bank of the great Romney Marsh. A heavy wind was blowing, which threatened to carry him over into the

salt ditches on the other side, and the place was very dreary, no habitation being near save the lighthouse at a distance; and to this Fuller got with much difficulty, the night being extremely dark. Two old men occupied the lighthouse, who must have been astonished to find a stranger in that dismal spot on such a night. They entertained him with the best fare they had, and a dirty bed; but Fuller was wet, and wearied, and could almost have slept out upon the bleak marsh. He told them, for his invention rarely failed him, that he had been aboard an English ship bound westward, but that, having received letters from London in the Downs, he had come ashore there; that the sea running very high, they had found no calm place, save at the point where the ship's boat had landed him; and that he had relations near Tenterden. The story was believed, and the following morning early, Fuller got to the next farm-house, and took horse, and rode away through the Weald of Kent, and Tunbridge to London.

This kind of business, grew more and more dangerous. Invasions were expected. Conspiracies were abroad, and traitors, if discovered, found little mercy. Fuller's connection with Saint Germain's had become known to King William's government, and a warrant was out against him for high treason; but though the authorities had his name correctly, yet the description of his person was not accurate, for they had taken him by his name, to be a brother of one Mr. Fuller that served the Queen Dowager: who, instead of being an active stripling, was a man well in years, lusty, and tall. Notwithstanding the warrant, Fuller, being young, and having a simple honest-looking face, even obtained admission to prisoners in the Tower, with whom he had instructions to communicate; but he was obliged to find new means of returning to France, and so bought a suit of sea-clothes, besmear'd his hands and face with pitch, tar, and dirt, and took passage aboard a fishing-vessel. Fuller, however, made several more journeys, with newfrights and narrow escapes. Once, he daringly took a lodging in Westminster, near Mr. Rowland Tempest, the late king's private secretary, who had then lately come from Ireland, with treasonous letters. "The messengers," says Fuller, "were all the time searching for us. So we kept close, and when we had occasion to speak to each other in the night, without our shoes we tramped over the houses, and consulted how we should get off, behind a large stack of chimneys." Subsequently, Fuller went to Ireland, to Lord Powis at the camp of King James; and came next by an Irish smack to Bristol on further treasonable business. Here his adventures had nearly come to an end; for the authorities captured him, and took him before a justice of the peace, who ordered him to be searched; but

his papers were well concealed, made up in the moulds of his buttons, and so covered over with silk or silver, while some letters were sown up in his boots within the linings; and Fuller made so plausible a story, that the simple justice discharged him.

At length, however, Fuller's treasonable tours were brought to an end. For the twelfth time, according to his account, he set out for England, with many letters concealed in buttons, keys, and all manner of ways that could be contrived. Having arrived in England, and delivered some of his commissions to some persons who met him by appointment at the Half Moon Tavern in Cheapside, Fuller was leaving the tavern, about nine in the evening, when he met, upon the threshold, his old guardian, Mr. Harfeet, with his nephew, a Major Kitchell. These gentlemen were zealous for the cause of King William, and, recognising him by the light of their footman's flambeau, they compelled him to accompany them in a coach to Lord Shrewsbury's house in Saint James's Square, where he was threatened with Newgate, irons, and the Tower. Fuller was not proof against these threats, although his papers defied the searchers. He was confined for some weeks, during which he turned Protestant, was taken to the king, and betrayed his employers. That he was after this time used by the government is admitted by his enemies. He was commanded to keep secret his arrest, to make some excuses for his delay, and return to France, which he did, bringing back other papers, which were regularly copied by the government, and then delivered: an act of treachery which he repeated several times, until at length his fear of returning to France was greater than his old dread on English ground. He resolved on one open act of treachery, which must bring his journeys to an end. Being employed on a mission from Saint Germain's, in concert with one Matthew Crone, an Irish priest, he resolved to betray his companion. Crone was seized, as he supposed, with Fuller; but, being under examination at Lord Shrewsbury's office, where he denied all, Crone by chance, the office door being open, observed Fuller pass with his sword on and without any keepers: which so struck him, says Fuller, that he was hardly able to speak. Fuller became evidence against him on the trial, and he was condemned to death.

The business of a spy seems at that time to have been an attractive one. The uncle and Major Kitchell having betrayed Fuller, immediately laid with him a scheme for the ruin of Colonel Crayford, Governor of Sheerness. Major Kitchell, says Fuller, living at Milton, had, I suppose, a design to get Mr. Crayford's place; and it is pretty evident, from Fuller's own account, that this was the truth. The plan was cunningly devised. A letter was forged from Colonel Crayford to the queen

at Saint Germain's, calculated to draw from her such a letter as suited their designs. Fuller delivered the forged letter, and brought from the queen an answer considered likely to try the loyalty of Crayford, or to compromise him in some way. Crayford, however, by his honesty, foiled their plans. "When I carried him the letter," Fuller says, "he received me civilly; but started when I named a letter from the queen in France. He took it, but told me he must confine me as a prisoner, until he had sent it to the Secretary of State. Then I showed him a warrant from my Lord Shrewsbury, requiring all officers, military and civil, to permit me to pass in any part of this kingdom without control; and I was not to be confined on any account whatever, without first giving notice to the Privy Council. I made a true report of my reception when I came to the king, my business having made a great noise in the world, and abundance of persons being put into the Tower, and all other prisons in England."

Thus did Mr. Fuller continue to testify his loyalty to King William; but the best of men in public life make enemies. Having to give evidence against a friend whom he had betrayed, he suddenly fell ill before the trial. Dr. Lower, he says, and others, gave their opinion that he was poisoned, and he lay seven weeks without moving hand or foot. His hair came off, and his nails also changed their colour. And after all, Mr. Thomas White confessed that he, for a large bribe, gave him the dose in a dish of Scotch porridge, to prevent his giving evidence. Mr. Fuller complains bitterly of other underhand tricks devised to prevent his old friend from being hanged. One of the jurymen had the amazing wickedness to object to Fuller as a witness, on the ground that no man being in a plot should be an evidence against any other of the conspirators; and this pretence he maintained in defiance of Chief Justice Holt and other judges, who rebuked him. This fellow held out for forty-eight hours; and two or three of his brother jurymen, being ancient, subsequently died of the effects of their fast—though he himself, as he afterwards admitted, was provided with a store of sweetmeats, one Madam Clifford being actually taken in the act of flinging him papers of good things in at the court-house window.

Mr. Fuller, the evidence, as he was called, being very busy in this way, now began to flourish amazingly. He had a handsome allowance from the Government, and being a goodlooking fellow, as his portrait testifies, he started as a man of fashion. He set up his coach, and had servants clothed in rich liveries: he lodged in Pall Mall, going to Court every day. "I lived," says he, "in hopes of mighty things, and spent the devil and all in following the Court—followed all fashions, and, like others, run into tradesmen's debts. Every birthday or ball night I

had all new. I was a good benefactor to the playhouse, and never missed any opportunity of being amongst the ladies. When the king went to Ireland, Mr. Fuller followed thither with a handsome equipage, consisting of several servants, horses, and the like, and was every way richly accoutred. His purpose was to obtain a captain's commission; but though he did not succeed in this, his journey appears to have paid its expenses, for he made a good deal of money by persuading unfortunate prisoners of his power and influence, and promising for a consideration in ready money to obtain their freedom. By such means, and by a skilful knack of borrowing money of strangers upon false pretences, Mr. Fuller's journey became a profitable one, but he spent all his gains in riotous living. When the king went to Holland, Fuller followed him again. "I made me twelve suits of clothes," he says, "and my waistcoats were the worst of them of silver stuff of about forty shillings the yard, so that at the Hague I made no small figure."

All this was a much finer thing than cutting coney-skins at Mr. Hartley's dingy warehouse in Shoe Lane; but there came a change. Mr. Fuller's affairs were embarrassed. One day, as he was going to Court through Pall Mall, eight bailiffs stopped his chairman, and arrested him. It was not customary then, as it is now, to yield as matter of course to the officers of the law; "but," says Fuller, "I had but two footmen there, and the bailiffs being so many in number, I was carried to a spunging-house." Finally, he removed to the King's Bench prison; but by giving security to the Marshal, with twenty guineas, he obtained his release, and took lodgings in Axe Yard, within the liberty of the Court.

This was a dismal change indeed. Spying and informing had had their day. Imitators had sprung up on all sides, and the trade had gone to wrack and ruin; but Fuller did not despair. Single traitors were no longer worth a guinea. A plot—a good plot, involving the lives and fortunes of a hundred or so of unsuspecting English gentlemen—was the thing to revive the business. Fuller determined to discover one; and took some pains to settle what sort of a plot was likely to suit the public taste. Indeed, it is pretty evident from his own story, that he removed to Axe Yard for no other purpose than to take lessons in this new branch of his profession from the infamous Doctor Titus Oates, who had himself become too well known some years before, to enable him to practice in person.

Fuller's account of his connection with Oates affords a curious picture of the times. "Whilst I lodged in Axe Yard," says he, "I became acquainted with Doctor Oates, who had seen me before, as I had him, puffing about the Court; but now

being neighbours, we began to grow very intimate. He invites me to his house to dinner, and there I met with Mister John Tutchin, and a great many that talked mightily against King James [this was the safest sort of talk at that time], and the best name they could afford that prince was rogue and scoundrel-rascal. I never heard such invectives uttered before, as by these men. They began to tell me I must be hearty in my cause: it was a glorious thing to discover a plot, and he that would serve a nation must fear nobody, but strike at all that stood in his way. They preached up liberty and property, and spoke very despicably of all kings, not sparing him on the throne. They said he employed rogues [how could Mr. Fuller deny it?] and Tories, men that would betray and ruin the Protestant religion, the king himself, and the civil rights of the people [was Mr. Fuller likely to hesitate after that?]. They exclaimed mightily against the noble family of the Finches, and by their malice, said a thousand horrid things against the greatest of that name, and told me it was impossible that any of that family should love me, and it was pity I did not know something against them, as to bring them so into the plot as to have them cut off root and branch. These things startled me at first; but some considerable men, as John Arnold, Esquire, John Saville, Esquire, and others it is not fitting to name, appearing amongst them, and saying the same things, telling long stories of what they had done to serve and save the nation, what they had suffered for the same, and what danger England was yet in—these things made me look on them as saints and mighty patrons for the public good. In a short time the reverend doctor invites me to come and lodge in his house, and having his first floor very handsomely furnished, I accepted his offer, and had room for my servants also.”

Thus, according to Mr. Fuller, did the wicked Doctor and his party corrupt him. But their villany went further still. When he was in Oates's house, Fuller says, “he and his friend Tutchin, whom he almost kept, with the rest of the gang, prevailed with me to let them see a copy of my information of the whole plot, and when they read it they shook their heads, blessing themselves, and said what a pity it was that so good a plot should be mangled, and spoiled, and no better used. ‘Gadzooks!’ says the Doctor, ‘I wouldn’t be served so. You are a fool, Fuller, and a coxcomb. God’s life! I could beat you for having no more wit. Why, I would go to Charles and tell him his own, nay, swear he was in the popish plot himself, only he knew not that part designed against his own life. I made him afraid of me, and his lords, Lowtherdale and the rest. I called them rogues to their faces, but you are afraid to speak to them.’ At this kind of rate I was baited by him and his crew, until to avoid

them I returned to my former lodging over against him, for I could not bear his continual foul language.” Another reason, however, for avoiding Doctor Oates, which Fuller calls a good pretence, peeps out in his narrative. “Mr. Aaron Smith,” he says, “seeing the Doctor and me together one day, at a tavern in the city, he fell a-swear at me for being with the Doctor in public. ‘Look you, Mr. Fuller,’ said he, ‘the Doctor is a good and an honest man. He saved his country, and deserves well from all good men; but there be many at Court who hate him, and so they will you, if you keep him company. Besides, the Jacobites will say he tutors you; and if Mister Crone should confess, he would be set up as a witness against a great many great men, and this being with Doctor Oates will bring such reflections upon you that the Tories will take advantage by it. So you must leave off being seen publicly in his company, or I shall complain of you, to your damage.’ I was not sorry for all this,” says Fuller, “and though I left the Doctor’s house, yet he would visit me frequently, as did his retainers.”

Fuller’s plot was as yet but a cock-and-bull story, and he pretended that he required time and money to bring the whole matter to light. In such times, however, parties cannot afford to neglect a warning however doubtful, and he appears to have persuaded many of the truth—among others the Archbishop of Canterbury, who promised to forward the matter with the king and queen. Fuller got an order for money out of the treasury: nor was this all: the marshal hearing that he was about to start for Flanders, where the king was, captured him again, and kept him close in the prison. Upon this he says: “I sent to my good Lord of Canterbury presently, and he the same night acquainted the queen. So the next morning early, Mr. Dalone the queen’s secretary’s servant, came to my chamber-door, and entering, brought me a present of two hundred pounds in silver, which was very welcome.” With this, and the help of innumerable swindling tricks, Fuller travelled to the camp in the Low Countries, in his old state of a coach and six. His confidence and effrontery were unbounded. Meeting with the notorious Colonel Kirk, who was with the army, he boldly asserted to him that he was a relation of Lord Sydney, who was actually then in the camp. This Fuller confesses. The hostile biographers tell us that Lord Sydney, hearing the story, and being shown the person, asked him what country he was of, and which way his relation to ‘my lord came in? Fuller, in no wise abashed, replied that “truly he had the happiness to be somewhat related, though not so near as a nephew ‘twas true, as he much feared it was his misfortune to be at present unknown to his lordship; however, he hoped his lordship would pardon his boldness in laying claim to so high an honour, it being

impossible for him to do less than pride himself, though in the most distant affinity, to a family of that worth and glory as his lordship's. His lordship," says the biographer, was not altogether satisfied with this answer; but "was pleased to signify that he desired him to forbear laying farther claim to his kindred; for if he did not, he would have a paper pinned to his back, and have him thrashed by his footmen through the camp, that it might be known how little affection or respect he had for his own nephew." This seems to have alarmed Fuller, who, at the next town, abandoned his story, though afterwards he says: "I must own that I passed for a nephew of the Archbishop of Canterbury." The king appears to have been too busy to examine his story. He commanded him to go to Brussels, and wait for further instructions; and, finally, he returned to London without obtaining a hearing.

Time was precious and plots will not keep. On the tenth of November, sixteen hundred and ninety-one, Fuller finding the Government slow to believe, boldly petitioned the House of Commons to be heard. He undertook to produce five hundred original letters and papers on behalf of King James, and to support them by four witnesses, each men of property, of five hundred pounds per annum. Names were mentioned, and many trembled at the threatened disclosures; but Fuller had no letters or papers. His object was to obtain money as long as he could delay exposure. When ordered to appear before the House, he pretended to have been poisoned; but a committee being appointed to visit him, he declared that one Mr. Thomas Jones was the real discoverer of the business; but neither Jones nor any other parties named could be found. After much shuffling of this kind, Fuller was indicted for libel, and condemned to stand twice in the pillory, and pay a fine of two hundred marks to the king, or go to prison. These punishments, however, did not cure him. In a short time he obtained his release, and set up again in his old business with as great success as ever. At one time he had a groom, three horses, and a footman, and lodged on Ludgate Hill. Some noted Whig gentlemen employed him with Doctor Kingston, who, now and then reporting that he knew where a traitor was to be found, received orders to track him out at once in company with Fuller. This, with every variety of swindling, served to repair Fuller's broken fortunes; he kept an establishment at Twickenham; and making the acquaintance of a lady of property, inveigled her into promising to marry him. Fuller calls her a young lady with twenty thousand pounds, but Narcissus Luttrell in his Diary, under date of August, sixteen hundred and ninety-six, records the fact of her being a widow with fifteen thousand pounds. They were solemnly contracted, and were to be married, when a troublesome brother went to

Tunbridge Wells; but the lady suddenly fell sick of the small-pox and died. "I was a faithful mourner," Mr. Fuller touchingly observes; "for if I knew my own heart, I valued her person more than her fortune, but both together were too great a blessing for me."

Thus Mr. Fuller, sometimes up, sometimes down, frequently in the Fleet or its liberties, and occasionally in splendid lodgings, contrived to pass a year or two. Through his invisible friend Jones, he was constantly hearing of a traitor, and he was always ready for any Whig gentlemen who wished it, to prove strange and treasonable practices committed by somebody in the interest of France. When the trade flagged a little, he set up as a literary gentleman—published accounts of various trips to Hampshire and Flanders, in search of traitors. Curious glimpses of his literary associates are obtained in his narratives and prefaces. There were Mr. John Tutchin, already named, the editor of the *Observer*, who was sentenced (for libels) to be whipped through every town in England. Also Mr. Robert Murray, who lodged within the Liberties of the Fleet, at a coffin-maker's in the Old Bailey: where Jack Tutchin, being out of credit, came to live with him; until Mr. Murray complained urgently of his fellow-lodger's unfortunate inability to change his linen. Besides these, were Mr. Pettis, a scandalous drunken fellow, and a number of other bold writers and politicians, including Doctor Kingston, who, said Fuller when he quarrelled with him, "served his time with one Sprig, a tailor at Northampton, and afterwards sold gingerbread and cardmatches in the old Artillery ground, and jumped into orders by copying an instrument he found in a parson's old breeches that came to him to be mended, and since that was obliged to quit those orders, to which he never was justly entitled."

Fuller proved himself a worthy member of this fraternity, by putting forth a constant succession of libellous pamphlets, which he impudently dedicated to various persons in high positions in the State—the principal of them tending to show that the pretender was not the child of King James or the Queen, but of an Irish woman, named Mrs. Grey. Fuller pretended that the queen's supposed confinement was a trick, and that the child of Mrs. Grey had been taken from her to support the cheat. He gave the most circumstantial narratives of what he had seen in Saint James's Palace when a page to the Marchioness of Powis, and afterwards in France, where he alleged that the real mother had been murdered. The tracts were read with avidity. They favoured a popular belief, which was not without its use to the government, and as long as he libelled none but Catholics and Jacobites, they were allowed to circulate. But Fuller was again emboldened by his

success. When his readers began to tire, he pretended that his old informant Jones, who once left him in the lurch so cruelly, had again turned up, and had handed over to him a wonderful collection of treasonable documents. Fuller now began to forge wholesale, and print letters of King James, the queen, Father Corker, Mrs. Grey, the Earl of Tyrconnel, and the Duchess of Powis, with a number of formal depositions of persons of quality and worth. These he declared to be "from the originals, as they were intercepted, and delivered to his present Majesty." The letters were formal and circumstantial, and with the depositions and other documents had every appearance of genuineness. They were dedicated to the Earl of Romney, to the Lord Mayor, and to others. Each publication was recommended to the consideration of both Houses of Parliament, and one bore on its title-page the words Published by Command. Not content with these startling publications, he once more petitioned both Houses of Parliament to be allowed to substantiate his charges. Fuller, who admits the forgeries, says that he was assured by his party that nothing could hurt him. "I was promised," he says, "by several persons of figure and note that I should have forty witnesses to stand by me, and be brought off with honour." Many persons of high rank were compromised by his statements, and the House of Lords were compelled to order his attendance. Fuller then began the old trick of shuffling. He pretended that Jones would not come, until he had protection from the House. When this was granted, he took the messengers into the country for twelve days in search of Jones, who never could be found. Sometimes, the Jacobites had threatened to murder Jones if he came to the House; sometimes, Jones was hiding at the house of Mr. Ingelsfield, who was as airy and unsubstantial as Jones; and sometimes both of them had promised to be at the Three Tuns Tavern, at Ludgate Hill, or some other place, and did not come, Jones having taken fright again and vanished. The House at last got tired of this; and in spite of letters to the Chancellor, and the Speaker, and the Chief Justice, solemnly attesting the genuineness of the documents, and promising to produce Jones if they would only grant him time and money, and in spite of actual letters from Jones himself promising to come—Fuller was again indicted, and convicted, still calling on the name of Jones, and offering to produce him within eight hours.

The sentence was, that Fuller should go to all the Courts in Westminster with a paper pinned upon him, expressing his crime; that he should stand three days in the pillory, two hours at a time, at Charing Cross, Temple Bar, and the Royal Exchange; that he should be whipped at Bridewell, kept to hard labour, and fined a thousand marks—all of which was executed, as ap-

pears from a lamentable account by Mr. Fuller himself:

"Never," he says, "was man amongst Turks or barbarians known to be worse used. I was sadly abused at Charing Cross; but at Temple Bar I was stifled with all manner of dust, filth, and rotten eggs; and my left eye was so bruised with a stone flung, that it swelled out of my head immediately, the blow deprived me of my senses, and I fell down (not wilfully as some say), and hung by the neck. Three times was I served in that kind, losing all manner of sense, though I fell down but twice, and being almost dead, I was by order taken out; but felt not my release, nor was I sensible of anything for some hours after. I was a miserable object to behold, and hardly any that saw me thought it possible for me to survive. I was all over bruised from head to heel, and on the small of my back, as I stood stooping, a stone struck me, which, being taken up, was found to weigh more than six pounds. On Monday in the city I was more tenderly used, after having made my complaint to Sir James Bateman, then sheriff. On Friday, when I was carried to Bridewell, I was very sick and weak; but nothing availed. I must suffer, and had thirty-nine lashes. Being ironed with heavy fetters, I was sent down immediately to hard labour, and not so much as allowed to be dressed; insomuch that when I came from work at night, the blood had dried my shirt and skin together, so that both came off. I had a violent fever, but must to work the next day by six. I was barbarously used by some of the petty officers of the place, and was inhumanly beat and bruised by one of the arts-masters. I am now," Fuller concludes, "a prisoner in the common side of the Queen's Bench; lodged under ground in close nauseous holes, such as a gentleman would hardly put a dog into that he loved. We have no air, nor is there anything but misery to be seen. I have been also kept in irons, though now only a prisoner for debt, and all my usage in the execution of my sentence has been barbarous beyond comparison, which makes me, with holy Job, cry out: Pity me; pity me, O ye my friends; for the hand of the Lord is upon me!"

A dismal termination this—a woful change from livery servants, and coach and six, and lodgings in Pall Mall, and waistcoats of stuff worth forty shillings the yard. Nor was there now any hope of recovery. The hundreds whom Fuller had accused, had suffered imprisonment and paid their fines, till governments were tired—and good Queen Anne was on the throne. Informing was out of fashion, and Fuller was at last too much damaged for the business.

"To end my days in solitude," he piously says in a postscript, "and prepare for a blessed eternity, is the utmost extent of my wishes."

But he appears to have got out of prison again. Fifteen years afterwards, we obtain a momentary glimpse of him, getting a living by a petty roguery, which tells how much he had fallen—persuading poor tradesmen of his power to get them small government appointments, and inducing them by his bold talk to give him sums of money: for which he was committed to Newgate in seventeen hundred and seventeen. After this he drops into an obscurity in which we have failed, in spite of much searching, to track him. It is not difficult to imagine him, after many visits to Newgate and Bridewell, condemned for some petty forgery, and making his last appearance one morning at Tyburn, or in front of his old friend Jack Tutchin's lodgings—slinking out of the world with an alias which sheltered him from the fierce howlings of the mob, and concealed his fate for ever.

A COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT.

My name is not unknown to the British public. When I mention that I am the author of those powerful letters which appear occasionally under the signature of Hydrophobius, I need scarcely add that I am the celebrated Sweetwort. While writing those letters I was a happy man. My privacy was as strictly preserved as that of Junius, and probably for the same reason, because my name would then have added nothing to the force of my fulminations. In a moment of weakness I allowed the veil to be torn asunder. My letters were collected and published; and, not content with that, to show my versatility, I gave to the world a collection of poetry, bearing my signature at full length, under the title of *The Rhododendron*, and other poems. For about three months after the publication of these two volumes, I had the exciting pleasure of seeing myself torn to pieces by my enemies in the daily and weekly critical organs; and the stupefying agony of seeing myself defended by my friends in the same channels of public instruction. The result of this contest was that I became a literary lion. No gathering of wits was considered perfect without me. My time, during the week, was divided between dinner parties, evening parties, and conversazioni. Occasionally, as I passed along the streets, I had the satisfaction of seeing men who were walking together, turn round as I went by, and hearing them say to each other hastily: "There he is! That's Sweetwort!—Hydrophobius, you know!"

I had lived in this happy state for about six months, when it was suddenly found, by photographic artists that a public demand existed for my portrait. I might have anticipated this natural result of my exalted position, but I had purposely closed my eyes to it for certain reasons of a physical nature.

My face and head are of that peculiar character, that, under no possible combina-

tion of lights and attitude could they be agreeable in a photographic portrait, or give any correct idea of the original. This, however, availed nothing to stem the tide of persecution, which set in, gently at first, but gradually increasing in power, until it broke down every barrier which the forms and decencies of society had raised before it.

The attack was commenced with letters, which came one and two a-day, three and four, ten, a dozen, even twenty at last, from photographic artists, soliciting the favour of a sitting. Some came with bare requests; others backed by the recommendations of acquaintances, to whom they were allowed to refer; others giving a list of what they had already done in the wide field of literary and artistic portraits. All these letters required to be answered according to the rules of business and politeness.

Not always, however, was the request conveyed in writing: frequently it gave rise to personal visits of gentlemanly-looking men, who, if I was not at home, would not leave their cards, saying it was no matter, and they would call again. Some, by great tact and industry, obtained an interview, and were very difficult to bow out, they were so mild and persuasive. A few of the more energetic, when they called, were thoroughly prepared to take advantage, if I happened to be in one of my moments of weakness. Boys were waiting with the necessary apparatus round the corner; and sometimes the shadow of the abominable instrument was cast by the sunlight across my study blinds, as I was endeavouring with all the powers at my command to get rid of its owner. I was as much attacked by the implements of photographic art, as ever an unpopular Irish landlord was by the blunderbusses of insolvent tenants. My excited imagination saw the detestable lens pointed at me in the street, levelled at my dressing-room curtain as I went through the task of shaving; lurking for me in by-lanes, and under cover of the trees in the open meadows; stationed even in the very centre of the green-coated German band who played their operatic selection before my breakfast-room window.

The real or presumed ties of family and kindred were raked up to assist in my persecution.

A full-bearded gentleman of Venetian aspect waited upon me early one morning, with a letter from an agriculturist stationed in one of the most inaccessible parts of Wales, begging to introduce the bearer to my notice, he being the grandson of some old lady that I was supposed to remember, who was the niece of my mother's aunt by my mother's marriage with her first husband before she became the wife of my late father. I read the letter, and exhibited a decent degree of cordiality to my visitor. I even invited him to dinner, when, to my horror, he slowly explained, over the wine, the object of his

visit—the old story—my portrait. But he did not get it. O no!

On another occasion, by the carelessness and ignorance of a new servant, a shabby sheriff's-officer looking man was admitted into my study, where he immediately took a seat, placing a greasy hat upon the floor, containing a red cotton pocket-handkerchief. I awaited his pleasure, not being aware that any writs were out against me, or that a distress was likely to be put in for rent. He was not long in explaining his business.

"Of course," he began, "as I says to my gov'n'r, a gent didn't ought to have his v'lab'le time took up without gettin' suffin for it."

"Sir!" I said, in astonishment.

"Well," he continued drowsily, without noticing my remark, "a gent's pictur fetches money—consequently it's worth money—that's about the size of it, I think?"

I gave him no reply, being too much engaged in thinking of the uncharitableness of the world, which was probably attributing my coyness to interested motives. The photographic professors perhaps thought that the proper price for my portrait had not yet been offered to me, and had sent this agreeable agent to negotiate the purchase.

"Come," he added, in what was intended to be a wheedling tone, "it's soon over, you know; only like havin' a tooth out, after all. If a gen'lman's a gen'lman, my gov'n'r 'll do the thing that's right."

Whether this man was simply inebriated—a paid agent, or a self-constituted agent, I did not stay to ascertain. At the close of the last speech I had him moved bodily out of the house, and I was annoyed with no more personal applications for the space of three weeks.

For the short period of three weeks I was entirely undisturbed, and began to comfort myself with the delightful belief that the portrait mania, as far as I was concerned, had at length worked itself out by sheer exhaustion, and died quietly away. I was the victim of a miserable self-deception. The calm was only the forerunner of the tempest.

Entering my study, one morning, a little earlier than usual, I found it, to my astonishment, in the possession of a tall, stout, determined looking man, who returned my enquiring glance with a steady eye, that seemed prepared for everything. A mysterious feeling came over me, as I gazed with a kind of fascination upon the stranger, that at last I had found my master. He had obtained admission, in defiance of my strict instructions, by stepping over the pail and the housemaid, as she was cleaning the steps in the morning. Remonstrance, with such a man, I seemed to feel was useless, and I allowed him to state his business at once, without interruption, conscious that no time would be lost.

"Now, sir," he said loudly, in the tone of a policeman who had just caught a notorious criminal, "you are aware that for some time, a growing demand has existed for your portrait?"

I assented, silently.

"You are aware," he continued, calmly, but forcibly, "that, when a demand reaches a certain height, it must be supplied?"

I again assented with a feeble nod.

"Good. Look here."

He drew a picture from his capacious coat-pocket. He placed it in my hand. I examined it carefully. It was a marvellous production of photographic skill,—a beetle-browed man, with the Sunday complexion of a master chimney-sweep, the lineaments of a churchwarden mixed with those of the professional burglar, but whether the churchwarden turned burglar or the burglar turned churchwarden, it was impossible to determine.

"Know that person?" asked my visitor.

I replied that I did not.

"Bill Tippets—the Lambeth Phenomenon."

"Of the prize-ring?"

"Of the prize-ring."

I returned the portrait of Bill Tippets.

"Now," continued my visitor, "I'm a practical man. I've got an order for two thousand copies of your portrait, for home consumption, and fifteen hundred for exportation. I don't want to do anything offensive; but, knowing your objection to sit for a photograph, I have been compelled to look amongst my stock for something like you, and I can find nothing so near the mark as Bill Tippets."

A cold perspiration came over me: the practical man had got me in his power.

"This order for two thousand copies of your likeness for home consumption, and fifteen hundred for exportation," he resumed, "must be executed within ten days, and I can only give you till ten o'clock to-morrow morning to decide. At that hour I must know whether it is to be Bill Tippets, or Mr. Edgar Sweetwort. Good morning."

Long before the appointed hour, I was sitting helplessly, under a broiling sun, in a glass cage upon the tiles of an elevated house near the Haymarket, W., composing my countenance according to the imperious instructions of the relentless photographer.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS

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THE END OF FORDYCE, BROTHERS.

As long as I can remember, I have always loved the City—taking a strange delight in wandering up and down its busy streets, elbowing its merchants in their favourite gathering-places, and listening to the marvellous histories of many of its greatest money-makers. I like these men, perhaps, because I am not of them. I am of that listless, aimless, dreamy nature, which could not make money if it tried. The most promising enterprise would wither under my touch. Few are the guineas in my pocket that I can call my own, but I am well content, and no feeling of envy arises in my mind as I listen to the musical clinking of coin that comes from the open doors of the rich banking-houses.

My most frequent haunt is an old nook in the heart of the City, which, although now thrown open as a public thoroughfare, must have been, in former times, the private garden of some wealthy merchant's mansion. The entrance is under a low archway, built with bricks of the deepest purple red, and over the archway, in a white niche, stands a short, weather-beaten figure of a man, cut in stone, in a costume of a former age. Passing over the well-worn pavement through the arch, you find yourself in a small quadrangle containing that rarest of all things in these modern days—a city garden. Small care does it now receive, because no one can claim it as his own. The ground is black and hard—the yellow gravel having long since been trodden out—and the chief vegetation which it boasts are two large chesnut trees, that seem to gain in breadth and vigour as the years roll on. A few drooping flowers in one corner, show that some town-bred hand is near, fond of the children of the country, though little versed in their nature and their ways. Under the shade of one of the trees stands an old wooden seat, chipped in many places, and rudely carved with names and dates. Sitting on this bench, and looking before you to the other side of the quadrangle, the eye rests upon a short passage running under wooden arches, like an aisle in the old Flemish Exchange of Sir Thomas Gresham. On the face of the brickwork dwelling surmounting these arches (now turned into

offices) is fixed a rain-washed sun-dial, and over this is a small weathercock turret that at one time contained a bell.

Any time between twelve o'clock and four, I may be found seated upon that old bench under the tree. Sometimes I bring a book, and read; sometimes I sit in listless repose, repeopling the place with quaintly-dressed shadows of the old stout-hearted merchants of the past. I seldom have more than one companion. Under the archway, and along the passage, busy men pass to and from their work the whole day long, but they are too much occupied, or too anxious, to give a moment's glance at the garden, or to linger by the way. My only fellow-visitor is an old clerk, whose years must have numbered nearly ninety, but whose memory is clear and strong, although his body is bent with age. He is a kind of pensioner connected with the place, and is the owner of the few faded flowers in the corner of the ground, which he tends with his own hands. For eighty long, weary years he has lived in these old buildings, never having been out of the City further than Newington fields. Here he was born, and here, when the appointed time shall come, within sound of the familiar bells, and the familiar footsteps of the money-makers tramping over his head, he will drop into a City grave.

From the day when I ventured to give him some advice about the management of a lilac bush, apparently in a dying state, he came and sat by my side, pouring into my willing ear all the stories that he knew about the old houses that surrounded us. He soon found in me a sympathetic listener, who never interrupted or wearied of his narratives—the stores of a memory which extends over more than three-fourths of a century of time.

At one corner of the quadrangle is a part of the building with several long, dark, narrow, dusty windows, closely shut up with heavy oaken shutters, scarcely visible through the dirt upon the glass. None of the panes are broken, like those of a house in chancery, but its general gloomy, ruined appearance would assuredly have given it up as a prey to destruction, if it had not been in its present secluded position. Its dismal aspect excited my interest, and I obtained from my companion his version of its story.

I give it in his own person, though not exactly in his own words.

About the middle of the last century, two brothers were in business in these houses as general merchants, whose names were James and Robert Fordyce. They were quiet, middle-aged, amiable gentlemen, tolerably rich, honourable in their dealings, affable and benevolent to their servants, as I found during the few years that I was in their employment. Their transactions were large, and their correspondents very numerous; but, although they must have been constantly receiving information, by letter and otherwise, that would have been valuable to them in speculations on the stock-market, they never, to the best of my knowledge, made use of it for that purpose, but confined their attention strictly to their trade. This building was not divided then as you see it now. In that corner which is closed up were our counting-houses, the private room of the two brothers being on the ground-floor. The rest of the square was used as warehouses, except the side over the arches, and that was set apart as the private residence of the partners, who lived there together, one being a bachelor, and the other a widower without children. I was quite a young man at this time, but I remember everything as distinctly as if it was only yesterday that I am speaking about, instead of seventy years ago. I have, perhaps, a strong reason for my sharpened memory—I consider myself the innocent cause of the destruction of the firm of Fordyce, Brothers, through an accident resulting from my carelessness. One afternoon I went to the Post-office with a letter directed to a firm in Antwerp with whom we had large dealings. I dropped it on the way. It contained a bank draft for a large amount, and, although every search was made for it that afternoon and evening, it was without success. The next morning, about eleven o'clock, it was brought to our counting-house by a rather short young man of singular though pleasing aspect, named Michael Armstrong. He had a long interview with the elder partner, Mr. James Fordyce, in the private room, and what transpired we never exactly knew; but the result was, that from that hour Michael Armstrong took his seat in our office as the junior clerk.

I had many opportunities of observing our new companion, and I used them to the best of my ability. His appearance was much in his favour, and he had a considerable power of making himself agreeable when he thought proper to use it. It was impossible to judge of his age. He might have been fifteen,—he might have been thirty. His face, at times, looked old and careworn, at others, smiling and young, but there was sometimes a vacant calculating, insincere expression in his eye, that was not pleasant. He made no friends in the place,—none sought him, none did

he seek,—and I do not think he was liked enough by any of the clerks to be made the subject of those little pleasantries that are usually indulged in at every office. They had probably detected his ability and ambition, and they already feared him.

I thought at one time I was prejudiced against him, because I had been the chance instrument of bringing him to the place, and because his presence constantly reminded me of a gross act of carelessness, that had brought down upon me the only rebuke I ever received from my employers. But I found out too well afterwards, that my estimate of his character was correct—more correct than that of my fellow-clerks, many of whom were superior to me in education and position, though not in discernment.

My constant occupation—when I was not actively employed in the duties of the office—was watching Michael Armstrong; and I soon convinced myself, that everything he did was the result of deep, quick, keen, and selfish calculation. I felt that the bringing back of the letter was not the result of any impulse of honesty, but of a conviction that it was safer and more profitable to do so, coupled with a determination to make the most of his seeming virtue. What the elder Mr. Fordyce gave him, I never knew; but I judge from his liberal character that it was something considerable; and I know that when Michael Armstrong took his place in our counting-house, he was only doing that which he had willed to do from the first moment that he had opened the lost letter, and ascertained the firm from whom it was sent. There was, at times, something fearfully, awfully fascinating in watching the silent, steady working of a will like his, and to see it breaking down its progress every barrier opposed against it, whether erected by God or man; others saw it, and watched it, like me, and were equally dazzled and paralysed.

Michael Armstrong affected to be somewhat deaf—I say affected, for I have good reason to believe that the infirmity was put on to aid him in developing his many schemes. During the greater part of the day, he acted as private secretary of the two brothers, sitting in one corner of their large room, by that window on the ground-floor to the left, which is now closed up, like all the others in that portion of the building.

I have said before that the firm were often in the receipt of early and valuable intelligence, which they used for the legitimate purposes of their trade, but never for speculations in the stock-market. A good deal of our business lay in corn and sugar, and the information that the brothers got, enabled them to make large purchases and sales with greater advantage. Sometimes special messengers came with letters, sometimes pigeon expresses, as was the custom in

those days. Whatever words dropped from the partners' table—and they dropped with less reserve, as there was only a half-deaf secretary in the room—were drunk in by that sharp, calm, smiling, deceitful face at the window. But, perhaps, his greatest opportunity was during the opening of the morning letters,—many of them valuable, as coming from important correspondents abroad. Michael Armstrong's duty was to receive the key of the strong-room from the partners, when they came to business in the morning, and to prepare the books for the clerks in the outer offices. This strong-room was just at the back of Mr. James Fordyce's chair, and as he opened the most important correspondence, reading it to his brother, who rested on the corner of the table, there must have been a sharp eye and a sharper ear watching through the crevices of the iron door behind them. The next duty that fell to Michael Armstrong, after the letters were read and sorted, was, to take any drafts that might be in them to the bankers, and bring back the cash-box, which was always deposited there for safety overnight. This journey gave him an opportunity of acting upon the information that he had gathered, and he lost no time in doing so. Of course, we never knew exactly what he did, or how he did it; but we guessed that through some agent, with the money that Mr. James Fordyce had given him when he brought back the letter, he made purchases and sales in the stock-market, with more or less success. He never altered in his manner or appearance; never betrayed by word or signs to any of the clerks, his losses or his gains; and never neglected his mechanical duties, although he must have been much troubled in mind at times, by the operations he was conducting secretly out of doors.

Although not a favourite with the clerks, he became a favourite with the partners. There was no undue partiality exhibited towards him, for they were too scrupulously just for that,—but his remarkable business aptitude, his care and industry, his manners, and probably his supposed infirmity, brought immediately before them, every hour in the day by his position as private secretary, had a natural influence, and met with adequate reward.

In this way five years passed, quietly enough, to all outward appearance; but Michael Armstrong was working actively and desperately beneath the surface, and biding his time.

In those upper rooms to the right, exactly facing our counting-houses, lived an old clerk, named Barnard, with one child, a daughter, named Esther. The place was a refuge provided for an old and faithful, poor, and nearly worn-out servant of the house; and the salary he received was more like a pension, for his presence was never required in the office, except when he chose to render it.

The daughter superintended the home of the two brothers, who, as I have said before, lived upon the premises in those rooms over the arches.

Esther Barnard, at this time, was not more than twenty years of age; rather short in figure; very pretty and interesting, with large, dark, thoughtful eyes. Her manners were quiet and timid, the natural result of a life spent chiefly within these red-bricked walls, in attendance upon an infirm father, and two old merchants. She went out very seldom, except on Sundays and Wednesday evenings, and then only to that old city church just beyond the gateway, whose bells are ringing even now. In the summer-time, after business-hours, she used to bring her work and sit upon this bench, under this tree; and in winter her favourite place, while her father was dozing over the fire in a deep leathern chair, was in the dark recesses of that long window, in the corner of their sitting-room, overlooking the garden. She was very modest and retiring, never appearing more than was absolutely necessary during the day; but for all her care, many a busy pen was stopped in the office as her small, light form flitted rapidly under the arched passage; and many an old heart sighed in remembrance of its bygone youthful days, while many a young heart throbbed with something more of hope and love.

The one who saw her most was Michael Armstrong. His duty, every night, was to lock up the warehouses and counting-houses, rendering the keys to old Barnard, who placed them in the private apartments of the two brothers. Since the old clerk's bodily weakness had increased, this task was confided to his daughter, who executed it timidly at first, gaining courage, however, by degrees, until, at last, she came to consider it a part of the day's labour, even pleasant to look forward to. Whether Michael Armstrong ever really loved Esther Barnard is more than I can say. I have to judge him heavily enough in other and greater matters, and I am, therefore, loth to suspect him in this. He had no faith, no hope, no heart—nothing but brain, brain, ceaseless brain; and small love, that I have found, ever came from a soul like this. What he thought and meant was always hidden behind the same calm, smiling mask—the same thoughtful, deceptive, even beautiful face. He used his appearance as only another instrument to aid him in his designs, and he seldom used it in vain. Esther's love for Michael Armstrong was soon no secret to the whole house, and many, while they envied him, sincerely pitied her, though they could scarcely give a reason for so doing. The partners, however—especially Mr. James Fordyce—looked with favour upon the match; but, from some cause, her father, old Barnard, felt towards it a strange repugnance. It may have been that there

was some selfish feeling at the bottom of his opposition—some natural and pardonable disinclination to agree to an union, that threatened to deprive him in his sickness and his old age of an only daughter who was both his companion and his nurse. Be this as it may, he would not fix any definite time for the marriage, although, for his daughter's sake, he did not prohibit the visits of him upon whom her heart was bestowed. Michael Armstrong did not press just then for a more favourable determination, and, for this reason, I am led to believe that he had obtained his object—an excuse for being upon the premises unsuspected after the business hours of the day were over. I never knew him to allow his will to be opposed, and I must, therefore, conclude, that in this instance he was satisfied with the ground that had been gained. Esther, too, was happy—happy in her confidence and pure affection—happy in the presence of him she loved—happy in being powerless to penetrate behind the stony, cruel, selfish mask, that, in her trusting eyes, seemed always lighted up with love and truth.

In this way, the daily life went on for several months. Michael Armstrong, by care—unceasing care—perseverance, and talent, rose, day by day, in the respect and estimation of the partners. Much was entrusted to him; and although he was not visibly promoted over the heads of his seniors, he was still the confidential clerk; and the one in whom was centred the management of the banking and financial transactions of the house. We presumed—for we knew nothing then—that he was still working stealthily on the information that he gathered in the partners' room; and which his new position, more than ever, gave him opportunities of using. It was a busy time for speculation about this period. Fortunes were made and lost by stock-gambling, in a day; and Michael Armstrong with his active, calculating brain, was not the man to allow the tempting stream to rush by without plunging into it.

Our firm had an important branch house at Liverpool, through which it conducted its shipping-trade with America. Every six months it was the custom of one of the partners—either Mr. James or Mr. Robert—to go down and pay a visit of inspection to this house, a task that usually occupied ten or twelve days. Mr. James Fordyce, about this time, took his departure one morning for Liverpool, leaving his brother Robert in charge of the London affairs. I can see them even now, shaking hands, outside that old gateway, before Mr. James stepped into the family coach in which the brothers always posted the journey. Michael Armstrong was gliding to and fro with certain required papers—unobtrusive, but keen and watchful. As the coach rolled away up the narrow street, Mr. James looked out of the

window just as his brother had turned slowly back under the archway. It was the last he ever saw of him, alive.

For several days after Mr. James Fordyce's departure, everything went on as before. He started on a Friday, with a view of breaking the long, tedious journey, by spending the Sunday with some friends in Staffordshire. On the following Wednesday, towards the close of the day, a pigeon-express arrived from Liverpool, bearing a communication in his handwriting, which was taken in to Mr. Robert Fordyce in the private room. No one in the office—except, doubtless, Michael Armstrong—knew for many days what that short letter contained; but we knew too well what another short letter conveyed, which was placed in melancholy haste and silence the next morning under the pigeon's wing, and started back to Liverpool. This was in Michael Armstrong's handwriting.

Mr. James Fordyce, upon his arrival at Liverpool, had found their manager committed to large purchases in American produce without the knowledge of his principals, in the face of a market that had rapidly and extensively fallen. This gentleman's anxiety to benefit his employers was greater than his prudence; and, while finding that he had made a fearful error, he had not the courage to communicate it to London, although every hour rendered the position more ruinous. Mr. James Fordyce, after a short and anxious investigation, sent a despatch to his brother, for a sum of many thousands of pounds—an amount as great as the house could command upon so sudden an emergency. This money was to be forwarded by special messenger, without an hour's delay, in a Bank of England draft: nothing less would serve to extricate the local branch from its pressing difficulty, and save the firm from heavier loss. The letter arrived on the Wednesday, after the banks had closed, and when nothing could be done until the following morning. In the meantime, in all probability, Michael Armstrong received instructions to prepare a statement of the available resources of the firm.

That evening, about half-past eight o'clock, when Esther Barnard returned from church, she found Michael Armstrong waiting for her at the gateway. He seemed more thoughtful and absent than usual; and his face, seen by the flickering light of the street oil-lamp (it was an October night), had the old, pale, anxious expression that I have before alluded to. Esther thought he was ill; but, in reply to her gentle inquiries, as they entered the house together, he said he was merely tired with the extra labour he had undergone, consequent upon the receipt of the intelligence from Mr. James Fordyce, and his natural solicitude for the welfare of the firm.

Mr. Robert Fordyce's habits—as, indeed,

the habits of both the brothers—were very simple. He walked for two hours during the evening, from six o'clock to eight, and then read until nine, at which time he took a light supper, consisting of a small roll and a glass of milk; which was always brought to him by Esther, who left the little tray upon the table by the side of his book, and wished him good night until the morning. She then returned to Michael Armstrong, on the nights he visited her, to sit until the clock of the neighbouring church struck ten, at which hour she let him out at the gate, and retired to rest.

On the night in question, she had placed the same simple supper ready upon her table; and, after retiring for a few moments to her room, to leave her hat and cloak, she returned, and took the tray to Mr. Robert's apartments. She did not notice Michael Armstrong particularly before she went; but, when she came back, she found him standing by the open doorway, looking wildly and restlessly into the passage. She again asked him anxiously if he was ill, and his answer was as before; adding, that he thought he had heard her father's voice, calling her name, but he had been mistaken.

They sat for some little time together over the fire. Michael Armstrong would not take any supper, although pressed by Esther to do so. His mind was occupied with some hidden thought, and he appeared as if engaged in listening for some expected sound. In this way passed about half an hour, when Esther thought she heard some distant groans, accompanied by a noise, like that produced by a heavy body falling on the ground. Esther started up; and Michael Armstrong, who had heard the noise too, immediately suggested the probable illness of her father. Esther waited not for another word, but ran to his apartment, to find him sleeping calmly in his bed. On her return, a few minutes afterwards, to the room she had just left, she found Michael Armstrong entering the doorway with the light. He said he had been along the passages to make a search, but without finding anything. He appeared more composed, and advised her to dismiss the matter from her mind. They sat together more cheerfully for the next half hour, until the ten o'clock bells sounded from the neighbouring church, when she went with him across the garden to the gate. The customary kiss was given at the door, and the customary laugh and good night received from the old private watchman parading the street; but Esther Barnard, as she locked the wicket, and walked across the garden again to her own room, felt a heavy-hearted foreboding of some great sorrow that was about to fall upon her. Her prayers that night were longer than usual, and her eyes were red with weeping before she went to sleep.

Meantime, the lamp in Mr. Robert

Fordyce's apartment (the second window from the sun-dial) burnt dimly through the night, and died out about the break of day. Its master had died some hours before.

In the morning the porters opened the place at the usual hour, and the full tide of business again set in. One of the earliest, but not the earliest, to arrive was Michael Armstrong. His first inquiry was for Mr. Robert Fordyce, who was generally in his private room to open the letters, and give out the keys. He had not been seen. An hour passed, and then the inquiry was extended to the dwelling-house. Michael Armstrong saw Esther, and begged her to go and knock at Mr. Robert's door. She went, slowly and fearfully, knocked, and there was no answer. Knocked again with the same result. The alarm now spread, that something serious had happened. Esther retired tremblingly with her forebodings of the night more than half realised, while the clerks came up, and, after a brief consultation, broke open the door.

A room with a close and slightly chemical smell; the blinds still down; an oil-lamp that had burnt out; a book half open upon the table; a nearly empty tumbler that contained milk; a roll untouched; and Mr. Robert Fordyce, lying dead, doubled up on the floor near a couch, the damask covering of which he had torn and bitten. On the table, near the tumbler was a small, screwed-up paper, containing some of the poison from which he had died; and near to this was a letter directed, somewhat tremblingly, in his own handwriting to his brother, Mr. James.

One of the earliest, but not the earliest in the room, was Michael Armstrong, calm, dignified, and collected. Though far younger than many others, he took the lead naturally and firmly, and no one seemed to have nerve or inclination to dispute his authority. Esther stood anxiously amongst the crowd at the door looking on with her whole soul starting through her eyes.

Michael Armstrong took up the letter upon the table. It was unsealed. He opened it, and read in a clear, firm voice, the short and painful statement it contained. Mr. Robert Fordyce confessed to his brother that for some time he had largely appropriated the funds of the firm to his own use for speculations that had turned out unsuccessful in the stock-market. Unable to refund the money to meet the sudden emergency that had fallen upon the house, and fearing to see his brother again after perpetrating such a wrong, he had resolved to die by poison, administered by his own hand.

Deep silence, broken by sobs and tears, followed the reading of this letter, for the dead merchant was loved and respected by all. A short summons, written by Michael Armstrong, as I have said before, was tied to

the pigeon, and sent to Mr. James Fordyce at Liverpool.

For the next few days the business of the house was almost at a standstill. The sad event was the gossip of the Exchange, and the commercial coffee-rooms; and the credit of Fordyce, Brothers, high as their character stood in the city, was, of course, materially and fatally injured by this sudden calamity.

It was late on the Friday night when Mr. James Fordyce returned, having started at once upon the receipt of the despatch, and posted the whole way. He spent an hour in silent and sacred communion with his dead brother, and every one read in his fine, open, benevolent face how thoroughly the wrong was forgiven that had shaken the foundations of the firm, and sent one of its members to a sudden grave.

He then devoted himself, night and day, to an investigation of their financial position, aided in everything by Michael Armstrong, who was ever at his side. In the course of a few days his determination was known. By closing the branch concern at Liverpool, contracting the operations, and reducing the London house, the capital remaining was sufficient to discharge all outstanding obligations, leaving a small balance upon which to re-construct the firm. This was done, and the honour of Fordyce, Brothers, was preserved.

Many of our staff, under the new arrangements, were dismissed, but the thoughtful care of Mr. Fordyce had provided them with other situations in neighbouring firms. In other respects our business went on as before, but with one remarkable exception. The confidence hitherto existing between Mr. Fordyce and Michael Armstrong was at an end, and although the latter was still retained in his capacity as private secretary, he appeared to feel that he was no longer honoured and trusted. I believe at this time he would gladly have left the place, but some secret power and influence seemed to compel him to remain.

He had never made friends of any of his fellow-clerks, nor did he seek them now. Old Bernard's repugnance to his marriage with Esther at length took the form of open personal repugnance; and poor Esther, herself, while her heart was undoubtedly unchanged, became sometimes cold and timid in his presence: at others loving and repentant, as if struggling with some great, fearful doubt that she did not dare to confide to him. She was less desirous of seeking his company; and the roses on her fair young cheeks, that had grown up even within these old city walls, now faded away before the hidden grief of her heart. God bless her; her love had fallen, indeed, upon stony ground.

Mr. Fordyce seemed also to be struggling between a variety of contending feelings. Whether he had set a watch upon Michael Armstrong at this period I cannot say; but

while he appeared to feel his presence irksome, he seemed always anxious to have him near. Better would it have been for him if he had let him go his ways.

It was impossible for Michael Armstrong to be ignorant of this state of things, and it only served to make him, if possible, more keen-eyed and watchful. What he thought or did was still only known to himself, but there was occasional evidence upon the surface that seemed to indicate the direction of his silent working.

Our house had never entirely recovered the shock given to its credit by the violent death of Mr. Robert Fordyce. Rumours of our being in an insolvent position were occasionally bandied about the town, gaining strength with the maturing of a large demand; dying away for a time, after it had been promptly satisfied. Our bankers, too, began to look coldly upon us.

The rumours gradually took a more consistent and connected form; an unfavourable condition of the money-market arose; the strongest houses cannot always stand against such adverse influences, and we were, at last, compelled to close our transactions. We stopped payment.

Contrary to general expectation, Mr. Fordyce declined to call in any professional assistance to prepare a statement of the affairs of the firm. At a preliminary meeting of his creditors, he took his ground upon his long and dearly-earned character for commercial integrity; and asked for a fortnight, in which to investigate his books and assets. He obtained it.

If any one was disappointed at this, it was Michael Armstrong. His will for once was foiled. For reasons best known, at that time, to himself, he wished, now that the house was destroyed, to have all the books and papers removed out of the reach of Mr. Fordyce. It was not to be.

Mr. Fordyce, from the hour of the meeting, almost lived in his private office-room. Day after day was he seen arranging papers, and making extracts from the leather-bound ledgers. Night after night his green-shaded office-lamp was lighting him through the same heavy, weary task. He had removed his writing-desk from the back of the room to that window on the left of the ground-floor, where Michael Armstrong used to sit. He worked chiefly alone, and seldom called in the help of his secretary, except for some intricate parts of the cash accounts.

In this way the time went quickly on, and Mr. Fordyce had arrived within a few days of the completion of his labours.

It was on a Wednesday evening—a winter's evening in the latter part of January—about half-past seven o'clock, that Mr. Fordyce and Michael Armstrong were alone together, after all the clerks had gone, at the window in that room, deeply engaged in a mass of papers. There

seemed to be an angry discussion between them. Mr. Fordyce was pointing firmly to some white paper leaves, which shone brightly under the condensed glare of the shaded lamp. Both faces were covered with a dark veil of shadow, arising from the reflected covering of the lamp, but Michael Armstrong's keen eyes flashed evilly, even through the mist of that dim light. The next moment he was behind Mr. Fordyce's chair, with his hand firmly twisted in the folds of the old merchant's neckcloth. There was a short and hopeless struggle. Two arms were thrown wildly into the air; a body fell off the chair on to the ground; and Mr. James Fordyce had learnt more in that instant, than all those piles of paper would have taught him, if he had examined them for years. He was dead;—dead, too, without any outward marks of violence upon his body.

Nor was this all.

Esther Barnard was sitting without a light in the dark recess of her favourite window;—sitting spell-bound, paralysed, parched and speechless, gazing upon the old office window and the green-covered lamp, under the shade of which this terrible drama had just passed before her eyes. She could make no sign. The whole fearful past history of Michael Armstrong was made clear to her as in a mirror, although the picture was shattered in a moment, as soon as formed. She must have sat there the whole night through, heedless of the calls of her sick father in the adjoining room, to nurse whom she had stayed away that evening from church. They found her in the morning in the same position, with her reason partially gone.

Michael Armstrong came in the next day, punctually at the business hour. He appeared even more collected than usual, for he believed that all evidence against him was now destroyed for ever. A rigid investigation was instituted on the part of the creditors; and the mind wanderings of poor Esther Barnard were of great importance in making out a case against him. It may be that her sad affliction was ordained to bring about his destruction, for I do not believe that if she had retained her reason, she would ever have been induced to speak one word against him. Her heart might have broken, but her tongue would have remained silent. As it was, her accusations were gathered together, bit by bit,—gathered, as I gathered much of this story, from her lips in happy intervals, filling up from imagination and personal knowledge all that seemed unconnected and obscure.

The investigation never reached the courts of law. Michael Armstrong saw with the old clearness of vision the inevitable result of the chain of evidence,—saw it traced up from speculation to forgery, from forgery to his poisoning of Mr. Robert Fordyce, from the poisoning to his forgery of the letter transferring the early crime, and from the letter

to the destruction of the house and its last surviving representative. To avoid the expected punishment,—prepared as he always was for every emergency,—he poisoned himself in that private room, before our eyes. Whether the capital, of which he had sapped the firm, had been productive or not in his hands, we never knew. He was never known to acknowledge any kindred; and no one ever acknowledged him. He died, and made no sign; silently and sullenly, with his face turned to the wall.

At one time I indulged in the hope that Esther Barnard might recover, and I had prepared a home for her, even without the selfish desire of being rewarded with her poor, broken heart. Her father died, and I cherished her as a brother. Her melancholy madness, at times, was relieved with short lucid intervals, during which she thanked me so touchingly and sweetly for supposed kindnesses, that it was more than a reward. It was my pleasure to watch for such happy moments, patiently for days, and weeks, and months. In one of them she died, at last, in these arms, and I buried her in the ground of her old church outside the gateway. Our firm was never, in any form, restored, though I still cling to the old place. I have seen it sink gradually, step by step, until it can scarcely sink lower; but it is still near Esther. There is little happiness in growing so very old.

The old clerk told his story truthfully and clearly, and if there was any indistinctness of utterance about it, it was only towards the close. Much of it may have been the phantom of an old man's imagination, feeding on the tradition of a few closed, dusty shutters; but it interested me, because it spoke to me of a bygone time, and of persons and things among which I love to live and move.

A WAY TO CLEAN RIVERS.

THE question as to the right way of dealing with town sewage is a new one, begotten of the new conditions of town life. When our middle-aged people were young, cesspools were a national institution. Filth soaked into the ground under our houses, or was dug thence periodically, and disposed of by hand-labour for economic purposes; baths were in less general use; a modest water supply was enough for any town, and it carried away with it through the sewers into the rivers no very large quantity of offensive refuse. But, since we have discovered the great danger of dirt, and have ceased to pollute the soil on which we build our houses, we have established a new system which is not yet complete in all its parts. With a full water supply we seek to wash out of any decent town the whole mass of the filth generated in it. It shall no

longer abide with us; but we have not yet exactly settled where it is to go. We pour it out into the rivers flowing through our towns, and pollute them as never before have rivers been polluted since the world was made. The soot-coloured river at Manchester; the Tame at Birmingham, a small stream which, even before reaching Birmingham, receives much of the animal refuse of two hundred and seventy thousand persons; may be said to contain, in dry seasons, as much sewage as water. The Thames which, before reaching London, is polluted by the drainage from seven hundred thousand people, and in London deposits the filth of hundreds of thousands upon mud-banks exposed daily at low water, and in these hot days festering at the heart of the metropolis. These rivers represent the difficulty that has to be met before the new order of things can be regarded as established with a proper harmony in all its parts. Tame water at Birmingham is drunk by fifty thousand people. Londoners now look for their Thames drinking-water in the cleanest places they can find; but what are they that we should call them clean? Disease is begotten—fish are destroyed. The fish that had disappeared from the river at Leicester, have returned since measures were taken to remove the offence of the sewage. Such measures have been already attempted in twelve towns, by which the evil could no longer be endured.

The difficulty, then, is new, and of the simplest character. We now endeavour to send—as we used not to send—the whole filth of a town through its sewers, because it must no longer lie under and about our houses. We get rid of it from about houses, concentrate it in a mass, and then—not knowing what else to do with it—pour it into our water-courses. We have discovered one half of a wholesome principle of drainage; of the other half we are in search. Where shall we find it?

All the world knows the fertilising principle that is in animal refuse. Obviously, therefore, there is a defect of sense in throwing it away, and a colossal sewer carrying the waste of London far away to the salt-water fishes may secure the main object in view, as burning a house may roast a pig. But the plan obviously is wasteful and unphilosophical—it cannot be the true solution of the problem—and a town so conspicuous as London loses by it the opportunity of setting an intelligent example to the cities of this land and of all other lands. Abroad, in most places, they are at cesspools still. We have pushed one step in advance, and, when we have determined where to plant our foot, are quite ready to take the second.

The right way of managing this matter, when it is found, will approve itself by looking sensible from every point of view. Therefore it must include a recognition of the

economic value of the sewage. Now that is a value which, at first, was very often overstated. It will multiply the weight of the grass-crops, and can, therefore, be converted into beef and mutton; but the cost of its collection, adaptation for use, and conveyance to the fields, is not always to be covered by its low specific value. The dealing economically with town sewage can but seldom yield a profit to the speculator. Therefore let that fact be accepted as the basis of discussion. When towns have rescued their streams from pollution, and, instead of carrying their sewage to a distance by expensive courses, have, at a less expense, transformed it on the spot into a material, breeding no sickness, but, on the contrary, able, by increasing the produce of food, to contribute to the public health, let them be satisfied. Let them not call the economy bad, if, where they spent more in casting out as filth into the sea, they spend less in giving it as means of wealth, gratuitously into the hands of farmers, to whom it is worth simply labour and cartage, or the rental upon such public works as may convey it for them to their lands. Dirt itself is not gold, though industry may make it so. It usually takes full twenty shillings' worth of work, divided among many hands, to convert town sewage into hay or beef, and between link and link in the chain of labour there is little or no room left for the interpolation of a large commercial profit. The cost of drainage falls, therefore—so far as rates represent it—in each case upon the town; but, apart from the expenditure saved by lessening disease, the wholesome and right plan would, in any case, be cheaper than that which is unwholesome and wrong.

But is there really a way—a simple and reasonable way, free from wild speculation or extravagant pretension—by which we may come at a solution of the second half of our new sewage problem? Can the whole mass of a town's sewage—made innocuous to health and useful to the surrounding land—be kept out of its river, and, yet at no unusual cost, be wisely got rid of? At present, we must limit ourselves to the assertion, that a satisfactory answer to that question can be made, and that, by help of accurate investigation, we trust that it may soon be made with great precision.

First, we may note what is being done. Edinburgh gives half its sewage to the irrigation of the Craigtenny meadows, three hundred and twenty-five acres, some of which have been thus fed for more than sixty years. The sewage matter falls and spreads over the grass by its own weight and the absorption of offensive gases by the soil and by vegetation is so rapid, that in five minutes all perceptible smell has disappeared. There is smell, however, at Craigtenny from deposit on foul open ditches, which are used instead of covered drains. The grass crops yielded from land of which part was once barren

sea-sand, are sold by auction every year at from twenty to thirty pounds an acre. The liquid that runs into the sea after percolation of the sewage through the soil, is said to be inoffensive.

Another way of applying refuse of towns to the land has been brought into use at Rugby and elsewhere. Pipes are laid down, the sewage matter is conveyed by them to the land, and then applied by hose and jet. But the commission reports that at Rugby the expense has been incurred of laying down cast-iron pipes over an area of four hundred and seventy acres, though there is only the water supply and waste of seven thousand persons to be turned to use. The average annual supply of the waste from fifteen persons to an acre of land can be of a value that bears no sensible proportion to the cost of its application. The Rugby supply can, in fact, only water ten acres a day, giving them a quantity something less than an inch of rain fall. In dry weather that is of great value; but as each acre's fair turn for being watered can only come round once in forty-seven days, it is obvious that the works are too large for the town. The same mistake has been made, though not to a like extent, at Watford. Again: as the sewage of a town is a constant supply, and must be got rid of daily, its application to fields that cannot regularly receive it, that must be watered at one time of the year and at another time left dry, is a mistake. Its use should be limited to grass lands. If heed be paid to these matters, and to the proper execution of the engineering works, direct application of the liquid manure of a small town to the meadows in its neighbourhood is the most profitable form in which it is possible for sewage to be applied to land. But when the town is large, with suburbs round about it, the proportion between cost and profit is entirely different. The use of liquid manure on a farm lies wholly within the discretion of the farmer; but the use of sewage manure must be constant. On the other hand, farm manure gives to the land only what was taken from it, but town sewage is always an addition of new wealth.

At Leicester and Tottenham the plan is in use which more especially suggests what may be done in large cities built upon the banks of rivers. The chemical action of lime upon sewage causes it to separate into two parts—a clear liquid which, though capable of decomposition, is comparatively pure, and may be poured off into the river without causing any serious pollution, and a deposit of mud which may be sold or given away as manure. A nuisance charged upon the works at Leicester and Tottenham proceeds not from the process of separation, but from the drying of the mud for sale. It has not value enough to bear the cost of drying by artificial heat, but is dried by exposure, and a nuisance is the natural result. At Cheltenham they

have a better plan. They mix the sludge with ashes and scavengers' refuse, and so make at once a solid manure for which farmers readily give half-a-crown a cubic yard; a shilling more (which it perhaps is worth to them) would meet all working expenses and interest on the outlay for the works.

It is, of course, the solid waste that rots in our streams, and on the banks of our tidal rivers, poisoning the air. To cancel all the hurt that it does, and turn it into benefit, is a sufficient object of ambition. It constitutes indeed only five parts in a hundred of the whole bulk of the sewage, and four-fifths of its fertilising power would be contained in the water which we throw away. We retain by this plan a fifth of the value in a twentieth of the bulk, and get rid altogether of a difficulty that now meets us only in its beginnings. Perplexed now with the offscourings of towns that are not more than half scoured, what shall we do with them when the scouring is complete?

It only remains for us to tell what the commissioners suggest in the case of London. Treating the metropolis as a number of small towns, they would line each side of the Thames with an embankment, so far advanced into the water that it might cover basins for the barges whenever there is wharf property on either shore. Where there is no wharf property, they would fill in the space between the river terrace and the shore with garden ground. The embankment would prevent all tidal deposit, and would consist of a series of closed reservoirs for all the sewage that now falls into the Thames. These terraces would be less offensive than our streets, which, of course, run also over sewage, but have (as the reservoirs would not have) gratings of communication between the sewer poison and the public. London drainage on each side of the Thames could then be planned with intercepting sewers to carry off the flow from high ground, and relieve low lying districts, and with pumps where necessary, to be carried directly into these great reservoirs, then precipitated with lime and got rid of: partly by the flow of the clear and practically harmless liquid into the stream of the Thames, partly by distribution of the deodorised mud for agricultural use, probably without more charge to the farmer than his own cost of its conveyance to his fields.

The execution of such a plan would cost three or four millions of pounds sterling; but that sum is far short of the expense proposed for the conveyance of the London sewage to Sea Reach; while it gives more fertility to London fields, a noble embankment to the Thames, a spacious river walk and gardens to the Londoners on the Middlesex side; and, on the Surrey side, a means of bringing the South-eastern line of railway into a west-end, and the south-western line into a city terminus.

So runs the best reply we have yet seen to

the question of London and our other towns: When we have done washing, where are we to throw the slops?

HORSE-TAMING.

"If your horse does not stand still, or hesitates, then al rate him with a terrible voyce; and beat him yourself with a good stick upon the head between his ears; and then stick him in the spurring place iii or iiij times, together, with one legge after another, as fast as your legges might walk; your legges must go like two bouching beetles." Such was the maxim of an Elizabethan horse-breaker, in the county of Norfolk. Gentler heads and hands have been at work there since, or that county would not rejoice in its line of "arm-chair cobs;" with their wondrous anchor-action (front legs straight and hind at an angle) of seventeen miles an hour; but his precepts have borne bitter fruits for horses in general. Englishmen are patient in business and in battle, but the attribute deserts them as soon as they make centaurs of themselves. A jockey in a race who has the strength of mind to wait off till the severity of the pace brings back the leading horses to him, and will not be tempted into making his rush till within sixty yards of the chair, is a comparative rarity. Modern hunting men, too, do not steal along as the old school did; but ride at their fences at full speed, instead of carefully steadying their horses so as to make them go from hind leg to hind leg; and the horsebreaker's mission seems to extend very little beyond returning his young charges stale and unprofitable, and with a most suspicious aptitude for stopping at public-houses. Even the Leicestershire farmer who gave a man sixpence to go to his house for the newspaper, and sat and read it for six hours on his horse's back, at a gate, which the animal had resolutely refused to let him open, is a victorious but a lonely fact in the history of that hunter-breeding county.

None have stood so high among horse-breakers as the celebrated rough-rider, Dick Christian, and his style of practice did not belie his name. There was no savage horse that he could not handle, even when his instructions on mounting were, that he was to "stick to him, or else he'll worry you." Putting on blinders, and strapping up the near fore-leg, was the only artifice he used till he was fairly in his saddle, and then gentleness, fine hands, practice, and patience did the rest. Slices of clean carrot for occasional rewards, and bits no thicker than a man's thumb and four inches and-a-half in the mouth, were his principal appliances for the colts which came to him, unruined by modern civilisation. One great point of his creed was, never to let the bit by any chance get beneath the tongue, for fear it might ruin the yet unformed mouth. On an average

during a career of more than sixty years, he has made hunters of every temper and class, whose aggregate price could have been little short of four hundred thousand pounds.

The nature of horses develops itself in as eccentric forms as that of human beings. They conceive quite as violent likes and dislikes; and while lions, and other animals ferre nature, invariably take a fancy to the dog, horses find friends oftener in cats and rabbits. This probably arises from the fur being pleasanter both to the smell and the touch, as the nose is the crucible through which the horse tests everything. Their memories of persons is quite as retentive as that of dogs. A great steeple-chaser, whose career had brought him to work in a plough team of ex-heroes on a fancy farm near London, could never bear the sight of his old jockey; and there was, some years since, a racer at Newmarket who would always dash out of the lot he galloped with, and attack a horse belonging to another trainer, the instant he recognised him, three hundred yards off. One took such offence at being slung for a broken leg, that he killed his groom the instant he was able to stand. Another would never leave his stable unless he was blindfolded. Georgiana had to be solemnly backed in and backed out again of her quarters, and even that compromise has failed to satisfy many horses when a railway-box was in the question. Some blood-horses, after bearing the process all their lives, have flatly refused to have their shoes on for three weeks at a time; or have run wild, for nearly as long, like noble savages in their paddocks, forbidding all contact, and defying a whole cohort of enemies in long-backed waistcoats and brown gaiters.

No wonder that with all these temper-infirmities among the aristocrats of horse-flesh, so many counties should have had their professed whisperers, clinging to a talisman, which villagers spoke of mysteriously as having been gasped out by the dying father to the son, and which the latter had refused, year after year, even in his tipsiest moods, to reveal. In Northumberland and Yorkshire especially have these rough necromancers lingered. One of them never turned from any horse, but depended, as in fact nearly all of them did, upon a mixture of oil of rhodium and elicampane. By covering his hand with it for them to smell, he made them lie down or follow him, but the effect was seldom lasting; and when the stimulant went off, the patient was often a greater man-hater than before. Not contented with their horse triumphs, such as they were, one of the brotherhood trained two stags for a nobleman, and a buffalo for a baronet. Another descending on Leicestershire, taught the horses little more than how to lie down; in which habit they invariably indulged, both in wet and dry spots, going or returning from cover, just as

the whim took them. Kent was not wanting from the list, and we remember a coachman who had been quite mastered by his horses, putting his trust in a professed whisperer. After his ghostly counsel, the horses had the worst of it for two months, when their ill-humour returned, and the coachman himself immediately darkened his stable, and held what he termed a little conversation with them, which kept them placid till two more moons had waned. He did not seem altogether to approve of the system, and plainly confessed that it was cruel.

No horse-taming systems, however, have so much antiquity in their favour as that of Dan Sullivan the Irish whisperer, who died nearly half a century ago. His greatest triumph was his purchase for an old song of a dragoon's horse in Mallow, who had kept such a savage watch and ward over the door of his loose-box, that he was obliged to be fed through a hole in the wall. After one lesson the trooper drew a car quite contentedly through Mallow, and remained a very proverb of gentleness for years after. In fact, be it mule or be it a horse, one half-hour's lesson was invariably enough. Sullivan's own account of the secret was, that he originally acquired it from a wearied soldier who bought a pint of porter between Mallow and Cork and had not twopence to pay for it. The landlord was retaining part of his kit as a pledge, when Sullivan, who sat in the bar, vowed that he "would never see a hungry man want," and gave him so good a luncheon, that in his gratitude he drew him aside at parting and revealed, what he believed to be an Indian charm.

Sullivan was content without pupils, and so jealous of his new gift, that even the priest of Ballyclough could not wring it from him at the confessional. His son used to boast how his baffled Riverence met his sire as they both rode towards Mallow, and charged him with being a confederate of the wicked one; and how the whisperer laid his horse under a spell, forthwith, and led him a weary chase among the cross roads, till he promised, in despair, to let him alone for ever.

He left three sons, one of whom practised the secret till his death, with partial success; but neither of the others pretended to any knowledge of it. One of them breaks horses in Mallow to this day. In fact, the race of whisperers seemed at an end until Mr. Rarey's fame roused a grandson into action; and although it is contrary to the old family code, the secret is said to be forthcoming, if, under Lord Waterford's auspices, his pupil-list fills.

Circus-training has always had the idea of cruelty connected with it. A Spanish horse, in the early part of the century, was one of its highest triumphs, and he was taught, by a code of signals, more or less connected with the whip—some of them

managed by a crack with the thumb-nail—to indicate the number of pips on a card. This animal, having been sold, found its way into an errand cart, and, having worked in it for seven years, gave one more proof of the extraordinary strength of equine memory. He was accidentally seen by a successor of Jacob Astley (to whom he once belonged), was bought, re-introduced to the ring, and went through all his old tricks as accurately as if he had never, during his seven years' absence, ceased to perform them. Severe systems, as well as those of l'Haute Ecole, have had but very few charms for the real lovers of horses, who dislike to see them made tricky, or dead-slow by going round and round in the deep saw-dust of the ring. Hence, the circus system was wholly ignored by the public, and until Mr Rarey appeared, horses that seemed hopelessly vicious, were shot or heavily muzzled to prevent further mischief. In fact, such incredulity prevailed as to the chances of a confirmed savage being cured, that if Cruiser and Stafford had not presented themselves as subjects, popular belief in Mr. Rarey would have been much more coy. Cruiser, as might have been expected from a horse who had eaten and drunk through the helmet barred for nearly three years, "could do more fighting in less time" than any horse of the day; and when the blood rushed to his brain, on being first fastened to the rack, his rage fairly towered into frenzy. There is, however, as his neat tapering head indicates, no lack of kindly intelligence about him. Stafford has much less breeding, and is a large coffin-headed horse, with, it is thought, an affection of the brain, which prevents his receiving a very permanent impression for good. Two grooms led him into the riding-school at Paris in a caveon, and darting at him with pen-knives, removed it piecemeal, and then left Mr. Rarey to his tender mercies.

Among the brilliant band of horsemen, who have seen and watched Mr. Rarey, there is no dissenting voice as to the fact of his being unrivalled in his knack of approaching and handling a horse; and his nerve, as he creeps in and out among the hind-legs of a subject who, at the beginning of a lesson, had been publicly warranted by her owner, to have kicked at least two four-wheels to pieces, or to have made a vow that it should never be cleaned down, astonished even the Irishmen. Long practice has enabled him at such critical moments to tell from the sudden tension of the muscles how the horse is inclined to act, and just to get out of the range of a kick; one of which from a grey colt of Mr. Gurney's very nearly made an end of him. The hoof glanced within an inch of his breast; and, while the audience gave a sympathetic shudder, his colour never came or went. We have never seen him partly beaten or seem to lose temper, but that once, and then his

neophyte had consistently torn off the flaps and burst the girths of every saddle that had been put on him. Mr. Rarey's weakness from illness was so great, that he could barely be lifted upon the saddle. Still this horse allowed him quietly to saddle and mount it after five and thirty minutes; and his companion Mr. Goodenough completed the task by making it move as well next day: a point which it had suddenly refused to concede to Mr. Rarey.

The zebra has required as much taming as a hundred horses, and now the huge wooden roller-bit has been discarded, and that rare-loined child of the desert has, like Cruiser, formally vowed allegiance, follows him round the ring in a plain snaffle, and seldom indulges in his defiant whinnies. He came from the Zoological Gardens (in a cage that looks strong enough to confine three lions) the most ultra combination of vice and cleverness. He would walk round his loose-box on his hind legs, and bite the rafters to splinters. Suddenly, changing his style, he would come to the door as if courting a caress, and keep gradually drawing his head along your fingers till they were almost at his mouth, pausing an instant, to throw you off your guard, and then snap at them as smartly as a lock falls on a percussion-cap. During his training he was a perfect Grimaldi in his way, as he would tuck his head in by his side, and throw four or five somersaults, in rapid succession, and so artistically, that he is said to be the only animal that ever made Mr. Rarey laugh heartily in England. As we might expect, his temper is still fitful; and his conduct on his second appearance in his new character, was hardly so conciliatory as on the first.

Mr. Rarey's style of lecturing has lost all the little angularities it possessed at first, and his answers to questions—which are anything but so searching as we might have expected from a British audience—are, at times, very happy. What puzzles them most seems to be his assertion, that a horse may be quiet with his hind legs, and not with his fore, or tame on one side, and not on the other.

Not a few ladies have become practitioners, and have taken sixteen-hand horses as their first subjects with complete success. As a general rule, the higher-bred the horse, the greater the difficulty; and small horses invariably show the most determined spirit. Lord Raglan's little grey Arab fought most brilliantly.

Among so large a number of disciples, failures have been rife, while several have taken to the secret instantly, and seem to subdue their subjects with an ease very little inferior to Mr. Rarey's. In this, as in everything else, natural knack and love for horses must, in a great measure, insure success, or the contrary. Ten men, with the same length of thigh, may mount the same horse, and the same saddle, and perhaps only

one will have a proper seat. So it is with cooks. Ten may be set to make tart-crust from the same dough, and yet, owing to some indescribable hand-touch, eight will make it like lead, one decently, and the tenth, so that it will melt in the mouth. Twenty lads may be taken into a great stable; yet, after the tuition of years, one, or at most, two out of the lot, will prove to have sufficient nerve, and hand, and eye, to ride a race, or take a horse across country. If the system is to fulfil all that is vowed in its name, it would seem imperative on Mr. Rarey to form classes at a reduced price, for grooms and breakers; for, unless the crust of mannerism and self-conceit of these men is broken down, the horse is still in the Iron Age. Masters can do very little to remove the hide-bound prejudices of this class, by merely talking to them of the results of what they have seen. Hoary grooms and "experienced" trainers will not believe that Mr. Rarey can approach or saddle a horse better than themselves, till they actually see him do it, and the vexation of being excluded under present arrangements, both by price and position, has not impressed them in his favour. If ladies are admitted at five guineas, why should not groom-classes be formed at some of the great towns at that price, or even three guineas? It is idle to parade a secret as a blessing to the public, unless it is put before them in a less dilettante guise, and brought within the reach of those who are to be the real operators after all. A country gentleman may sit in the Round House, a whole London season, and yet feel himself perfectly paralysed for action among his horses at home, unless his groom is cognisant of the process as well as himself. Is he to get the key of the stable over night, and watch for the dawn, till he can take his horse secretly into a barn or outhouse? Or is he to do it at a more congenial hour; with a friendly, Rareyite, watching outside, and straw stuffed into every aperture, to baffle the Peeping Toms of the farm. And supposing that after considerable dodging (not very pleasing to the mind of any one who has paid ten guineas, and knows that a pupil of the English horse-tamer, Mr. Telfer only pays ten and sixpence, and yet gets his horses down, and beats drums on them, in the face of day), he does contrive to operate in peace; he knows pretty well that his groom will assuredly counteract a good deal at least, of what he has done, and handle his pitchfork and his epithets as glibly as ever.

When Cruiser has gone back a sadder and a wiser horse, to the country, and no unicorn can be found to follow suit with the humbled zebra, we trust that this great discovery may assume a more practical character. Till the great groom-world is conquered by an actual sight of Mr. Rarey teaching an unbroken colt to carry a man pleasantly in

twenty minutes, and bringing a savage under his control in thirty-five, the Royal Humane Society's medal will have been given him in vain. If India perseveres in using such spiked bits as have been handed round his pupil circle, it is high time that he crossed the Desert on a fresh mission of mercy.

MY LADY LUDLOW.

CHAPER THE FOURTH.

I THINK my lady was not aware of Mr. Horner's views on education (as making men into more useful members of society) or of the practice to which he was putting his precepts, in taking Harry Gregson as pupil and protégé; if, indeed, she was aware of Harry's distinct existence at all, until the following unfortunate occasion. The anteroom, which was a kind of business place for my lady to receive her steward and tenants in, was surrounded by shelves. I cannot call them book-shelves, though there were many books on them; but the contents of the volumes were principally manuscript, and relating to details connected with the Hanbury property. There were also one or two dictionaries, gazetteers, works of reference on the management of property; all of a very old date (the dictionary was Bayley's, I remember; we had a great Johnson in my lady's room, but where the lexicographers differed, she generally preferred Bayley).

In this antechamber a footman generally sat, awaiting orders from my lady; for she clung to the grand old customs, and despised any bells, except her own little handbell, as modern inventions; she would have her people always within summons of this silvery bell, or her scarce less silvery voice. This man had not the sinecure you might imagine. He had to reply to the private entrance; what we should call the back-door in a smaller house. As none came to the front-door but my lady, and those of the county whom she honoured by visiting, and her nearest acquaintance of this kind lived eight miles (of bad road) off, the majority of comers knocked at the nail-studded terrace-door; not to have it opened (for open it stood, by my lady's orders, winter and summer, so that the snow often drifted into the back-hall, and lay there in heaps when the weather was severe), but to summon some one to receive their message, or carry their request to be allowed to speak to my lady. I remember it was long before Mr. Gray could be made to understand that the great door was only opened on state occasions, and even to the last he would as soon come in by that as the terrace entrance. I had been received there on my first setting foot over my lady's threshold; every stranger was led in by that way the first time they came; but after that (with the exceptions I have named) they went round by the terrace, as it were by instinct. It was an

assistance to this instinct to be aware that from time immemorial, the magnificent and fierce Hanbury wolf-hounds, which were extinct in every other part of the island, had been and still were kept chained in the front quadrangle, where they bayed through a great part of the day and night, and were always ready with their deep, savage growl at the sight of every person and thing, excepting the man who fed them, my lady's carriage and four, and my lady herself. It was pretty to see her small figure go up to the great, crouching brutes, thumping the flags with their heavy, wagging tails, and slobbering in an ecstasy of delight, at her light approach and soft caress. She had no fear of them; but she was a Hanbury born, and the tale went, that they and their kind knew all Hanburys instantly, and acknowledged their supremacy, ever since the ancestors of the breed had been brought from the East by the great Sir Urian Hanbury, who lay with his legs crossed on the altar-tomb in the church. Moreover, it was reported that, not fifty years before, one of these dogs had eaten up a child, which had inadvertently strayed within reach of its chain. So you may imagine how most people preferred the terrace-door. Mr. Gray did not seem to care for the dogs. It might be absence of mind, for I have heard of his starting away from their sudden spring when he had unwittingly walked within reach of their chains; but it could hardly have been absence of mind, when one day he went right up to one of them, and patted him in the most friendly manner, the dog meanwhile looking pleased, and affably wagging his tail, just as if Mr. Gray had been a Hanbury. We were all very much puzzled by this, and to this day I have not been able to account for it.

But now let us go back to the terrace-door, and the footman sitting in the antechamber.

One morning we heard a parleying which rose to such a vehemence, and lasted for so long, that my lady had to ring her hand-bell twice before the footman heard it.

"What is the matter, John?" asked she, when he entered.

"A little boy, my lady, who says he comes from Mr. Horner, and must see your ladyship. Impudent little lad!" (this last to himself.)

"What does he want?"

"That's just what I have asked him, my lady, but he won't tell me, please your ladyship."

"It is, probably, some message from Mr. Horner," said Lady Ludlow, with just a shade of annoyance in her manner; for it was against all etiquette to send a verbal message to her, and by such a messenger too!

"No! please your ladyship, I asked him if he had any message, and he said no, he had none; but he must see your ladyship for all that."

"You had better show him in then, without more words," said her ladyship, quietly, but still, as I have said, rather annoyed.

As if in mockery of the humble visitor, the footman threw open both battants of the door, and in the opening there stood a lithe, wiry lad, with a thick head of hair, standing out in every direction, as if stirred by some electrical current, a short, brown face, red now from affright and excitement, wide, resolute mouth, and bright, deep-set eyes; which glanced keenly and rapidly round the room, as if taking in everything (and all was new and strange) to be thought and puzzled over at some future time. He knew enough of manners not to speak first to one above him in rank, or else he was afraid.

"What do you want with me?" asked my lady; in so gentle a tone that it seemed to surprise and stun him.

"An't please your ladyship?" said he, as if he had been deaf.

"You come from Mr. Horner's: why do you want to see me?" again asked she, a little more loudly.

"An't please your ladyship, Mr. Horner was sent for all on a sudden to Warwick this morning!"

His face began to work; but he felt it, and closed his lips into a resolute form.

"Well?"

"And he went off all on a sudden-like."

"Well?"

"And he left a note for your ladyship with me, your ladyship."

"Is that all? You might have given it to the footman."

"Please your ladyship, I've clean gone and lost it."

He never took his eyes off her face. If he had not kept his look fixed, he would have burst out crying.

"That was very careless," said my lady, gently. "But I am sure you are very sorry for it. You had better try and find it. It may have been of consequence."

"Please, Mum—please your ladyship—I can say it off by heart."

"You! What do you mean?" I was really afraid now. My lady's blue eyes absolutely gave out light, she was so much displeased, and, moreover, perplexed. The more reason the lad had for affright, the more his courage rose. He must have seen, so sharp a lad must have perceived her displeasure, but he went on quickly and steadily.

"Mr. Horner, my lady, has taught me to read, write, and cast accounts, my lady. And he was in a hurry, and he folded his paper up, but he did not seal it; and I read it, my lady; and now, my lady, it seems like as if I had got it off by heart;" and he went on with a high pitched voice, saying out very loud what I have no doubt were the identical words of the letter, date, signature, and all: it was merely something about a deed, which required my lady's signature.

When he had done, he stood almost as if he expected commendation for his accurate memory.

My lady's eyes contracted till the pupils were as needle-points; it was a way she had when much disturbed. She looked at me, and said,

"Margaret Dawson, what will this world come to?" And then she was silent.

The lad stood stock still, beginning to perceive he had given deep offence; but as if his brave will had brought him into this presence, and impelled him to confession, and the best amends he could make, but had now deserted him, or was extinct, and left his body motionless, until some one else with word or deed made him quit the room. My lady looked again at him, and saw the frowning, dumfounding terror at his misdeed, and the manner in which his confession had been received.

"My poor lad!" said she, the angry look leaving her face, "into whose hands have you fallen?"

The boy's lips began to quiver.

"Don't you know what tree we read of in Genesis?—No. I hope you have not got to read so easily as that." A pause. "Who has taught you to read and write?"

"Please, my lady, I meant no harm, my lady." He was fairly blubbering, overcome by her evident feeling of dismay and regret, the soft repression of which was more frightening to him than any strong or violent words could have been.

"Who taught you, I ask?"

"It were Mr. Horner's clerk who learned me, my lady."

"And did Mr. Horner know of it?"

"Yes, my lady. And I am sure I thought for to please him."

"Well! perhaps you were not to blame for that. But I wonder at Mr. Horner. However, my boy, as you have got possession of edge-tools, you must have some rules how to use them. Did you never hear that you were not to open letters?"

"Please, my lady, it were open. Mr. Horner forgot for to seal it, in his hurry to be off."

"But you must not read letters that are not intended for you. You must never try to read any letters that are not directed to you, even if they be open before you."

"Please, my lady, I thought it were good for practice, all as one as a book."

My lady looked bewildered as to what way she could farther explain to him the laws of honour as regarded letters.

"You would not listen, I am sure," said she, "to anything you were not intended to hear?"

He hesitated for a moment, partly because he did not fully comprehend the question. My lady repeated it. The light of intelligence came into his eager eyes, and I could see that he was not certain if he could tell the truth.

"Please, my lady, I always hearken when I hear folk talking secrets; but I mean no harm."

My poor lady sighed; she was not prepared to begin a long way off in morals. Honour was, to her, second nature, and she had never tried to find out on what principle its laws were based. So, telling the lad that she wished to see Mr. Horner when he returned from Warwick, she dismissed him with a despondent look; he, meanwhile, right glad to be out of the awful gentleness of her presence.

"What is to be done?" said she, half to herself and half to me. I could not answer, for I was puzzled myself.

"It was a right word," she continued, "that I used when I called reading and writing 'edge-tools.' If our lower orders have these edge-tools given to them, we shall have the terrible scenes of the French revolution acted over again in England. When I was a girl, one never heard of the rights of men, one only heard of the duties. Now here was Mr. Gray, only last night, talking of the right every child had to instruction. I could hardly keep my patience with him, and at length we fairly came to words; and I told him I would have no such thing as a Sunday-school (or a Sabbath-school, as he calls it, just like a Jew) in my village."

"And what did he say, my lady?" I asked; for the struggle that seemed now to have come to a crisis, had been going on for some time in a quiet way.

"Why, he gave way to temper, and said he was bound to remember he was under the Bishop's authority, not under mine; and implied that he should persevere in his designs, notwithstanding my expressed opinion."

"And your ladyship——" I half inquired.

"I could only rise and curtsey, and civilly dismiss him. When two persons have arrived at a certain point of expression on a subject, about which they differ as materially as I do from Mr. Gray, the wisest course, if they wish to remain friends, is to drop the conversation entirely and suddenly. It is one of the few cases where abruptness is desirable."

I was sorry for Mr. Gray. He had been to see me several times, and had helped me to bear my illness in a better spirit than I should have done without his good advice and prayers. And I had gathered, from little things he said, how much his heart was set upon this new scheme. I liked him so much, and I loved and respected my lady so well, that I could not bear them to be on the cool terms to which they were constantly getting. Yet I could do nothing but keep silence.

I suppose my lady understood something of what was passing in my mind; for, after a minute or two, she went on:—

"If Mr. Gray knew all I know,—if he had my experience, he would not be so ready to speak of setting up his new plans in oppo-

sition to my judgment. Indeed!"—she continued, lashing herself up with her own recollections, "times are changed, when the parson of a village comes to beard the liege lady in her own house. Why, in my grandfather's days, the parson was family chaplain too, and dined at the Hall every Sunday. He was helped last, and expected to have done first. I remember seeing him take up his plate and knife and fork, and say, with his mouth full all the time he was speaking: 'If you please, Sir Urian, and my Lady, I'll follow the beef into the housekeeper's room;' for, you see, unless he did so, he stood no chance of a second helping. A greedy man, that parson was, to be sure! I recollect his once eating up the whole of some little bird at dinner, and by way of diverting attention from his greediness, he told how he had heard that a rook soaked in vinegar and then dressed in a particular way, could not be distinguished from the bird he was then eating. I saw by the grim look of my grandfather's face that the parson's doing and saying displeased him; and, child as I was, I had some notion what was coming, when, as I was riding out on my little, white pony, by my grandfather's side, the next Friday, he stopped one of the gamekeepers, and bade him shoot one of the oldest rooks he could find. I knew no more about it till Sunday, when a dish was set right before the parson, and Sir Urian said: 'Now, Parson Hemming, I have had a rook shot, and soaked in vinegar, and dressed as you described last Sunday. Fall to, man, and eat it with as good an appetite as you had last Sunday. Pick the bones clean, or by——, no more Sunday dinners shall you eat at my table!' I gave one look at poor Mr. Hemming's face as he tried to swallow the first morsel, and make believe as though he thought it very good; but I could not look again, for shame, although my grandfather laughed, and kept asking us all round if we knew what could have become of the parson's appetite."

"And did he finish it?" I asked.

"O yes, my dear. What my grandfather said was to be done, was done always. He was a terrible man in his anger! But to think of the difference between Parson Hemming and Mr. Gray! or even of poor, dear Mr. Mountford and Mr. Gray. Mr. Mountford would never have withstood me as Mr. Gray did!"

"And your ladyship really thinks that it would not be right to have a Sunday-school?" I asked, feeling very timid as I put the question.

"Certainly not. As I told Mr. Gray, I consider a knowledge of the Creed, and of the Lord's Prayer, as essential to salvation; and that any child may have whose parents bring it regularly to church. Then there are the Ten Commandments, which teach simple duties in the plainest language. Of course, if a lad is taught to read and write (as that un-

fortunate boy has been who was here this morning) his duties become complicated, and his temptations much greater, while, at the same time, he has no hereditary principles and honourable training to serve as safeguards. I might take up my old simile of the racehorse and carthorse. I am distressed," continued she, with a break in her ideas, "about that boy. The whole thing reminds me so much of a story of what happened to a friend of mine—Clément de Créquy. Did I ever tell you about him?"

"No, your ladyship," I replied.

"Poor Clément! more than twenty years ago, Lord Ludlow and I spent a winter in Paris. He had many friends there; perhaps not very good or very wise men, but he was so kind that he liked every one, and every one liked him. We had an apartement, as they call it there, in the Rue de Lille; we had the first-floor of a grand hôtel, with the basement for our servants. On the floor above us the owner of the house lived, a Marquise de Créquy, a widow. They tell me that the Créquy coat of arms is still emblazoned, after all these terrible years, on a shield above the arched porte-cochère, just as it was then, though the family is quite extinct. Madame de Créquy had only one son, Clément, who was just the same age as my Urian—you may see his portrait in the great hall—Urian's, I mean." I knew that Master Urian had been drowned at sea; and often had I looked at the presentment of his bonny, hopeful face, in his sailor's dress, with right hand outstretched to a ship on the sea in the distance, as if he had just said, "Look at her! all her sails are set, and I'm just off." Poor Master Urian! he went down in this very ship not a year after the picture was taken! But now I will go back to my lady's story. "I can see those two boys playing now," continued she, softly, shutting her eyes, as if the better to call up the vision, "as they used to do five-and-twenty years ago in those old-fashioned French gardens behind our hôtel. Many a time have I watched them from my windows. It was, perhaps, a better play-place than an English garden would have been, for there were but few flower-beds, and no lawn at all to speak about; but instead, terraces and balustrades and vases and flights of stone steps more in the Italian style; and there were jets-d'eau, and little fountains that could be set playing by turning water-cocks that were hidden here and there. How Clément delighted in turning the water on to surprise Urian, and how gracefully he did the honours, as it were, to my dear, rough, sailor lad! Urian was as dark as a gypsy boy, and cared little for his appearance, and resisted all my efforts at setting off his black eyes and tangled curls; but Clément, without ever showing that he thought about himself and his dress, was always dainty and elegant, even though his clothes were sometimes but threadbare. He used

to be dressed in a kind of hunter's green suit, open at the neck and half-way down the chest to beautiful old lace frills; his long, golden curls fell behind just like a girl's, and his hair in front was cut over his straight, dark eyebrows in a line almost as straight. Urian learnt more of a gentleman's carefulness and propriety of appearance from that lad in two months than he had done in years from all my lectures. I recollect one day, when the two boys were in full romp—and, my window being open, I could hear them perfectly—and Urian was daring Clément to some scrambling or climbing, which Clément refused to undertake, but in a hesitating way, as if he longed to do it if some reason had not stood in the way; and Urian, who was hasty and thoughtless, poor fellow, at times, told Clément that he was afraid. 'Fear!' said the French boy, drawing himself up; 'you do not know what you say. If you will be here at six to-morrow morning, when it is only just light, I will take that starling's nest on the top of yonder chimney.' 'But why not now, Clément?' said Urian, putting his arm round Clément's neck. 'Why, then, and not now, just when we are in the humour for it?' 'Because we De Créquys are poor, and my mother cannot afford me another suit of clothes this year, and yonder stone carving is all jagged, and would tear my coat and breeches. Now, to-morrow morning I could go up with nothing on but an old shirt.'

"But you would tear your legs?"

"My race do not care for pain," said the boy, drawing himself from Urian's arm, and walking a few steps away, with a becoming pride and reserve; for he was hurt at being spoken to as if he were afraid, and annoyed at having to confess the true reason for declining the feat. But Urian was not to be thus baffled. He went up to Clément, and put his arm once more about his neck, and I could see the two lads as they walked down the terrace away from the hôtel windows; first Urian spoke eagerly, looking with exploring fondness into Clément's face, which sought the ground, till at last the French boy spoke, and by-and-by his arm was round Urian too, and they paced backwards and forwards in deep talk, but gravely, as became men, rather than boys.

"All at once, from the little chapel at the corner of the large garden belonging to the Missions Etrangères, I heard the tinkle of the little bell, announcing the elevation of the host. Down on his knees went Clément, hands crossed, eyes bent down: while Urian stood looking on in respectful thought.

"What a friendship that might have been! I never dream of Urian without seeing Clément too,—Urian speaks to me, or does something,—but Clément only flits round Urian, and never seems to see any one else!

"But I must not forget to tell you, that the next morning, before he was out of his

room, a footman of Madame de Créquy's brought Urian the starling's nest.

"Well! we came back to England, and the boys were to correspond; and Madame de Créquy and I exchanged civilities; and Urian went to sea.

"After that, all seemed to drop away. I cannot tell you all. However, to confine myself to the De Créquys. I had a letter from Clément; I knew he felt his friend's death deeply; but I should never have learnt it from the letter he sent. It was formal, and seemed like chaff to my hungering heart. Poor fellow! I dare say he had found it hard to write. What could he—or any one—say to a mother who has lost her child? The world does not think so, and, in general, one must conform to the customs of the world; but, judging from my own experience, I should say that reverent silence at such times is the tenderest balm. Madame de Créquy wrote too. But I knew she could not feel my loss so much as Clément, and therefore her letter was not such a disappointment. She and I went on being civil and polite in the way of commissions, and occasionally introducing friends to each other, for a year or two, and then we ceased to have any intercourse. Then the terrible revolution came. No one who did not live at those times can imagine the daily expectation of news,—the hourly terror of rumours affecting the fortunes and lives of those whom most of us had known as pleasant hosts, receiving us with peaceful welcome in their magnificent houses. Of course there was sin enough and suffering enough behind the scenes; but we English visitors to Paris had seen little or nothing of that,—and I had sometimes thought indeed how even Death seemed loth to choose his victims out of that brilliant throng whom I had known. Madame de Créquy's one boy lived; while three out of my six were gone since we had met! I do not think all lots are equal, even now that I know the end of her hopes; but I do say, that whatever our individual lot is, it is our duty to accept it, without comparing it with that of others.

"The times were thick with gloom and terror. 'What next?' was the question we asked of every one who brought us news from Paris. Where were these demons hidden when, so few years ago, we danced and feasted, and enjoyed the brilliant salons and the charming friendships of Paris?

"One evening, I was sitting alone in Saint James' Square; my lord off at the club with Mr. Fox and others; he had left me, thinking that I should go to one of the many places to which I had been invited for that evening; but I had no heart to go anywhere, for it was poor Urian's birthday, and I had not even rung for lights, though the day was fast closing in, but was thinking over all his pretty ways, and on his warm affectionate nature, and how often I had been over hasty

in speaking to him, for all I loved him so dearly; and how I seemed to have neglected and dropped his dear friend Clément, who might even now be in need of help in that cruel, bloody Paris. I say I was thinking reproachfully of all this, and particularly of Clément de Créquy in connection with Urian, when Fenwick brought me a note, sealed with a coat of arms I knew well, though I could not remember at the moment where I had seen it. I puzzled over it, as one does sometimes, for a minute or more, before I opened the letter. In a moment I saw it was from Clément de Créquy. 'My mother is here,' he said: 'she is very ill, and I am bewildered in this strange country. May I entreat you to receive me for a few minutes?' The bearer of the note was the woman of the house where they lodged. I had her brought up into the ante-room, and questioned her myself, while my carriage was being brought round. They had arrived in London a fortnight or so before; she had not known their quality, judging them (according to her kind) by their dress and their luggage; poor enough, no doubt. The lady had never left her bed-room since her arrival; the young man waited upon her, did everything for her, never left her in fact; only she (the messenger) had promised to stay within call, as soon as she returned, while he went out somewhere. She could hardly understand him, he spoke English so badly. He had never spoken it, I dare say, since he had talked to my Urian."

SAXON-ENGLISH.

WHEN a man has anything of his own to say, and is really in earnest that it should be understood, he does not usually make cavalry regiments of his sentences, and seek abroad for sesquipedalian words. We all know that an Englishman, if he will, is able to speak easily and clearly; also he can, if he please, write in such a manner as to send the common people to their dictionaries at least once in every page. Let him write Saxon, and the Saxons understand him; let him use Latin forms that have been long in use, and they will also understand him; but let him think proper to adopt Latin or Greek expressions which are new, or at all events new to the many, and they will be puzzled. We can all read with comfort the works of Thomas Fuller, Swift, Bunyan, Defoe, Franklin, and Cobbett; there, sense is clear, feeling is homely, and the writers take care that there shall be no misunderstanding. But in Robertson, Johnson, and Gibbon, one word in every three is an alien; and so an Englishman who happens to have, like Shakespeare, "small Latin and less Greek," is by no means quite at home in their society.

Two hundred years ago, Dr. Heylin remarked, "Many think that they can never

speak elegantly, nor write significantly, except they do it in a language of their own devising: as if they were ashamed of their mother tongue, and thought it not sufficiently curious to express their fancies. By means whereof, more French and Latin words have gained ground upon us since the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign than were admitted by our ancestors, not only since the Norman, but the Roman conquest." And Sir Thomas Browne, who was himself a great Latinist, says, "If elegancy still proceedeth, and English pens maintain that stream we have of late observed to flow from many, we shall, within few years, be fain to learn Latin to understand English, and a work will prove of equal facility in either."

Our language has gone through its changes. Spenser resisted affectations of Italian speech, and went out of his way to be Saxon. Our best authors, except Milton, have all been maintainers of Saxon: but the Latin taste, of which Heylin complained, which Milton supported, and which overran much of our literature in Queen Anne's time, after passing through various stages, is only in our own generation yielding before a restored love of books written in Saxon-English, which will conquer in time even the affectations of the ignorant, and the tardier literary perceptions of the man of science.

It must not, however, be supposed that the mere use of Saxon words can stand for a token of good writing; many a common word of Latin-English is known better than the corresponding Saxon. But if a man wishes to write for all, he must know how to use the speech of all, and he will come nearest all hearts with words that are familiar in every home, and find their way even into the prattle of the nursery.

During the last twenty or thirty years great attention has been paid by scholars, both in England and in Germany, to the youth of our language; its mother, its nurses, and its schools, have been looked up, and we know more than we did about its origin. We are beginning, in fact, to understand the History of the Language; and it may be worth while to take a rapid view of the facts now most commonly received.

Although we often speak of the Saxons or Anglo-Saxons as the invaders of Britain in the fifth century, yet it must not be forgotten that other tribes, such as the Jutes and Frieslanders, came over, too. Foremost, however, were the Angles and the Saxons, and these two names appear side by side in various ways; the Angles gave their name to the country, Engla-land; and the Saxon version of the gospels is headed, "That Godspell on Engliac." But, on the other hand, to this day the Welsh call the English language Saeson-aeg, or the Saxon speech; and the Scotch Highlanders call an Englishman, Sassenach. Some have maintained that a few of the tribes, and particularly the Jutes,

were Scandinavians; but it is admitted that the greater part of the invaders were men of Teutonic (or Dutch) race, who came over from the North of Germany, or the South of Denmark. In the widest sense, we may look on the terms German, Teutonic, and Dutch, as all meaning the same thing: and we may say that the same Teutonic race inhabits Europe from the Alps to the North Sea, between the Rhine upon the west, and the Elbe, or even the Vistula, upon the east. This race includes Austrians, Tyrolese, Northern Swiss, Bavarians, Prussians, Hanoverians, Hollanders, Flemings, and others: but when speaking without reference to politics, they are to be divided into High and Low Dutch; Dutch of the highlands of Southern Germany, and the Dutch of the low lands of Northern Germany. High Dutch happens to have become the polite dialect, the language of German literature; and Low Dutch, fallen into disrepute, is cultivated now in Holland only. But to Low Dutch belongs honour, as the parent of our modern English. Our very sailors who trade to Rotterdam or Hamburg, cannot help being struck with the likeness of the two languages, and their conclusion is, that "after all, Dutch is only a sort of broken English." English, in truth, is a sort of broken Dutch. The Dutch skippers (that is, shippers) who trade to Liverpool or Whitehaven, have no great difficulty in understanding our own northern dialects. A Lancashire boy, who was sent to school at Hamburg, happening to land on a very hot day, went up to some maid-servants who were drawing water at a fountain, and said, "Will you give me a drink?" "Wat sagt-en?" was the reply. "Will you—give me—a drink?" he repeated. "Ja, ja, du kanst drinken." (Yea, yea, thou canst drink), was the ready answer. The broad Lancashire and the broad Dutch were soon at home together.

The Angles, the Saxons, and other Teutonic tribes, made sundry descents on the kingdom of Britain for about one hundred years, and at last conquered a large part of the country, driving the native Britons (whom they called the Welsh, or foreigners), to the fastnesses of Wales, to Cumberland, and the Strathclyde.

They held possession till the year one thousand and sixty-six; and as they adopted few Welsh words, it follows that a pure Teutonic was spoken in England for six hundred years. It is true that divers dialects of the same language were current in divers parts; and it seems that the Angles, who were settled in the north and east, spoke in a broader dialect than Saxons who lived in the south and south-west. To this day, therefore, the pronunciation common in the North of England remains broader and more open than that of the South. But probably the tribes could understand one another, as well as in our day a Yorkshireman can understand a Somersetshire peasant.

This language, commonly called the Anglo-Saxon, was cultivated with great diligence, especially from the time of King Alfred, who laboured hard to promote the cause of native literature. The laws were written in that language; and useful books were translated, in order that a love of learning might be fostered among the people. Some few Latin words were adopted; but in most cases the foreign terms were translated into the mother tongue; the Evangelium was the God-spell, that is, good-spell, or good-tiding; the Saviour was the Mæleud, or Healer. In speaking of God, they called him not only the Ael-mihtig, or all-mighty, but likewise the All-walda, or all-wielder, and the Ael-craeftig, or all-skilful. For infinite, they said Un-ge-end-el, that is, un-ended or unbounded; and consciousness was the in-witness.

We may thus see, that in Anglo-Saxon there was not only a power of making compound words, but a habit of translating Latin or Greek compounds into the corresponding Saxon; and the same principle was carried out in all the sciences, as far as the learning of the time extended. Astronomy was Star-craft; literature was Book-craft, and a literary man was a Book-man; botany was Herb-craft; magic was Witch-craft; and even yet, the labour of the hands is said to be used in a Hands-craft.

This Teutonic, or Anglo-Saxon language, prevailed for about six hundred years; but, when the Normans came over and subdued the country, they made great changes. Thenceforward, while Saxon was the language of the common people, French was spoken by their lords and masters. This French, which is a sort of corrupt Latin, was taught in the schools, spoken in the courts of justice, and used in the drawing up Acts of Parliament. And so, from the Conquest till the time of Henry the Third, there were two distinct languages in the country, both undergoing change in their own way; the Saxon losing the purity which it had in Alfred's days; the French of London failing to keep pace with the French of Paris. But the common people did not give up their own language; and they have retained for us some very pure fragments of it in our county dialects.

Thus, for about three hundred years, the two languages went side by side, though both were changing,—drawing closer to each other. The changes undergone by Saxon, are seen in the later portions of the Saxon Chronicle, which was a note-book kept through a long series of years, until the reign of Henry the Second, and also in poems of a later time. As for the French, Chaucer tells us that the French spoken in the neighbourhood of Stratford-le-Bow was no longer recognised at Paris; for, when describing the Prioress, in his *Canterbury Tales*, he says:—

And French she spake ful fayre and fetisly
After the schole of Stratford-atte-Bowe;
The French of Paris was to hir unknowne.

Victors and vanquished were to speak one tongue; the groundwork of it and the grammar remained Saxon; but a large number of words, particularly of compound words, were French; for the custom of translating Latin into Saxon ceased. And thus, towards the end of these three hundred years, a language was formed, which was intelligible both to the gentry and the common people.

Dean French, in his valuable work on the Study of Words, has considered the relations of the Saxon and Norman occupants; and thinks, that from an intelligent study of the contributions which they have severally made to the English language, we might almost get at the main story of the country, even though we had lost our written records. He observes, that at one period there would exist duplicate terms for many things; but that when a word was often upon the lips of one race, while its equivalent was seldom employed by the other, the word frequently used would very probably be handed down, and its equivalent would be forgotten. In other cases, only one word may have existed; inasmuch as the thing which it represented was confined to one half of the nation, and remained strange to the other.

He also remarks that our words which denote dignity, state, or honour, are mostly derived from the Norman-French. Such words are, sovereign, sceptre, realm, chancellor, palace, &c., whence we may infer that the Normans were the ruling race. For the word king, which is an exception, he gives an ingenious explanation. On the other hand, the objects of nature, the affairs of daily life, the ties of domestic life, are denoted by Saxon terms. "The palace and the castle may have come to us from the Norman, but to the Saxon we owe far dearer names,—the house, the roof, the home, the hearth. The instruments used in cultivating the earth, the flail, the plough, the sickle, the spade, are Saxon; so, too, the main products of the earth, as wheat, rye, oats, &c. And observe, that the names of almost all animals, so long as they are alive, are Saxon, but, when dressed and prepared for food, become Norman; a fact which we might have expected beforehand; for the Saxon hind had the labour of tending and feeding them, but only that they might appear at the table of his Norman lord. Thus ox, steer, cow, are Saxon, but beef, Norman; calf is Saxon, but veal, Norman; sheep is Saxon, but mutton, Norman; so it is severally with swine and pork, deer and venison, fowl and pullet. Bacon, the only flesh, which, perhaps, ever came within his reach, is the single exception."

We may remember also the anecdote told about the order of the Garter, and the remark ascribed to King Edward the Third, "Honi

soit qui mal y pense," a motto which still remains upon our coat of arms, and which, like Dieu et mon droit, is a daily memento that the ruling race formerly spoke in the French language. But we hear a different speech in the mouths of the commons under Wat Tyler and John Ball, with their popular outcry:—

When Adam dalf and Eva span,
Where was then the gentleman?

or as the Germans still have it in almost the same words:—

Als Adam grub und Eva spann,
Wo war da der Edelmann?

The best and most agreeable way of learning the state of the English language, as it existed during the latter part of the fourteenth century, is to read John Wycliffe's version of the New Testament, and Geoffrey Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. In these works the two streams combine, though perhaps not in equal proportions; for the writings of Wycliffe, being designed for the people, contain a larger proportion of Saxon words; and those of Chaucer, composed for readers who were not unacquainted with the French metrical romances, include a number of terms used in romance and chivalry; and, as we have seen, most of these terms were Norman. It is to be regretted that more attention is not paid by English readers to Wycliffe and Chaucer.

It unfortunately happens that Chaucer's English is just old enough to require the aid of a glossary, and yet not difficult enough to confer upon those who master it, credit as linguists. Many a person would not refuse to spend several hours upon a hundred lines of Ariosto or Tasso, who would grudge equal labour to a tale of Chaucer's; for, after all, Chaucer is only an Englishman, and we feel that we have a birth-right to consider ourselves English scholars. As reader of Italian, one can make some pretence of the accomplishments. But if any one caring to work at English, should desire to render his course of study easy, he would find it worth while to study with care Wycliffe's version of St. John's Gospel; he would then be prepared, in some measure, to go on with Chaucer's Canterbury Tales; and, after reading two or three thousand lines, he would be surprised to find himself almost as much at home with the father of English poetry, as he can be with Shakespeare or with Milton. At the same time he may find it good suggestive work to compare the original of the Knight's Tale, or the Wife of Bath's Tale, with modernised versions of the same by Dryden and Pope.

In examining the words of Wycliffe and Chaucer, we find that most of them are either Saxon or French, and that a few are derived directly from Latin. Sometimes Wycliffe employs a Latin word, as Resurrec-

tion, at other times he translates it, the Agensynge (or again-rising); so also the word Except appears as Out-taken, thus, Out-taken women and children, for Except women and children.

From the fourteenth century until the Reformation, the language received constant accessions of Latin words, particularly in works which treated of art or science, law or religion. For as the authors had all studied in Latin, they were apt to introduce school phrases whenever they attempted to convey their thoughts in English. And when, after the fall of Constantinople, and the consequent dispersion of the Greeks, old Greek literature released from the ban first set on it, began to attract notice in Western Europe, it became the fashion to imitate the languages of classical antiquity, and to regard Teutonic literature as barbarous. This influence was very strongly felt between the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Charles the First.

The Reformation worked both ways: on the one hand it aroused a desire of translating the Bible into English, and the translators had a direct object in using words which the common people could understand; but, on the other hand, the religious disputes which ensued, caused many theological and scholastic terms, such as justification, sanctification, transubstantiation, consubstantiation, and others, to become part of our ordinary language.

Hence it is, that we find Latimer, Bishop Hall, and Bunyan, addressing themselves to the plain intelligence of the people; while Hooker and Jeremy Taylor, adopting a much more ambitious style, wrote for the educated classes in society.

Roger Ascham has, however, well observed, that a good writer must speak as the common people do, and think as wise men do; for so shall every man understand him, and the judgment of wise men approve him.

MY FIRST SUMMONS.

I VOWED I never would keep another dog again, if I lived a thousand years; but I broke my word. I was sitting tête-à-tête with Mrs. Jones one day after dinner, when, in the midst of that kind of conversation which policemen and housemaids call promiscuous, she observed that a perfect love had been offered her by our friend Mr. Bowlaway; but, knowing my feelings, she had thrown cold water on his proposition; "though," she added, and in the same breath, "I must say he is a dear little creature." For a moment I fancied my wife's admiration for Mr. Bowlaway (who is not near so tall a man as myself) had led her a little too far; but, before the cloud had time to gather on my brow, she set me right by saying that he had a black tip to his tail. I laughed. That mirthful ebullition was fatal. Mrs. Jones at once took advantage of it to dilate on the admirable qualities of

Scotch terriers in general, and of the one offered to her by Mr. Bowlaway in particular. As house-dogs, she said, they were invaluable, and quoted a remark made by a burglar to Sir Walter Scott,—which I do not remember to have read in Lockhart's "Life,"—to the effect that, when you have a Scotch terrier, thieves never break in and steal. This allusion to the Wizard of the North further brought out the fact, that Mr. Bowlaway's dog was of the genuine Pepper and Mustard breed, a race which was becoming every day more and more difficult to meet with. What need, however, to repeat all that Mrs. Jones said, for the purpose—though she distinctly denied it afterwards—of shaking my resolution! I consented to accept Bowlaway's kind offer. Yes, I remember making use of the word—kind. I did more than that: I actually promised to go and fetch the dog myself, and next day I brought him home in a cab.

Mrs. Jones was in raptures. Now that the animal was her own; there was no end to disquisitions on his beauty. Had he actually been the heir to my ancient name, and to the large estates possessed by other branches of my numerous family,—for the Jones's are all more or less related,—she could not have admired him more. She was never weary of praising his points. She unhesitatingly predicted that we should find him invaluable. We had some difficulty at first in giving an appropriate name to a dog of so much promise. Mrs. Jones proposed calling him Phoenix, but I rejected that as much too fine; and my suggestion of Thistle—which I thought eminently national—was scouted as vulgar. We met half-way, at last, in a compromise. We called the dog Sprig; but this arrangement was upset a day or two afterwards by a straightforward friend, who, pointing significantly to the dog's thick coat and hairy muzzle, asked us why he should be called anything but Rough? As we had no good reason to show to the contrary, that name was finally adopted; but I have this remark to make,—he always came in to his breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, supper, and casual refectation,—call him by what name you would.

Allusion to this particular readiness on the part of Rough causes me to observe, in this place, that of all the appetites bestowed by nature on a four-footed animal, Rough's was incontestably the finest I ever met with: the finest in that sense of the word which means the keenest. Nothing came amiss to him, nor any quantity. Mrs. Jones used to call him a good dog (!) because he would eat bread after meat, and buttered toast after drinking tea; and, a wonderful dog, in which expression I fully concurred, because of the relish with which he crunched egg-shells, and disposed of water-cress. The two latter articles involved no very material cost; but I can safely say, that during the six months' residence of Rough beneath my roof, my

butchers' and bakers' bills were nearly doubled. To be sure, the evening policemen used often to inquire of the cook very kindly after his health.

Besides his addiction to a generous diet, Rough—as the gipsies tell you at Epsom—was a party as liked his own ease. He had two kennels; one, that he might have a place of refuge in bad weather, when guarding the premises outside; the other, when engaged in-doors in the same meritorious and dog-like function; and truth obliges me to say, that Rough did not neglect these appliances. A love of repose was, indeed, one of his most conspicuous qualities, though he had periodical fits of activity, which developed themselves in the occasional vigorous pursuit of his own tail, in hunting the snowflakes as they fell, in cropping the carnations as they sprouted through the winter, and in throwing up earthworks all over the garden, with a zealous perseverance worthy of a royal sapper.

It will be seen, by my reference to the garden, that I do not live in a street. No. Although substantively in London with the postman five times a day, I reside in a horticultural metropolitan district. When I mention that the cows in an adjoining dairy, and the chancicleers opposite, continue to keep me awake five nights out of six, the rural nature of the neighbourhood will not, I trust, be disputed.

So, then, the possibility of a garden is established—back and front—almost all round, which would be quite, only we are semi-detached. We have an apple-tree that bears—pear-trees that do not—broken glass on the walls—intrusive cats notwithstanding, and rows of poplars and limes, with laburnums and acacias interspersed, which gives us, in spring, a very green and yellow—but not at all a melancholy—appearance. Amongst the fernæ nature are countless sparrows, the aforesaid cats, and, at rare intervals, a stray member of the family of the Merulidæ, commonly called thrushes, may be seen to disport itself on our turf, when the clothes are not hanging out to dry, or the *Felis domestica* on the prowl. Then, when the season comes round, we have a barrowful of geraniums, Calceolarias, Verbenas, and so forth, suddenly planted, in full flower, in the rectangular space, ten feet by eight, in front, where we hold our annual flower-show. Another circumstance, which adds greatly to our rurality, is a lane that skirts us on one side along the entire depth of our premises, the protecting wall which divides us from it being (just as if we were miles in the country) easily scaleable.

To preserve our flowers, it was necessary to adopt one of two courses; either to fasten Rough to his kennel, or to keep him out of the front garden by means of some insurmountable barrier. The chain was tried first, but that did not answer, for the wolf's long

howl was music to his melody when subjected to its control, so we were forced to consider the second expedient. Being myself of a somewhat bucolical turn, I proposed a strong hurdle; but, though we enlisted the milkman in our service, he could not succeed in procuring a defence of that sort, though he searched for one throughout the length and breadth of Saint Somebody's Forest (our district). I thought of making a public appeal, and had already written this heading to an advertisement,—Wanted a Hurdle—when Mrs. Jones interposed.

"A neat iron gate," she said, "with an invisible wire, would look exceedingly pretty, and keep Rough out of the garden more effectually than fifty great staring—" I decline to repeat the disparaging words.

To this I opposed the fact, that such a gate would be expensive, but the answer I received was, "Nonsense!"

Beaten out of my favourite scheme, I could only reply, as many husbands have done before me, that Mrs. Jones must do as she liked, and the next day she informed me that she had made an excellent arrangement with a most respectable tradesman, who had bound himself to make and set up the gate exactly in the way she wished, for the sum of five and sixpence of the current coin of the realm. That same afternoon a workman came to take measure of the space where the barrier was to be fixed, and he, too, in the hearing of Mrs. Jones's confidential domestic, repeated the terms of the agreement. This proved to be a work of supererogation, on his part; a proceeding wholly unnecessary; for, when he returned with the gate in complete order, he announced an advance in the price, to the tune of thirty-five per cent.!

"It's all very well," observed Mrs. Jones; "but a bargain is a bargain, and I have no idea of paying a farthing more than I agreed for."

The workman replied, that he was only a servant, that that was what his master said, and there the matter rested,—a wretched, petty, miserable imbroglio, fraught with the germs of future mischief.

"He won't dare to raise his charge," said Mrs. Jones.

Rough, who was standing by, wagged his tail but said nothing; no more did I.

Well, the gate was now called upon to perform its duty, but, this was by no means a matter of course. In the first place the staples would not hold fast in the wall; in the next, the sneek was turned upside down; in the third, there was plenty of space for Rough to get beneath the gate; and in the fourth he had only to scratch ever so little and there was room for a passage close to the wall. Rough took advantage of the uncertain staples; he was artful enough to lift the gate out of the latch;

he was strong enough to force his way under; and, as for scratching, that was only an extra pleasure in essaying the several varieties of his exodus. The gate, in short, was an utter failure.

"If my hurdle had been there!" I ejaculated; but Mrs. Jones either did not or would not hear me.

Although bad workmanship had failed us, one consolation remained. It was winter still, and three or four months must elapse before Rough could do the garden any serious damage. I had time before me, and I said, with King Lear, "I will do such things! What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be terrors of the earth;" or, if not that exactly, something that shall astonish Master Rough.

Meanwhile the inimitable Scotch terrier carried on in the usual manner, eating and sleeping, ad libitum, but, in the matter of watchfulness, wholly discrediting Mrs. Jones's prediction. Not that he was incapable of barking. No! He would do that by the hour together in front of the antagonistic cats; but, when once he made himself up for the night, embedded in fresh straw, he declined to take the slightest notice of the outer world. Mrs. Jones, however, was wedded to her theory, and persisted in declaring, that he would prove a capital house-dog—one of these days.

Events succeed each other so rapidly in this world of ours, that what excites our astonishment or indignation on Monday is generally clean forgotten by Saturday: we get reconciled to everything, even to the loss of an incapable ministry: what wonder, then, that I should have forgotten the affair of the gate. Mrs. Jones, however—as she has since confessed to me—had not; but she remembered it only as a subject for mirth and self-applause. She took it into her head, as the ironmonger did not send in his bill at Christmas, that he was ashamed to do so, or had, perhaps, also forgotten it; as if anyone ever forgot that money was owing. In this Fools' Paradise Mrs. Jones continued until a fortnight ago.

It was evening, one of those delicious balmy evenings in May, when a fire is more necessary than the depth of winter, and we were sitting in my little study, each absorbed by a favourite book. Our numerous household were all from home, having gone out, as they said, to buy a new bonnet-cap for the next Sunday, and Rough had been consigned to the outer air, with a view to the greater security of the premises. After about half-an-hour of that quiet, Mrs. Jones looked up, and asked me what noise that was? I had heard none, and said as much. Mrs. Jones, however, felt certain that she had heard something like a knock at the kitchen door. "The rats," I carelessly observed, and went on reading.

"There!" she continued, "I heard it again!"

"Why, then, don't Rough bark?" I observed, rather tartly.

"Poor fellow," replied my wife, "I dare say he's asleep in his kennel."

Another half-hour of undisturbed reading, and then I thought I would smoke a cigar beneath the glimpses of the moon. Standing on the high flight of steps which gives such a noble aspect to my semi-detached mansion, I noticed with surprise that the garden-door stood half open. At first I fancied that the household were on the point of entering; but as I heard no whispered last words and saw no policeman, I concluded they had neglected to shut the door, and then a kind of misgiving came over me. "Rough!" I exclaimed, but there was no response. I whistled and called again. No answer—no appearance. "My dear," said I re-entering the house, and uttering a hasty, but I trust an excusable word; "the dog's gone!—somebody has walked him off!"

I forbear to describe the scene that followed: the tears and protestations of the household, who vowed it was no fault of theirs—the clamour that was raised for the police—the hunting in all sorts of impossible places for the absent animal, and the complete upsetting of the establishment until long after midnight. If you wish properly to appreciate this state of things, marry and keep a dog till somebody steals it.

Day broke on the following morning dismal and lowering. Breakfast over, there came a ring at the bell. The household rushed to the door expecting that the dog had been found and brought back; but instead of heralding Rough's return, word was brought that it was the person about the gate, and a document of the value of eight and sixpence—when paid—was handed in.

"I declare," said Mrs. Jones, as she perused the bill, "Grinder has the impudence to persist in making that charge, though I distinctly told him man I wouldn't pay it."

"Who is Grinder?" I innocently inquired. "The ironmonger, to be sure." Thereupon she entered into an elaborate history of the original compact.

"I advise you to get rid of it," I remarked, when I had been obliged to hear her out. "We shall only have some bother, if the bill is disputed."

"We'll see," said Mrs. Jones, as I withdrew into my study, "send the man in."

Deeply engaged in a scientific article on the prehensile faculty of monkeys' tails, with a view to the application of the principle for the benefit of timid horsemen, I had lost all recollection of Grinder and the garden-gate, when Mrs. Jones entered my study with a smiling air.

"I've settled that affair," she said.

"I am glad to hear it," I said. "Has the man receipted the bill?"

"No," returned my wife, "he has gone away without the money. I offered him

within sixpence of the amount, and he refused to take it. But," she added triumphantly, "he'll come to his senses by-and-by!"

Moved by prophetic inspiration—I think I am justified in using these lofty words—I observed with emphasis: "Don't you imagine it! Depend upon it, he means to have every farthing he asks. Take my advice now, pay him, and have done with it."

A discussion ensued, detrimental to the progress of the prehensile question, but it ended in a promise from Mrs. Jones that she would do as I suggested; and, like a good wife, she put on her things, and went out for the purpose. I had fully developed my theory when she came back.

"What do you think?" were her first words. "I called at Grinder's as you wished, and the shopman told me it was of no use my coming there, as his master had taken out a summons!"

"What!" I exclaimed. "A summons!" My pen fell from my hand.

The statement was repeated, with the comments which may easily be supposed.

I don't know whether the reader has guessed at my idiosyncrasy; if not, I have no objection to tell him that I am, under certain conditions, an excessively nervous man. Lawyers, and everything that relates to their black art, are my utter abhorrence. I would give up every shilling I have in the world, rather than go to law about anything, though I were certain of a verdict in my favour. I have always had a horror of citations, and of all matters juridical: I execrate the name of King Alfred, and abhor trial by jury. This confession may give a faint idea of my sensations when I heard the word *Summons*. It had the same effect upon me as Mrs. Quickly owned she felt when any one said *swagger*.

For several days after this announcement my mind was much disturbed: every ring at the gate was the apprehended *Summons*; I expected to find it enclosed in every letter I opened; my imagination carried no favour in it but that. At last, finding it did not come, I came to the conclusion, that Grinder's man's declaration was a mere threat.

"If he had taken out a summons," I whispered, "it would have been 'served' (de-testable term!) before now."

I must mention, that during this interval Mrs. Jones remained perfectly calm. I will not wrong her by the remark, that perhaps she knew she was *feme covert*—as the lawyers say in their wretched attempt at Norman French—but rather admit, freely, that her dread of the law was less instinctive than mine.

After dinner that day, I had scarcely put my extra glass to my lips, when the hated summons was laid before me.

O, the vile language in which it was couched. It began by calling itself a *Plaint*, was lettered *L.*, and numbered *Two hundred and fifty-two thousand six hundred and*

forty-eight. The plaint in which I was involved, was the two hundred and fifty-two thousand six hundred and forty-eighth,—and the county court about to be holden, where I was summoned to appear, had not, in all probability, been in existence ten years! Verily, aggressive law travels with winged feet. Next, it set forth the debt or claim, and the Cost of Plaint,—no great addition, it is true, but harassing to behold,—and at the foot of the document was this *Nota bene*: “If you owe the money and will consent to a judgment, you will save the hearing fee. SEE BACK.” With a trembling hand I turned the paper, and there, in an instant, I found myself struggling with half-a-dozen contradictory paragraphs, which might as well have been so many Sepoys. I had already been told that by consenting to judgment, I should save the whole hearing fee, and here it was intimated in terms equally precise, that, if I signed and delivered a confession to the registrar of the court, “five clear days before the day of hearing,” only half that amount would be saved. Which was to be believed? Front or back?

I made a maniacal pun. *FRONTI nulla fides*; but it did not help me out of the difficulty. I read a little further: “You may deliver your confession at any time before the case is called on, subject to the payment of any further costs which your delay may have caused the plaintiff to incur.” Ay, there was the rub! How did I know what Grinder might think fit to allege when he had turned round upon Mrs. Jones in the manner already described? Any further costs. Why, that might swallow up my estate! Such things have happened. People have been known to spend their All in costs. This frightful doom was to be mine, all because my wife chose to keep—no, not to keep, to have a dog! Was there nothing to console me in the midst of my misfortune? The last paragraph, perhaps. It began thus: “If you intend to rely on a Set-off, Infancy, Coverture, A Statute of Lunacy, or A Discharge under a Bankruptcy or an Insolvent Act as a defence.” What a bitter mockery. Did I, the literary Mr. Jones—to distinguish me from the others—did I exercise any base mechanical calling, like that of Grinder? Could I requite him work for work? Cooperage for ironmongering? A set-off, indeed! Infancy! With what face could I, whose hair—the little that remains—is grey, go into court, and call myself an infant? Coverture! For the sake of Mrs. Jones, I will not be tempted to say anything about that. A statute of lunacy! That might very well be, before I had done reading the paper; I was well-nigh mad already. Bankruptcy and insolvency—yes, these were honourable pleas by one

who never had owed a sixpence since the days of his nonage; when, to tell the truth, it would have taken a good many sixpences to have satisfied his bootmaker or his tailor. I felt sick at heart, and could neither read nor reason further.

Luckily I was spared the necessity of doing either; for, at this juncture a message was brought in to say that Doublethong, the jobmaster, wished to speak to me about the hiring of a brougham for an excursion. As he was a neighbour of Grinder, I opened my mind to him on the subject. To my excessive astonishment he burst out laughing.

“Excuse me, sir,” he said, as soon as the paroxysm was over; “but that’s what Grinder does to all his customers. He summonses ’em all. Bill one day, county court the next.”

“If that’s his way of doing business,” I replied warmly, “he’ll very soon be without any customers to serve.”

“Well, I believe, you’re pretty nearly right there, sir,” replied Doublethong; “but,” he continued, guessing what I was about to say, “don’t give yourself no trouble about this affair. I’m more used to these things nor you, sir. I’ll go down to the court, and make it all straight.”

“But,” said I, anxiously, “the five clear days, the declaration, the judgment, the confession, the costs of hearing, the statute of lunacy?”

“All gammon, sir. Don’t you believe a word on it. People has their fancies. Grinder’s fancy is law. He’d rather lose a five pound in the County Court than win ten out of it. Leave him to me, sir, leave him to me.”

I did so, and, except Doublethong’s reimbursement, this was all I ever heard of MY FIRST SUMMONS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS

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FRENCH DUELLING EXTRAORDINARY.

THE general attention has been recently attracted to a monstrous French duel. The records of such things in France present another duel quite as absurd, but far less horrible.

At the beginning of the present century, the city of Strasbourg resembled Caen in possessing a certain number of wrong-headed gentlemen who took a pleasure in getting up disputes. Soldiers of all ranks had ample opportunities of picking quarrels, whenever they wished it, and often when they did not wish it. In seventeen hundred and ninety-four a captain of hussars, named Fournier, indulged in this amusement to his heart's content. At a later period, his merit and his courage earned him the epaulettes of a general of division. His aggressive temper and his address with arms, rendered his name celebrated in the annals of the duel. He was invariably the victor in these unfortunate meetings; and Strasbourg had to reproach him for the loss of several of her sons on the most futile motives of quarrel, and especially for having killed, on very trifling grounds, a young man named Blume,—generally beloved, the only support of a numerous family,—whom he had challenged without any plausible reason, and slain without the slightest pity. The death of Blume was regarded as a public misfortune, and sympathised in by a public mourning.

On the very day of Blume's funeral General Moreau gave a ball, to which were invited all the members of the high bourgeoisie. It was desirable to avoid the scandalous scenes which could not fail to take place between the fellow townsmen, perhaps the relations, of the unfortunate deceased and the aggressor, who was styled his murderer. General Moreau, therefore, desired his aide-de-camp, Captain Dupont, afterwards the general who capitulated at Baylen, to prevent Captain Fournier from entering the ball-room. Dupont stationed himself in a corner of one of the antechambers, and immediately he caught sight of him accosted him abruptly.

"What are you going to do here?"

"Ah! That's you, Dupont? Good evening.

Parbleu! You see what I am doing; I am come to the ball."

"Are you not ashamed to come to a ball the very day of the funeral of that poor unhappy fellow Blume? What will his friends and his relations say?"

"They may say what they please; it is all one to me. But, I should like to know, what business is that of yours?"

"It is everybody's business. Everybody is thinking and talking about it."

"Everybody is wrong then. I don't like people to poke their noses into my affairs. And now, if you please, let me pass."

"You shall not go into the ball-room."

"And, pray, why?"

"Because you must take yourself off instead. The General orders you to retire to your own apartments."

"Am I turned out of the house?"

"No; it is merely a precaution."

"Are you aware of the consequences of turning Fournier out of doors?"

"I do not want to hear any of your rhodomontades. Just have the goodness to take yourself off."

"Listen!" said Fournier, in a fury. "I cannot have my revenge of the General, because he is my superior officer; but you are my equal; you have presumed to take your share in the insult, and you shall pay for the whole of it. We will fight!"

"Listen, in turn," replied Dupont. "I have long been out of patience with you; I am disgusted with your bullying ways; and I hope to give you a lesson which you will long remember."

Fournier passed a sleepless night. He would have gone mad with vexation, had he not been consoled by the hope of killing Dupont. But the result of the combat was not what he expected, for Dupont gave him a frightful wound.

"You fence well," said Fournier, as he fell.

"Not badly, as you see."

"Yes; but now I know your game. You won't catch me another time—as I will show when I am well again."

"You wish for another encounter?"

"Parbleu! That's a matter of course."

In fact, after a few weeks' nursing, Fournier, for the second time, was face to face

with his adversary. It was now his turn. He gave Dupont a home-thrust, with the comment:

"You see clearly you hold your hand too low to parry properly. After you have made your thrust, you gave me time to stick three inches of cold iron between your ribs."

"This is only the second act," cried Dupont. "We'll come to the catastrophe as soon as possible."

Fournier would have liked to conclude the third act by the aid of the pistol, but Dupont claimed the military privilege which obliges officers to fight with their swords. Dupont was wise in maintaining his right, for Fournier's expertness as a pistol shot is still remembered with astonishment. He had accustomed his servant to hold between his fingers a piece of money, which he sent flying with a bullet at five-and-twenty paces distance. And frequently one of the hussars of his regiment, as he galloped past smoking his pipe, was surprised to find it smashed between his lips, without suspecting that Fournier had amused himself by making a target of the tobacco-bowl.

The catastrophe, since so we must style it, brought about no decisive result; they each received a trifling scratch. Then these two wise-heads, annoyed at so negative a result, agreed to recommence the struggle until one of the two should confess himself beaten, and should renounce all further resistance. They therefore drew up the following little treaty, which still exists in the possession of Colonel Berger:

I. Whenever Messieurs Dupont and Fournier shall happen to be within thirty leagues' distance of each other, they shall each perform half the distance, for the sake of a meeting sword in hand:

II. If one of the two contracting parties is unavoidably hindered by his military duties, the party who is free shall travel the whole of the distance, in order to reconcile the necessities of the service with the exigencies of the present treaty:

III. No excuse shall be admissible except those resulting from military obligations:

IV. The present treaty being entered into in good faith, its conditions may be modified with the consent of the parties.

This treaty was executed. Whenever the two madmen were able to meet, they fought, and the most extraordinary correspondence, in the second person, too, the most familiar form of French speech, was exchanged between them.

I am invited to a *déjeuner* by the officers of the Regiment of Chasseurs at Lunéville [wrote one of them]. I expect to take a journey there, to accept this polite invitation. As you are on leave of absence there, we will take advantage, if you like, of my short stay, to have a poke at each other.

Or again:

DEAR FRIEND,—I shall be passing through Strasbourg the fifth of November next, about noon. You will wait for me at the Hotel des Postes; we will have a little fencing.

Sometimes the promotion of one of these duellists put a temporary stop to the regular course of their encounters. The third article of the treaty enjoined respect for the military hierarchy. There is a letter from Fournier to Dupont, as follows:

MY DEAR DUPONT,—I am informed that the Emperor has done justice to your merits by promoting you to the rank of General of Brigade. Accept my sincere congratulations on an advancement which is no more than the natural consequence of your knowledge and your courage. For myself, there is a double motive for rejoicing at your nomination. In the first place, the satisfaction given by a circumstance so flattering to your future prospects; and secondly, the permission which it gives us of having a turn together at the first opportunity.

The singularity of this affair, lasting, as it did, many years, attracted in time the public attention. Dupont and Fournier strictly observed the clauses of their treaty. Their persons were marked with numerous scars; they continued, all the same for that, to cut and slash at each other in most enthusiastic style; and General Fournier used to observe, now and then, "It is really astonishing that I, who always kill my man, cannot contrive to kill that devil Dupont."

By-and-bye, General Dupont received the order to join the Army of the Grisons. Dupont was not expected, and no preparations had been made for his reception. There was no inn on the spot occupied by the staff. The General was in vain trying to find a lodging, when he perceived before him a chalet, through whose windows the light of a fire was gleaming. Dupont did not hesitate to go and ask shelter and hospitality of the fortunate inhabitant of the wooden cottage. He knocked at the door; he opened it; he entered. A man was sitting writing in front of a bureau; he turned his head to regard his visitor. Recognising the unexpected guest who came to interrupt his correspondence, he said, before the other could cross the threshold,

"Ah! that's you, Dupont. We will have a little bit of a fence."

"By all means; with all my heart," said Dupont to Fournier, who chanced to be the occupant of the chalet. And they set to work, chatting between the passes.

"I thought you were employed in the interior?" said Fournier.

"The minister has put me into the fourth corps."

"Really! What a curious coincidence! I command the cavalry there. And so, you are only just arrived?"

"I got out of the carriage five minutes ago."

"And your first thoughts were devoted to me. How very kind!"

At last, General Dupont's sword, after traversing General Fournier's thrust, struck the wall.

"Sacrédé!" shouted Fournier.

"You did not expect that?"

"Yes, I did. Directly I left my guard, I saw that I was caught. But 'tis you who don't expect what is going to happen."

During this little dialogue, one of the speakers played the part of naturalist, the other the part of butterfly.

"Well, let us see what is likely to happen."

"The moment you stir, I shall give you a thrust in the belly. You are a dead man."

"I will ward your thrust."

"Impossible."

"I won't stir my sword an inch. I will keep you pinned till you throw down your sword."

"Do you know that this is a very disagreeable position?" said Fournier.

"For you especially. Throw down your sword, and I will allow you to quit it."

"No: I intend to kill you."

Fortunately, the noise which the two generals made, was heard by the officers, who came and separated the combatants.

Dupont, the more reasonable of the two, now and then thought of the absurdity of a quarrel, which still went on after so many struggles, and asked himself whether he should not be doing right in killing Fournier, to make an end of the matter. Besides that, he was going to get married. One morning he called on Fournier.

"Are you come to fix a day for a match?" inquired the latter, on seeing him enter.

"Perhaps I am; but first of all, let us talk a little. Listen to this; I intend to get married; and before I enter the serious state of matrimony, I should like to have done with you."

"Oh! oh!"

"Our quarrel has now lasted for nineteen years. I do not wish to continue a style of life which my wife might consider not exactly comfortable; and therefore, in virtue of the fourth article of our treaty, I am come to propose a change in the mode of combat, and so to have a final meeting, the result of which shall be decisive. We will fight with pistols."

"You don't think of such a thing!" cried Fournier, in astonishment.

"I know that that is your strong point; but, to equal the chances, we will do this, if you like. One of my friends has, at Neuilly, an inclosure planted with trees, and completely surrounded with walls; there are two doors to it, one at each end. On a day, and at an hour to be agreed upon, we will go to the inclosure separately, armed with our two holster-pistols ready loaded, to take a single shot with each. We will try which can find the other, and whoever catches sight of the other, shall fire."

"That's a droll idea."

"Does it suit you?"

"Ten o'clock on Thursday morning—will that do?"

"That's it; agreed. Adieu, till Thursday."

The hour and the day determined on, they

were punctual at their rendezvous. As soon as they were inside the inclosure, the two antagonists sought after each other cautiously, halting to listen at every step. They advanced slowly, with their cocked pistols in their hands, eye on the watch, and ear all attention. At the turn of an alley they perceived each other; by a rapid motion they threw themselves behind the trunks of a couple of trees; in this position they remained for a considerable time, when Dupont resolved to act. At first he gently waved the tail of his coat just outside the tree which protected him; he then protruded half the thickness of the fleshy part of his arm, drawing it back again instantly. It was lucky for him that he did so; for, immediately afterwards, a bullet sent a large piece of bark flying. Fournier had lost a shot.

In the course of a few minutes, Dupont recommenced the same manœuvre on the opposite side of the tree-trunk, and he embellished his original idea by showing the tip of his pistol-barrel, as if he in turn were watching for an opportunity to fire. Holding his hat in his right hand, he displayed it as far as the rim. In a twinkling, the hat was blown away; fortunately, there was no head inside it. Fournier, therefore, had wasted his second bullet.

Dupont then sallied from his fortress, and marched up to his adversary, who awaited him in the attitude of a brave man for whom there is no further hope. When Dupont was within a couple of paces of his enemy, he said:

"I can kill you, if I like; it is my right and my privilege; but I cannot fire at a human creature in cold blood. I spare your life."

"As you please."

"I spare it to-day, you understand clearly; but I remain the master of my own property, of which I allow you the provisional enjoyment. But if ever you give me any trouble, if ever you try to pick a quarrel with me, I shall take the liberty of reminding you that I am the lawful owner of a couple of bullets specially destined to be lodged in your skull; and we will resume the affair exactly at the point where I think proper to leave it to-day."

So ended a duel which began in seventeen hundred and ninety-four, and only finished in eighteen hundred and thirteen.

MY LADY LUDLOW.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

"IN the hurry of the moment I scarce knew what I did. I bade the housekeeper put up every delicacy she had, in order to tempt the invalid, whom yet I hoped to bring back with me to our house. When the carriage was ready, I took the good woman with me to show us the exact way, which my coachman professed not to know; for, indeed, they were staying at but a poor kind of place at the back of Leicester Square, of

which they had heard, as Clément told me afterwards, from one of the fishermen who had carried them across from the Dutch coast in their disguises as a Friesland peasant and his mother. They had some jewels of value concealed round their persons; but their ready money was all spent before I saw them, and Clément had been unwilling to leave his mother, even for the time necessary to ascertain the best mode of disposing of the diamonds. For, overcome with distress of mind and bodily fatigue, she had reached London only to take to her bed in a sort of low, nervous fever, in which her chief and only idea seemed to be, that Clément was about to be taken from her to some prison or other; and if he were out of her sight, though but for a minute, she cried like a child, and could not be pacified or comforted. The landlady was a kind, good woman, and though she but half understood the case, she was truly sorry for them, as foreigners, and the mother sick in a strange land.

"I sent her forwards to request permission for my entrance. In a moment I saw Clément—a tall, elegant young man in a curious dress of coarse cloth, standing at the open door of a room, and evidently—even before he accosted me—striving to soothe the terrors of his mother inside. I went forwards, and would have taken his hand, but he bent down and kissed mine.

"May I come in, madame?" I asked, looking at the poor sick lady, lying in the dark, dingy bed, her head propped up on coarse and dirty pillows, and gazing with affrighted eyes at all that was going on.

"Clément! Clément! come to me!" she cried; and when he went to the bedside she turned on one side, and took his hand in both of hers, and began stroking it, and looking up in his face. I could scarce keep back my tears.

"He stood there quite still, except that from time to time he spoke to her in a low tone. At last I advanced into the room, so that I could talk to him, without renewing her alarm. I asked for the doctor's address; for I had heard that they had called in some one, at their landlady's recommendation; but I could hardly understand Clément's broken English, and mispronunciation of our proper names, and was obliged to apply to the woman herself. I could not say much to Clément, for his attention was perpetually needed by his mother, who never seemed to perceive that I was there. But I told him not to fear, however long I might be away, for that I would return before night; and, bidding the woman take charge of all the heterogeneous things the housekeeper had put up, and leaving one of my men in the house, one who could understand a few words of French, with directions that he was to hold himself at Madame de Créquy's orders until I sent or gave him fresh commands, I drove off to the doctor's. What I wanted was his

permission to remove Madame de Créquy to my own house, and to learn how it best could be done; for I saw that every movement in the room, every sound, except Clément's voice, brought on a fresh access of trembling and nervous agitation.

"The doctor was, I should think, a clever man; but he had that kind of abrupt manner which people get who have much to do with the lower orders.

"I told him the story of his patient, the interest I had in her, and the wish I entertained of removing her to my own house.

"'It can't be done,' said he. 'Any change will kill her.'

"'But it must be done,' I replied. 'And it shall not kill her.'

"'Then I have nothing more to say,' said he, turning away from the carriage-door, and making as though he would go back into the house.

"'Stop a moment. You must help me; and, if you do, you shall have reason to be glad, for I will give you fifty pounds down with pleasure. If you won't do it, another shall.'

"He looked at me, then (furtively) at the carriage, hesitated, and then said: 'You do not mind expense apparently. I suppose you are a rich lady of quality. Such folks will not stick at such trifles as the life or death of a sick woman to get their own way. I suppose I must e'en help you, for if I don't, another will.'

"I did not mind what he said, so that he would assist me. I was pretty sure that she was in a state to require opiates; and I had not forgotten Christopher Sly, you may be sure, so I told him what I had in my head. That in the dead of night,—the quiet time in the streets,—she should be carried in a hospital litter, softly and warmly covered over from the Leicester Square lodging-house to rooms that I would have in perfect readiness for her. As I planned, so it was done. I let Clément know, by a note, of my design. I had all prepared at home, and we walked about my house as though shod with velvet, while the porter watched at the open door. At last, through the darkness, I saw the lanterns carried by my men, who were leading the little procession. The litter looked like a hearse; on one side walked the doctor, on the other Clément: they came softly and swiftly along. I could not try any farther experiment; we dared not change her clothes; she was laid in the bed in the landlady's coarse night-gear, and covered over warmly, and left in the shaded, scented room, with a nurse and the doctor watching by her, while I led Clément to the dressing-room adjoining, in which I had had a bed placed for him. Farther than that he would not go; and there I had refreshments brought. Meanwhile he had shown his gratitude by every possible action (for we none of us dared to speak): he had kneeled at my feet, and

kissed my hand, and left it wet with his tears. He had thrown up his arms to Heaven, and prayed earnestly, as I could see by the movement of his lips. I allowed him to relieve himself by these dumb expressions, if I may so call them,—and then I left him, and went to my own rooms to sit up for my lord, and tell him what I had done.

"Of course it was all right; and neither my lord nor I could sleep for wondering how Madame de Créquy would bear her awakening. I had engaged the doctor to whose face and voice she was accustomed to remain with her all night: the nurse was experienced, and Clément was within call. But it was with the greatest relief that I heard from my own woman, when she brought me my coffee, that Madame de Créquy (Monsieur had said) had awakened more tranquil than she had been for many days. To be sure, the whole aspect of the bed-chamber must have been more familiar to her than the miserable place where I had found her, and she must have intuitively felt herself among friends.

"My lord was scandalised at Clément's dress, which, after the first moment of seeing him, I had forgotten, in thinking of other things, and for which I had not prepared Lord Ludlow. He sent for his own tailor, and bade him bring patterns of stuffs, and engage his men to work night and day till Clément could appear as became his rank. In short, in a few days so much of the traces of their flight were removed, that we had almost forgotten the terrible causes of it, and rather felt as if they had come on a visit to us than that they had been compelled to fly their country. Their diamonds, too, were sold well by my lord's agents, though the London shops were stocked with jewellery, and such portable valuables, some of rare and curious fashion, which were sold for half their real value by emigrants who could not afford to wait. Madame de Créquy was recovering her health, although her strength was sadly gone, and she would never be equal to such another flight, as the perilous one which she had gone through, and to which she could not bear the slightest reference. For sometime things continued in this state;—the De Créquys still our honoured visitors,—many houses besides our own, even among our own friends, open to receive the poor flying nobility of France, driven from their country by the brutal republicans, and every freshly-arrived emigrant bringing new tales of horror, as if these revolutionists were drunk with blood, and mad to devise new atrocities. One day Clément;—I should tell you he had been presented to our good King George and the sweet queen, and they had accosted him most graciously, and his beauty and elegance, and some of the circumstances attendant on his flight, made him be received in the world quite like a hero of romance; he might have been on intimate

terms in many a distinguished house, had he cared to visit much; but he accompanied my lord and me with an air of indifference and languor, which I sometimes fancied, made him be all the more sought after; Monkshaven (that was the title my eldest son bore) tried in vain to interest him in all young men's sports. But no! it was the same through all. His mother took far more interest in the on-dits of the London world, into which she was far too great an invalid to venture, than he did in the absolute events themselves, in which he might have been an actor. One day, as I was saying, an old Frenchman of a humble class presented himself to our servants, several of whom understood French; and through Medlicott, I learnt that he was in some way connected with the De Créquys; not with their Paris-life; but I fancy he had been intendant of their estates in the country; estates which were more useful as hunting-grounds than as adding to their income. However, there was the old man; and with him, wrapped round his person, he had brought the long parchment rolls, and deeds relating to their property. These he would deliver up to none but Monsieur de Créquy, the rightful owner; and Clément was out with Monkshaven, so the old man waited; and when Clément came in, I told him of the steward's arrival, and how he had been cared for by my people. Clément went directly to see him. He was a long time away, and I was waiting for him to drive out with me, so for some purpose or another, I scarce know what, but I remember I was tired of waiting, and was just in the act of ringing the bell to desire that he might be reminded of his engagement with me, when he came in, his face as white as the powder in his hair, his beautiful eyes dilated with horror. I saw that he had heard something that touched him even more closely than the usual tales which every fresh emigrant brought.

"What is it, Clément?" I asked.

"He clasped his hands, and looked as though he tried to speak, but could not bring out the words.

"They have guillotined my uncle!" said he at last. Now I knew that there was a Count de Créquy; but I had always understood that the elder branch held very little communication with him; in fact, that he was a vaurien of some kind, and rather a disgrace than otherwise to the family. So, perhaps, I was hard-hearted; but I was a little surprised at this excess of emotion, till I saw that peculiar look in his eyes that many people have when there is more terror in their hearts than they dare put into words. He wanted me to understand something without his saying it; but how could I? I had never heard of a Mademoiselle de Créquy.

"Virginie!" at last he uttered. In an instant I understood it all, and remembered

that, if Urian had lived, he too might have been in love.

"Your uncle's daughter?" I inquired.

"My cousin," he replied.

"I did not say, 'your betrothed,' but I had no doubt of it. I was mistaken, however.

"O madame!" he continued, "her mother died long ago—her father now—and she is in daily fear,—alone, deserted—"

"Is she in the Abbaye?" asked I.

"No! She is in hiding with the widow of her father's old concierge. Every day they may search the house for aristocrats. They are seeking them everywhere. Then, not her life alone, but that of the old woman, her hostess, is sacrificed. The old woman knows this, and trembles with fear. Even if she be brave enough to be faithful, her fears would betray her, should the house be searched. Yet, there is no one to help Virginie to escape. She is alone in Paris."

"I saw what was in his mind. He was fretting and chafing to go to his cousin's assistance; but the thought of his mother restrained him. I would not have kept back Urian from such an errand at such a time. How should I restrain him? And yet, perhaps, I did wrong in not urging the chances of danger more. Yet, if it was danger to him, was it not the same or even greater danger to her; for the French spared neither age nor sex in those wicked days of terror. So I rather fell in with his wish, and encouraged him to think how best and most prudently it might be fulfilled; never doubting, as I have said, that he and his cousin were trothplighted.

"But when I went to Madame de Créquy—after he had imparted his, or rather our plan to her—I found out my mistake. She, who was in general too feeble to walk across the room save slowly, and with a stick, was going from end to end with quick, tottering steps; and, if now and then she sank upon a chair, it seemed as if she could not rest, for she was up again in a moment, pacing along, wringing her hands, and speaking rapidly to herself. When she saw me, she stopped: 'Madame,' she said, 'you have lost your own boy. You might have left me mine.'

"I was so astonished—I hardly knew what to say. I had spoken to Clément as if his mother's consent were secure (as I had felt my own would have been if Urian had been alive to ask it). Of course, both he and I knew that his mother's consent must be asked and obtained before he could leave her to go on such an undertaking; but, somehow, my blood always rose at the sight or sound of danger; perhaps, because my life had been so peaceful. Poor Madame de Créquy! it was otherwise with her; she despaired while I hoped, and Clément trusted.

"Dear Madame de Créquy," said I. "He will return safely to us; every precaution

shall be taken, that either he or you, or my lord, or Monkshaven can think of; but he cannot leave a girl—his nearest relation save you—his betrothed, is she not?"

"His betrothed!" cried she, now at the utmost pitch of her excitement. "Virginie betrothed to Clément?—no! thank heaven, not so bad as that! Yet it might have been. But Mademoiselle scorned my son! She would have nothing to do with him. Now is the time for him to have nothing to do with her!"

"Clément had entered at the door behind his mother as she thus spoke. His face was set and pale till it looked as grey and immovable as if it had been carved in stone. He came forward and stood before his mother. She stopped her walk, threw back her haughty head, and the two looked each other steadily in the face. After a minute or two in this attitude, her proud and resolute gaze never flinching or wavering, he went down upon one knee, and, taking her hand—her hard, stony hand, which never closed on his, but remained straight and stiff:

"Mother," he pleaded, "withdraw your prohibition? Let me go!"

"What were her words?" Madame de Créquy replied, slowly, as if forcing her memory to the extreme of accuracy. "My cousin," she said, "when I marry, I marry a man, not a *petit-maitre*. I marry a man who, whatever his rank may be, will add dignity to the human race by his virtues, and not be content to live in an effeminate court on the traditions of past grandeur." She borrowed her words from the infamous Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the friend of her scarce less infamous father,—nay! I will say it,—if not her words, she borrowed her principles. And my son to request her to marry him!"

"It was my father's written wish," said Clément.

"But did you not love her? You plead your father's words,—words written twelve years before,—and as if that were your reason for being indifferent to my dislike to the alliance. But you requested her to marry you,—and she refused you with insolent contempt; and now you are ready to leave me,—leave me desolate in a foreign land—"

"Desolate! my mother! and the Countess Ludlow stands there!"

"Pardon, madame! But all the earth, though it were full of kind hearts, is but a desolation and a desert place to a mother when her only child is absent. And you, Clément, would leave me for this Virginie,—this degenerate De Créquy, tainted with the atheism of the *Encyclopédistes*! She is only reaping some of the fruit of the harvest whereof her friends have sown the seed. Let her alone! Doubtless she has friends—it may be lovers—among these demons, who, under the cry of liberty, commit every licence.

Let her alone, Clément! She refused you with scorn: be too proud to notice her now.'

"Mother, I cannot think of myself; only of her.'

"Think of me, then! I, your mother, forbid you to go.'

Clément bowed low, and went out of the room instantly, as one blinded. She saw his groping movement, and, for an instant, I think her heart was touched. But she turned to me, and tried to exculpate her past violence by dilating upon her wrongs, and they certainly were many. The Count, her husband's younger brother, had invariably tried to make mischief between husband and wife. He had been the cleverer man of the two, and had possessed extraordinary influence over her husband. She suspected him of having instigated that clause in her husband's will, by which the Marquis expressed his wish for the marriage of the cousins. The Count had had some interest in the management of the De Créquy property during her son's minority. Indeed, I remembered then, that it was through Count de Créquy that Lord Ludlow had first heard of the apartment which we afterwards took in the Hôtel de Créquy; and then the recollection of a past feeling came distinctly out of the mist, as it were; and I called to mind how, when we first took up our abode in the Hôtel de Créquy, both Lord Ludlow and I imagined that the arrangement was displeasing to our hostess; and how it had taken us a considerable time before we had been able to establish relations of friendship with her. Years after our visit, she began to suspect that Clément (whom she could not forbid to visit at his uncle's house, considering the terms on which his father had been with his brother; though she herself never set foot over the Count de Créquy's threshold) was attaching himself to Mademoiselle, his cousin; and she made cautious inquiries as to the appearance, character, and disposition of the young lady. Mademoiselle was not handsome, they said; but of a fine figure, and generally considered as having a very noble and attractive presence. In character she was daring and wilful (said one set); original and independent (said another). She was much indulged by her father, who had given her something of a man's education, and selected for her intimate friend a young lady below her in rank, one of the Bureaucratie, a Mademoiselle Neckar, daughter of the Minister of Finance. Mademoiselle de Créquy was thus introduced into all the free-thinking salons of Paris; people who were always full of plans for subverting society. 'And did Clément affect such people?' Madame de Créquy had asked, with some anxiety. No! Monsieur de Créquy had neither eyes nor ears, nor thought for anything but his cousin while she was by. And she? She hardly took

notice of his devotion, so evident to every one else. The proud creature! But perhaps that was her haughty way of concealing what she felt. And so Madame de Créquy listened, and questioned, and learnt nothing decided, until one day she surprised Clément with the note in his hand, of which she remembered the stinging words so well, in which Virginie had said, in reply to a proposal Clément had sent her through her father, that 'When she married, she married a man, not a petit-maitre.'

Clément was justly indignant at the insulting nature of the answer Virginie had sent to a proposal, respectful in its tone, and which was, after all, but the cool, hardened lava over a burning heart. He acquiesced in his mother's desire, that he should not again present himself in his uncle's salons; but he did not forget Virginie, though he never mentioned her name.

Madame de Créquy and her son were among the earliest proscribers, as they were of the strongest possible royalists, and aristocrats, as it was the custom of the horrid Sansculottes to term those who adhered to the habits of expression and action in which it was their pride to have been educated. They had left Paris some weeks before they had arrived in England, and Clément's belief at the time of quitting the Hôtel de Créquy had certainly been, that his uncle was not merely safe, but rather a popular man with the party in power. And, as all communication having relation to private individuals of a reliable kind was intercepted, Monsieur de Créquy had felt but little anxiety for his uncle and cousin in comparison with what he did for many other friends of very different opinions in politics, until the day when he was stunned by the fatal information that even his progressive uncle was guillotined, and learnt that his cousin was imprisoned by the licence of the mob, whose rights (as she called them) she was always advocating.

"When I had heard all this story, I confess I lost in sympathy for Clément what I gained for his mother. Virginie's life did not seem to me worth the risk that Clément's would run. But when I saw him—sad, depressed, nay, hopeless—going about like one oppressed by a heavy dream which he cannot shake off; caring neither to eat, drink, nor sleep, yet bearing all with silent dignity, and even trying to force a poor, faint smile when he caught my anxious eyes; I turned round again, and wondered how Madame de Créquy could resist this mute pleading of her son's altered appearance. As for my Lord Ludlow and Monkshaven, as soon as they understood the case, they were indignant that any mother should attempt to keep a son out of honourable danger; and it was honourable, and a clear duty (according to them) to try to save the life of a helpless orphan girl, his next of kin. None but a Frenchman said my lord, would hold himself bound by an old woman's

whimsies and fears, even though she were his mother. As it was, he was chafing himself to death under the restraint. If he went, to be sure the — wretches might make an end of him, as they had done of many a fine fellow; but my lord would take heavy odds that instead of being guillotined he would save the girl, and bring her safe to England, just desperately in love with her preserver, and then we would have a jolly wedding down at Monkshaven. My lord repeated his opinion so often, that it became a certain prophecy in his mind of what was to take place; and, one day seeing Clément look even paler and thinner than he had ever done before, he sent a message to Madame de Créquy, requesting permission to speak to her in private.

"For, by George!" said he, "she shall hear my opinion, and not let that lad of hers kill himself by fretting. He is too good for that. If he had been an English lad, he would have been off to his sweetheart long before this, without saying with your leave or by your leave; but being a Frenchman, he is all for *Æneas* and filial piety,—filial fiddlesticks!" (My lord had run away to sea, when a boy, against his father's consent, I am sorry to say; and, as all had ended well, and he had come back to find both his parents alive, I do not think he was ever as much aware of his fault as he might have been under other circumstances.) "No, my lady," he went on, "don't come with me. A woman can manage a man best when he has a fit of obstinacy, and a man can persuade a woman out of her tantrums, when all her own sex, the whole army of them, would fail. Allow me to go alone to my *tête-à-tête* with madame."

"What he said, what passed, he never could repeat; but he came back graver than he went. However, the point was gained; Madame de Créquy withdrew her prohibition, and had given him leave to tell Clément as much.

"But she is an old Cassandra," said he. "Don't let the lad be much with her; her talk would destroy the courage of the bravest man; she is so given over to superstition." Something she had said had touched a chord in my lord's nature which he inherited from his Scotch ancestors. Long afterwards, I heard what this was. Medicott told me.

"However, my lord shook off all fancies that told against the fulfilment of Clément's wishes. All that afternoon we three sate together, planning; and Monkshaven passed in and out, executing our commissions, and preparing everything. Towards nightfall all was ready for Clément's start on his journey towards the coast.

"Madame had declined seeing any of us since my lord's stormy interview with her. She sent word that she was fatigued, and desired repose. But, of course, before Clément set off, he was bound to wish her farewell,

and to ask for her blessing. In order to avoid an agitating conversation between mother and son, my lord and I resolved to be present at the interview. Clément was already in his travelling-dress, that of a Norman fisherman, which Monkshaven had, with infinite trouble, discovered in the possession of one of the emigrés who thronged London, and who had made his escape from the shores of France in this disguise. Clément's plan was, to go down to the Coast of Sussex, and get some of the fishing or smuggling boats to take him across to the French Coast near Dieppe. There again he would have to change his dress. O, it was so well planned! His mother was startled by his disguise (of which we had not thought to forewarn her) as he entered her apartment. And either that, or the being suddenly roused from the heavy slumber into which she was apt to fall when she was left alone, gave her manner an air of wildness that was almost like insanity.

"Go, go!" she said to him, almost pushing him away as he knelt to kiss her hand. "Virginie is beckoning to you, but you don't see what kind of a bed it is—"

"Clément, make haste!" said my lord, in a hurried manner, as if to interrupt madame. "The time is later than I thought, and you must not miss the morning's tide. Bid your mother good-bye at once, and let us be off." For my lord and Monkshaven were to ride with him to an inn near the shore, from whence he was to walk to his destination. My lord almost took him by the arm to pull him away; and they were gone, and I was left alone with Madame de Créquy. When she heard the horses' feet she seemed to find out the truth as if for the first time. She set her teeth together. "He has left me for her!" she almost screamed. "Left me for her!" she kept muttering; and then, as the wild look came back into her eyes, she said, almost with exultation, "But I did not give him my blessing!"

VARIOUS KINDS OF PAPER.

WHO among us with a grandfather in his family—all families have not grandfathers—does not possess bundles of old letters tied up with red tape, written on thick, ribbed, uncompromising post, franked by illegible members of Parliament, and destitute of hot-press or glaze? Who among us, with grey hairs and wrinkles, can ever forget the geological formations of his early copy-books, and how hard it was to draw the upstroke finely over the mountain ridges? Perhaps, too, the pen spluttered—goosequills have that way sometimes—and how impossible to prevent the thick down-stroke from meandering all askew through the furrows? Do we not all know that sheet of disguised lime which invariably cracked and broke wherever it was folded, and raised up a nimbus of

white dust, formed into an obstructive conglomerate by innumerable small filaments, through which it soon became impossible for the pen to make way? And now what marvels of manufactured rags are current under the names of De la Rue and Marion! What a fairy transmutation from worn-out table-cloths and decayed shirt-sleeves, to the diaphanous, smooth, pale blue, or pink, or delicate sea-green, or bewitching violet-grey sheets which carry lovers' vows through the general, or convey dinner invitations by the district post! Then, think of the lace-edged paper, what a wonder that was when it first came out? and even now, though we have become accustomed to it, and it has grown sadly vulgarised, still it is a very beautiful thing in the abstract; and when we think of it ab origine, a very striking triumph of ingenious invention. Gilded, silvered, and painted, embossed papers are also beautiful in themselves; although we limit their use chiefly to soap-box covers, and labels, and would count it the height of bad taste to set them in conspicuous places; but they are very pretty, notwithstanding, and in various forms are of some use, and a vast deal of ornament, in our daily wants. Painted papers come into a higher category. These may be made, of course, exquisite works of art, worth hundreds or thousands, according to the hand employed on them; but we are speaking now only of machine decorations—coarser ornaments put on simply for effect, and without much cost of capital, or expenditure of brains in the original invention.

But to return to simple letter-paper; for, if we go into all the branches of the subject, if we wander into wall papers, or to where great firms manufacture their distinctive signs, and fasten Baxter's processes to chip or card box-lids, by the thousand, we shall make a volume, not an article, and overrun a whole issue of this publication, instead of confining ourselves to the modest niche allowed us.

We spoke disrespectfully, a short time ago, of the geological formations and disguised lines of our early youth; but if we go farther back still we shall see cause to be grateful, even for that. Distant friends have been reduced to pitiable straits in early times for want of some such medium; and the very worst piece of writing-paper ever made would have been a Godsend to poor wretches fain to knot parti-coloured cords, or string together leaves of trees, for their sole letters of condolence or affection. Stones, and bricks, bark, rind, the thin wood which is neither bark nor rind, fish-skins, the entrails of serpents, the backs of tortoises, mutton shoulder-blades, and, to this day, for certain purposes known to all schoolboys, slates. All these have been used instead of the cream-laid and blue wove of our modern delight; and waxen tablets, wooden tables, ivory, linen, lead, parchment, and sticks,

have also had their day, and their steady patrons, to whom they were sufficient and commodious. But to us the quipos which the soft Peruvians knotted, or the Beth-luisnon,—the Irish alphabet of leaves,—seem but poor precursors of our fashionable fine lady's stationery, of scented sealing-wax, tinted paper, violet ink, and gold pen; all in a little papier mâché desk, which Queen Mab might have used had she been big enough, or ever been at school.

Every nation has its different writing-materials, as it has speech and habits peculiar to itself, and differing from the rest of the world. And though, wherever European influence has spread, paper made from linen rags has been one of the circumstances spread with it; yet the natives of many countries are conservative, and will not adopt improvements which, they think, imply fallibility in the past, and insecurity for the future. It is not every one to whom changes are education, or who is willing to learn of his neighbour. China, Japan, and other Mongolian countries are special examples of such conservatism.

The East has always patronised vegetable stationery. The Cingalese scribes write the love-letters dictated to them on the leaves of the talipot-palm; the Brahminical manuscripts sent in the beginning of this century to Oxford from Fort Saint George, are written on the leaves of the ampana, or Palma malabarica; in the Coral Islands of the Maldives, the customary letter-paper is the macaraguean, the leaf of which is said to be nine feet long, and a foot and a half broad; and in the East Indies, it is the Musa arbor, or plaintain, after being dried in the sun. Until the arrival of the French, with their papier de luxe, the Algerines used to make a paper of the fibres of the agave, originally a native of Mexico. Indeed, all the palm tribe are valuable for writing materials. Hermannus gives an account of a monster palm, called codda pana, or Palma montana malabarica, the round plicated leaves of which are twenty feet broad, being used for coverings of houses, for cloaks, and for stationery, by the whole population of a district. Part of one leaf only is sufficient for a moderate-sized book; and the manner in which it is used is, by writing between the folds, making the characters through the outer cuticle. Some American trees have the same properties. One of them, called the xagua, forms a Spanish cloak of no mean quality; while, from its innermost substance, a fine white pellucid membrane is taken, like the skin of an egg, as large as our parchment skins, and not inferior to our best paper. It is used as paper, and answers all the purposes of post and foolscap.

The ancient Egyptians used, as all the world knows, that famous reed, the Cyperus Papyrus with which, in after-time, they furnished Greece and Rome. The papyrus was

cut into strips or layers, laid on a table moistened with Nile water, glued together also with Nile water, pressed and dried in the sun, then turned out as the papyrus, by which the world has learnt more than the iconoclasts of the present day are willing to allow. A kind of size, made of bread steeped in boiling water passed through a cloth, was spread carefully over them, and the papyri, such as we see them now in the mummy cases, were then taken from the manufactories to be sold to the Egyptian public in Egyptian shops. Some of them were thirty or even more feet long. The longest we have as yet was thirty feet. In later times, each city of note in the Delta had its paper-making speciality. Sais was famous for her charta Saitica; and other cities, of too learned names for a general article, likewise put forth their Bath post in the times of the Ptolemies. But the best was the charta Claudia, so called from the Emperor Claudius, who added another pellicle to the roll—there were only two before—and widened the sheet to thirteen inches. Then there was the amphitheatrica, famous for being that on which the Gracchi wrote: more famous still for being in preservation twenty years ago (perhaps it is so yet) at the Abbey of Saint Germain des Prés, with part of the Gospel of Saint Augustine written on it. That MS. must be, at the least, one thousand two hundred years old. Then there was the sacred paper, formerly called after its use, but later after Augustus and Livia, when men were made into gods, and the Earth and the fulness thereof, was laid at their feet. These paper sponsors certainly improved their child, for they made it whiter and broader, and raised it to greater excellence. There was the blue shop paper, called literally shop paper; and there was the old bormbyeina, or cotton paper, which destroyed the sale of the Cyperus papyrus, and set it aside. This cotton paper was an Egyptian invention, and, at the time a most blessed one. It came just when most wanted, and supplied the world with good, cheap, and serviceable paper at a time when the papyrus was exorbitantly dear, inordinately protected, and almost impossible to procure. Cotton paper, in its turn, was superseded by a better invention; but, to this day, it is an article of Levantine manufacture and trade. Once, it was among the greatest sources of Levantine wealth. How much needed this, or some such "find," was at the time may be judged from the fact that the Greeks were in the habit of erasing the writing of Polybius, Diodorus Siculus, and others, whose every word now would be a talent of gold to the discoverer, for the sake of the parchment on which it was written. The Romans had the same practice. They used both the Egyptian papyrus and parchment, and when both grew dear and scarce, erased the previous writing for the sake of economy. It

was then called a palimpsest. Cicero praises his friend Trebatius for being so economical as to write on a palimpsest, but "wonders what those writings could have been which were considered of less importance than a letter." The oldest manuscript on cotton paper is one which Father Montfaucon saw in the French king's library, bearing the date of ten hundred and fifty, but was supposed to belong to the ninth century. "Roger, king of Sicily, says, in a diploma written in eleven hundred and forty-five," to quote an old author, "that he had renewed on parchment a charter which had been written on paper of cotton in the year eleven hundred, and another which was dated in the year eleven hundred and twelve. About the same time, Irene, the Empress, in the statutes for some religious houses at Constantinople, says that she had left three copies of the same statutes, two on parchment and one on paper of cotton." Cotton paper is strong, white, and fine-grained. It is often mixed with linen, which, however, it does not equal.

The Romans first made use of bark; long rolls of bark, or the thin membrane found in some trees between the bark and the true heart-wood. Maple, plane, elm, beech, lime, and mulberry were the principal woods they used; beating the pellicle thin, then drying it, so as to destroy all moisture or lessen its tendency to decay. They wrote on only one side of their books, or rolls, and stained the other side saffron colour, or with the yellow dye of the cedar. What would the stately old Roman, who disdained even the under side of his roll, have said to our crossed and recrossed—nay, sometimes triply crossed—letters? How he would have stamped his buskined feet, and sworn by Hades and by Bacchus, that he would not endure such indignity, if a sentimental juvenile fresh from the Grecian schools had talked Plato and Aristotle to him on the palimpsest, and written in a mathematical hand crossed all over, and with a badly pointed stylus into the bargain! Yet that is what our college youth do to their friends with whom they are on terms of intellectual confidence; and hard times it is for those friends when the day of reading and answering arrives. We might take example of our Latin forbears, in this prodigality of writing-room, with great advantage to ourselves and the whole community which corresponds by the post. The roll was kept in a stained-parchment case, generally purple or yellow, and called literally a purple robe, or cloak, for the roll. The title was written in red, on small strips of parchment, and often adorned with a portrait of the author. Bark-paper, was brittle, and easily peeled off; parchment, papyrus, and cotton-paper, were each and all superior, as the old Latins soon found out. They used the linden for their diptycha, or pocket-books, cutting it into very thin boards, on both sides of which they wrote

without reserve; much after the fashion of our little ivory tablets, but not so small, nor so elegant.

The Chinese have various kinds of paper, varying with the province. Some kinds are made of linen rags (for the Celestials have anticipated us in many discoveries which have revolutionised the West and remained stationary with them); some of young bamboo; in the north, from the inner bark of the mulberry-tree; in other provinces, from the outer case of the silkworm's cocoon; and again, in another part, from the Tree-paper, or the tree from which a large quantity is made; and from the cotton shrub. All our Indian proof-paper comes from China; and the celebrated rice-paper is also Celestial. Their method of making paper—say from the bamboo, which is the most common substance—is to reduce the whole plant to a pulp, by pestle and mortar, after having soaked it in water for a fortnight, and buried it first in dry lime, then in slaked lime. To this pulp is added a gummy infusion from a plant called koteng, when the whole mass is again beaten into a viscous fluid, laid in moulds, and dried in the sun, or by sticking the sheets against the face of a flue. The size is made of fish-glue, dissolved in hot water, and with twice its weight of alum; and the papers are silvered by a secret process, which employs no silver. But all vegetable papers, no matter how well-made, are more brittle than those manufactured from rags.

The Japanese make their paper from the mulberry tree, and the material of which it is made is of such strength that cordage may be fashioned from it. They also make paper for bed-hangings, tents, umbrellas, gowns, cloaks, &c., and is such excellent imitation of silks and stuffs, that it is often taken for them. It is rendered water-tight by paintings and coloured varnishes, and is a universalism, supplying all imaginable wants.

Trials have been made of all possible and impossible fibrous and non-fibrous substances. A Mr. Edward Lloyd worked hard to make an incombustible paper out of asbestos. The asbestos was pounded until it became like a fine down, then sifted and pressed into a coarse kind of paper that would not burn any more than a salamander. But the experiment did not answer, and was soon abandoned. Uninflammable, if not incombustible, paper can be, and is, made at this present time, by using a strong solution of alum, or the double sulphate of alumina and potash, or alumina and soda. The best substance to use is the silicate of potash. Touch-paper, on the contrary,—paper that will burn, without flame, at a mere spark,—is made by steeping it in a solution, either of saltpetre or tartarate of lead; which last is the best, as not tending to absorb moisture from the air, as saltpetre does.

Nettles, hay, turnips, parsnips, colewort,

the pith of thistles, the bark of the willow, hemp, the shaws of hemp, hop-bines, flax, cabbage-stalks, the stalks of the mallow, corn, broom, sunflower, mugwort, and clematis, the down of the cat's-tail grass, the catkins of white poplar, the husks of maize, straw—in fact, everything fibrous has been taken in hand as a substitute for the fast-diminishing rags, on the supply of which so much of our intellectual advancement and moral progress depend. Straw seems likely to be brought into extensive use. This is not a new invention, though it is only of late application. It was made as long ago as seventeen hundred and ninety-nine. In eighteen hundred and one, the Society of Arts gave a premium of twenty guineas to Mr. Thomas Willmott, of Shoreham, Sussex, for having made ten reams of paper from the Pant plant of Bengal, the *Corchorus olitorius* of botanists. A specimen of this paper was placed in the nineteenth volume of their Transactions, where it may be seen to this day. It is a whity-brown paper, something like tea-paper, and does not bear the ink well. In the volume of Transactions for eighteen hundred and twelve, the Society states that it has two volumes containing a great variety of specimens of paper made of raw vegetable substances, namely, potato halm, poplar, hop-bines, &c.

The manufacture of straw paper has now become of great importance. It has materially aided the cheap press; without it, indeed, few of our penny cotemporaries would have been in existence. It is more brittle than linen paper, less pleasant as a reading medium, showing the printing on the other side too plainly, and thus confusing the type. But it was a great boon, and is of incalculable advantage; coming into use as it did, just at the moment when we needed a cheaper paper than that made out of rags, and when, indeed, serious fears were entertained that the future supply of rags would be unequal to the demand. Another great discovery is, that old paper can be re-made and turned out fresh and ready for active service. This is as it should be. All through nature is seen the most wonderful system of renovation, endless transformations, and perpetual resurrections; the old constantly subserving the new, and the worn-out perennially restored to youth and use. The Phoenix is no fable: it is a very plain allegory of natural transmutations: and, without being grandiloquent, we may say, that the restoration of old, printed, despised, worn-out paper, which has carried its message and done its work, into a new, clean, white sheet, which has its work to do and its mission to fulfil, is about the happiest application of the Phoenix fable that we know of.

The watermarks in paper alone deserve an article to themselves; although the original history of many of them is lost.

No one knows now why Pott, which once bore a tankard—an intelligible pun enough—should now have the Royal arms in a simple shield, without motto or supporters, impressed on it; or why Foolscap should be stamped by Britannia, on a lion rampant, in an oval surmounted by a crown. Was there a wicked jest in the mind of the mould-maker who first sewed his wires into the likeness of the genius of Britain as the watermark of his Foolscap, discarding the cap and bells which anciently and more fitly emblazoned that respectable sheet? That mould-maker was a wag in his way, but a libellous one too, let us hope. Post is marked with a postman's horn, in a shield with a crown. That is as intelligible as Pott's ancient sign. Copy has a fleur de lys only; Demy, and several larger sorts, a fleur de lys in a crowned shield; Royal, a shield with a bend sinister and a fleur de lys for crest. But generally the names or initials of the makers are added to these technical marks, together with the date of production. Un-coloured paper is called yellow laid or yellow wove, according to the mould used; and the blue laid or blue wove, is coloured with malt (blue glass finely powdered, and containing oxide of cobalt), or with ultramarine, an artificial compound made of soda, clay-earth, and sulphur, and both cheaper and more effective than cobalt. Pink blotting paper is made of all the red rags in the manufactory, chiefly of Adrianople pocket-handkerchiefs; and blue wrapping-paper is made in like manner of blue rags, as far as they will go, supplying the deficiency by colouring white ones with Prussian blue. Whity-brown paper is produced by hempen rags; and the deep rich brown packing-paper, when not coloured by natural ochres, comes from tarred ships' ropes. The purple sugar papers of our grocers are due to logwood; and the yellowish tint of cartridge is from unbleached linen.

The thinnest paper made is tissue paper, the slenderest of the unsized or water-leaf kind: next in substance, still of the same order, is copying post, used for taking, by pressure, copies of letters written in sugared ink: then come our old friends the Adrianople handkerchiefs, in the disguise of blotting paper: then the filtering paper, used by chemists in their laboratories; and lastly, plate-paper, for taking off impressions from metal plates and lithographs. All other white papers are sized. In China, Japan, and other countries, they use a vegetable size, such as the gluten of rice, &c.; on the Continent, chiefly a compound of flour, resin, and soda; here, we have carefully prepared animal gelatine. But both vegetable and animal sizings require alum to keep them from putrefying. After sizing, writing papers are surfaced, hot-pressed, milled, or else rolled or calendered, and, when brought up to the extreme point of luxury, glazed.

Tracing paper is made by filling up the pores of common tissue paper with a varnish composed of turpentine and Canada balsam. When dried, this paper takes ink and colour perfectly, but sometimes turns yellow with keeping, and is always brittle and deficient in suppleness. A clearer and more supple kind is made by nut oil added to turpentine; but this is greasy, and will not accept ink or water-colours. The French make a very superior tracing paper without grease or resin, called papier végétal. It is made of new flax. The strongest paper made is Scotch bank-note paper: the weakest, is blotting paper. Next to the Scotch bank-note stands cartridge: in the line immediately above the blotting paper is drawing paper. One of these is a water-leaf; but the weakness of drawing paper is owing to the excessive bleaching it has undergone by chlorine, and also to the shortness of the fibre, it having been beaten into very short, and consequently weakened, fibres. Waterproof paper is made by three solutions; one of white soap, another of alum, and a third of glue and gum arabic. These three compounds united, fill the pores of the paper so entirely as to render it completely waterproof. As for all the marbled, shaded, combed, curled, curled and combed, iridescent, and all papers of modern use, it would be impossible to give even a catalogue of the various methods employed in making them. The broad outline of the process, in England, is, a bath of mucilage of gum tragacanth and water; a workman with various brushes full of various colours, which are jerked or shaken in drops of various sizes on the surface of the bath; a sheet of paper laid flat on the bath, then skilfully turned up over a stick placed across, carrying with it all the colours already sprinkled; and the paper is then marbled according to the pattern and the colours of the bath. Iridescent paper is made by the addition, say, of silver-coloured mica, finely powdered crystals, metallic dust, and in some instances a shining kind of talc, have been strewn over it. Metallic dust is made of the filings of different metals, which are first washed in a strong lye, then placed in a plate of iron or copper over a strong fire, where they are continually stirred till their colour is altered. The filings of tin, by this process, become every shade of gold colour, with a metallic lustre; those of copper, different shades of red and flame colour; those of iron and steel, blue or violet; and those of tin and bismuth, white and blue-and-white. Flock papers are made of clippings of cloth or dyed wools, reduced to powder and strewn on their proper places, which have been already covered with strong gum; and powdered steatite, or French chalk, is used for satin papers. Paper hangings are printed either with blocks, as cottons and cloths are printed in patterns, or are stencilled by means of cut forms. But the best thing we can say of paper is, that it is

growing cheaper and more beautiful every day; but it can never become an article of surpassing cheapness or beauty until its manufacture has ceased to be obstructed by the exciseman; for, of all the various kinds of paper, taxed paper must be the worst and dearest. It may be difficult for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to part with a million and a half of revenue; but it will be easier for him to find some other source for that amount of income than to continue a burthen already negatived by the House of Commons, and every day becoming more intolerable to the Commons themselves.

THE LAST DEVIL'S WALK.

From his brimstone bed at break of day

A devil has walking gone,

To trample and char the flow'rs to death,

To infest the air with his pestilent breath,

And to cloud the morning sun.

And, pray, how was this devil dress'd?

Oh! he was cased in an iron vest;

His scales were close, and his rivets true,

With never a clink for a spear to get through.

And over the hill, and over the dale,

He walked, and over the plain,

And an air-gun, elegant, polish'd, and round,

That would kill miles off, with never a sound,

He twirl'd like a harmless cane.

And over the laurels of full-blown Fame,

And the tender shoots of the young Good Name,

He stamp'd with his merciless hoof of shame,

And he left its print on each.

And backwards and forwards he wriggled his tail,

Through rose-trimm'd garden and lily-strewn vale,

Marking his course by a loathsome trail,

Like a snail-track over a peach.

He spied a labourer hard at work,

Early at his vocation.

His prominence offered a capital shot.

"Oho!" quoth the devil, "he sees me not."

So he shoulder'd his piece and he aim'd, God wot!

With terrible calculation!

He saw young innocent folks at play,

Blameless, beautiful, wise, and gay,

The prospect liked not him.

So a vitriol-flask from his pouch he drew,

("Twas a devilish deed!) and the liquid threw

O'er the fair young group, whom he left a crew

Of monsters scarr'd and grim.

He peered in a house: 'twas a goodly manse,

Of time and weather had stood the chance,

And was still erect and fair.

"Aha!" quoth the Devil, "the pile looks well,

But I've fireworks studied for nothing in hell,

If I can't find out when a match or shell

May lead to combustion there."

That Devil could creep where no other fiends can.

He found an unguarded spot,

Where he scraped a mine with his diligent hoof,

And—his train prepared—wall, pillar, and roof,

Blew up in the air like shot!

That breach in the roof is mended now;

Its whereabouts few can tell.

But the Devil had done his work that day,

So he crawl'd him back for his master's pay,

Which he royally spent in a jovial way,

With the lowest devils in Hell.

"There are many devils that walk this world,

Devils great and devils small,

Devils with tails and devils without;"

Devils who whisper, devils who shout,

Devils who mystify, devils who teach;

But the CALUMNY DEVIL—as hard to reach

As the snail who, now safe on some distant beech,

Is digesting the core of my favourite peach—

Is the shabbiest devil of all!

A NEGRO-HUNT.

PORTO RICO, Emerald of the Antilles, is a fairy island of sweet gardens and orange groves, rich sugar plantations, dark luxuriant woods, and lofty rocks. Therein dwell haughty dark-eyed Señoritas, wealthy Caballeros, and poor negro slaves.

In the northern part of the island are the plantations of Don Gomez de Mier. He was a native of Cuba, who having there made a large fortune in the slave trade, settled down in the most beautiful part of Porto Rico only a few years ago. He bought vast tracts of sugar and tobacco fields, and lived in great magnificence. Though he possessed a round sum of at least eight or nine hundred slaves, great was his rage when an overseer reported to him one morning that a tall negro, whom he had imported from Cuba, had escaped during the night. His rage was not at all mitigated when he was informed a few minutes afterwards that the wife of the runaway was missing too. The negro was worth more than two thousand piastres, for it would have been difficult to fall in with a finer or more powerful man, from the shores of the river Senegal down to the coast of South Guinea, and his wife was young and vigorous; therefore Don Gomez had reason for vexation, and for his determination to give chase immediately.

The neighbours were invited in due form to share the sport. Now, as a sport like this is even more exciting than a fox-hunt, the guests were not slow in making their appearance, and after the lapse of a few hours, a dozen of them rode in, richly mounted on their splendid Andalusian coursers. There is no need for instant hurry in these cases; the noses of the blood-hounds are sure not to lose scent of the track before the setting in of the night-dew; the huntsmen sat down, therefore, to breakfast, and made good cheer in the hospitable villa of their host, whose table was in excellent repute. After breakfast, however, they put on their large sombreros, and, mounting their thorough-breeds, declared themselves quite ready for the sport. The dogs were taken out, and the negro-hunt was to begin in earnest.

The runaway slave himself had taken care not to leave anything behind him. A wooden cup, in which he used to receive his rations, and from which he ate and drank, was in charge of the overseer, and that was all that could be made serviceable for the occasion. But the wife had hidden some old linens rather carelessly, and these the overseer had found. Drink was given to the dogs in the wooden bowl, and the linen was put to their noses. There were only two of them; but two are enough to settle a negro even of the size of the escaped Juano. Terrible animals they are; large, strong-built, yellow-haired, double-nosed, thorough-bred, of that genuine Spanish race trained up carefully to the purpose—bloodhounds. No need whatever for urging them on, they were animated and impatient enough already; and directly they had got a scent, with eager yelps they bounded along, with their noses close to the ground, and their tails upright in the air.

They were followed by the brisk glances of the stately caballeros, who began already to testify excitement, for this first part of the chase is considered by some amateurs to be by no means the least interesting.

The dogs made straight for the negro huts, and the poor blacks, male and female, whom they chanced to meet, took hasty care to get out of the way. A few minutes afterwards they were seen darting towards the southern corner of a fence which enclosed the slave-cottages; then they turned round again, and went back to the huts, their tails fanning the air all the time, and their delicate and dreadful noses almost rubbing on the ground.

One might read in the eyes of those proud and haughty caballeros that the decisive moment was near at hand! A savage yelping of the dogs gave notice that it had arrived indeed. The greedy animals turned again, and making once more for the fence with full speed, they broke through it without hesitation.

"To the chase, caballeros!" They gave a hearty cheer, set spurs to their horses, cleared the fence. The hunt was up!

Poor Juano! Lost,—and by the fault of his wife, too!

The dogs pursued a straight line in a southerly direction. They did not run fast from the moment they had surely come on the right track, the horsemen being enabled to follow at an easy canter, but they went along their route with a certainty that was appalling to behold; never stopping, never offering the slightest sign of hesitation, and up hill or down dale, over meadows or over fields, through groves or through woods, never—not for one single moment—raising their noses more than half an inch above the level of the ground.

It was warm work, altogether, the heat of the tropical sun being intense: but, when hour after hour passed, and still the dogs

went on, neither hurrying nor slackening their speed, but always in the same steady and determined manner, they seemed to put new life into our hot and jaded caballeros. They would sooner have thought of parting with their souls than of abandoning the chase.

Porto Rico, to the south, is very mountainous, and the nearer we draw to the sea coast, the wilder, the more picturesque is the surrounding country. Rocky vales, with gaping precipices of an unfathomable depth, steep and lofty crags with enormous peaks, follow each other in quick succession. Some of the peaks rise more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea, their inaccessible tops visited only by the eagles, which fly round them in majestic circles. The stony ground is torn by clefts and chasms; large pieces of rocks, of a monstrous size, are scattered about wildly.

The cavalcade had long since alighted, and the caballeros, leaving their horses in charge of some of the servants, were following the dogs a-foot. The march became more and more difficult for these nicely-booted gentlemen; but they held on nevertheless. Even although they knew that they were upon perilous ground, as this remote part of the island is a notorious place of refuge for the runaways (Marron niggers, as they are called here), they seemed the more disposed to persist in the chase. The dogs advanced but slowly over this rough ground, now and then halting before a cleft over which they could not leap, and passing round it by a by-way, but still never failing to pick up the track on the other side of the precipice, always sure, always eager, with their noses always close to the ground.

Suddenly they came to a dead stop, and lifting up their heads for the first time, barked furiously.

When the caballeros reached the spot, they stood before a deep abyss. On the opposite side a lofty rock rose up to a height of more than eight hundred feet. Its reverse side fell off steeply towards the sea, and the breakers were to be heard dashing with a sullen roar against it. The dogs might bark and yelp. They were but dogs, and even a jaguar would look twice before he leapt so terrible a chasm.

It was about nine o'clock, and the scene was beginning to change rapidly. The blue tinge of that wonderful sky began gradually to deepen, the stars came out one after the other, shining forth—the southern cross above all—with a splendour never dreamed about in England. Darkness was setting in upon the paradise of Porto Rico.

Any attempt to continue the chase during the night would have been madness. Some of the servants were ordered therefore to light a large fire, whilst others were sent back for the requisite refreshments and accommodations. A few sentries were set,

and the caballeros stretched themselves upon the ground.

When the most minute and accurate search was made next morning for means of descending the abyss and scale the opposite rock, a cleft was discovered which offered, indeed, some means of descending; and as to the rock, a negro servant pointed out a way by which it was admitted that—however poor the chance might be—there was at least a possibility of climbing. Both passages, however, were unanimously declared to be impracticable for any other feet than those of a chamois or a Marron nigger, and the gentlemen accordingly consulted over what should next be done.

After some deliberation it was resolved that, since more runaways were doubtless gathered upon the spot, and it was desirable to put a final stop to this sort of vagabondage, the best plan would be to starve them out.

The necessary measures were then taken. Sentinels were posted at every spot offering the slightest chance of escape. A regular method of field-duty was put into practice. The videttes were relieved at appointed intervals, and during the night one could hear the outposts calling to each other as formally as in military camp.

The caballeros established themselves quite at their ease. Tents were brought down from the plantations, a flying camp was pitched near the place, and the ultimate result of the blockade was awaited. The days or hours of its duration were calculated in advance. But hour after hour, day after day passed, and still the blood-hounds never howled—as they are sure to do the moment they scent death. Each morning they gathered near the cleft by which the track led down to the abyss, and lifting up their noses high into the air, barked on with the same unabated fury. Day after day a thin pillar of smoke was seen during a few hours whirling from the top of the platform through the deep blue sky.

The matter became altogether a mystery. A whole week, ten days, a fortnight went by, and still the dogs were to be heard barking as usual, still that column of smoke was to be seen whirling up to the sky. It was all very well for the caballeros to direct their spy-glasses towards the naked rock; they could see nothing, understand nothing.

"Madre de Dios! What on earth can those black rascals be feeding upon up there?"

At last one of the negro servants offered himself as a spy, advising his masters, for appearance sake, to raise the siege till he came back.

The offer was accepted; the siege broken up. Only a few sentinels were left behind, carefully hidden, lest the spy should prove to be a double traitor. The fellow, however, knew but too well that little was to be got

from the Marrons, and much from Don Gomez de Mier.

When, after the lapse of five days, he came back, safe and sound, from his perilous expedition, he had a strange story to tell. He had descended the abyss, and climbed the rock at the risk of his neck. When he had reached the top, and joined the fugitives, reporting himself a runaway from his master, who, he said, had given up the blockade altogether, they received him without suspicion. There were eight of them, the woman included, all well and in the best condition, making good cheer indeed. They had venison, mutton, fowl—anything but bread and cheese—for dinner. They stewed and they roasted. Some of them climbed now and then down the sea-face of the rock to gather as much wood and seaweed as they could get for their fuel; as to the water, they had a fresh spring near at hand.

But the game? How did they get that? This was the very mystery which the spy had to spend four days in finding out.

Night after night he saw Juano, leaving the others, make for the sea-side of the platform, armed with a large stick; but as he knew pretty well that a shadow of suspicion would have put at once a fatal stop to his diplomacy, he dared not follow him. When the negro came back he was sure to bring with him a hare or a young roe, perhaps even a whole sheep, at which the others never testified the least surprise. The supplies were received quite as a matter of course, not worth any particular remark.

On the morning of the fourth day at last the spy had a chance of loitering, as if by accident, near the opposite side of the platform, and was startled by the sudden flight of a great eagle that circled rapidly above the top of a peak some thirty or forty feet higher than the common level of the platform. A suspicion then occurred to him, which he was able promptly to confirm; for on the same night he succeeded in tracing Juano to the peak, where, from his own hiding-place behind a block, he could hear the cries of the frightened and angry birds, the vigorous blows with which the negro defended himself against their mighty wings, their dangerous beaks, their powerful talons. The mystery was revealed. The Marrons were feeding on the eagles' prey.

Those poor birds had to work hard. There was their own family to be supported, and there were moreover eight idle stomachs to be supplied with the necessities of life, and as the negro took care never to leave more than was strictly required to keep any of the brood from perishing of hunger, the foraging went on with great activity.

When this incident was made known to the Spaniards, Don Gomez wrote a polite letter to an old acquaintance, captain of *La Hija Hermosa*, a Spanish clipper-ship noted for her fast sailing, and just then at

anchor in the port of Saint Juan de Porto Rico, requesting him to send over his second mate for a week or so, as he stood sorely in need of him and his rifle.

The mate, though a sailor, was known to be a dead shot. He was a little in the nigger trade just then, but he had gone through a great deal in his life, and for three years he had been engaged in the tiger trade in the Sonora in Mexico and, slow work as that is, yet he had contrived to make a little money by it. The Mexican tigers—jaguars as they are called—are very dangerous animals, much more so than their Asiatic kinsfolk, which are said to be but cowardly beasts after all, who frequently take to their heels when they are charged by men.

Whenever a jaguar has been seen or heard of in the neighbourhood of an Indian village, the whole tribe—men, women, and children—will rather decamp at once than run the risk of being exposed to a night attack from this terrible animal. Only one class of men there is that seek the jaguar, and make it a particular business to fall in with as many of these beasts as they can trace out.

The Mexican government pays a premium of thirty to forty dollars for each head of a jaguar, presented to a magistrate in any part of its vast territories, and as the delicate fur of this dangerous game is worth another sum almost as great, it has become a trade to hunt them. I have known one of these tiger traders, and although he was no talker, there used to ooze from him strange recollections of his perils.

As soon as the mate had arrived, the siege was re-opened, the camp pitched again, sentinels posted, and strict vigilance enforced.

It turned out to be no easy work, even for this intrepid and daring hunter, who had climbed many a crag in the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, to get down that abyss and to find an accessible spot on the rock opposite from which he might get a shot at the eagles. He thought it best to make sure of his ball, and not to alarm the negroes by waste firing that would indicate to them the station he had chosen and cause them to hurl stones down upon him.

He had risked his life, however, many a time for less than the good sum Don Gomez was sure to pay, as amateur, for those two splendid birds of prey, and he went to work with a will.

After a couple of hours he was seen at a height of six hundred feet, suspended over the dark precipice beneath him, and sheltered by a prominence over his head against any stones or blocks which might be hurled upon him. On the platform nothing unusual could be discovered. The Marrons, hidden behind the stony ramparts which enclosed their place of refuge, remained secure.

Several hours went by, and it was late in the afternoon, when at last the report of the mate's rifle was heard for the first time. Many a spy-glass was directed at once to the spot where the audacious shooter was stationed, but as nothing particular could be remarked, except, perhaps, the coolness with which he was reloading his rifle, most of the caballeros returned to their tents. Those, however, who still watched the daring man, had their reward, when, about half-an-hour afterwards, the steep rocks around echoed once more the report of his gun.

A blackish object of the size of a pigeon was seen darting up into the air with the swiftness of a cannon-ball, then it stopped short on a sudden, remaining suspended immovable for some moments at an enormous height, then it began to lower in a spiral line, slowly at first, then quicker and quicker, till at last it disappeared rapidly behind the huge mass of the rock.

It was the second eagle. The first had been shot already from the top of the peak, and, being killed on the spot, had fallen down at once into the sea.

The mate had done his work. His retreat was accomplished with some difficulty, as many a block, the hundredth part of which would have been more than sufficient to crush him to atoms, rolled close by his head. He managed, however, to escape them all, and when on the morning of the next day he stood before Don Gomez, announcing to him his complete success, the man was as sound and as cool as ever.

On the two following days the dogs were heard barking in their usual manner; and the pillar of smoke was still to be seen whirling from the top of the platform upwards to the sky. On the morning of the third day, however, the dogs were silent, and even with the aid of the most powerful spy-glasses, it was impossible to descry the slightest sign of smoke upon the platform.

On the evening of that same day, shortly after the setting in of the neap-tide, the blood-hounds were heard all at once barking most furiously. Almost, at the same time, the sentinel nearest to the shore gave the alarm.

When the whole party came up in a hurry to ascertain what was the matter, they were not a little surprised at the unexpected turn which the affair seemed to take.

The Marrons were in the sea! They struggled against the fury of the mighty breakers; they were striving with all their energy to gain a rocky bay not very far from their abandoned place of shelter.

"Carramba! Those fools must be mad!" exclaimed the mate.

A shriek was heard, sudden, and horrible; another yet more frightful pierced the thunder of the breakers; the sea-water became purple.

Those unhappy wretches had made their choice between the Spaniards and the ground-sharks.

THE REVEREND ALFRED HOBLUSH'S STATEMENT.

YE who listen with credulity to the whispers of Fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of Hope; who expect that Age will dissipate the shyness of Youth; attend to the history of Hoblush, curate of Saint Stylites.

I am aware that Doctor Samuel Johnson begins his diverting History of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, very much in this fashion. That unmeaning young person and his wearisome adviser are introduced with a flourish laid down, as it were, on the same lines. But I say again, Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of Fancy, who expect that Age will dissipate the shyness, blushes, spilling of fluids, entanglement of human limbs, with other failings incident to constitutional nervousness; attend to the history of Alfred Hoblush, curate of Saint Stylites.

The configuration of the ecclesiastic known as Hoblush, is pretty familiar to the parish; but to the great world outside, it is, in human probability, caviare. I am tall and slender, very gentle of aspect, and look out at Nature very mildly—through glasses. My hair is long, and usually saturated with unguents, and turns up spontaneously at the back in a sort of frill. My garment is long and monkish, shining like satin; and my umbrella is carried full a yard in front of my person, being poised daintily between two fingers, as though it were a hot rod. In this guise I go my peaceful, inoffensive round, a-curing of souls: the Reverend Alfred Hoblush, at your service.

This is the pure shell, the earthy, out-speaking portion of him. But for that which passeth show, the spiritual, indestructible half of the man, a hint or so may be dropped. I have a quiet, gentle soul, in truth but ill-calculated for contact with the furze and briars of a wicked world. The gentle soul flies in upon itself at anything like a jar, a start, or shock—at anything like a rough joke, or what is called quizzing—flies home fluttering, trembling, and, so to speak, in blushes. A burst of ill-regulated female merriment has been known to rout utterly the little trifier. From the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind, it shrinks with horror.

Not but that my own personality as the Reverend Alfred Hoblush took exceeding delight in female society. It was in a manner the air it breathed; and in my own parish, that is to say, the little country-town of Crambington, where I did curacy duty for the Reverend Doctor Blowers. It may be stated, with a pardonable vanity, that the respiratory functions were reciprocal; for,

with the mature virgins of Crambington, Hoblush was the air they breathed—inhaled greedily indeed during many a quiet evening tea. To such entertainment I, so to speak, let myself out on hire, per night, and this run upon me positively continues five nights out of the seven. What may have been at the bottom of such hearty appreciation, is not for me to state: since I did no more than look out placidly through my spectacles on my parish virgins, and in quiet tones unfold my experiences of men and things generally. Positively you might have heard a pin drop, as, seated in the midst, those silvery tones echoed musically through the apartment. O happy, happy hours! Hours of whose return, proximate or remote, the probability is extremely doubtful! Someway, with the rough creatures belonging to my own sex, I could not thrive. I did not affect their company, nor did they mine. Their coarse rough bearing did not suit my gentle ways; for I was but a shorn lamb, to which the wind should be tempered. The bare notion of being clapped on the back, or welcomed in Hail-fellow-well-met! fashion, or being joked at rudely, or being addressed with slang allusion, gives me a cold feeling down my back. No, my gentle soul was attuned to the sweet song of women's voices. It fluttered away to the soft boudoir sanctuary, and there nestled among the down cushions and tabourets of female nature.

But there was one strange peculiarity in my mental constitution—if peculiarity it can be called—which should not be passed over in this free and open confession. There was implanted in me a mysterious repulsion to most of the animal creation. Of cats I had that awe and dread which is common to me, I believe, with many more of my fellow-creatures; holding their classification by naturalists under the head of animals *Feræ Naturæ*, or savage beasts to be highly just and scientific. Horses, too, inspired me with terror, and I cannot call to mind that I ever, at any period of my life, found myself on the back of a fiery courser. But, curious to say, I most shrank from dogs. Their presence filled me with terror; I scented them afar off, and was warned of their approach by a sort of instinct. Every way my presence seemed to have the effect of inflaming them, and even dogs of inoffensive natures have been known to growl and glance furiously from their eyes and to display other marks of irritation. Their furious looks made me tremble all over, and caused a cold perspiration to break forth. Such hostility was unaccountable and undeserved; yet it had the effect of bringing me round by circuitous roads and by-places, to avoid parts where I knew strange dogs were kept. This very often embittered the course of my life. I never knew the day nor the hour when the fangs of one of these brutes might be closing on my unsuspecting flesh.

With this moral constitution I was alone in the world—unwed, unmated. My hearth was desolate. I was alone in the world with my violoncello.

That instrument was as much in demand as myself, and went out with me to all evening parties. Indeed, it was a favourite joke to include it specially in the little pink note of invitation, it being hoped that the Reverend Alfred Hoblush would be kind enough to bring with him Mrs. Alfred Hoblush. Accordingly, when I entered silently of an evening, beautifully robed in shining raiment, there was borne in after me a huge case, coffin-like in aspect, which was set up on end in a corner of the room. It came round with me to all the houses where I was entertained;—to the Misses Manidrum's, to the Misses Marjoram's, the Misses Pemjob's and a host more too numerous to mention. Perhaps, of all the army of virgins, the Misses Manidrum were to my taste. They were by far the most deeply versed in musical entertainments, and perhaps made the strongest tea. There were but two of them left;—an elder and a younger sister, with no one in the wide world to care for them, save an ancient aunt who could do nothing beyond sitting in a chair and trying to listen to everything. Over the head of the elder of the twain, I should say not more than eight and thirty summers had passed, being comely enough in aspect to rejoice any man's heart. And yet there was an unaccountable freshness of tint about her delicate nasal conformation which was certainly a drawback to the classic beauty of her face. It mystified me, this local inflammation. It disturbed me to see this tint deepened, in the course of a night, from a gentle pink, into an angry crimson, flaming out like heated metal. Her frail figure, too, was wasted and emaciated, and the anatomy of the regions about the neck was developed extraordinarily. Her sister, scarcely two years junior to her, had all the liveliness and caprice attendant on that engaging period of life, being always full of spirits, and pouting, and fretting, if she were crossed in anything. With them I passed many a happy evening, travelling in company through miles of concert and symphony. Our music was fine—very fine, the whole parish said, my bowing in particular, was thought to be masterly. We were conscientious players—both of us—working on steadily from eight till twelve of these musical nights, travelling through symphony after symphony.

To the Misses Marjoram's, too, I was in the habit of taking the coffin-shaped case. The three fair daughters, had locks of the most beautiful flaxen tint, running wild in clusters of ringlets. I never saw earthly creatures so wondrously fair; yet, strange to say, there was that fatal singularity about their nasal developments also, which were all high and arched, and more conformable to ornitholo-

gical than human laws. Subject, also, to angry irritation and incandescence, on the smallest excitement. Cruel law this: that the youth and beauty of our parish was to go forth upon the earth with this Cain's mark upon them; children, as it were, of that hapless Slawkenburgius, we have read of in Mr. Shandy.

From my heart I grieved for the three Misses Marjoram, when I saw ignition commencing. With them I could play no more than light romances, and what are called nocturnos, facile in character, and not reaching to the grandeur of the classical. Still, in such light toying with music, did many other pleasant evenings run by.

All this while, though exposed to such sweet seductions, it never entered into the heart of the Reverend Alfred Hoblush to pick one flower from that fair garden and place it in his bosom. To say the truth, he felt thrown, as it were, among a dear sisterhood—disporting in a sort of pastoral curacy, ranging, Corydon-like, among so many parish Phyllises. Marriage forsooth! What will the world say? and such like coarse speeches, were as naught to me. There was no such conventional scandal abroad in Crambington. I nourished no such notions towards them, nor did they towards me. So I believe it would have endured until the end of time. So I believe I would have continued to wander among the virgins, platonically, and with my crook upon my shoulder. But, alas! it was the evening of one of our great festivals, and the church of Saint Stylites was crowded to the porch. Never had I seen so much Crambington youth and beauty—so much Crambington silk and ribbon rustling and fluttering as I looked down from my high place and proceeded in soft tones to dilate on the virtues and glories of that illustrious saint.

"Dear brethren," I was saying, in that clear, gentle voice which Miss Manidrum always said was to her as the tinkling of silver bells, "we should not lend ourselves to stiffneckedness—to stiffneckedness, I say"—on which theme I was about to dilate at length when I felt something sawing and rasping me unpleasantly about the region of the neck. No doubt those parts were in a state of extreme irritation. "For, dear Christians, only consider, that he who is stiffnecked"—I had discovered what it was. Those perverse, overstarched bands had got twisted round all awry—right under my ear. Had been under my ear for some time back in all probability, presenting me in a ludicrous and irreverent aspect. The bare notion sent the blood rushing to the tips of my ears and extremities generally. I felt hot and uncomfortable, and tugged nervously at the strings to bring all straight again. The result was only tightening of the horrid engine almost to suspension of the respiration. Further tugging, with further

rush of blood: all the eyes of the congregation must be upon the unseemly struggle; then a sudden crack, and all was over. The bands came away in my hand. Sinking with shame and confusion, I stole a terrified glance at the congregation below, and my eyes lighted on a fresh rosy face, quite strange to the parish, seemingly struggling with some secret emotion. Again I repeated, holding up by way of wretched shift those cruel bands, the warning against stiffneckedness. No, that surely could not be laughter—such wickedness, such irreverence in a place of worship, it could not be!—"The evils of stiff-neckedness were manifold, its fruit was evil." Now just one timid glance over the edge, for she was sitting right under the pulpit, to see could it be so. "First, Christian friends, it hardeneth the heart, it turneth to rock that which should be soft as moss." What was that fluttering down lightly through the air? Ah, wretched bands! Ineffectual clutch, vain effort to grasp them! They light on the pew below: and I see the strange face now covered up in a handkerchief, convulsed with laughter.

That night my sleep was troubled: I tossed wearily until near to morning. There was a heavy oppression on the breast of the Reverend Alfred Hoblush, the like of which he had never experienced in his life before. Which too, on nice analysis next morning, resolved itself into certain fresh and rosy elements. O that fatal glance downward from his pulpit, while tugging at those bands had undone him! Whether that poor sermon of his, stopped short there and then, or staggered on for many minutes more—whether Saint Stylites was further glorified by his servant, or left here abruptly to shift for himself, he declares solemnly, with his hand on his heart, he is to this hour unable to determine.

It was communicated to me, on putting interrogatories at an absurdly early hour next morning to Miss Manidrum senior, that the freshness and roses belonged to a young Irish lady, who had only come into my parish some two days before, and was now residing with her cousins the Penguins. I fear me much that there was an awkwardness in my manner, and tell-tale suffusion about my cheeks, which must have gone nigh to betraying what was within me. Yes, Miss Manidrum said she was a new arrival, and would tarry in the parish for a month or more. Miss Loo Moyle the name.

I had not seen much of the Penguins hitherto; they being of that free-tongued, irreverent class I have spoken of before. But, should not the pastor know every member of the flock confided to his care? Was not such ignoring of the Penguins a grievous dereliction of duty? Why let feelings of pure personal convenience interfere with such sacred functions? I must go at once; and

thus achieve a noble victory over the evil portion of our common nature.

She was in the drawing-room, alone! Radiant, blooming, beautiful, glorious, and in a surpassing hat, fringed a foot deep with lace. Such vision was never presented to poor wretched heart, and I could have sunk down on my knees before it.

"Miss Penguin," I gasped, "Miss Penguin, I came to see—that is, I am Hoblush—the Reverend Alfred Hoblush!"

"I know you perfectly, already," she said, with a burst of laughter. "O dear! yes—no introduction needed."

Colour mounting again—terrible enemy that of mine. I had a dim perception of what she alluded to.

"Won't you sit down?" she said, still laughing. "See, I have a little souvenir of you already—presented to me, certainly—in a very unusual manner." And, going to the table, she opened a book, and took out those wretched bands, which had fluttered down to her from my pulpit. "O dear!" she said, sinking into a chair, and holding them up by the two strings, "never shall I forget that scene—never." Here she went off again into another burst.

I felt so overwhelmed—so abashed, at this strange reception, that I thought I should have sunk down upon the ground: then, seizing my hat, half rose, with purpose of flying.

"There," she said, "don't go—I won't plague you any more. Here, take back your clerical furniture, and keep it as a memorial of peace and amity proclaimed between us. Now let us talk of the weather."

A little re-assured, I ventured to raise my eyes to her lovely face—for the first time almost since entering the room. It was dazzling, that pink and white fruit suspended before me. I had never seen anything like it in my life. Ah! witless Hoblush, thy peace is gone for ever. "Ye who listen with credulity to the whispering of Fancy, &c., &c., &c.," according to what is prefixed by way of text to this simple narrative.

"Madam," I began, with trembling voice, "I—"

"Madam! to me! It will be Mistress, or plain Goody, next! Sir! what are you dreaming of?"

"Dreaming of!" I exclaimed, involuntarily. "I AM in a dream! Such beauty—such loveliness! O forgive me, I know not what I am saying." And this time I made straight for the door, and fled away down stairs, out of the house. "O ye," I say again, with the late Doctor Samuel Johnson, "who listen with credulity to the whispers of Fancy,—who expect that Age will dissipate the shyness of Youth,—attend to the history of Hoblush, Prince of Abyssinia"—I mean, Curate of Saint Stylites!

On the troubled hours that followed I will not dwell now. I was distraught and

feverish. Like the unhappy owner of the deceased dog known as Tray, I was sick: I was wretched. I was wasting away. I was under articles to appear that night at the Misses Marjoram's, for an evening party. Be sure to bring the violoncello,—Mrs. Hobblush, I think they called it. Weak-minded joke, worthy of the dwindled souls from which it emanated! How my soul loathed that wretched Tomfoolery! Why should my lot be, to go through the world linked to a coffin-shaped case? Man was surely made for other and more noble aims.

"What shall we play to-night?" said the elder Marjoram, greedily turning over the pages of her music. "Shall we have Mozart, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn?"

I heard her, but heeded not.

"Suppose we try that noble symphony of Mozart, which always sounds like Heaven!" she said, in one of those absurd fits of enthusiasm.

I looked at her vacantly, scarcely comprehending the force of the remark, and then let my bow wander off upon the strings into a wild, unearthly chaunt, full of a despairing pathos. They listened in wrapt attention, while I went on still discarding the weird-like strain—now high, now low—quivering, passionate, fluttering, stealing. I knew not what I played, and yet it had shape and form and measure; for there was that within me which should have vent at all risks.

"What is it?" said those who had been hearkening while I played on for a very considerable period. (I fancy I should have gone on thus the whole night long.) "What is it?" they asked again, in hushed tones.

I burst into a hoarse laugh. "What would you say to an Irish tune? Ha, ha! Hearken again." Then I fell off at once into this witching extemporization. "I'll play no more to-night," I said, at last. "My brain's on fire; I am unwell!" And so, laying down my bow without a word more, I passed softly from the room. I could not have borne that wretched drumming; it would have driven me mad. So I went forth, and wandered up and down for hours about her dwelling,—the Penguins' dwelling. There was a light burning in the top window. I had a fearful cold and sore throat next morning, and could scarcely speak.

My soul was languishing for her. I was being wasted with an internal fire. Somebody said there were two hectic spots on my cheeks. Rector Blowers, coarse mortal, kept making low, unfeeling jokes, as it seemed to me very unbecoming one of his cloth. But, for his grey hairs, as he knows full well, he durst not so use me. What a change has been wrought on this poor bosom! My little ones, that is to say the children and orphans of the parish whom I used to catechise sweetly of evenings in the chancel, when the gorgeous sunset was shining in through the

golden pane, are grown to be a positive nuisance—as unruly creatures as were ever gotten together. I tell them, sternly, they must mind what they are about,—no more of this fooling or it will be worse for them, and I send two off home whimpering. But, returning to my own homestead at noontide, there was Balm of Gilead waiting for me in a little pink tri-cornered note, which, I was told, had been sent from Penguinville. In the little tri-cornered note, it was hoped that Reverend Alfred Hobblush would come and drink tea that evening, and oblige mine sincerely, Alicia Penguin.

Oblige mine sincerely! ay, five hundred times over! So, that night, I arrayed myself in my shining dress-coat with the stand-up collar and the beautiful Oxford vest, and set forth. Coarse Blowers wished to know "was I going to a rendezvous?"

She was transcendently beautiful that night; looking out on me as from a white cloud of floating muslin. The Penguins, I suppose, were present. It is unlikely they would leave her to entertain me alone; but, on that head, I cannot speak with certainty. At all events, I took notice of dusky outlines moving about, which, I suppose, were Penguins. How musical was her voice—her speaking voice that is—flavoured daintily with ever so little of a juicy brogue! "Could I play?" she asked (the coffin was standing on end below in the hall). Come, let that big tea-chest o' mine be brought in. Come, I must open that fiddle-kease and give them a tchune. That dainty brogue gave such a luscious sweetness to all she said! So the fiddle-kease was brought in and opened, and I sat down—in company, I believe, with a Penguin presiding at the pianoforte.

"How tenderly he holds it," I heard her whisper.

I played for her, something short and expressive, into which I threw my whole soul. It evidently pleased her.

"Do you know anything lively?" she asked, "Ballymaloney Ora, or Planxty Murphy, or —"

"No!" I knew none of those national airs.

"Where have ye been brought up?" she asked, contemptuously. I groaned. "Where, indeed? Why had I not been grounded in Ballymalony, and the other lichts? I would borrow a book of Hibernian tunes and apply myself to that study. Stay," I said, with extraordinary courage, "you shall be my instructress, lovely Islander!"

"Done!" she said, with a scream of laughter. "But I have another pupil to begin teaching of. Do you know Mr. Nairo?"

I did not know the gentleman.

"He will be here to-morrow or next day; and a fine, handsome fellow he is."

I felt a sharp, hot pang pass through me. Who was this Nairo?

"Wouldn't ye like to know him now?" she said.

"I had no particular desire," I answered, in freezing tones.

"Now, are you going to be jealous of the poor fellow before seeing him? Then, I can tell you, I like him better than anybody I have ever seen yet."

I went home that night filled with a new trouble. "Who was this wretched Nairo that had come between me and my love? Cold, hollow-hearted woman! Why torture this faithful bosom? Nairo. What a name! Italian, doubtless: some fellow with jet, glossy moustaches and rings. A curled and oiled Assyrian bull, like the man in Maud, Pah! But let him beware—beware, I say! Lambs have been known to cast their skin and become lions! Nairo! indeed,—ha! ha! the (what was the Irish word?) the spalpeen!—ha! ha! The spalpeen! Och! whilliloo!" I continued, starting up, with Hibernian associations crowding fast upon me, "will anybody tread upon the tail of my coat?" and I drew an imaginary garment round the room triumphantly. Was not this the custom at the fair—her fair, her national fair! Ah, false, frail one—deluding enchantress! angel! devil!

I was with her day after day. I infested the house of the Penguins. I rushed into her exultingly, one morning,—“I know it,” I said, “I have found it. Only listen to me,” and straight played off for her Ballymalony Ora.

“Bravo!” she said. She was delighted. “Go on. Play like that, if you want me to like you! You should have been born an Irishman. Nairo is an Irishman.”

Ah! that accursed name! Confusion on his banners wait! And yet I could take out letters of naturalisation—or stay, did not my grandfather's cousin marry a lady whose stepfather's first wife had relatives in Cork? This must be looked into.

Mr. Nairo was already arrived, she told me. He saw her every day. But, with my penetration, it was easy to know that this was but a blind: one of her little tricks for plaguing my loving heart. I have a secret feeling that I have grown to be beloved in turn. What a change has come over Alfred Hoblush, wrought all by her! We have sung together duets, even airs, from that wicked, naughty opera, where she addresses me with passion as Alfredo mio! and I reciprocate with La Violetta mia! Improper, charming, bewitching music! What if I were her Alfredo really? This struggle in my bosom must end. My flesh is all wasted away. I must speak or die.

It was at the close of a beautiful evening in the middle of the nineteenth century, that a solitary visitor might have been observed pacing uneasily up and down the Penguins' drawing-room. It was the unhappy Hob-

lush, who had sent up word begging to see Miss Loo for a few minutes in private. He had made up his mind to put the fatal question that morning. I hear her footstep; she is coming,—my own, my sweet! Courage, Hoblush!

I had it all off by heart. “Dear lady,” I said, “though knowing you but for a short space, I may say that period seems to be years. Your virtues, your perfections, are all familiar to me. I know that”——

“Come, none of your blarneying, Mr. Hoblush,” the dear girl answered; “come to the point at once. What are ye driving at?”

“Blarneying!” I said, with vehemence, “forbid it, Heaven! No, by Saint Kevin's Bed!”—I had been diligently reading up all the Hibernian traditions—“no, by Saint Keven's Bed, I durst not.”

“Be quick, then, Mr. Hoblush. I have to go out with Mr. Nairo.”

My lip curled. “Mr. Nairo's claims, I suppose, are paramount?”

“They are,” she said, quietly.

I regarded her fixedly for an instant. “Go, false one!” I said.

“What do you mean, sir?” she returned, rising.

“Ah, stay!” I said, frantically. “Forgive me! I knew not what I said. Nay, you must hear me; I have been silent too long.” And, sinking on my knees, I poured out all my loves, hopes, and sorrows: how I had worshipped her, and every particle of dust or earth upon which she trod: how she was my pearl of Shiraz, my opal of great price, my Prince Regent, or Pitt diamond: how I was but a body, and she the soul: how she was my breath of life, my sustenance, my hope, my joy, my——

The door was violently pushed open, and then came bounding in something shaggy—something panting. Two paws were on my shoulder in an instant; and there was a great black and white head and ivory jaws beside my cheek. I could have died at that moment. “Take him away!” I shrieked, feebly.

“Down, Nairo!” she said, with her handkerchief to her mouth.

But the horrible Newfoundland brute kept on me still. His bark came as thunder to my ears, and then I was grovelling on the floor beneath him. There was an icy suffusion on my brow. All I recollect afterwards, was his cold nose sniffing at my throat; his two fiery eyes glaring at me, and his hot breath upon my cheeks.

Yes, I saw more than that. I saw the cruel Irish maiden falling back on the sofa in convulsions of laughter. For all that, it nearly threw me into a fit, as might be expected from my constitutional antipathy to ferocious animals.

Speaking now as a third party, I may

mention the fact, that the Reverend Alfred Hoblush has exchanged his curacy for one in the west of England. But *cœlum non animum mutant* is the unalterable law. His spirits are utterly broken, and he is but the wreck of his former self.

NINE KINGS.

PERHAPS one of the greatest rarities to be found in the world is an anonymous monarch—a monarch shrouded in mystery—a monarch of great territorial importance who is feared, if not beloved, both by subjects and dependants—a monarch whose exile is voluntary from the land of his inheritance—a monarch whose income is princely, and whose state may be magnificent,—and yet a monarch who is careful not to be known as such beyond the narrow limits of his own family circle. If one monarch of this description is a marvel and a curiosity, how much greater is the wonder if we hear of a little, compact colony, of nearly a dozen royal eccentrics, united by the powerful bond of a common origin, and a common interest, living amongst us in modest silence in the very centre of our homes, and even condescending to break our bread and drink out of our wine-cup without making any sign of their mysterious fellowship, and their extraordinary importance?

Rosicrucians, secret poisoners, certain Freemasons, author of *Waverley* for a time, and Junius for eternity, have exerted this unusual self-command, and preserved this impenetrable incognito. Persian caliphs who wished to wander undisturbed about the streets of Bagdad for purposes of inspection; Russian emperors who desired to learn the art of ship-building in an English dockyard; and other monarchs of a curious, vagabond, or knowledge-seeking turn; have, in their time, put on secrecy like a cloak, and thrown it off again.

But these are singular and exceptional instances that stand prominently forward in the history of men of power. The rule is to find those whose position gives them importance, far from hiding the light of their dignity under a bushel, carefully trimming it, and holding it on high, multiplying its rays with all the aids of science, sticking it on their chariots like a coat of arms, displaying it on their breastplates like an order of the garter or the legion of honour, and decorating the fronts of their mansions with it, as with an escutcheon, or an illuminating star. And if the immediate and rightful possessors of this power have the modesty and self-denial to conceal their overwhelming greatness, how stands it with their relatives and dependants?—How stands it with those peculiarly weak, but very human individuals who have the inexpressible felicity of being allowed to bask in the sunshine of the magnates' favour—of being allowed to sit at the feet of the

all-powerful Gamaliels? Who shall seal the mouths of such necessary but troublesome disciples, or prevent their indulging in the reflected importance which is to them as the breath of life?

And yet, in the face of all this, rising above the weakness of human nature, defying alike the babbling indiscretion of friends, relatives, and disciples, and the prying curiosity of a parliamentary committee, we have now amongst us—no man can or will tell us exactly where—a little band of kings of the extensive although distant territories of Hudson's Bay. Nine of these curious kings are in existence, at this present time, who hide their autocratic power and privileges under the modest, commercial-looking title of the Hudson's Bay Company.* Three of the nine kings we have the pleasure of knowing, and they are, in most respects, like other human beings—the Earl of Selkirk, the Right Honourable Edward Ellice, and Mr. Edward Ellice, Junior, but the other six remain in a determined and impenetrable obscurity into which it is vain and useless to endeavour to penetrate. It is not because their origin is a thing of yesterday, and their kingdom an insignificant plot of ground in a despised portion of the earth, that they are thus silent and retiring. They are the veritable foot-prints of the merry monarch; the possessors in perpetuity of Rupert's Land—a land of between two and three millions of square miles; they are the licensed holders of certain Indian territories between three and four millions of square miles, and they are the favoured tenants of Vancouver's Island—a country as large as Scotland—at the very moderate rent of five shillings per annum, and with no rates or taxes. Over all this extensive kingdom, containing fine harbours, mines of coal, iron, and the precious metals, with a favourable climate, a fertile soil, and the navigation of the Pacific, these nine kings (three known and six anonymous) have absolute and undivided control. They are not checked by any annoying parliamentary interference, they can make war or peace, impose taxes, seize and punish offenders without trial, keep the native races in any condition of ignorance and serfdom that they think proper, and use their large and fertile empire for nothing better than breeding wild beasts and vermin. They are lords paramount over nearly the whole continent of British North America, and their territory is twelve times the extent of Canada, and one-third larger than all Europe.

Their origin is embodied in a charter of incorporation dated May the second, sixteen hundred and seventy, in the twenty-second year of King Charles the Second. The first monarchs of the Hudson's Bay Territory were eighteen in number: Prince Rupert, Christopher Duke of Albermarle, William Earl of Craven, Henry Lord Arlington,

* See vol. viii., pp. 449-471.

Antony Lord Ashley, Sir John Robinson, Sir Robert Vyner, Sir Peter Calleton, Sir Edward Hungerford, Sir Paul Kneele, Sir John Griffith, Sir Philip Carteret, James Hayes, John Kirke, Francis Millington, William Prettyman, and John Fenn, Esquires, and John Portman, citizen and goldsmith. These were the first kings of Prince Rupert's Land created by the merry monarch for the discovery of a new passage into the South Sea, the finding of some trade for furs, minerals, and other considerable commodities, and for the public good. The Indian Territories, which the present nine kings hold by licence, were obtained by act of parliament during the last forty years; Vancouver's Island was let to the same tenants at the highly advantageous rent of five shillings per annum, about ten years ago.

The charter conferred upon those original eighteen monarchs, "the sole trade and commerce of all those seas, straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks, and sounds, in whatsoever latitude they shall be, that lie within the entrance of the straits commonly called Hudson's Straits, together with all the lands and territories, coasts and confines of the seas, bays, lakes, rivers, creeks, and sounds aforesaid, that are not already actually possessed by or granted to any of our subjects, or possessed by the subjects of any other Christian state." The grant is also extended "to all havens, bays, creeks, rivers, lakes, and seas into which they shall find entrance or passage, by water or land, out of the territories, limits, or places aforesaid." The only reservation to all this liberality was "that these territories should henceforth bereckoned and reputed as one of our plantations or colonies in America, called Rupert's Land, the Governor and Company [meaning the kings,] for the time being, to be true and absolute lords and proprietors of the same territory, holding it as of the manor of East Greenwich, and paying for it yearly two elks and two black beavers, whensoever and as often as we, our heirs and successors, shall happen to enter into the said countries, territories, and regions hereby granted."

The kingdom of the nine kings is covered with immense herds of buffaloes, red deer, and wild horses; and the country is admirably adapted for the growth of hemp, flax, and corn. But the kings will not produce, themselves, nor allow others to do so. Their traffic outward is limited to skins: inward to articles for their own use, or for barter with the Indians. They possess the exclusive privilege of import and export, and will not allow any ships but their own to enter the bay. No British subject resident in Rupert's Land, the Indian Territories, or Vancouver's Island, can buy or sell furs from or to anybody but the nine kings. Once in every year, any British subject, resident, and not being a fur trafficker, is allowed

by their majesties to import, free of duty, goods of the value of ten pounds for his own exclusive use. All other imports are subject to an *ad valorem* duty of twenty per cent.

The nine kings have done little towards colonisation. In eighteen hundred and eleven, they granted to the Earl of Selkirk, one of their known number, one hundred and sixteen thousand square miles of land, with power to appoint governors, create courts of justice, and perform other acts of sovereignty: all of which he did. A colony of Scotch Highlanders was founded, more as a fighting station to keep off encroachers, than for the purposes of honest colonisation. The colony, as might have been expected, dwindled down by degrees, many of the Highlanders passing over into the ranks of the United States; the rest are now hesitating, it would seem, whether to go over to Canada or the Union.

The nine kings do not appear to be favourably affected towards settlers of any kind. They delight in representing their country as a barren, inhospitable waste, unfit for the habitation of civilised man. The nine kings are too modest and humble. Their own territorial governor, Sir George Simpson, although he made a very different statement before a parliamentary committee, has recorded in his book (*An Overland Journey Round the World*), that there is not upon the face of the earth a more favourable situation for the employment of agricultural industry, a more beautiful country, a more fertile soil, with more rich and varied produce, with greater beds of coal, or more navigable rivers and lakes.

The nine kings have not done much for the unfortunate remnant of the aborigines. They have introduced the fire-water to the red man in most immoral and exterminating quantities: to say nothing of European diseases, and the cultivation of cannibalism. The native races have lost the use of their old weapons, the bow and the spear, and they are dependent upon the nine kings for guns and ammunition, which are supplied to them at most exorbitant rates of profit. When the hunters become old, or unfit for profitable employment, these implements are denied to them, and they are left to perish of starvation, or to eat each other.

The commercial transactions of the nine kings with the debased natives, are conducted in the most approved monarchical manner, and upon the highest established model of dealing with the heathen. They carry the principle of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, to the utmost perfection. The savage man shows his inferiority to the white man, not only in his ignorance and heathen darkness, but in his imperfect knowledge of values. The nine kings, taking advantage of their superior intelligence, barter a coarse knife that costs

sixpence, for three marten skins, worth, in London, five guineas; and for the skin of the Black Sea otter, value fifty guineas; they give in exchange about two shillings' worth of goods.

The standard of barter is the skin of a full-grown beaver, which is equal to four mink skins, three marten skins, two fox skins, and twelve musquash skins. An ordinary gun, costing twenty-two shillings, is bartered for twenty bear skins worth thirty-two pounds ten shillings, or sixty marten skins worth forty-six pounds ten shillings, or five silver fox skins worth fifty pounds, or twenty lynx skins worth twenty pounds, or twenty otter skins worth twenty-three pounds ten shillings. Half-a-dozen clay pipes, value one penny, a few glass beads, worth twopence, or a pint of watered rum, value fourpence, is exchanged for skins worth from one pound three shillings and sixpence to two pounds ten shillings.

Their nine majesties seem to have more than the usual royal contempt for native life. The existence of an Indian was never yet put in competition with a beaver skin; and never, in any one of the many cases of murder have there been any steps taken to bring the murderers to justice, when they have happened to be bold and successful trapper-hunters. Hasty court-martials are sometimes held, and Indians are tried, convicted, and instantly executed by the hands of their civilised judges, for such shadowy crimes as being found near some horses with the supposed intention of stealing and riding off with them.

The rule of the nine kings, when one of their servants is murdered, is simple and effective. The first Indian met, is sacrificed—blood for blood—without trial of any kind. The Governor Simpson (before quoted) lays it down, not as the traveller round the world, but in his official capacity, that "whether in matters of life and death, or of petty theft, the rule retaliation is the only standard of equity which the tribes on this coast are capable of appreciating."

And yet the nine kings got their licence for the Indian Territories granted in eighteen hundred and twenty-one, and renewed in eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, on the ground of promoting the moral and religious improvement of the debased and degraded red man.

Latterly, the life of the nine kings has not been so peaceful and happy as for the last two hundred years during which they and their predecessors have held their extensive kingdom. Their original charter has been proved to be illegal—the merry monarch giving (in his usual light and agreeable manner), that which did not belong to him. Moreover, since his very liberal gift, they

have multiplied their territory tenfold. The Americans are very naturally making encroachments upon such happy hunting-grounds, and it is scarcely the duty of Great Britain, although urged thereunto by the nine kings, to step forward and prevent them.

A very pretty boundary quarrel is also raging with Canada, which, one day, if played with much longer by our colonial office, may ripen into an energetic stand-up contest on the part of the colony. The licence for the Indian Territories will expire on the thirtieth of May, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine—to be renewed or not, as the case may be—and Vancouver's Island, rented at five shillings per annum, is to be taken away for ever from the beneficial occupation of the present tenants.

If a careless and a tardy government will not take any steps to break up this monopoly, the kingdom of Hudson's Bay will be thrown down as a bone for contending Canadians and Americans, and perhaps Russians, to fight for. The nine kings—three known, and six unknown—must feel in a weak and tottering condition. Their princely revenue, composed of profits got from the heathen, and reaching twenty-five thousand per cent.; their happy hunting-grounds, their seas, bays, lakes, rivers, creeks, and havens, must be fading before them, like the melting scene of a dissolving view, and not two (millions) of elk, and two (millions) of black beavers, will ever bring them back again. It will be strange if such a band of monarchs can stand alike against publicity and annexation. They must surely die.

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DIRTY CLEANLINESS.

It is a paradox, but a certain fact, that by selfishly over-pampering our national fastidiousness, our traditional neatness, and our insular delicacy, we have utterly polluted and defiled one of the noblest watercourses in the world. This has occurred in the metropolis. As a natural consequence, in the provinces, we have more or less polluted and defiled other watercourses of inferior rank, but nevertheless of great positive beauty and utility. We have banished fish, who would act as willing scavengers when only small matters had to be removed; we have destroyed water-weeds, which would absorb noxious elements, and give out pure oxygen, if we would permit them to exist; we have left no living aquatic type remaining, except the lowest and the most rudimentary.

The very vastness of the Thames has been one of the temptations which have made it the receptacle of outcast filth. The moderate size of the Seine, flowing through another large city, saved it from degradation; for unless Paris absolutely abstained from using her river as a drain, it must soon become a disgusting gutter of liquid manure, instead of an ornamental stream. Why does the Seine flow so clean and green? Because no filthy liquids or substances are allowed to reach it till it has passed the city; and, once past the city, there is no tide to drive the waters back. The Thames might become as bright and sweet, if heads of households and directors of manufactories would only agree unanimously to adopt similar measures. In the French provinces, an equal jealousy very properly reigns as to any impurities that are likely to render running streams uncleanly and unwholesome. If individual interest trouble the flowing waters, it is not allowed to trouble them unrebuked. At this moment, loud and general complaints are made of the injury done to the streams of the Scarpe, the Lys, the Marque, and other rivers in the north, and of the consequent destruction of the fish, by the admission of the residues and sewage-waters from the sugar-makers, distillers, and manufacturers, whose establishments are built along the rivers' banks. Petitions to the *Prefets* are pouring in fast; and the sugar-makers, distillers, and

manufacturers, will have to consume and dispose of their own scum, refuse, rubbish, and bilge-water, as best they may, at their own expense.

One main cleanser of modern Paris will be the grand *Égout Collecteur*, or Collecting Sewer, lately constructed, which will carry whatever it picks up on its way down to the Seine, into which it empties itself, below the Bridge of *Asnières*, after a course of more than four thousand yards, at the commencement of which course it receives the contributions of the sewers belonging to the right bank of the Seine. But Paris has naturally the advantage of London, in that, beneath the stratum of gypseous marl, beneath the stratum of siliceous marl, and beneath the stratum of calcareous marl, there lies a stratum of calcareous rock some sixteen or eighteen yards thick. Of this last stratum, a depth of eight or ten yards has been worked of old, to furnish building-stone. Infant Paris, then called *Lutetia*, literally rose out of the bowels of the earth; and the space thus left empty, still remains to serve various useful purposes. Certain of these hollow excavations were obliged to be made solid, in order to enable them to bear the weight of the monumental buildings that were erected over them, such as the Observatory, the Pantheon, and the Val de Grace; but were subterranean Paris filled up and destroyed, Paris above-ground would cease to be habitable. The ancient quarries, thus regulated and limited in extent, appropriately took the name of *Catacombs*, because they were made the receptacle of the accumulation of bones resulting from the closing of the intramural cemeteries. By the aid of these subterranean thoroughfares, in conjunction with the sewers, a vast amount of offensive matter is prevented from ever reaching the Seine at all. It is carted away, and either applied crude to the land, or is manufactured into *poudrette*, a nearly scentless manure in the shape of powder, which, as it contains all the principles, possesses all the fertilising powers, of night-soil. The preparation of *poudrette* is not a delicate trade, nor is a *poudrette*-factory a sweet-smelling place. The same may be said of abattoirs, and other establishments that are maintained as safeguards of the public health. But they enable you to

breathe the air of the bridges with pleasure, and save the Seine from becoming a loathsome stream.*

In returning from the theatre in Paris, after midnight, to your hôtel garni, or furnished apartments, in the Faubourg, you will encounter long files of one-horse vehicles,—large casks suspended on a pair of wheels,—of whose unsavoury contents you soon become aware. You have no right to complain that the breeze which sweeps past them has not the fragrance of a vineyard or a bean-field, if you choose to keep unreasonable hours. As to the nuisance to the town, the shops are all shut; as to the townsfolk, they are almost all in bed; for Paris, less free than London, is not allowed to keep open house all night. When the hour strikes, the bakers, the charcutiers or ham and sausage sellers, and the wine shops, must close their shutters and turn their customers out of doors. Consequently the few small hours of the night are made available for the transport of matters which could not be decently transported by day. At midnight, the sanitary procession begins. With us, in London, the burden of the highly-scented caravan would simply be allowed to flow into the river, becoming not only a nuisance, but a loss to the community: in the Faubourgs of Paris, they are thus made to fertilise the market gardens of the environs. The barren uplands of Saint Denis and Montmartre are rendered productive. The city has an increased return of vegetables, fruits, and flowers; the city, too, can fearlessly lounge leaning over the parapet wall of the handsome quays, without holding a pocket-handkerchief to the city's nose.

It is a very short-sighted and ignorant mistake to suppose that all which congregated human beings need do, is simply to get rid of their rejectamenta. The object must be to get rid of them usefully, to turn them to account, to utilise them, or the whole machinery of agricultural and horticultural production and reproduction must stop. Supposing that we could utterly annihilate, or send off to the moon, all the thrown-out materials from our persons, our dwellings, and our gardens, together with those from our domestic animals—everything, in short, which a town must remove from within its circumscribing boundary;—supposing that we were able to effect this for several successive centuries, what would be the result? For several centuries, perhaps, we might remain excessively clean, congratulating ourselves on our scrupulous nicety; and then would follow utter sterility, famine, and the death of the human race and their dependents. There would not remain even grass for us to eat; because grass, to be good for anything as nutriment, must itself be nourished and fattened up by fertilising atoms which have already served in the

frame of some previous living organism. The physical circle whose laws we are compelled to obey, whether we like them or not, is a never-ending round of absorption, digestion, assimilation, and rejection; of birth, growth, increase, life, death, decomposition, and dispersion; and then of life and growth again. In a speech by Lord Erskine, at one of the Holkham sheep-shearings, years ago, there is a fine passage in illustration of the wisdom of Providence, who, by the very offensiveness of certain substances, compels man to bury them beneath the soil, and so to increase the soil's fertility; the operation necessary for the wholesome existence of individuals is the identical process by which the largest amount of food is obtainable. London does not think fit to hide her offscourings in the earth; she prefers to see and smell them floating past her (and sometimes back again) in the river.

Happily for our posterity, we cannot annihilate human or any other offal. Neither ought we to make it an infliction and a pest on any other portion of the community, or on any other portion of the globe. Gravesend may well raise up her hands in terror, if there is to be excavated on the opposite shore an abyss, compared with whose emanations the sulphurous odours of the Stygian lake are as the perfumes of an orange-grove. Or, failing that, a vast iron tube is to conduct the united cloacæ of London right out into the North Sea, or even as far as the coast of Norway. Will other nations quietly permit the projected infection of the North Sea, now a rich fishing-ground and a valuable training school for the sailors of France, Holland, and Denmark? We receive a large supply of lobsters and turbot from Norway. If the iron tube disgorges itself thereabouts, who would henceforth eat Norway lobsters, supposing that any should remain to be eaten?

The settlement of the London sewage question (at length resolved by parliament, let us hope) has been considerably delayed by the squabbles and discussions, the haggings and the bargainings, of certain scientific agriculturists, who maintain that sewage waters are valueless as manure, and cannot consequently be estimated at money's worth; as a further consequence, that those who undertake to relieve a town of them, ought to have them for nothing. It is the sort of delay and holding back, for the sake of a reduction of price, which is apt to take place in all great sales and contracts. Meanwhile, things do not rest as they were, but get from bad to worse; and between this and Christmas, the population of London may be decimated, unless a summer flood comes to our relief, by sweeping the river's bed by an inundating flush, sent down by excessive rain on the uplands. But the position taken up by those theorists is extraordinary, and is opposed to the history and experience of all other agricultural countries. True, river-mud and

* See Household Words, Number 483, page 79.

pond-mud are not very valuable as marketable fertilisers; but is there no difference between plain river-mud and the constant contributions of three hundred thousand houses? The rivers of China are pure, and may be bathed in satisfactorily, because dirt and offal are too valuable to be thrown away; they are reserved to fertilise the hard rock and the barren sand. An instructive example lies much nearer home; a tour in Flanders, at the seasons of sowing and planting, is an excellent lesson to those who have eyes to see and memories to remember. A naturally fertile district has its fertility doubled and maintained, by the economy and application of what we do worse than reject by converting it into a national abomination.

A certain college in one of the universities had (and has still) a large lawn, or small park, whereon the grass uprose so sturdily as to interfere with the pacings to and fro of reverend and learned feet. The wages of mowers and the cost of scythes made a serious inroad on the revenues of the college, ample as they were. The grass cut in the morning, had grown again by night; the grass cut in the evening wanted cutting again by next day noon. It was a Sisyphean and endless task, still beginning, never ending. At last, one of the senior fellows, after deep reflection, proposed to hire from one of the college tenants a flock of sheep to eat down the troublesome grass. To oblige his landlords, the tenant consented. As soon as one flock of sheep were tired of eating grass, and were fit for the butcher, he sent another, and then another. Things went on thus for some time, to the mutual satisfaction of all parties. The members of the college could walk on their lawn without being up to the knees in herbage, and at every audit the tenant pocketed a pretty little deduction from his rent. But, one day, the college butcher let slip the secret that the fellows had lately been feasting on mutton fed and fattened on their own luxuriant lawn. After further reflection, the seniors proposed to the farmer that the sheep should eat the grass gratuitously, without being remunerated for their trouble. This, after much grumbling and hesitation, was accepted, entirely and solely to oblige the college. But, by and by, a junior fellow, of agricultural parentage, came to have a voice in the college business; and he made a motion to the astonished combination-room that the sheep should have no more gratuitous bites, but that the farmer should pay a fixed rent for the pasturage. If he did not choose to take it on those terms, there were others who would. The farmer, with sundry grimaces, consented, begging at the same time that he might have the preference, as a recompense for the ready way in which he had hitherto met the wishes of the college.

A certain city has a market-place which has passed through exactly the same finan-

cial phases as the college lawn. In one generation a head-sweeper was paid to sweep the place clean, after market-days. The next generation found his successor sweeping it for nothing. The present and future generations are and will be witnesses to the fact of the sweeper's buying the sweepings which he was once paid to sweep, and of removing them at his own expense.

The refuse of the cities of London and Westminster will pass, we venture to predict, through exactly the same ascending scale of commercial value. Manure merchants, who will have nothing to do with them now, will hereafter be bidding against each other for the privilege of working so rich a mine. What a practical inconsistency and absurdity it is to send ships to fetch guano from South American islands, when a metropolis is imploring assistance, from any quarter, to relieve it of the elements of which guano is composed!

MY LADY LUDLOW.

CHAPTER. THE SIXTH.

"ALL night Madame de Créquy raved in delirium. If I could, I would have sent for Clément back again. I did send off one man, but I suppose my directions were confused, or they were wrong, for he came back after my lord's return, on the following afternoon. By this time Madame de Créquy was quieter; she was, indeed, asleep from exhaustion when Lord Ludlow and Monkshaven came in. They were in high spirits, and their hopefulness brought me round to a less dispirited state. All had gone well; they had accompanied Clément on foot along the shore, until they had met with a lugger, which my lord had hailed in good nautical language. The captain had responded to these freemason terms by sending a boat to pick up his passenger, and by an invitation to breakfast sent through a speaking-trumpet. Monkshaven did not approve of either the meal or the company, and had returned to the inn, but my lord had gone with Clément, and breakfasted on board, on grog, biscuit, fresh-caught fish—"the best breakfast he ever ate," he said, but that was probably owing to the appetite his night's ride had given him. However, his good fellowship had evidently won the captain's heart, and Clément had set sail under the best auspices. It was agreed that I should tell all this to Madame de Créquy, if she enquired; otherwise it would be wiser not to renew her agitation by alluding to her son's journey.

"I sat with her constantly for many days; but she never spoke of Clément. She forced herself to talk of the little occurrences of Parisian society in former days; she tried to be conversational and agreeable, and to betray no anxiety or even interest in the object of Clément's journey; and, as far as unremitting efforts could go, she succeeded.

But the tones of the voice were sharp and yet piteous, as if she were in constant pain; and the glance of her eye hurried and fearful, as if she dared not let it rest on any object.

"In a week we heard of Clément's safe arrival on the French coast. He sent a letter to this effect by the captain of the smuggler, when the latter returned. We hoped to hear again; but week after week elapsed, and there was no news of Clément. I had told Lord Ludlow, in Madame de Créquy's presence, as he and I had arranged, of the note I had received from her son, informing us of his landing in France. She heard, but she took no notice. Yet now, evidently, she began to wonder that we did not mention any further intelligence of him in the same manner before her; and daily I began to fear that her pride would give way, and that she would supplicate for news before I had any to give her.

"One morning, on my awakening, my maid told me that Madame de Créquy had passed a wretched night, and had bidden Medicott (whom as understanding French, and speaking it pretty well, though with that horrid German accent, I had put about her) request that I would go to madame's room as soon as I was dressed.

"I knew what was coming, and I trembled all the time they were doing my hair, and otherwise arranging me. I was not encouraged by my lord's speeches. He had heard the message, and kept declaring that he would rather be shot than have to tell her that there was no news of her son; and yet he said every now and then, when I was at the lowest pitch of uneasiness, that he never expected to hear again: that some day soon we should see him walking in, and introducing Mademoiselle de Créquy to us.

"However at last I was ready, and go I must.

"Her eyes were fixed on the door by which I entered. I went up to the bedside. She was not rouged,—she had left it off now for several days,—she no longer attempted to keep up the vain show of not feeling, and loving, and fearing.

"For a moment or two she did not speak, and I was glad of the respite.

"Clément?' she said at length, covering her mouth with a handkerchief the minute she had spoken, that I might not see it quiver.

"There has been no news since the first letter, saying how well the voyage was performed, and how safely he had landed,—near Dieppe, you know,' I replied as cheerfully as possible. 'My lord does not expect that we shall have another letter; he thinks that we shall see him soon.'

"There was no answer. As I looked, uncertain whether to do or say more, she slowly turned herself in bed, and lay with her face

to the wall; and, as if that did not shut out the light of day and the busy, happy world enough, she put out her trembling hands, and covered her face with her handkerchief. There was no violence: hardly any sound.

"I told her what my lord had said about Clément's coming in some day, and taking us all by surprise. I did not believe it myself, but it was just possible,—and I had nothing else to say. Pity, to one who was striving so hard to conceal her feelings, would have been impertinent. She let me talk; but she did not reply. She knew that my words were vain and idle, and had no root in my belief, as well as I did myself.

"I was very thankful when Medicott came in with Madame's breakfast, and gave me an excuse for leaving.

"But I think that conversation made me feel more anxious and impatient than ever. I felt almost pledged to Madame de Créquy for the fulfilment of the vision I had held out. She had taken entirely to her bed by this time; not from illness, but because she had no hope within her to stir her up to the effort of dressing. In the same way she hardly cared for food. She had no appetite,—why eat to prolong a life of despair? But she let Medicott feed her, sooner than take the trouble of resisting.

"And so it went on,—for weeks, months,—I could hardly count the time, it seemed so long. Medicott told me she noticed a preternatural sensitiveness of ear in Madame de Créquy, induced by the habit of listening silently for the slightest unusual sound in the house. Medicott was always a minute watcher of any one whom she cared about; and, one day, she made me notice by a sign madame's acuteness of hearing, although the quick expectation was but evinced for a moment in the turn of the eye, the hushed breath; and then, when the unusual footstep turned into my lord's apartments, the soft quivering sigh, and the closed eyelids.

"At length the intendant of the De Créquy estates,—the old man, you will remember, whose information respecting Virginie de Créquy first gave Clément the desire to return to Paris,—came to St. James's Square, and begged to speak to me. I made haste to go down to him in the housekeeper's room, sooner than that he should be ushered into mine, for fear of madame hearing any sound.

"The old man stood—I see him now—with his hat held before him in both his hands; he slowly bowed till his face touched it when I came in. Such long excess of courtesy augured ill. He waited for me to speak.

"Have you any intelligence?' I inquired. He had been often to the house before, to ask if we had received any news; and once or twice I had seen him, but this was the first time he had begged to see me.

"Yes, madame,' he replied, still standing with his head bent down, like a child in disgrace.

"And it is bad!" I exclaimed.

"It is bad." For a moment I was angry at the cold tone in which my words were echoed; but directly afterwards I saw the large, slow, heavy tears of old age falling down the old man's cheeks, and on to the sleeves of his poor, thread-bare coat.

"I asked him how he had heard it; it seemed as though I could not all at once bear to hear what it was. He told me that the night before, in crossing Long Acre, he had stumbled upon an old acquaintance of his; one who, like himself, had been a dependant upon the De Créquy family, but had managed their Paris affairs, while Fléchier had taken charge of their estates in the country. Both were now emigrants, and living on the proceeds of such small available talents as they possessed. Fléchier, as I knew, earned a very fair livelihood by going about to dress salads for dinner parties. His compatriot, Le Fèbvre, had begun to give a few lessons as a dancing-master. One of them took the other home to his lodgings; and there, when their most immediate personal adventures had been hastily talked over, came the enquiry from Fléchier as to Monsieur de Créquy.

"Clément was dead, guillotined. Virginie was dead, guillotined.

"When Fléchier had told me thus much, he could not speak for sobbing; and I, myself, could hardly tell how to restrain my tears sufficiently, until I could go to my own room and be at liberty to give way. He asked my leave to bring in his friend Le Fèbvre, who was walking in the square, awaiting a possible summons to tell his story. I heard afterwards a good many details which filled up the account, and made me feel—which brings me back to the point I started from—how unfit the lower orders are for being trusted indiscriminately with the dangerous powers of education. I have made a long preamble, but now I am coming to the moral of my story."

My lady was trying to shake off the emotion which she evidently felt in recurring to this sad history of Monsieur de Créquy's death. She came behind me, and arranged my pillows, and then, seeing I had been crying—for indeed I was weak-spirited at the time, and a little served to unloose my tears—she stooped down, and kissed my forehead, and said "Poor child!" almost as if she thanked me for feeling that old grief of hers.

"Being once in France, it was no difficult thing for Clément to get into Paris. The difficulty in those days was to leave, not to enter Paris. He came in dressed as a Norman peasant, in charge of a load of fruit and vegetables, with which one of the Seine barges was freighted. He worked hard with his companions in landing and arranging their produce on the quays; and then, when they dispersed to get their breakfasts at some

of the estaminets near the old Marché aux Fleurs, he sauntered up a street which conducted him by many an odd turn through the Quartier Latin to a horrid back alley leading out of the Rue l'École de Médecine; some atrocious place, as I have heard, not far from the shadow of that terrible Abbaye, where so many of the best blood of France awaited their deaths. But here, some old man lived on whose fidelity Clément thought that he might rely. I am not sure if he had not been gardener in those very gardens behind the Hôtel Créquy where Clément and Urian used to play together years before. But, whatever the old man's dwelling might be, Clément was only too glad to reach it, you may be sure. He had been kept in Normandy in all sorts of disguises for many days after landing in Dieppe, by the difficulty of entering Paris unsuspected by the many ruffians who were always on the look-out for aristocrats.

"The old gardener was, I believe, both faithful and tried, and sheltered Clément in his garret as well as might be. Before he could stir out it was necessary to procure a fresh disguise, and one more in character with an inhabitant of Paris than that of a Norman carter was procured; and, after waiting in-doors for one or two days, to see if any suspicion was excited, Clément set off to discover Virginie.

"He found her at the old concierge's dwelling. Madame Babette was the name of this woman, who must have been a less faithful—or rather, perhaps, I should say a more interested—friend to her guest than the old gardener Jacques was to Clément.

"I have seen a miniature of Virginie which a French lady of quality happened to have in her possession at the time of her flight from Paris, and which she brought with her to England unwittingly; for it belonged to the Count de Créquy, with whom she was slightly acquainted. I should fancy from it, that Virginie was taller and of a more powerful figure for a woman than her cousin Clément was for a man. Her dark brown hair was arranged in short curls—the way of dressing the hair announced the politics of the individual, in those days, just as patches did in my grandmother's time; and Virginie's hair was not to my taste, or according to my principles; it was too classical. Her large, black eyes looked out at you steadily. One cannot judge of the shape of a nose from a full-face miniature, but the nostrils were clearly cut and largely opened. I do not fancy her nose could have been pretty; but her mouth had a character all its own, and which would, I think, have redeemed a plainer face. It was wide and deep set into the cheeks at the corners; the upper lip was very much arched, and hardly closed over the teeth; so that the whole face looked (from the serious, intent, look in the eyes, and

the sweet intelligence of the mouth) as if she were listening eagerly to something to which her answer was quite ready, and would come out of those red, opening lips as soon as ever you had done speaking, and you longed to know what she would say.

"Well; this Virginie de Créquy was living with Madame Babette in the *concièrgerie* of an old French inn somewhere to the north of Paris; so, far enough from Clément's refuge. The inn had been frequented by farmers from Brittany and such kind of people, in the days when that sort of intercourse went on between Paris and the provinces which had nearly stopped now. Few Bretons came near it now, and the inn had fallen into the hands of Madame Babette's brother, as payment for a bad wine debt of the last proprietor. He put his sister and her child in to keep it open as it were, and sent all the people he could to occupy the half-furnished rooms of the house. They paid Babette for their night's lodging every morning as they went out to breakfast, and returned or not as they chose, at night. Every three days the wine-merchant or his son came to Madame Babette, and she accounted to them for the money she had received. She and her child occupied the porter's office (in which the lad slept at nights) and a little, miserable bedroom which opened out of it, and received all the light and air that was admitted through the door of communication, which was half glass. Madame Babette must have had a kind of attachment for the De Créquys—her De Créquys, you understand: Virginie's father, the Count—for, at some risk to herself, she had warned both him and his daughter of the danger impending over them. But he, infatuated, would not believe that his dear Human Race could ever do him harm; and, as long as he did not fear, Virginie was not afraid. It was by some ruse, the nature of which I never heard, that Madame Babette induced Virginie to come to her abode in the very hour in which the Count had been recognised in the streets, and hurried off to the *Lanterne*. It was after Babette had got her there, safe shut up in the little back den, that she told her what had befallen her father. From that day, Virginie had never stirred out of the gates, or crossed the threshold of the porter's lodge. I do not say that Madame Babette was tired of her continual presence, or regretted the impulse which had made her rush to the De Créquy's well-known house—after being compelled to form one of the mad crowds that saw the Count de Créquy seized and hung—and hurry his daughter out, through alleys and back-ways, until at length she had the orphan safe in her own dark sleeping-room, and could tell her tale of horror: but Madame Babette was poorly paid for her porter's work by her avaricious brother; and it was hard enough to find food for herself and her growing boy; and, though the

poor girl ate little enough, I dare say, yet there seemed no end to the burthen that Madame Babette had imposed upon herself: the De Créquys were plundered, ruined, had become an extinct race, all but a lonely, friendless girl, in broken health and spirits; and, though she lent no positive encouragement to his suit, yet, at the time when Clément reappeared in Paris, Madame Babette was beginning to think that Virginie might do worse than encourage the attentions of Monsieur Morin fils, her nephew, and the wine-merchant's son. Of course he and his father had the *entrée* into the *concièrgerie* of the hotel that belonged to them, in right of being both proprietors and relations. The son, Morin, had seen Virginie in this manner. He was fully aware that she was far above him in rank, and guessed from her whole aspect that she had lost her natural protectors by the terrible guillotine; but he did not know her exact name or station, nor could he persuade his aunt to tell him. However, he fell head over ears in love with her, whether she were princess or peasant; and, though at first there was something about her which made his passionate love conceal itself with shy, awkward reserve; and then, made it only appear in the guise of deep, respectful devotion; yet, by and bye, I suppose—by the same process of reasoning that his aunt had gone through even before him—Jean Morin began to let Hope out Despair from his heart. Sometimes he thought—perhaps years hence—that solitary, friendless lady, pent up in squalor, might turn to him as to a friend and comforter—and then—and then—. Meanwhile Jean Morin was most attentive to his aunt; whom he had rather slighted before. He would linger over the accounts; would bring her little presents; and, above all, he made a pet and favourite of Pierre, the little cousin who could tell him about all the ways of going on of *Mam'selle Cannes*, as Virginie was called. Pierre was thoroughly aware of the drift and cause of his cousin's inquiries; and was his ardent partizan, as I have heard, even before Jean Morin had exactly acknowledged his wishes to himself.

"It must have required some patience and much diplomacy before Clément de Créquy found out the exact place where his cousin was hidden. The old gardener took the cause very much to heart; as, judging from my recollections, I imagine he would have forwarded any fancy, however wild, of Monsieur Clément's. (I will tell you afterwards how I came to know all these particulars so well.)

"After Clément's return on two succeeding days from his dangerous search, without meeting with any good result, Jacques entreated Monsieur de Créquy to let him take it in hand. He represented that he, as gardener for the space of twenty years and more at the *Hôtel de Créquy*, had a right to be

acquainted with all the successive concierges at the Count's house; that he should not go among them as a stranger, but as an old friend, anxious to renew pleasant intercourse; and that if the Intendant's story, which he had told Monsieur de Créquy in England, was true, that Mademoiselle was in hiding at the house of a former concierge, why, something relating to her would surely drop out in the course of conversation. So he persuaded Clément to remain in-doors, while he set off on his round, with no apparent object but to gossip.

"At night he came home,—having seen Mademoiselle. He told Clément much of the story relating to Madame Babette that I have told to you. Of course he had heard nothing of the ambitious hopes of Morin fils,—hardly of his existence, I should think. Madame Babette had received him kindly; although, for some time, she had kept him standing in the carriage doorway outside her door. But, on his complaining of the draught and his rheumatism, she had asked him in: first looking round with some anxiety, to see who was in the room behind her. No one was there when he entered and sat down. But, in a minute or two, a tall, thin young lady with great, sad eyes, and pale cheeks, came from the inner-room, and, seeing him, retired. 'It is Mademoiselle Cannes,' said Madame Babette, rather unnecessarily; for, if he had not been on the watch for some sign of Mademoiselle de Créquy, he would hardly have noticed the entrance and withdrawal.

"Clément and the good old gardener were always rather perplexed by Madame Babette's evident avoidance of all mention of the De Créquy family. If she were so much interested in one member as to be willing to undergo the pains and penalties of a domiciliary visit, it was strange that she never inquired after the existence of her charge's friends and relations from one who might very probably have heard something of them. They settled that Madame Babette must believe that the Marquise and Clément were dead; and admired her for her reticence in never speaking of Virginie. The truth was, I suspect, that she was so desirous of her nephew's success by this time, that she did not like letting any one into the secret of Virginie's whereabouts who might interfere with their plan. However, it was arranged between Clément and his humble friend that the former, dressed in the peasant's clothes in which he had entered Paris, but smartened up in one or two particulars, as if, although a countryman, he had money to spare, should go and engage a sleeping-room in the old Bréton Inn; where, as I told you, accommodation for the night was to be had. This was accordingly done without exciting Madame Babette's suspicions, for she was unacquainted with the Normandy accent, and consequently did not

perceive the exaggeration of it which Monsieur de Créquy adopted in order to disguise his pure Parisian. But after he had for two nights slept in a queer, dark closet at the end of one of the numerous short galleries in the Hôtel Duguesclin, and paid his money for such accommodation each morning at the little bureau under the window of the conciergerie, he found himself no nearer to his object. He stood outside in the gateway: Madame Babette opened a pane in her window, counted out the change, gave polite thanks, and shut to the pane with a clack, before he could ever find out what to say that might be the means of opening a conversation. Once in the streets he was in danger from the blood-thirsty mob, who were ready in those days to hunt to death every one who looked like a gentleman as an aristocrat: and Clément, depend upon it, looked a gentleman, whatever dress he wore. Yet it was unwise to traverse Paris to his old friend the gardener's grénier, so he had to loiter about, where I hardly know. Only he did leave the Hôtel Duguesclin, and he did not go to old Jacques, and there was not another house in Paris open to him. At the end of two days he had made out Pierre's existence; and he began to try to make friends with the lad. Pierre was too sharp and shrewd not to suspect something from the confused attempts at friendliness. It was not for nothing that the Norman farmer lounged in the court and door-way, and brought home presents of galette. Pierre accepted the galette, reciprocated the civil speeches, but kept his eyes open. Once, returning home pretty late at night, he surprised the Norman studying the shadows on the blind, which was drawn down when Madame Babette's lamp was lighted. On going in he found Mademoiselle Cannes with his mother sitting by the table, and helping in the family mending.

"Pierre was afraid that the Norman had some view upon the money which his mother as concierge collected for her brother. But the money was all safe next evening when his cousin, Monsieur Morin fils, came to collect it. Madame Babette asked her nephew to sit down, and skillfully barred the passage to the inner door, so that Virginie, had she been ever so much disposed, could not have retreated. She sat silently sewing. All at once the little party were startled by a very sweet tenor voice, just close to the street window, singing one of the airs out of Beaumarchais' operas, which, a few years before, had been popular all over Paris. But after a few moments of silence, and one or two remarks, the talking went on again. But Pierre noticed an increased air of abstraction in Virginie, who, I suppose, was recurring to the last time that she had heard the song, and did not consider, as her cousin had hoped she would have done, what were the words set to the air, which he was in hopes she would

remember, and which would have told her so much. For only a few years before Adam's opera of *Richard le Roi* had made the story of the Minstrel Blondel and our English *Cœur de Lion* familiar to all the opera-going part of the Parisian public, and Clément had bethought him of establishing a communication with Virginie by some such means.

"The next night about the same hour the same voice was singing outside the window again. Pierre, who had been irritated by the proceeding the evening before, as it had diverted Virginie's stentation from his cousin, who had been doing his utmost to make himself agreeable, rushed out to the door just as the Norman was ringing the bell to be admitted for the night. Pierre looked up and down the street; no one else was to be seen. The next day the Norman mollified him somewhat by knocking at the door of the *concièrgerie*, and begging Monsieur Pierre's acceptance of some knee-buckles which had taken the country farmer's fancy the day before, as he had been gazing into the shops; but which, being too small for his purpose, he took the liberty of offering to Monsieur Pierre. Pierre, a French boy, inclined to foppery, was charmed, ravished by the beauty of the present and with monsieur's goodness, and he began to adjust them to his breeches immediately, as well as he could, at least, in his mother's absence. The Norman, whom Pierre kept carefully on the outside of the threshold, stood by, as if amused at the boy's eagerness.

"Take care," said he, clearly and distinctly; 'take care, my little friend, lest you become a fop; and, in that case, some day years hence, when your heart is devoted to some young lady, she may be inclined to say to you'—here he raised his voice—'No, thank you; when I marry, I marry a man, not a *petit-maitre*; I marry a man, who, whatever his position may be, will add dignity to the human race by his virtues.' Farther than that in his quotation Clément dared not go. His sentiments (so much above the apparent occasion, met with applause from Pierre, who liked to contemplate himself in the light of a lover, even though it should be a rejected one, and who hailed the mention of the words 'virtues' and 'dignity of the human race' as belonging to the cant of a good citizen.

"But Clément was more anxious to know how the invisible lady took his speech. There was no sign at the time. But when he returned at night, he heard a voice, low-singing, behind Madame Babette, as she handed him his candle, the very air he had sung without effect for two nights past. As if he had caught it up from her murmuring voice, he sang it loudly and clearly as he crossed the court.

"Here is our opera-singer!" exclaimed Madame Babette. "Why, the Norman grazier

sings like *Boupré*," naming a favourite singer at the neighbouring theatre.

"Pierre was struck by the remark, and quietly resolved to look after the Norman; but again I believe it was more because of his mother's deposit of money than with any thought of Virginie.

"However, the next morning, to the wonder of both mother and son, Mademoiselle Cannes proposed, with much hesitation, to go out and make some little purchase for herself. A month or two ago, this was what Madame Babette had been never weary of urging. But now she was as much surprised as if she had expected Virginie to remain a prisoner in her rooms all the rest of her life. I suppose she had hoped that her first time of quitting it would be when she left it for Monsieur Morin's house as his wife.

"A quick look from Madame Babette towards Pierre was all that was needed to encourage the boy to follow her. He went out cautiously. She was at the end of the street. She looked up and down, as if waiting for some one. No one was there. Back she came, so swiftly that she nearly caught Pierre before he could retreat through the *porte-cochère*. There he looked out again. The neighbourhood was low and wild, and strange; and some one spoke to Virginie,—nay, laid his hand upon her arm—whose dress and aspect (he had emerged out of a side-street) Pierre did not know; but, after a start, and (Pierre could fancy) a little scream, Virginie recognised the stranger, and the two turned up the side-street whence the man had come. Pierre stole swiftly to the corner of this street; no one was there: they had disappeared up some of the alleys. Pierre returned home to excite his mother's infinite surprise. But they had hardly done talking, when Virginie returned, with a colour and a radiance in her face which they had never seen there since her father's death."

A REMINISCENCE OF BATTLE.

THERE are some scenes which, once witnessed, are burnt in upon the retina of the brain, and hold their place thereon (however various may be the pictures that succeed them), distinct for evermore.

We cannot forget them, if we would. Unbidden by us, and unrecalled, as it seems, by any association of the present, they rise to thrill us with their passion, or to scare us with their horror, and, independently of time and place, rivet our thoughts alike in solitude, in the crowd, at noonday, or in the deep stillness of the night. Before us may be taking place a very different scene, amidst quite other circumstances, but we look through it as through a veil upon the face beyond it, or as through the haze of summer upon a landscape of which we know every feature well, and need not to see more plainly; while, if we close our eyes, ah, me! upon

that sable curtain what a spectacle rearranges itself; what lurid fires are relit; what sounds of direful import repossess our ears!

Such a scene, a vision of battle, with all its attendant horrors, now haunts me; visits me at midnight, with snarl of trumpet and beat of drum, and bids me prepare once more for the hideous strife; jars upon my ear as I sit daily at my desk, engaged in peaceablest avocation, with ping of rifle and clash of bayonet; and causes the sweet voice of my wife, and the innocent prattle of my children, to mingle with the despairing cry of the vanquished, and the hoarse response of the conqueror.

My present home is in a tolerably-sized town in the heart of merry England, where the foot of foe has not trodden for nearly a thousand years; where the most defensible edifice is but the Town-hall, which happens to have a Gothic battlement; and where a sanguinary and licentious military exists only in the mitigated form of county police. There is, in short, nothing in the circumstances of my position to revive the least recollection of war and bloodshed, of fortresses bristling with iron and steel, of hosts inflamed with the animosity of rival creeds and races.

Nevertheless, there is ever present to me, a picture widely different indeed from this real scene of peace and civilisation. The vigorous climate, and the cool breezes of my native land, the face of the country, and the very beasts of the field and fowls of the air, suffer transformation. I am snatched away, in spirit, to another portion of the globe. The heat is there intense, and, to the European, almost unbearable; enormous tracts of jungle, with here and there vast ravines, and in the extreme distance, snow-capped hills of gigantic altitude, take the place of the green fields and gentle undulations of England. The trumpeting of the elephant breaks the silence of noonday, instead of the low of oxen or the bleat of lambs; the noise of wild and ferocious animals, of all sorts, is uninterrupted. The hollow roar of the lion, and the yawning rage-cry of the Bengal tiger, rend the air; the jackall bays discordantly; and the hyena laughs as he bares his cruel teeth. The rhinoceros exalts his horn occasionally (but without blowing it), amidst the water-rushes, and the hippopotamus wallows in the marsh; the stifled but yet loud complaint of the brown bear is mingled with the hinny of the zebra, and the shriek of the peacock with the plover's pipe. It seems as though the contents of the ark itself are congregated under that Eastern sun.

I behold an ancient city, lofty-walled, magnificent with garden and temple, defended by a native force of six times the strength of the besiegers, but doomed (I know most surely) to fall. It is cursed, by reason of the terrible crimes which have been com-

mitted in it. I seem to have seen it written up somewhere, beforehand, in letters of blood, that the place is to be stormed on a certain night. The attacking force (to which I do not belong except in spirit) is mustered before the gates, the merest handful of men. The walls of the town, on the other hand, the windows and the embrasures, are crowded with foes. The majority of these never move throughout the scene. They await, with Eastern indifference, the punishment that will certainly overtake them, caught, as they will be, with loaded muskets (for they never fire off their weapons) in their hands. The stillness which precedes the storming, is terrible.

On a sudden the sharp swift whirr of a rocket is heard from behind the town, and I see it leap up above the highest towers, curve, and then drop inward, as though it beckoned on the host from which it came. Another and another, until the dark heaven is bedight with purple and green, and blue, and the air is sulphurous with gunpowder! A few cannon-shots succeed, and then the tramping of many feet at the double (at the charge), with rolls of musketry, but feebly returned from the citadel. A rush of excited faces, with white helmets over them, is seen above the rampart; they make for the gate and affix to it a something like a cornsack; it is a petard; then, they draw back into an angle of the fortification and await, sword in hand, the explosion.

At this instant the whole city, as well as the surrounding country, is illuminated with ghastly light; red fire bursts from cranny and chink; and a hundred rockets cleave the overhanging darkness with glare and shriek.

Strange to say, the wild beasts of whom I have spoken, as if roused by this tumult from their lairs, now break forth into a chorus, such as might have terrified Van Amburgh himself. It seems as though the blood-thirsty creatures were revelling in the carnage which is about to follow. The petard refuses to explode; but, with a British cheer, the impatient besiegers force open the gate without its help, and pour in beneath the archway. The sounds of conflict thicken within the walls upon which the imperturbable sepoys are still seen keeping watch unmoved. A mine, flinging gold and silver into the air, explodes with a terrible sound; it is the enemy's treasury; immediately afterwards I am stunned by a still more frightful thunder; it is the enemy's magazine! Darkness and silence succeed for several moments, until a blue light is suddenly lit, throwing a baleful gleam upon the spectacle, and a voice (which I recognise as that of the proprietor of our local zoological gardens) is heard to proclaim:

"The representation of the Siege of Delhi, gentlemen and ladies, is now concluded for this evening, of which it is proposed

to give a repetition during the ensuing week."

My reminiscence of battle closes with a grand pyrotechnic display.

SARÁWAK.

THE son of a certain civil officer in the East India Company's service, having obtained a cadetship, and commenced his career in India as a soldier, was shot in the chest during the storming of a stockade in the Burmese war. The wound was serious, and made a furlough necessary. The young officer returned to England, recruited his health with a short European tour, and, in due time, set sail again for India. But the wreck of the ship in which he sailed, delayed his return to his post until after the furlough had expired. His appointment thus forfeited, could be recovered only by a tedious and formal process. It was abandoned, therefore. No longer a servant of the East India Company, Mr. James Brooke, twenty-seven years of age, sailed at once from Calcutta for China, and, on the way, saw for the first time—eight-and-twenty years ago—the beautiful islands of the spice and the bread-fruit swelling in rich verdure from the tropical seas. Their luxuriance of wealth—for us neglected wealth—the many strange tribes and unknown regions in that Indian Archipelago, the pirate fleets, the glimmerings of trade shedding a faint light of civilisation here and there, gave double force to an adventurous young man's reflection on the value to Great Britain of this border of the highway between India and China.

We have lost Java to the Dutch, thought Mr. Brooke, and carelessly have left those traders in almost exclusive possession of a region that will become of the highest importance to us whenever the resources of China shall be thoroughly laid open. Then, we shall find some of these island coasts yielding much more than landmarks on the path of a grand route of trade, and it will be well for Britain if a stranger or a rival do not hold them all. The wayfarer was impressed by what he saw; he talked with travellers, and was impressed by what he heard; he read books also until he discovered for himself, in Borneo, a field of enterprise that excited his ambition. He dwelt on an attractive thought till it acquired perhaps undue importance in his eyes, and then he planned out for himself what might be a life's work of useful and glorious adventure. He sought, in England, to make converts to his opinion, and when, by the death of his father, he became the owner of a little fortune—about fifty thousand pounds—he began to spend it upon the fulfilment of his dreams. He bought a yacht of a hundred and forty-two tons burthen (the *Royalist*), belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron, and proposed to make in her a private expedition, of which he described the

object in a paper written at that time. An abstract of it appeared in the *Journal of the Geographical Society*. It dwelt on the field offered in the Eastern Archipelago for the extension of Christianity and commerce; it discussed the commercial position of the Dutch, whose trade was beset with restrictions, and their weak hold on the good-will of the natives. What Britain had lost by the cession of Java was, he said, half recovered by the misrule of the Dutch; we had only to regain some little footing, and, by a policy the reverse of that which the Dutch were pursuing, win the good-will of the natives, and secure slowly and surely the simultaneous increase in those seas of our territorial possessions and of our prosperity in trade. In Malludu Bay, at the northern point of the great island of Borneo—excluding Australia, that is the largest island in the world—in Malludu Bay we had already a possession favourably placed relative to China, and perhaps available for native trade. It had good climate, a river supposed to communicate with the lake and the high mountain of Keeny Balloo, and (it was reported) docile natives. "A strong government," said Mr. Brooke, "established in this bay, a British territory, capable of extension and possessing internal resources, having sufficient authority to cultivate a good understanding with the native governments, and spread inferior ports over the Archipelago, as opportunities offered, would, without infringing upon the claims of any foreign state, ensure a commercial footing on a scale never yet developed in this portion of the world." Timor, he thought, might be had on the easiest terms from Portugal, and Leuconia as a set-off against debt from Spain. He thought that one result of the next general war would be our possession of the Archipelago, and in the meantime was resolved by individual exertion to put an end, if he could, to the apathy with which England regarded this field for her energies, and lead the way to an increased knowledge of the Indian Archipelago.

The purpose with which Mr. Brooke first set out in the *Royalist* was to explore, where exploration might prove practically valuable, to collect information of all kinds, and to bring together in friendship, wherever they met, Englishmen and natives. With such objects Mr. Brooke sailed eastward in his yacht at the close of the year eighteen hundred and thirty-eight. "I cast myself," he had said, "on the waters, like Southey's little boat; but whether the world will know me after many days, is a question which, hoping the best, I cannot answer." The pioneer has set out

accomplished for a task

Which his own nature hath enjoined;

and to the nature of a pioneer there belong qualities defined so sharply that they are apt

to beget unstinting friendships and unsparing enmities. Resolute, self-reliant, disposed rather to knock down than avoid an obstacle, intolerant of opposition, proud of heart, blunt of speech, quick at friendship, quick at hate, and honest, except in a certain cant of plainness which not a few men like to admire in themselves, we judge Mr. Brooke to have been; not only from his own records of the work he did, but from the depositions of the enemies he soon managed to raise about his path.

By the beginning of June, eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, Mr. Brooke's yacht had reached Singapore. There, its owner remained for about a month, recovering health, and hospitably received by the inhabitants. At Singapore he made up his mind to sail thence on or about the first of July for Borneo Proper, where the Rajah was reported favourable to Europeans; and had lately behaved well to a shipwrecked crew. He proposed to look at the coast as minutely as he could, and visit Sarawak, a river unknown and unmarked on the charts, whence small vessels brought antimony ore. There, he expected to establish friendly acquaintance with the Rajah, who would carry him on to the capital. Failing Borneo Proper, he determined to go on, as first proposed, to Malludu and return by Celebes, thus making the entire round of the island.

Disappointments connected with the manning of the yacht delayed the start from Singapore until the end of the third week in July. In two days they then crossed over to Panjong Api, discovering an island not laid down, made further surveys and soundings in correction of the charts, and reached the entrance of the Sarawak river, on the right bank of which rises the noble peak of Santobong, clothed in the richest verdure. Straggling trees mixed with cliffs, crown the summit. Below, there is a white beach, fringed with light tropical foliage. Crossing the difficult entrance to the river, the explorers anchored just inside, and despatched a boat to the Rajah Muda Hassim, who, after many inquiries from the boat people, sent a pangeran of rank to welcome them. They then dropped up the river, taking hasty survey by the way, thirty-five miles through deep water, now and then broken with awkward rocks, to Kuchin or Cat Town, off which they anchored on the morning following, and fired twenty-one guns in honour of the Rajah.

Muda Hassim was afterwards described by Sir H. Keppel, whose ship he visited, as a wretched looking little man, but still with a courteous and gentle manner about him that prepossessed one in his favour. During that visit to the man-of-war there was much distress shown on the royal countenance, traced afterwards to his having been informed that he must not spit in the cabin. On his way out, however, he squirted betel juice over the deck as he held his hand out to the first

lieutenant, who called him a dirty beast, which, not understanding, he smiled graciously. Muda Hassim, little, middle-aged, plain, but intelligent and partial to the English, was uncle to the Sultan of Borneo, and virtual governor of a considerable tract of country. Second in rank on the Sarawak river was the Rajah's brother, Muda Mahomed, and third in rank was the Pangeran Makota, governor of the place in the Rajah's absence. Of the place itself this was Mr. Brooke's earliest impression. It is newly established, and likely to prove important in a commercial point of view. "Antimony ore is produced in any quantity—gold, tin, rattans, bees' wax, and birds' nests are likely procured from the surrounding country, and at the place itself is a white clay, excellent for pipes, and which the Dutch would prize." After dark on the evening of Mr. Brooke's arrival off the town, the Pangeran Makota came to talk with him. He said that the Dutch had written offers of assistance in opening the mines, and had asked leave to trade; that he feared to refuse, but did not like the Dutch, and had not answered them. He did not wish to act without the Rajah's authority and responsibility. Would Mr. Brooke speak about this to the Rajah? He went on to say that three English vessels from Singapore had already taken away antimony ore, and asked whether Mr. Brooke could answer for the coming of a sufficient number of English vessels to take the produce of the country when its resources were developed? Certainly, replied Mr. Brooke, if they are safe from outrage: where there is profitable trade, there need not be a lack of English ships. Makota finally asked, whether the trade with Borneo would be a consideration that would induce England to enter into a defensive alliance with them, and protect them in case of attack from the Dutch. Mr. Brooke thought that England would not interfere in the concerns of a foreign power, and told Makota that he had nothing to fear from Dutch aggression while his state—the last independent Malay state—resisted overtures of the Dutch for a first footing on its soil. When once they assisted in opening a country they established claims on it, and were not easily again got rid of.

On the day following the Royalist had leave to go up the river to Samarahan. They found it a noble river, navigable for fifty miles, rolling over a rich alluvial land clothed with forests and rice grounds, and broken with granite mountains. Other rivers intersect it, most of them equal to the Thames in width and depth, save at their entrances, but at a hundred miles or less inland, all of them narrow streams. These rivers, to the distance of thirty to seventy miles, and about a hundred and forty miles of coast, were, for the first time, surveyed. A friendly footing was established with the Borneans, and

free permission was found for the trade with Borneo of English vessels, while the Dutch were excluded, and their correspondence on the subject with the governor Makota came into Mr. Brooke's possession. An unfortunate rebellion prevented the explorers from penetrating, so far as they wished, into the country; but, Mr. Brooke, during the first visit, had so little thought of establishing himself at Saráwak, that he said, in a published letter, written at the time, "I have thought it right, when asked my opinion, to express it to the native prince. As an English gentleman, without interest or partiality, I have, for his own safety, strongly recommended him never to allow any government, or any body of white men to settle in his country."

Towards the middle of October, eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, the Royalist left the coast of Borneo, and returned to Singapore, where Mr. Brooke was thanked by merchants for the service he had done, and coldly received by the governor, who discouraged the blending of political doctrine with his exploration. His ambition and self-confidence are at once evident in his letters. "If I was governor of the Straits," he says, "with power to restrict the Dutch, I would spread the British name and commerce through many channels now shut or unknown. One thing I regret not having tried to effect whilst at home, and that is, getting a knighthood—a civic knighthood." He desires it for no meaner object than that increase of consideration among colonists, which would give greater influence and greater power to push forward his patriotic schemes. From this time forth he never drops the subject of the knighthood until it is obtained.

In November eighteen hundred and thirty-nine Mr. Brooke started from Singapore upon his second cruise—spent four months among the coral reefs of the deep Bay of Boni at the south of Celebes, where he found the natives bold, enterprising, hospitable, and open-hearted,—spent six weeks in the interior, and laid down four or five hundred miles of coast line. After his return to Singapore, he writes home in one of the private letters published by his friends, "I am really becoming a great man, dearest mother; the world talks of me! The rulers of England threaten to write to me! Newspapers call me patriotic and adventurous! The Geographical Society pays me compliments! Am I not a great man? I wish I had fortune, and then they should see that I deserve something. At present, my sphere, though I am well content with it, is very cramped. With more fortune, I would come home, and return to this field and finish it, and that would be a solid monument of fame."

We dwell somewhat minutely upon these first days, because we may find in them, better than elsewhere, the key to Mr. Brooke's subsequent career. The desire for money is

expressed often, and is blended, inconsistently to all appearance, with expressions of contempt for riches and appreciation of the sweets of luxury. But a man who has no sense of the luxury of indulgence can deserve no credit for self-denial. In the words we have just quoted, the adventurer wished for more wealth, that he might spend it upon what he regarded as a patriotic enterprise, an enterprise upon which—to the wonderment of those who have denounced him as a sordid speculator—he has already spent the fortune that he had.

In the middle of August, eighteen hundred and forty, Mr. Brooke sailed from Singapore, as he believed, for his last cruise to Borneo. He proposed to get from Borneo to Manilla, and thence probably to cross to China, where the war, which he considered just and politic, was one in which he "should greatly have liked to have been dashingly employed, or usefully."

"After this cruise to Borneo," he wrote, "I shall feel that I have done fully as much as I promised the public, except going to New Guinea, which I abandon with reluctance, but from prudential motives, for I do not intend to involve myself for the public benefit, and my money, which I have devoted to this voyage, is running low."

But it happened that upon touching at Saráwak, Mr. Brooke found the Rajah Muda Hassim still beset by the rebellion which had been raging for four years, and unwilling to part with a European whose help might secure to him the victory. Mr. Brooke stayed, therefore, and helping to fight the Rajah's battles,—general of an army of Malays, Chinese, and twenty tribes of Dyaks, officered by a dozen of his shipmates,—in three months brought the rebels to an unconditional surrender, and then with difficulty saved the lives of all who had surrendered.

Of this turning event in the story of Saráwak, we give Mr. Brooke's own rapid and accurate sketch, extracted from a vindictory pamphlet published by him in a later year.

"I visited Saráwak in my yacht. I was unconnected with commerce. I met a native prince involved in difficulties. I assisted him. He offered me the country. I at first declined, as it would be ungenerous to accept. I was not eager to embrace the offer. The war was terminated successfully. Muda Hassim made out an agreement purporting that I was to reside at Saráwak, to seek for profit. I objected, and was assured that this was not the agreement understood between us. Trusting to the good faith of the Rajah, I purchased a vessel. I loaded her with cargo. I made this cargo over to him. I was detained month after month, at a ruinous expense" (the return cargo of antimony not being supplied). "I requested repayment, or the fulfilment of his promise. The Rajah allowed the justice of what I urged, and again pledged himself to give me

the country. Delays followed—poison was attempted. I resolved to bring matters to an issue. I loaded the guns, obtained an interview, and with many protestations of kindness towards the Rajah, I threatened Makota with attack, as neither he (the Rajah) nor myself were safe, whilst Makota continued practising these arts. The Rajah then fulfilled his repeated promise. The Sultan's signature was freely obtained" (that is to say, in consideration of a yearly tribute of two thousand dollars) "to the same grant of Sarawak, and I declined the government of all the rivers along a coast line of three hundred miles." Makota would seem to have been too doggedly mindful of the advice given him by Mr. Brooke on his first visit as an English gentleman without interest or partiality, "never to allow any government, or any body of white men to settle in his country."

There can be no doubt, we think, that in these proceedings, Mr. Brooke acted as a partial judge in his own cause, the cause, he had right to think, of humanity. At the very time when he had proposed abandoning his chosen field of enterprise, there was opened to him a fair way of settling as a chief among the Borneans, and using all his energies from the best point of action for diffusing a better civilisation among the natives, by establishing a model state, and showing them the way to active commerce. At the same time he might secure a point of action for his country, from which she could extend her influence in the Indian Archipelago, according to the principles that he had advocated when he first made known his project of an Eastern cruise. It flattered his ambition, too, to have, on any scale, the power of a king, and there was a touch of heroism in the whole situation, that would naturally gratify his love of adventure. Rather than lose the opportunity presented to his grasp, as he must otherwise have done, he produced the guns of the Royalist as evidence on his behalf to overweigh the opposition of Makota. But had this been done by a Dutchman, what would Mr. Brooke, now Rajah Brooke, have said?

The Dutchman, if he had done this, would have done it for self only. Rajah Brooke unquestionably thought of the social benefits he might extend. His first act was to secure the release of a number of imprisoned women, wives belonging to a hostile tribe. He examined laws, and revived righteous ones that had become obsolete. He lessened very greatly the oppression suffered by poor Dyak labourers, and began at once to lay foundations of the prosperity that he did not fail ere long to secure for Sarawak.

Muda Hassim, we have said, was uncle to the Sultan. The title of the supreme monarch in Borneo is Jang de per Tuam, and this title was in abeyance when Mr. Brooke received the grant of Sarawak. On the death

of the last Jang, Muda Hassim's father wished to place his son upon the throne, but his daughter urged the claim of his grandson, who was the direct offspring of the deceased ruler. Neither claim was abandoned, neither was urged to extremity. The grandson took no more than the title of Sultan, and Muda Hassim, on the death of an elder brother, succeeded to his claims and to the powers of Bandharra, or prime minister, who, since the Sultan was imbecile, had really the chief power in the state. An illegitimate son of Muda Hassim's father, the Pangeran Usop, restless, energetic, and ambitious, had pressed Muda, hard, and had fomented rebellion against him. This man was himself afterwards, among the intrigues of the Bornean court, defeated, deserted, and destroyed.

The Rajah's little state began to prosper. "We have diamonds, gold, tin, iron, and antimony ore, certain; we have copper, reported. Besides the mineral wealth, we have a soil fit for the cultivation of the richest vegetable productions. Coffees, nutmegs, cotton, would all flourish here. Rice, sago, and any other grain grow in abundance and perfection, and the country is greatly cleared of wood and jungle by the industry of the Dyaks. Our chief want is inhabitants, and of these we shall have enough, provided the government is just and fair in its dealings." How the labourers had been oppressed under Makota's rule, is shown by the fact, that they were forced to supply him, for two rupees, with ten pekuls of the antimony ore, which he sold again at two rupees a pekul; and beyond this profit of a thousand per cent., extorted five hundred per cent. more out of the labourer by using false measures, against which he dared not complain. Rajah Brooke quadrupled the price of this labour, and made it no longer compulsory. He retained to himself the profit of the mines which are royalties throughout the Archipelago: not for his own sole and exclusive use, but as the main part of the revenue upon which alone he could support his plans for the amelioration of the country. To be released from the necessity of looking for a public revenue to the private anxiety of trade, was a desire constantly expressed by him, and to the misapprehension that fixed on him reproach for adventuring at once as prince and trader, he could reply, in eighteen hundred and fifty-three, that not only had his trading been for the relief of his subjects from oppressive tribute, but that he was twenty thousand pounds poorer than he had been when he started from the East.

Moreover, he had piracy to battle with, and among the pirates found none that caused so much insecurity to his colony as the Sakarran and Serebas Dyaks, men without fire-arms, using rude arrows, powerless indeed against the European, but the strong cause of misery among defenceless tribes, whose wives and children they

bore into slavery. At the close of eighteen hundred and forty-one, the Rajah wrote, "Whether I get aid or not, I am going to put down piracy next year." In March, eighteen hundred and forty-three, Mr. Brooke was still holding his ground by help of the antimony trade, and hoping to be set free of much care by Government recognition, and by the raising of a company with capital enough to make the country. But he soon afterwards had to cry hold, on finding that the speculators at home were disposed not only to raise exaggerated hopes as to the facility of getting wealth out of Sarawak, but to appropriate to themselves those resources of the country which were being spent on its right government. The Government of England was then making inquiry into Bornean affairs, and the people of England were attentive to the Rajah Brooke's career. In this year eighteen hundred and forty-three, Sir H. Keppel, in the *Dido*, visited the Indian Archipelago, and assisted Mr. Brooke in his war against piracy.

It was after conflicts arising out of an engagement entered into between the Sultan, Muda Hassim, and the English for suppression of pirates that the Pangeran Usop met with a violent death. Soon afterwards, early in eighteen hundred and forty-six, the Sultan having changed his policy—murdered, in Brunei, his Uncle Muda Hassim, and eleven or twelve of Muda Hassim's brothers and sons. The Rajah Brooke then refused any longer to acknowledge the Sultan as his suzerain, or to hold Sarawak under his gift. Sir Thomas Cochrane, in the *Phlegethon*, a few months afterwards, went up the Brunei river, with Mr. Brooke on board, was fired upon by the Sultan, who, of course, then lost his forts and town, and fled into the interior. He was pursued, and, under compulsion in the jungle, did all that was asked of him; among other things, re-gave Sarawak, free of tribute, to the English Rajah.

Upon these incidents, Mr. Hume founded the strong case which he made out against Mr. Brooke, and which he thus stated: "Sarawak was obtained under the guns of the Royalist, for a yearly tribute of two thousand dollars, that was never paid, and that was got rid of under the guns of Sir Thomas Cochrane, when a new grant was obtained from the Sultan after he had been hunted into the jungle. Is this," Mr. Hume asked, "international law?" And when Mr. Brooke was appointed, in eighteen hundred and forty-seven, commissioner and consul-general for Great Britain to the Sultan of Borneo, it was asked, could he stand fairly in such relations towards the man whom he had injured, and whom he characterised as having the head of an idiot and the heart of a pirate? Facts, put into the form of such questions, looked ugly enough, though any reader who has followed the history of Sarawak fairly through its successive stages will not precisely accept

all the inferences that such questions would suggest. At Sarawak there had been formed a prosperous and united native population, altogether friendly to the English. The trade of the place, which was conveyed, when Mr. Brooke first settled there, by a few native prahus, after ten years of his fostering, employed twenty-five thousand tons of shipping.

Early in eighteen hundred and forty-seven possession was taken of the uninhabited island of Labuan, at the entrance of the Borneo River, as a British settlement. It is an island eleven or twelve miles long, and six in its greatest breadth; contains a most important coal seam; and now yields coal for the steamers in that quarter of the globe, besides exporting some to countries bordering the eastern seas. As a place of settlement for Europeans, it has proved unhealthy. In the same year, Mr. Brooke visited England, where he was in great request as a new sort of room ornament. An English Rajah became the lion of the day, suffered great damage by over-praise, and, after a four months' stay, was taken out again in a Queen's ship, knight of the Bath, governor of Labuan, with two thousand a-year, and commissioner and consul-general to the native states of Borneo.

In the same year (eighteen hundred and forty-seven) the Eastern Archipelago Company was formed to develop Labuan, and to take advantage of Sir James Brooke's relations with Sarawak for the establishment of new branches of British commerce with Borneo. Of this company, his former friend and partner or agent in trade, Mr. Wise, was the promoter; and for Mr. Wise's interest in it, there was secured to him by the charter an amount of payment that Sir James regarded as excessive and extravagant. Being in England again in November, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, he complained of the misconduct of directors, and intrigues of their servants, in Borneo. The company worked ill, and, acting on a false certificate of paid-up capital, was proceeded against by Sir James, successfully, in the Court of Queen's Bench. This contest arrayed against Sir James Brooke the hostility of the Company, and established enmity between himself and Mr. Wise. In the Archipelago itself, less creditable quarrels were established. The Rajah's self-confidence, strengthened by flattery, begot some tendency to tyrannise. Mr. Napier, a son of Professor Macvey Napier, who had gone out as Lieutenant-Governor of Labuan, and upon whom, as the only resident authority, the work of the settlement devolved, claimed too much independence, was quarrelled with, and, when occasion rose, suppressed.

Then there was the great quarrel over a trading agent, Mr. Burns, in which Sir James's part seems to have been misrepresented by the enemies whom he was raising about his ears, sometimes by just and wise,

sometimes by just but impolitic, sometimes by harsh and vindictive denunciation. The long and useless letters of dissatisfaction written to the authorities after Doctor Miller, surgeon of the *Nemesis*, had been acquitted by the court martial which Sir James procured to be held over him, for suspicion of having written to the *Singapore Free Press* an unfriendly account of the massacre of pirates up the Kaluka in March, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, show simply an intolerance of temper. The long and intemperate letter written to the Governor of the Straits Settlement for the purpose of procuring the discharge of Mr. Woods, the editor of that paper, from his public situations, could also tend only to the prejudice of its writer's credit. We do not say that Sir James was on the wrong side in all these quarrels, but it was at any rate an indiscreet perilling of his credit as a public man so to act as to beget a series of parliamentary papers simply on the subject of his bickerings. We have gone through the distasteful work of reading the whole of these papers, and extract from them nothing at all to stain Sir James's honour. We remember, too, that he had placed himself in the position of a baited lion. But the public does not look into details, and does not make minute allowances. The world says it is a man's own fault if he is always in dispute. Then, too, Sir James had unfortunately published a great deal of off-hand writing, and all manner of innocent but unconsidered phrases could be picked out of his journals.

Upon other cries got up against him, there came, as a climax, terrible tales of the massacre of feeble pirates in March and in July eighteen hundred and forty-nine. The details were terrible enough. We shrink from their repetition; but to make matters worse it was so stoutly argued that a great number of the victims were no pirates at all, that a Commission of Inquiry was obtained, and it was only by its decision that Sir James Brooke's character was finally and fairly cleared. It was truly among pirates that the havoc had been made. One of the earliest determinations that had been expressed by the English Rajah of Saráwak, was, that he would put an end to the piracy that was the ruin of the Eastern seas. The government, by its active assent in the form of ships of war, supported him in this effort, and the evil is not to be laid to his charge if he was supported also by a British regulation for the suppression of piracy all over the globe, which made the wholesale destruction of Malay pirate crews a gold mine to the sailor, and stimulated in him an unholy thirst for blood. There was a prize of twenty pounds on every pirate killed or taken, five pounds on every one attacked without being captured or destroyed. At what rate English seamen suddenly betook themselves to the working of the pirate mine in the seas round about

Borneo may be seen from this return made to the House of Commons. The average yearly payment for pirates' head money from the year eighteen hundred and twenty-five to the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight—that is, for fourteen years—had been sixteen hundred and twenty-seven pounds. But in the single session of eighteen hundred and fifty the vote on this account was for no less than one hundred and six thousand four hundred and forty pounds, chiefly for killing Dyaks. For the single night affair of the thirty-first of July, the head-money came to twenty thousand seven hundred pounds. Head-money was at once abolished, and we have since heard little more about suppressing pirates in the Eastern seas.

Thus Saráwak ceased to be a favourite among the topics of the day, though still the settlement has prospered. Measures taken to prevent opium smuggling, caused in the February and March of last year determined attacks by the Chinese on the Government, people, and property, at Saráwak. Sir James himself narrowly escaped with his life, and much damage was done before the necessary measures could be taken for the quelling of the enemy. The Chinese were defeated, and driven into the jungle, their loss being estimated at two thousand lives; the loss on the other side was only twelve Malays and Dyaks.

The English Government has disclaimed any intention of extending British territory on the north-west coast of Borneo. It averts its countenance even from Saráwak, which it once regarded with so much indulgence. Sir James Brooke is now again in England, telling us, most truly, that the time has arrived when we must finally decide what fruit his life's labour shall bear. We are at this moment engaged with other nations in an effort (which must soon succeed) to open China fairly to the enterprise of Europe. Between our Indian empire and the ports of China, it requires but little foresight to know that we shall ere long need a port of our own that commands the route; such a port, and the most convenient place for a telegraph station, is Saráwak. The position is made; the English Government has only to accept it, and support it. In its creation, Mr. Brooke has spent his energies freely, and spent his fortune. He has never charged on the revenues of Saráwak, interest on his money, poured out for the development of its resources; he asks now for no interest, but he desires that the English Government may take his place as the public creditor of the settlement, and employ for its further advancement the power and resources of Great Britain.

The powers of an individual have been strained to the utmost; but the work of the pioneer will have been done, if his countrymen press in to occupy the ground he has begun to clear. Or, is the work to end when

his arm fails him, and is the wilderness to close again over the little field that he has staked and planted?

TRUTH IN IRONS.

I.

ON the twenty-third of July, eighteen hundred and forty-six, towards the close of a sultry day, two men were strolling along the high-road leading from Bazeille to La Motte Landron: both little villages, situated in the French department of La Gironde. These two men were Jean Delorme and Jules Delorme, his son.

Jules was in high spirits; for the object he had worked hard to accomplish for the last six years—the dream of his youth—was realised. He was parish schoolmaster, and the accepted suitor of Louise, the best and prettiest girl of the surrounding villages. Monsieur Courtras, the rich corn merchant, would never, however, have consented to the marriage of his daughter with a poor school-master, if he had not won his position very rapidly, and had still a prospect of rising higher. For Monsieur Courtras had always wished to marry Louise to Victor Leblanc, who had quite enough to live upon independently, and would inherit all the property of a rich uncle. Jules was therefore in high spirits, because he and his father had been spending the evening with the Courtras family, and his marriage with Louise had been fixed to take place on the first of September.

While still upon their way home, at the turning of a road, Jules and his father met two men dressed in dark blue blouses, and black cloth caps. They seemed vexed and startled at meeting them, and answered their passing good evening in rather constrained voices.

"Those are strangers," said Jean Delorme; "I wonder where they are going."

"But what is that?" suddenly interrupted Jules, pointing across some fields upon the right-hand side of the road: "surely it is something on fire. Yes, there is now flame; it must be a haystack in old Gay's farm."

The father and son hastened their steps, and in about a quarter of an hour came near the farm. To their dismay, on approaching it, they found that the fire did not proceed from a haystack, but from the farmhouse itself, which was built of wood and thatch. Forks of crimson flame were now issuing from every window and door, illuminating the sky, the trees, the stack-yard, and the surrounding country.

"Run and alarm the village, Jules," said the father, "call the firemen and the Maire. Gay must be gone in search of assistance; for he could not have been in bed when the fire broke out. At any rate I will remain here and watch."

On his way to the village Jules met many of the villagers, who had seen the smoke and flames, and were running to see whence the fire proceeded. Telling them hastily what direction to take, Jules ran on to the Maire. But Monsieur the Maire had gone to spend the evening with a friend in the next village; and the firemen dared not take their engine to extinguish the fire without a written order from that important functionary. Jules therefore volunteered to go and inform him of the occurrence, and obtain the requisite order.

After an hour's sharp walking, Jules reached Marmande; and, with some difficulty, found the maire quietly sipping black coffee, and smoking a cigar in his friend's garden. The pompous and fussy official on hearing what was the matter, said:

"Very well, I will write out two orders; one for the firemen to take their engine, and the other for the officer commanding the garrison at La Reolle to send a few troops to keep order and assist in putting out the fire; and you will tell my secretary to deliver them both immediately. As for myself, I shall follow in a few minutes, and direct the operations."

On his return to La Motte Landron, Jules gave the two orders to the secretary, and then hastened to rejoin his father at the farm. He found, on arriving, that the conflagration had spread from the house to the barns and several of the haystacks; and the blazing mass shed a reddish hue over several hundred men, women, and children, who were perched upon every bank, mound, or tree, which commanded a good view of the spectacle.

"Where is Gay?" inquired Jules of some of the bystanders.

"Alas! poor man, he is not to be found, he must have perished in the flames before any one arrived," was the reply; "your father tried to force his way into the house; but, after being nearly suffocated with the smoke, was obliged to return."

Here the conversation was put an end to by the arrival, at a brisk trot, of six firemen harnessed to their engine, and dressed in dark blue clothes and bright brass helmets. The officer in command immediately ordered a chain to be formed, to hand buckets of water to the firemen from the well, situated at about two hundred yards' distance from the house. But the greater bulk of the crowd began to disperse as soon as the firemen approached them with their little leathern buckets like hats, and only a few boys consented to form a chain. These boys, however, were bent upon nothing but mischief and enjoying themselves; so, as each passed the bucket along with one hand, he generally dipped his other into it, and dashed a handful of the water at the face of his nearest neighbour. As each boy in his turn did the same, when the buckets reached the hands of the

firemen, they rarely contained more than a few drops of water at the bottom. In vain the firemen remonstrated with them, telling them to be more careful, and not to spill the water. They were only answered by long and loud peals of laughter. The calamity was enjoyed by these urchins with the same feeling—or want of feeling—as if it had been a merry-making.

At length a diversion was occasioned by the arrival of Monsieur the Maire in his cocked hat, and a detachment of infantry in undress red pantaloons and caps, and short blue jackets. The boys now having become tired of their fun, seized the opportunity to run away. It was useless for the soldiers to run after them to bring them back, for in an instant they became invisible. The soldiers and firemen therefore set to work in earnest to check the progress of the conflagration; and after two hours of untiring effort, they had sufficiently mastered the flames to be able to enter the house and look for Gay. Two of the firemen were directed to search the house, and Jules offered to guide them through the different rooms. But it was impossible to effect an entrance by the front, on account of the rafters which supported the roof having given way and fallen in. The three men therefore proceeded to the back and entered the dining-room, which Jules supposed would be the least burned, owing to the floor being paved with stone dials. This, in fact, they found to be the case; but the smoke in the room was so stifling that they did not think it prudent to continue their search. Retracing their steps, one of the firemen stumbled over something upon the floor. His companions, upon turning the light of their lantern upon him, were horrified to behold the corpse of the unfortunate old man lying upon the ground, his clothes covered with blood, and only partially burnt.

The maire and the others who were outside were called, and they were all soon assembled in the tottering charred room.

"He has been murdered," said the maire, "and the house has been set on fire to conceal the crime."

"Yes; and the house has been plundered," added the secretary; "see how the cupboards have been ransacked."

The corpse, after the usual formalities, was carried to the Mairie, and the firemen and soldiery encamped for the rest of the night near the farm, to be at hand in case the conflagration should break out again.

It was three o'clock in the morning when Jean and his son entered their home, tired and drenched. Two days after the catastrophe they attended the funeral of Eugène Gay, which was followed by Victor Leblanc as chief mourner; in a few more days they were examined by the lawyers sent from La Reolle to investigate the case. Having deposed to the discovery of the fire, and their

meeting with the two strange men upon the road, Jean and Jules Delorme heard no more of the affair for some weeks.

II.

THE first of September happened to fall on one of those days when modern Gaul fully justifies the appellation bestowed upon her by enraptured travellers. All nature was radiant with the golden glow of sun upon the harvests of wheat and maize; every tree was borne down by its load of mellow fruit; and, as far as the eye could scan, the view presented dwarf forests of green leaves and purple grapes, intersected here and there by a silvery arm of the Garonne river.

The little village of Bazeille also wore an unusually animated appearance. From an early hour there had been a bustle of young girls, white dresses, and flowers. About eleven o'clock, the large stone house standing somewhat by itself upon the high-road to La Motte Landron became the centre of attraction. This was the residence of the father of the bride; where a guard of honour, composed of the young men of the two villages, saluted every new arrival with loud vivas.

At twelve o'clock the wedding-party came out of the house, and formed in procession to walk to the village church. First came the pretty little dark-eyed bride, leaning on her father's arm, and almost smothered in white muslin, myrtle, and orange blossoms. Next walked the bridegroom with the bride's mother, followed by the bridesmaid and the bridegroom's father. Then, two and two, came the rest of the company, all dressed in the gayest colours, and talking and laughing their loudest.

As the procession moved along, groups of young girls advanced, singing, to scatter flowers at the feet of the lovely bride. In this way the wedding-party had arrived within a few steps of the quaint old village church, when suddenly six gendarmes fully armed advanced rapidly towards the party. They all stopped to watch the movements of the police agents, and inquire among themselves the cause of their arrival. In a few more seconds the gendarmes had come up to the group, and, having given the bride a military salute in passing, stopped and divided into two parties. Each of these two parties, then simultaneously seizing by the arm, the bridegroom, Jules Delorme, and the bridegroom's father, Jean Delorme, exclaimed:

"We arrest you in the name of the king!"

"What for?" indignantly asked Jules, shaking off the three men who held him.

"For murdering Eugène Gay, and setting fire to his house," was the reply; "here is our warrant duly signed and stamped."

"But why is my father arrested?"

"As your accomplice."

"We are both innocent!" Jules protested. "There is some grievous mistake here!"

"O, yes! there is some serious mistake here," chimed in several voices.

"That may be," replied the gendarme; "but that is not our business. Our business is to obey orders. So, as we cannot stay here discussing any longer, you must both come along with us immediately."

In the meantime the whole bridal procession and a mob of villagers had crowded round the gendarmes and their prisoners. Foremost in their midst stood the bride, anxiously inquiring what it all meant. When aware of the fearful reality, her face became almost as white as her dress, and she clutched a firmer hold of her father's arm. As Jules turned towards her, he saw at a glance all he wished to know. Louise was confident of his innocence.

The police agents, wishing to avoid a scene, tried to hurry their prisoners away, while their friends and relatives crowded around them, each one being louder than the other in expressions of surprise and lamentation. As for Madame Delorme, she offered to go to prison with her husband and son, and was only pacified by her husband observing that she would be of more use out of the prison than in it.

When Jules asked and obtained the consent of the gendarmes to his going by himself to say farewell to his bride, she was standing a little apart from the rest of the bridal procession, waiting for the excitement to subside. On approaching her, Jules said in a low voice, taking her hand in his:

"Louise, this is a dreadful charge which is brought against us; but, if there is any justice in our country, I shall soon be able to prove my innocence. Therefore do not despair, and everything will speedily come right again."

"I am not afraid, Jules, for I know you are innocent."

"Farewell, then! I shall go to prison less unhappy."

Jules would have lingered longer, but the gendarmes were calling to him to come quickly. So, hastily pressing the hand of his bride, he tore himself away from her, and delivered himself into custody.

"Good-bye, my friends," he said, with a forced smile. "This is merely some error which will soon be put right. Let us hope we shall soon meet again."

"Yes; we shall soon meet again!" they all shouted in chorus, as Jules and his father, conducted by the police agents, moved across the open Place towards the Mairie. The crowd waited until the prisoners had disappeared inside the gates of the town-hall; and then all the people returned sadly to their respective homes.

That night, Jean and Jules Delorme, after undergoing a private examination by the police officials at Bazeille, were transferred, handcuffed to each other, first to the prison of La Reolle, and in a few days to the prisons of Bordeaux.

III.

ALL preliminary legal proceedings in France being kept secret, the public heard no more of the murder of Eugène Gay until the trial of Jules Delorme and his accomplice Jean Delorme, was announced to take place upon the twenty-first of September, in the Palace of Justice at Bordeaux.

Upon the appointed day, and long before the appointed hour, an immense concourse of persons were assembled outside the Hall of Justice, awaiting the opening of the doors. Among them were many of the inhabitants of the villages of Bazeille and La Motte Landron, but none of the nearest relatives of the two accused men. At ten o'clock the doors were thrown open, and in a few minutes the space allotted to the public in the court was crowded to suffocation. At a quarter past ten o'clock, the prisoners were brought in by six gendarmes, with death-like silence. One of the law journals published a pen and ink portrait of the accused, from which we extract the following:—"The principal accused, Jules Delorme, came first. He is a tall, thin, intelligent-looking young man, about twenty-six years of age. His face is oval, his complexion is dark, and his hair and whiskers are black. His appearance is altogether calculated to prepossess a stranger, who might not be aware of the two-fold crime he is accused of. Indeed, the only true signs of the great criminal, which he allowed to show themselves during the trial, were the nervous twitchings of his mouth, and the sudden flashes of fury which he darted from his fiery black eyes, as the witnesses proceeded with their evidence. Jean Delorme, his accomplice and father, is a military-looking man, of about sixty years of age. Both prisoners were respectably dressed in black; and were accompanied by their advocate, Monsieur Edouard de la Tour."

At half-past ten o'clock, the president and the court having taken their seats, the jury was sworn, and the proceedings commenced by the reading of the act of accusation by the chief clerk. This document, after describing the discovery of the fire and the murder, detailed the circumstances which proved (as it said) the guilt of the two prisoners:—"In the first place, Jules Delorme had bought, some six months before, a house and bit of land from Eugène Gay, arranging to pay an annuity of twelve pounds, during the life-time of the old man. Of course the motives of the murder were thus laid bare. In the second place, Jules confessed to having passed close to Gay's farm an hour or so before the fire broke out. Besides, the two prisoners were the first persons who knew of the fire, and who gave the alarm. Moreover, careful investigations had been made by the police, and it was found that nobody had seen any strangers in the vicinity that evening. The prisoners de-

nounced two persons, whom they pretend to have met upon the road just before the discovery of the conflagration. But these persons were seen by nobody else.

The act of accusation went on to state the part taken by Jean Delorme in the murder. But at this point the act of accusation ran off into conjecture. It was supposed (it said) that the father watched while the son perpetrated the crime, and afterwards assisted him in his means of concealment.

An abridged history of the lives of the two prisoners was then given. It raked up every detail likely to injure them in the esteem of the public. It was, however, obliged to admit that such was the estimation in which their family was held in the neighbourhood, that the authorities would never have suspected them, if they had not received private communications, pointing out Jules and Jean Delorme as the authors of the crime, and furnishing the police with clues to their guilt. The act of accusation ended with a flourish of trumpets about the indefatigable zeal and intelligence displayed by the police, and all the authorities, in bringing the criminals to justice.

The prisoners were interrogated in turn by the president; after which, witnesses were examined. The first thirteen, however, consisted only of the maire, the firemen, and some soldiers, who described the fire, and the finding of the corpse.

The fourteenth and fifteenth witnesses were two doctors, who had been appointed to make an examination of the body of the murdered man, with a view to finding out how the crime had been perpetrated. They stated in their report, that the murderer must have approached his victim from behind, and then cleaved his skull with a hatchet. Only two blows had been given; but these must have caused instant death. During the depositions of these two witnesses, both prisoners were visibly affected.

Several police agents deposed to the arrest of the accused; the perquisitions made in their houses; and finally, to the finding of the blood-stained hatchet in the younger prisoner's garden wall.

An ironmonger having a shop at La Reolle, said: "A young man came into my shop upon the twenty-second of July, about twilight, and bought that hatchet, paying three francs for it. He seemed to me to be about the height of the principal accused, but it was too dark for me to be able to distinguish his features." The counsel for the prisoners asked the witness if he would swear that Jules Delorme was the person who bought the hatchet. Witness said: "No, he would not swear to it, because he thought that the young man had blue eyes. The prisoner had black eyes, but he might be mistaken."

The next witness examined was Victor Leblanc, the nephew of the murdered man. His appearance made a considerable sensation

in the court, as he was dressed in deep mourning, and seemed to give his evidence with great reluctance. He was described as a fair, distinguished looking young man, about twenty-six years of age. In answer to the questions addressed to him by the crown counsel, he stated, that he resided at Le Reolle, only making short visits to his uncle at Bazeille; that the first news of the murder of his uncle reached him the next morning by one of the labourers employed upon the farm; that he did not know whom to blame for the crime; that it was true Jules Delorme was the only person he knew of who had an interest in his uncle's death; that he had been friends with Jules from boyhood, and had never thought him capable of such an action; and finally that he himself was the sole heir of Eugène Gay. This witness at the conclusion of his evidence appeared to be quite overcome by emotion.

Thus closed the case for the prosecution. The witnesses for the defence consisted of Louise and her father and mother, who all deposed to the prisoners having stayed with them from six to eight o'clock on the evening in question; and several villagers who gave evidence as to the good terms upon which the prisoners lived with all their neighbours, and the universal respect with which they were regarded.

The public prosecutor then addressed the jury in a brief but very violent speech. He contended that Jules Delorme had been clearly proved to be guilty by the evidence adduced, and urged that a signal example ought to be made of him. He went on in this strain:

"What! a young man who has been intrusted with the moral education of our children, who has been respected and esteemed by all, has in the meantime nourished in his heart the lust of wealth, until getting the better of him it pushed him on to murder a defenceless old man, and then fire the house, the property of his heirs, to conceal his execrable crime! This is the monster, you see before you, gentlemen of the jury. In the name of society and public morality, I demand signal justice upon him. You must make a terrible example of him, as a warning for future generations!"

With regard to Jean Delorme, the public prosecutor was rather less implicit, merely observing, that as the son was certainly guilty, it was to be supposed that the father was so also. At any rate, the jury would appreciate the relative guilt of each.

There was a deep silence spread over the court as Monsieur Edouard de la Tour rose from his seat beside the prisoners, and commenced their defence. His speech, which lasted for two hours, was elaborate and eloquent. He pointed out with great clearness the discrepancies in the evidence, and warned the jury against finding a verdict of Guilty, in a capital case, upon doubtful testimony.

At length, after an impartial summing up by the president, the jury retired to deliberate upon the four questions of homicide, fire-raising, premeditation, and the existence of extenuating circumstances. In the absence of the court, the jury, and the prisoners, the audience freely discussed the points of the case. In about an hour and a half the tinkle of a bell announced the return of the jury. When the court had taken their seats, the president asked the foreman of the jury the result of their deliberation. The foreman replied: With regard to the principal accused, Jules Delorme, the unanimous decision of the jury is as follows: On the first point, homicide, yes; on the second point, fire-raising, yes; on the third point, premeditation, yes; with the admission, however, of extenuating circumstances. With regard to the second accused, Jean Delorme, the unanimous decision of the jury was Not Guilty upon all the points.

Jean Delorme was therefore brought in; and, after having the verdict of the jury relating to himself read to him, was formally discharged.

Jules Delorme was then ordered to appear and hear the reading of his part of the verdict. "Command yourself," whispered his advocate, "it is not all over!"

When Jules heard the verdict of Guilty, he quivered in every limb, and looked inquiringly to his advocate, who only answered, "Be calm!" The president having put the usual question: "Have you any observation to make upon the passing of the sentence?" Monsieur Edouard de la Tour replied by recommending the prisoner to mercy. After about five minutes' deliberation the court sentenced Jules Delorme to hard labour for life. The prisoner was led out of the hall unconscious of all around him.

Meanwhile Jean Delorme awaited impatiently outside the old Palace of Justice for his son's coming, in the midst of a group of congratulating villagers; and it was not until the court broke up, that they learned why Jules did not come.

The continuation of this narrative must be compiled from the diary kept by Jules Delorme.

IV.

TWENTY-NINTH of September eighteen hundred and forty-six. The crisis is over. I have just received a letter from the public prosecutor, granting me leave to keep my pocket-book and pencil. It is a great consolation for me to be allowed to write down my thoughts.

The night after that awful condemnation I slept well. But what I felt on awaking! All the horror of my position came up before me; and, for the first three days, as I brooded over my misery, I passed successively from a state of despair, to fury and madness.

My poor father came to see me last night. The sight of him did me good. He promised me that as long as he has a drop of blood in his veins, he will hunt the world until he finds out the murderers of Gay. God knows he will keep his promise, for he is certain I am innocent.

Fourteenth of November. What a wretched life I drag along in this place (the prison of Bordeaux)! When I think that I am condemned to it for ever, and that I am a convict, I often fancy it would have been better if I had been sentenced to death; for then I should have appeared immediately before the Eternal Judge. Sometimes black thoughts come into my mind, and I feel tempted. But I have promised to live.

Thirtieth of April, eighteen hundred and forty-seven. This morning I arrived at the Bagne (convict prison) of Rocheforte. There a new and terrible spectacle, awaited me. Indeed, what is a prison in comparison with a bagne? They undressed me; and, after clothing me in the infamous costume, they chained me. I was tied down upon a piece of strong wood, about three metres long, and half a metre thick. An iron ring having been slipped above the calf of my leg, was then riveted on by means of two iron screws or rivets. A chain, about a metre and a half long, consisting of nine links, was fastened to the ring; the whole weighs about three pounds and a-half. During the operation I was held down tightly; for if I had made the slightest movement I might have broken my leg. What I suffered in that ten minutes! It seemed as if every blow of the hammer smote my heart and fired my brain. I must wear those chains as long as ever I am here, and God alone knows how long that may be! The last link of my chain is fastened to a bar of iron adapted to a camp-bedstead; and the only liberty I have here is the length of my chain. They have given me a blanket, and put me on a pair of yellow sleeves, as a sign of a man who is to be suspected and feared: I whose whole thoughts are of my innocence and of her with whom I might have passed my life.

When I was undressed they took away my writing-materials, so I asked to see the governor. When he came I showed him the letter of the public prosecutor, and my things were restored to me. It is a great comfort to me. I think I should soon be dead if I did not write a little. I fancy I am somewhat less miserable when I have confided my grief to paper.

Thirteenth of May. Yesterday I was transferred from my solitary cell to the large hall. There I found about five hundred men; some sitting upon their beds and benches; others tossing about, clanking their chains: all screaming, swearing, and blaspheming. I thought that I had arrived in hell itself. I felt that anguish of heart which it is impossible to describe. As I sat in that living

pandemonium, loaded with irons, and thinking of my life blighted from no fault of mine, I should have suffocated with grief, if tears had not come to my relief. For the first time since my childhood, I cried myself to sleep. This morning I feel more resigned and hopeful.

Second of September. A year has now elapsed since I was first deprived of my liberty. Nearly four months I have been in this awful place. My position is not, however, so miserable as it was. I have associated a great deal of late with the chaplains, who have done much to comfort and console me. As often as I can obtain leave I go and see Monsieur, the second chaplain, who, I fancy is beginning to be convinced of my innocence. For he does all in his power to soften in my favour the rigorous discipline of the bagne. But it is all in vain; the chiefs think that I am more dangerous than any of the others, because I am more quiet; and I am therefore treated with greater severity. Yet I cannot complain of my chiefs, for their conduct towards me is only a consequence of my condemnation. Nevertheless, in spite of my affliction, which has saddened me to the very soul, I sometimes have a ray of hope, a sort of inner voice which tells me I shall not pass all my life in the bagne, a chained convict. This hope sustains me.

Fifth of April, eighteen hundred and forty-eight. At length, after eleven months of most intense moral suffering, a happy change has taken place. Monsieur Edouard de la Tour, who, I believe, has never doubted my innocence has at length succeeded in obtaining an improvement in my position. On my coming here he recommended me to the head surgeon of the marine, who, in his turn, recommended me to the notice of Monsieur Lanoes, the inspector of convicts. Monsieur Lanoes soon saw how little I associated with the other prisoners; and, being pleased with my conduct, has employed me as his secretary. I am now free to move about all day, being chained only at night.

Tenth of May, eighteen hundred and forty-nine. My father has been to see me. He came a week ago. What an interview! All my wounds seemed to reopen. The sight of my father brought up before me, the whole of my trial, and the calumnies of which I have been the victim. No doubt my father brought me hope; but hope was scarcely any compensation for my misfortune. My father was pleased to hear such good accounts of me from my chiefs; he found me the same man; my manners were not changed. Indeed, the bagne is not my element, and although I see crime very near, I turn my head away from it. My father brought me a little silver cross, with a piece of green ribbon attached to it. She had not trusted herself to write to me, but had taken that little cross—which I knew so well—from her neck, and

tied the green ribbon to it as a mute symbol of hope. I did not need any token to assure myself she still believed in my innocence.

When my father and I separated, we did not weep. But next day, I was taken ill with a delirious fever, and sent to the hospital. My companions in misfortune have since told me that, in my delirium, the names of my father, my mother, my affianced, and my sister, were continually upon my lips.

Twenty-ninth of April, eighteen hundred and fifty-one. To-day I have seen my father for probably the last time. In two days, I shall be sent to Brest with three hundred and fifty-two other convicts. I have now very little hope that my innocence will ever become known; or that I shall ever again see those I love. No one can imagine what I suffered at parting with the only friend I have seen during the last four years.

Fourth of July, eighteen hundred and fifty-one. On arriving here upon the seventh of May last, I found quite a different state of things from what I had left. I was again put in irons. In a few days we were fastened to each other, two and two, by a link uniting the chains attached to our legs, and sent to work in the fortifications. My sufferings during the first eleven months, after my arrival at Rochefort, recommenced, and would have probably continued, if Monsieur, the Inspector of Convicts, who had been so kind to me, had not recommended me to his colleague at Brest. And, in less than two months, I was employed as a clerk in the interior of the bagne.

September, eighteen hundred and fifty-three. My father often writes to me, giving me great hopes; and for the last three years I have daily expected that the discovery of the guilty would put an end to my misfortunes. But that blessed day has not yet come; and although I am almost inured to sufferings of every description, hope alone sustains me.

July, eighteen hundred and fifty-four. In his letter to me to-day, my father tells me, that the public prosecutor at La Reolle has positively refused to make any investigation of my case. All our hopes are therefore blasted! I know that my poor father has nearly exhausted all his resources, as well as ruined his health, in his endeavours to discover the guilty parties. But it is all useless! His troubles must be greater even than mine,—and I think it would be better for us both if I were sent to Cayenne. I cannot any longer bear this sort of life. Some change I must have.

First of September. To-day I have addressed to Monsieur, the Minister of Marine, a petition requesting to be sent away from France with the first gang of convicts starting for Cayenne. My intention in leaving is to relieve my father. He must have rest; and, as long as I am here, he will not take it. His life is dearer to me than my

own; and I am now strong enough to endure anything.

Fifth of November. My request has been granted. Upon the tenth of this month I am to leave my native land for ever! I have written farewell letters to all those dear to me.

Tenth evening. What an eventful day I have passed through! This morning I started for Cayenne, and now I am again at Brest. Just as the steam convict ship *Le Laborieux*, with myself and four hundred and nine others, on board, had been towed out of the port a government-boat put off from the shore, making signals to us to wait for it. When it came alongside, who should mount on board but the Governor of the *Bagne* and my late employer, Monsieur Leclaire, the inspector of the convicts. After exchanging a few words with the captain, they both came up to where I was sitting, and Monsieur Leclaire said, "Delorme, a telegraphic message has just arrived from Paris, ordering your return to Brest."

On my arrival at the *bagne* I found a letter from my dear father, informing me that one of the farm-servants of the unfortunate Gay, named Lumban, has, for some time past, been looked upon with suspicion by the villagers, who always call him Lumban-Gay. Monsieur Fortin, the new public prosecutor at La Reolle, after instituting an investigation of the rumours, has caused Lumban to be arrested.

I am now waiting in a feverish state of excitement. I cannot sleep.

Fifteenth. This morning my father arrived here with despatches from the public prosecutor. His first words were, "He has confessed! — they are both arrested!" "Thank God!" I exclaimed, "now I shall die tranquilly." For a moment I knew neither what I said nor what I did: my faculties had abandoned me. But when I recovered my senses, I asked my father who were the both he had mentioned. And to my surprise and consternation he replied: "The farm-servant and Victor Leblanc, Gay's nephew!"

Eighteenth. Yesterday a despatch arrived from Paris; my irons were taken off, and I became delirious. My companions told me this morning that I repeated over and over again: "What happiness; you see I am innocent! but I have suffered too much!"

Nineteenth. This afternoon I left Brest after embracing some of my comrades in captivity, who wept while wishing me good speed. Although ill, I commenced my journey, travelling in a post-chaise conducted by the gendarmerie.

Sixteenth of December. At length, after a most painful journey, and sleeping in twenty-five prisons, I have arrived at Bordeaux. What different thoughts and emotions clashed together in me! The most trifling things brought back to my mind such painful re-

collections! Before, I had passed through those very streets covered with chains; now, my costume is half convict and half civil; I do not indeed know what I am myself! All I can say is, I must look very strangely.

I was immediately conducted before Monsieur, the Public Prosecutor, who has caused my release from the *bagne*. In mounting the steps of the Hall of Justice, I became bewildered by all the thoughts which assailed me. Eight years before I had entered those very doors in such different circumstances. I shuddered as I thought how narrowly I escaped losing my head at that time. On arriving before the worthy magistrate, to whom I owe my honour and my life, I ought to have thrown myself at his feet; for he is my saviour; that is the only name I can give him. Yet I hardly thanked him! His presence seemed to chill me: I did not even smile. Indeed, for a long time now, I have not known how to smile. What was going on in me it would be difficult to explain. But I thought every moment that my heart would burst.

Seventeenth. I am grieved at the way in which I presented myself before Monsieur, the Public Prosecutor. Perhaps he will think that the *bagne* has brutified me, — that my sufferings have made me unfeeling and indifferent. I will write to him to-day to excuse myself and express my gratitude.

Here the diary ends abruptly; but at the request of his friends, Jules Delorme subsequently added the little which remained to be told of his story:

Nothing remarkable occurred during my stay in the prisons of Bordeaux. I spent most of my time with Monsieur de la Tour, who was going once more to defend me before the *assizes*. On being transferred to the prison of La Reolle, I had to bear another severe trial. My mother and sister, and my faithful Louise, came to see me. I cannot look back to that interview. It is impossible to explain such sentiments, but every feeling heart can understand them. Besides, why should I describe those outpourings of family affection, which can only be imagined by those who have felt them.

Every day, as I saw my former friends coming back to me, their numerous marks of sympathy formed a painful contrast to the way in which they had abandoned me eight years before.

Upon the ninth of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, Victor Leblanc and the farm-servant were tried for the murder of their uncle and master. The trial was merely a form, they having both made a clean breast of it long before. Victor was the instigator, and the servant was the perpetrator, of the crime: receiving as his share two thousand francs, or eighty pounds. My blood was literally frozen with horror when I saw

Victor Leblanc the friend of my boyhood, sitting in the place I had formerly occupied, and confessing in open court that he had been actuated throughout, by feelings of hatred and jealousy of my success in life. Having once got rid of me, he felt confident of winning Louise. But here he was defeated. For, when hard pressed by her own family to forget me, and marry, Louise had firmly refused, expressing her determination to enter a convent if further troubled upon the subject. So, being an only child, she was allowed to have her own way.

Victor Leblanc was sentenced to hard labour for life, the farm-servant to twenty years imprisonment; and, two days afterwards, I was solemnly reinstated in my legal rights.

In another fortnight I was quietly married in the little church of Bazeille.

AN OFFICIAL SCARECROW.

If any Right Honourable Prime Minister of England were to request the favour of my attendance at the Treasury one morning, and when I was standing before him upon the Turkey carpet in the lofty room, were to say to me heartily and benevolently, absence in his voices and manner of all official restraint: "Tomkins, you have, in your time, done the state some service; and hang me if you shall not have any office you like to name," I solemnly believe that I should respond by naming the office of Examiner and Licensor of Plays. I do not covet the emoluments of the appointment—for the sum of four hundred pounds per annum, salary, and a fee upon every play, song, or entertainment intended for representation on the stage, would have few charms in my eyes—but it would be because I long to fill such a sphere of usefulness in the government of my country. What pride and joy there would be in feeling that I was the guardian and conservator of public morality, the one single barrier left to stem the tide of written impropriety and represented vice? While on every side there raged around me the violent, uncontrolled liberty and licence of literature and the press, I alone should remain calm and dignified, working in my little circle of self-elected and time-honoured utility, checking the encroachments of a freedom that is not required for the public good, and purifying the poisoned spring of the people's amusements at the fountain head. Could any man, with an inborn sense of the virtues of order, decency, and propriety, of the incalculable benefits arising from a careful governmental supervision of thought and action, wish for a more congenial employment? I think not.

Of course, in filling an office of this kind, much must depend upon the individual tastes and habits of the censor. What is one man's food is another man's poison. I can imagine

a censor with a partiality for the spicing of oaths contained in the old style of comedy, while another censor would have as much horror of this peculiar means of excitement as a field-preacher. One censor may be rather loose in his notions of morality, may be prone to tolerate that which can scarcely be endured, may be charitably broad in his critical interpretations, mentally quoting that highly convenient maxim which wishes evil unto him who evil thinketh. Another censor may carry fastidiousness to a pitch that is absurdly unbearable: may see an impropriety lurking in every phrase, and a double meaning conveyed in every point. It is an established law, that one censor cannot recall and re-censor the work which his predecessors have censored. He may expend his fury upon the translated productions of an unscrupulous French stage, that come under the operation of his personal pruning-knife, but those performances that have gone before he has no power to touch, while the effusions of the elder dramatists stare him in the face, and mock him with what great critics are pleased to call their rude, hearty, honest, and rampant strength. When the Parisian vaudeville has gone forth from his office, without stain and without reproach, he must be painfully conscious that there are still in existence many fine Beaumonts and Fletchers, certain acting editions of Romeo, and of Othello, to say little of Congreve, and a host of that period.

But still, notwithstanding these drawbacks and annoyances, his position is an enviable one. Other functionaries who administer the routine of government, may enjoy an importance far transcending his; their pay may be greater, and they may dine more frequently at the table of their monarch; but these things are no measure of the real benefit they confer upon the country. It is not only in the capacity of moral sentinel that the licensor of plays may be regarded with envy; he has another function. To his care is confided the safe custody of Church and State, the preservation of political dignity, and the protection of royalty from the rude attacks of unscrupulous dramatic satirists. When the vulgar burlesque writer hurls his wordy missiles with a reckless hand at the head of the devoted minister for the time being, it is the proud duty of the licensor of plays to interpose his slender shield; and turn back the shafts of ridicule intended for his master. The licensor of plays is elevated into a serene political atmosphere, high above all the paltry considerations and influences of party spirit. He stands immovable, while administrations come and go. He knows nothing of the subtle distinctions, between Whig and Radical, Tory and Conservative. To him they are all talking, working, governing men. They claim the shelter of his small, but hospitable office, and, like a large-hearted

hermit of the wilderness, he accords it to them all.

There is a considerable body of men in this country who have no veneration for the old landmarks of public safety and governmental checks. They cannot see the importance of the duty exercised by any officer appointed to watch over the tone and purity of any portion of the public press. They consider that the stream of literature is best left to flow on unguided, wherever it listeth; as, the more it flows, the more it contributes towards its own purification. Some even go so far in their logical demonstrations as to declaim against the folly of setting up an arbitrary standard of morality before the general morality of the country evolves and creates that standard. Societies for the suppression of vice are looked upon as mistaken, but well-intentioned, organisations; fighting with shadows; occasionally contributing to a great injustice by aiding in the punishment of an individual for the sins of the mass; removing a moral sore from a notorious part of the metropolis to another part that has not yet grown quite so notorious.

To persons holding these opinions, who butt at shams as a mad Spanish bull rushes at a picador, and who hate expedencies and compromises as a Puritan does the Evil One, the office of examiner of plays must appear to be one of the most feeble, the most ineffectual, the most unnecessary, and the most ridiculous of all the many absurd offices that custom and an indolent country have placed at the disposal of a British minister. Such men are accustomed to laugh unmercifully at the possible channels of evasion and freedom that exist to render the position of licenser of plays as empty and powerless for all practical general good as the fluttering rags on a pole in the midst of a field of corn. The examiner of the light and varied productions of dramatic genius, the preserver of public morality, is a scarecrow. He is the phantom, the vestige of a shadow of ancient, bygone authority. He is like an old watchman of the last century, who looked a substantial representative of order and power at a moderate distance; but who it was found, upon closer inspection, could be tripped up by a child. He is like a mastiff chained firmly to a stake, who makes a hostile noise, and might do some little damage to those who ventured within the circle of his influence, but who is powerless for harm beyond those narrow limits. He is like an imposing beadle who presents an opposition to the entrance of a dirty urchin into the sacred temple, while the dirty urchin darts in between his legs. If his personal judgment or his sense of official duty lead him to prohibit the theatrical representation of a particular piece, he knows that it can be

printed and circulated as a literary work, and afterwards read in public by the author or any other lecturer, without his having the slightest influence over its destiny in these two latter forms. When he has exercised the pruning-knife with more than his usual energy and care, he feels that the sentiments and opinions he has thereby expunged may be thundered from the orators' platform, or printed in hundreds of thousands of copies in any form of daily, weekly, hourly, monthly, quarterly, morning, or evening magazine, or newspaper that the printing-presses of the country are eternally pouring over the land. He has no control over the improvised outpourings (vulgarily called gagging) of the inspired comic actor. The very criticisms upon the amended play will supply to millions of readers the rejected passages, flavouring them with free and disrespectful comments upon the judgment and utility of the moral dramatic sentinel of the state. To interpose the voice of authority in such a tempest of literary wrath is like holding up the frailest parasol to protect the head from a shower of red-hot lava and cinders dropping from a fiery volcano. It is useless; and the contest is one where the most honour and profit is got by retreat and resignation.

For these reasons, disliking fictions of power—authority which is no authority—and generally shams of all kinds; knowing also, in the present state of popular feeling and popular liberty, that there is no chance in this world of the licenser of plays ever being made a more solid, beneficial reality than he now is, or of his being aided and abetted in his functions and duties by a censorship of public printing, and of public speaking; having also an inhuman taste for striking weak and tottering officials over the head, and burying such dead nonentities quickly out of the public sight; I would gladly and willingly, as I have said before, accept the appointment of examiner of plays, from the Prime Minister's hands, that I might look up the department, and put the key in my pocket, writing outside the door those familiar words, "Gone away: return uncertain."

MR. CHARLES DICKENS

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WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING.

IN the second volume—just published—of Mr. Massey's well-planned History of England during the reign of George the Third, there is a chapter upon English manners in the young days of that king which brings together very cleverly a good many interesting details, and which we must needs rifle of some of its contents. The judicious critic will say that the chapter is not fair, that it tells all the evil of this portion of our good old times, and omits compensating details. Very true—so be it. The author's reply to the judicious critic doubtless would be, that he tells of no exceptional misdeeds or shortcomings; he tells of what our forefathers did as a community. A terrible picture of our own day might be drawn from the criminal reports, and if Mr. Massey's account of the early days of George the Third came from such sources, we certainly could match it in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight. But the contrast is fairly provoked, and it comes strongly in aid of our old doctrine, that bad as society may be now, it has been worse and is becoming better: that our duty is not to deplore the past, but to apply all energy to the securing of a noble future.

Great scandal is caused now-a-days in the church by excess of zeal. But, in the early days of George the Third, scandal arose from excess of infidelity. The supple family parson with his bottle and his pack of cards—the Reverend Mr. Sampson, whose acquaintance we are now making in Mr. Thackeray's *Virginians*—belongs to the past days of which we speak. Family livings still exist; but they are not given to secure bread to the family fool, to the disreputable dependant of a dissolute patron, to the son of a jobbing attorney in part payment for service done, or to clients found in the worst company. The greater proportion of the livings were, in the time of which we speak, thus filled. Of the remainder, a large part were in the hands of gentlemen indeed, but of gentlemen who frequented fashionable assemblies, sauntered at watering-places, or haunted the levees of great men. A clergyman who did not chase the fox, was commonly a hunter for preferment; and, with that view, would accompany

the young heir on the grand tour, nominally as a preceptor, really as a servile companion. Or he would write pamphlets and paragraphs for his employer, give his clerical influence in his own parish at elections, even become the distributor of bribes. Such men obtained stalls, deaneries, and bishoprics; and, by their morals, cast discredit on the church. All this lay at the root of that indifference to religion which pervaded "good" society. Religious observances were openly derided, and no man who dreaded ridicule would venture, in polite company, to show any respect for sacred things.

State patronage was in the king's hands; and the royal power—even perhaps the Protestant succession—was maintained only by the use or abuse of it. Sir Robert Walpole was the first who systematically carried on the king's government by means of parliamentary corruption. He troubled himself little—writes Mr. Massey—about any niceties or intricacies of management, but went straight to the point. He bought the member with a place; or, if he only wanted a vote, he bought it with money taken from the secret-service fund. The Duke of Newcastle extended and organised the system so successfully, that by its operation alone, in the absence of every other qualification for power, he became, for some years, the dictator of the administration. His plan was to buy up the small constituencies. At one time he was said to have farmed, in this manner, one third of the House of Commons.

The beau of the time of Anne and of the Hanover succession was painted and perfumed like a woman. He took woman's time over his toilet, wore silks, brocades, lace, embroidery, and jewels. He seldom stirred abroad on foot except for a turn in the Mall; and, if he had only to cross the street from his lodging to a tavern, he was conveyed in a chair. His time, away from home, was spent in gallantry and gaming. He read plays, novels, lampoons and tracts in ridicule of religion, and condemned educated men as prigs and pedants. The men of fashion who were men of wit, however high their ambition, usually looked low for their pleasure. When vindictive enemies sought for whatever charges could discredit Sir Robert Walpole, not a voice urged against the minister the

grossness of his conversation and the periodical debaucheries of Houghton, which were to the whole country matters of talk, but not of censure. They belonged to the life of the day. Of three men who were leading ministers during the early part of the reign of George the Third, two, Lord Sandwich and Sir Francis Dashwood—the one successively Secretary of State and First Lord of the Admiralty, the other Chancellor of the Exchequer—were the most notoriously profligate men of the day. They were the founders of the Franciscan Club, which, in the ruins of Medmenham Abbey, scoffed at the sacred things of hearth and altar.

In those days ministers of state held daily levees, at which bishops and priests, jobbing members of parliament, mayors who had boroughs to sell, agents, pamphleteers, coffee-house politicians were accustomed to attend, flocking about the man who possessed power and patronage, deserting him as he lost influence, ever in search of notice from the man in whose courts it seemed to them most profitable to be time-servers and sycophants. The mansion of the Duke of Newcastle in Lincoln's Inn Fields was the most extensive mart of patronage ever opened in this country, and it was thronged with clients. When this duke fell, after a dictatorship of fifteen years, the king himself assumed the keeping of the great source of corruption; his Majesty's own levees were thrown open, and the saloons of ministers were thronged no more.

We have referred to the gaming, and we return to that. It was the great vice of England during a large part of the eighteenth century. Cards, dice, and betting engaged people of all ranks and all ages—learned or unlearned—man or woman. Whist required too much thought, the gambler also could not intoxicate himself with it rapidly enough. Brag, crimp, basset, ombre, hazard, commerce, loo, spadille could be played quickly without brains. The ordinary stakes were high. At one of the proprietary clubs—White's, Brookes's, Boodle's—instituted to evade the statute against gaming-houses, the lowest stake was fifty pounds, and it was a common thing for a gentleman to lose or win ten thousand pounds in an evening. Sometimes a whole fortune was lost at a sitting. Every fashionable assembly was a gaming-house. Large balls and routs had not yet come into vogue. A ball seldom consisted of more than ten or twelve couples. When a lady received company, card-tables were provided for all the guests, and even when there was dancing, cards formed the principal part of the entertainment. Ladies often contracted debts of honour to fine gentlemen larger than they could pay, larger than they could venture to confess to a father or a husband. All this tended to evil.

Few women were well taught. In town, levity was the fashion. In the days of Queen Anne, the daughter of a country gentleman

was bred as a cook; and, that she might do her duty as a hostess, often received lessons from a carving-master. If she married in the country, she might get a husband with the graces of a publican who would press friends to drink away their reason as urgently as she was bound, if possible, to make them eat to absolute repletion. She probably became the mistress of a hall containing no literature beyond a cookery-book, and a filthy book of drinking-songs—the Justice of the Peace—a book of sports and a theological tract or two.

The country town, if not of the first class, depended for its supply of literature solely on the occasional visits of a hawker or travelling agent of some distant house of business. The state of the roads during a great part of the year made visiting impossible. Agriculture was still represented by patches of cultivation, seen at intervals between the swamps and wastes that formed the pervading character of the landscape. Neat country villas with trim lawns, and well-kept walks, shrubberies furnished from all regions of earth, and bright conservatories, did not then exist; even a common flower-garden was not a usual appendage to the house of a gentleman qualified to be knight of the shire. The house, though substantial, was rarely clean, and had, under its windows, not the jessamine and roses, but the stables and the kennel. No wonder that people who had means flocked out of the country into London, and, if they did not stay there, carried London fashions home.

In the early days of George the Third there were still to be found country gentlemen of the old type; but, commonly, the country lady had received some polish in the metropolis, and took her daughters for the like benefit to spend a winter in London or a season at Bath, after they came home from the boarding-school. London had grown, and roads into it had thriven, so that, about a hundred years ago, a writer had to speak with wonder of the new town lately sprung up from Piccadilly to Tyburn Road (now Oxford Street) as covering an area larger than the cities of Bristol, Exeter, and York put together.

Up to the middle of the last century, gaming remained the fashionable entertainment; but the high play of the clubs then made of it a pursuit too serious for mixed society. Other diversions were invented, and numerous places of amusement opened in London and the suburbs. The fashionable dinner hour was three or four. The evening began at seven. The theatre, a card-drum, a ball and an occasional masquerade, no longer sufficed for the crowd of pleasure seekers that was flocking every year into London. Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Mrs. Cornelys's, and the Pantheon, therefore, became fashionable places of resort.

Ranelagh supplied, at Chelsea, spacious

assembly-rooms with a fine band. The large area of the building was thronged as a promenade, made somewhat select by the price of admission. There were boxes opening to the garden for those who desired more strictly select society. To Ranelagh, visitors repaired to see the world of London, and dignified clergymen who did not venture into other public assemblies, saw nothing objectionable in its rotunda. Vauxhall, from the time of Queen Anne to an advanced period of the reign of George the Third, was a fashionable sink of infamy. The lessee, in seventeen hundred and sixty-four, made an attempt to check the wickedness that made it scandalous if not unsafe for any decent woman to enter the garden. He closed the secluded walks and lit up the recesses; but the young gentlemen of fashion, resenting this invasion of their privileges, tore down the barriers and put out the new lights. At Almack's people of quality assembled for high play. In Soho Square, Mrs. Cornelys kept a house of an exclusive character, but of questionable reputation. Masquerades and operas—approached through guinea tickets—were the ostensible amusements, assignations, the real business of the establishment. Worst of all was an assembly called the Coterie, a mixed club of the most fashionable ladies and gentlemen: the ladies balloting for the gentlemen, and the gentlemen for the ladies.

Mr. Massey tells us that "unless we are to discredit the concurrent testimony of the pulpit, the press, the stage, the records of courts of justice, private letters and tradition—which has hardly ceased to be recent—it is manifest that the depravity of manners in this country from the accession of the House of Hanover to the end, at least, of the first ten years of George the Third, was not excelled in the decline of the Roman empire or in the decay of the old French monarchy."

Marriages of convenience were then the rule. Parents concluded them between each other as business contracts, and upon women this practice was most oppressive. The power of a father in the disposal of his daughter was as a general rule, absolute. Young people sought escape from under this oppression by clandestine matches, and these were multiplied by the uncertain state of the marriage law. We pass over the frightful abuses to which way was made by a custom that declared every marriage valid that was performed any where between persons of any age and under any circumstances, if it was solemnised by an ordained minister of the Protestant and Roman Church with the consent of the contracting parties. This rule begot Fleet parsons, and gave, it was said, the revenue of a bishopric to Keith's chapel in May Fair. Three thousand couples were married in one year at that chapel. Its advertisements appeared in the newspaper almost daily, and, through the year seventeen hundred and fifty, this atrocious puff was prefixed to them in

the Public Advertiser: "We are informed that Mrs. Keith's corpse was removed from her husband's house, in May Fair, the middle of October last, to an apothecary's in South Audley Street, where she lies in a room hung with mourning, and is to continue there until Mr. Keith can attend her funeral."

London streets, in the early days of George the Third, were infested with bold thieves, who did not scruple to stop carriages after dark in the public thoroughfares. Drunken men were constantly to be met; no well-dressed person could walk far without receiving insult or injury; a walk of a mile out of town could not be taken, even in the daytime, without some risk of being waylaid. In the streets the narrow footway was, until seventeen hundred and sixty-one, separated from the carriage-road only by a line of unconnected stakes or posts, set at wide intervals, and it was frequently blocked up with chairs, wheelbarrows, or obstructions placed there for the direct purpose of annoyance. Carmen and hackney coachmen considered it good sport to splash clean people from head to foot. If a terrified woman or bewildered stranger slipped into the kennel, there were shouts of triumph and delight. In the roadway the confusion was yet greater. There being no regulations for the traffic, dead locks and stoppages arose. Loud altercations were then swollen by the chorus about carriages of cripples and beggars, and if there were ladies in a family-coach some street vocalist was likely to begin a filthy song, of which the refrain would be taken up by humorous bystanders. Mobs were common; foreigners were habitually insulted; sometimes a pickpocket was hauled to the pump; sometimes a man came by, shrieking under the lash at the cart tail.

Such is the account given by Mr. Massey on his faith as a historian, of the condition from which we have surely worked some little way upward since the first years of the reign of George the Third, and in the lifetime of his immediate predecessors. For every statement in it there is plenty of authority. It is not a complete picture of those times, but it is a picture of that part of them which now is dead, and we have copied it for the pleasurable contemplation of any one who is at all zealous for a revival of old habits.

CHIP.

A POSTSCRIPT UPON SARÁWAK.

THE other day we described the career of Rajah Brooke. Setting out from the form of opinion into which many other minds than our own had been cast, by a course of hostile agitation that has year after year brought accusation after accusation against that gentleman, we had traced for ourselves, through narratives and documents, every

point in his public history, with what result our readers know. Inquiry led us to a perfect vindication of his patriotism and his honesty. To what we have already said, we may now add one or two points which have been more recently brought under our notice.

In the matter of the pirates' head-money, it is well to know that, of the large sums paid on that account for the attacks on pirates in the Eastern Seas, Sir James Brooke never received a coin, that he always objected to the principle of head-money, and entirely concurred in the repeal of the statutes. More also than his exoneration from all blame in his dealings with the pirates, was the result of the government inquiry instituted formally at Singapore. On the return of the commission, Lord Clarendon in August, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, wrote thus:—

"The inquiry which has ended in the complete exculpation of Sir James Brooke from the charges made against him, has at the same time brought to light abundant evidence of the beneficial result of his administration of the affairs of Sarawak, which are exhibited by the establishment of confidence and the increase of trade, and are such as to deserve the approbation of her Majesty's government."

By careful inquiry into the whole course of affairs at Sarawak, we have become firm converts to the opinion, that the English Rajah deserves also the approbation of the country.

But he deserves more than the sentiment of approbation; he deserves active support. What is to be finally the beneficial result of Sir James Brooke's patriotic struggle to secure for Great Britain a station of her own between India and China in the Eastern seas? No benefit at all can result from the desertion of a brave man, who has given his life's labour and all his fortune to secure this great advantage to his country, and we shall be glad to see that the English government is now again alive to its importance.

MY LADY LUDLOW.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

"I HAVE told you that I heard much of this story from a friend of the Intendant of the *De Créquys*, whom he met with in London. Some years afterwards—the summer before my lord's death—I was travelling with him in Devonshire, and we went to see the French prisoners of war on Dartmoor. We fell into conversation with one of them, whom I found out to be the very Pierre of whom I had heard before, as having been involved in the fatal story of Clément and Virginie, and by him I was told much of their last days, and thus I learnt how to have some sympathy with all those who were concerned in those terrible events; yes, even with the younger Morin himself, on whose behalf Pierre spoke warmly, even after so long a time had elapsed.

"For when the younger Morin called at the porter's lodge on the evening of the day

when Virginie had gone out for the first time after so many months' confinement to the *conciergerie*, he was struck with the improvement in her appearance. It seems to have hardly been that he thought her beauty greater; for, in addition to the fact that she was not beautiful, Morin had arrived at that point of being enamoured when it does not signify whether the beloved one is plain or lovely—she has enchanted one pair of eyes, which henceforward see her through their own medium. But Morin noticed the faint increase of colour and light in her countenance. It was as though she had broken through her thick cloud of hopeless sorrow, and was dawning forth into a happier life. And so, whereas during her grief, he had revered and respected it even to a point of silent sympathy, now that she was gladdened, his heart rose on the wings of strengthened hopes. Even in the dreary monotony of this existence in his Aunt Babette's *conciergerie* Time had not failed in his work; and now, perhaps, soon he might humbly strive to help Time. The very next day he returned—on some pretence of business—to the *Hôtel Duguesclin*, and made his aunt's room, rather than his aunt herself, a present of roses and geraniums tied up in a bouquet with a tricolor ribbon. Virginie was in the room, sitting at the coarse sewing she liked to do for Madame Babette. He saw her eyes brighten at the sight of the flowers; she asked his aunt to let her arrange them; he saw her untie the ribbon, and with a gesture of dislike throw it on the ground, and give it a kick with her little foot, and even in this girlish manner of insulting his dearest prejudices he found something to admire.

"As he was coming out, Pierre stopped him. The lad had been trying to arrest his cousin's attention by futile grimaces and signs played off behind Virginie's back; but Monsieur Morin saw nothing but *Mademoiselle Cannes*. However, Pierre was not to be baffled, and Monsieur Morin found him in waiting just outside the threshold. With his finger on his lips, Pierre walked on tiptoe by his companion's side till they would have been long past sight or hearing of the *conciergerie*, even had the inhabitants devoted themselves to the purposes of spying or listening.

"'Chut!' said Pierre, at last. 'She goes out walking.'

"'Well?' said Monsieur Morin, half curious, half annoyed at being disturbed in the delicious reverie of the future into which he longed to fall.

"'Well! It is not well. It is bad.'

"'Why? I do not ask who she is, but I have my ideas. She is an aristocrat. Do the people about here begin to suspect her?'

"'No, no!' said Pierre. 'But she goes out walking. She has gone these two mornings. I have watched her. She meets a man—she is friends with him, for she talks

to him as eagerly as he does to her—mamma cannot tell who he is.’

“Has my aunt seen him?”

“No, not so much as a fly’s wing of him. I myself have only seen his back. It strikes me like a familiar back, and yet I cannot think who it is. But they separate with sudden darts, like two birds who have been together to feed their young ones. One moment they are in close talk, their heads together chuckotting, the next he has turned up some bye street, and Mademoiselle Cannes is close upon me—has almost caught me.’

“But she did not see you?” inquired Monsieur Morin, in so altered a voice that Pierre gave him one of his quick penetrating looks. He was struck by the way in which his cousin’s features—always coarse and common-place—had become contracted and pinched; struck, too, by the livid look on his sallow complexion. But as if Morin was conscious of the manner in which his face belied his feelings, he made an effort, and smiled, and patted Pierre’s head, and thanked him for his intelligence, and gave him a five-franc piece, and bade him go on with his observations of Mademoiselle Cannes’ movements, and report all to him.

“Pierre returned home with a light heart, tossing up his five-franc piece as he ran. Just as he was at the conciergerie door, a great tall man bustled past him, and snatched his money away from him, looking back with a laugh, which added insult to injury. Pierre had no redress; no one had witnessed the impudent theft, and if they had, no one to be seen in the street was strong enough to give him redress. Besides Pierre had seen enough of the state of the streets of Paris at that time to know that friends, not enemies, were required, and the man had a bad air about him. But all these considerations did not keep Pierre from bursting out into a fit of crying when he was once more under his mother’s roof; and Virginie, who was alone there (Madame Babette having gone out to make her daily purchases), might have imagined him pommeled to death by the loudness of his sobs.

“What is the matter?” asked she. ‘Speak, my child. What hast thou?’

“He has robbed me! he has robbed me!” was all Pierre could gulp out.

“Robbed thee! and of what, my poor boy?” said Virginie, stroking his hair gently.

“Of my five-franc piece—of a five-franc piece,” said Pierre, correcting himself, and leaving out the word my, half fearful lest Virginie should inquire how he became possessed of such a sum, and for what services it had been given him. But, of course, no such idea came into her head, for it would have been impertinent, and she was gentle-born.

“Wait a moment, my poor lad,” and, going to the one small drawer in the inner apartment, which held all her few possessions, she brought back a little ring—a ring just

with one ruby in it—which she had worn in the days when she cared to wear jewels. ‘Take this,’ she said, ‘and run with it to a jeweller’s. It is but a poor, valueless thing, but it will bring you in your five francs at any rate. Go! I desire you.’

“But I cannot,” said the boy, hesitating; some dim sense of honour flitting through his misty morals.

“Yes; you must!” she continued, urging him with her hand to the door. ‘Run! if it brings in more than five francs, you shall return the surplus to me.’

“Thus tempted by her urgency, and, I suppose, reasoning with himself to the effect that he might as well have the money, and then see whether he thought it right to act as a spy upon her or not—the one action did not pledge him to the other, nor yet did she make any conditions with her gift—Pierre went off with her ring; and, after repaying himself his five francs, he was enabled to bring Virginie back two more, so well had he managed his affairs. But, although the whole transaction did not leave him bound, in any way, to discover or forward Virginie’s wishes, it did leave him pledged, according to his code, to act according to her advantage, and he considered himself the judge of the best course to be pursued to this end. And, moreover, this little kindness, attached him to her personally. He began to think how pleasant it would be to have so kind and generous a person for a relation; how easily his troubles might be borne if he had always such a ready helper at hand; how much he should like to make her like him, and come to him for the protection of his masculine power. First of all his duties as her self-appointed squire came the necessity of finding out who her strange new acquaintance was. Thus, you see, he arrived at the same end, *via* supposed duty, that he was previously pledged to *via* interest. I fancy a good number of us, when any line of action will promote our own interest, can make ourselves believe that reasons exist which compel us to it as a duty.

“In the course of a very few days, Pierre had so circumvented Virginie as to have discovered that her new friend was no other than the Norman farmer in a different dress. This was a great piece of knowledge to impart to Morin. But Pierre was not prepared for the immediate physical effect it had on his cousin. Morin sat suddenly down on one of the seats in the Boulevards—it was there Pierre had met with him accidentally—when he heard who it was that Virginie met. I do not suppose that the man had the faintest idea of any relationship or even previous acquaintanceship between Clément and Virginie. If he thought of anything beyond the mere fact presented to him that his idol was in communication with another younger, handsomer man than himself, it must have been that the Norman farmer had seen her at the conciergerie, and had been

attracted by her, and, as was but natural, had tried to make her acquaintance, and had succeeded. But, from what Pierre told me, I should not think that even this much thought passed through Morin's mind. He seems to have been a man of rare and concentrated attachments; violent, though restrained and undemonstrative passions; and, above all, a capability of jealousy, of which his dark oriental complexion must have been a type. I could fancy that if he had married Virginie, he would have coined his life-blood for luxuries to make her happy; would have watched over and petted her, at every sacrifice to himself, as long as she would have been content to live for him alone. But, as Pierre expressed it to me: 'When I saw what my cousin was, when I learned his nature too late, I perceived that he would have strangled a bird if she whom he loved was attracted by it from him.'

"When Pierre had told Morin of his discovery, Morin sate down, as I have said, quite suddenly, as if he had been shot. He found out that the first meeting between the Norman and Virginie was no accidental, isolated circumstance. Pierre was torturing him with his accounts of daily rendezvous: if but for a moment, they were seeing each other every day, sometimes twice a day! And Virginie could speak to this man, though to himself she was so coy and reserved as hardly to utter a sentence. Pierre caught these broken words as his cousin's complexion grew more and more livid, and then purple, as if some great effect were produced on his circulation by the news he had just heard. Pierre was so startled by his cousin's wandering, senseless eyes, and otherwise disordered look, that he rushed into a neighbouring cabaret for a glass of absinthe, which he paid for, as he recollected afterwards, with a portion of Virginie's five francs. By-and-by, Morin recovered his natural appearance; but he was gloomy and silent; and all that Pierre could get out of him was, that the Norman farmer should not sleep another night at the Hôtel Duguesclin, giving him such opportunities of passing and repassing by the conciergerie door. He was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to repay Pierre the half-franc he had spent on the absinthe, which Pierre perceived, and seems to have noted down in the ledger of his mind as on Virginie's balance of favour.

"Altogether, he was so much disappointed at his cousin's mode of receiving intelligence, which the lad thought worth another five-franc piece at least; or, if not paid for in money, to be paid for in open-mouthed confidence and expression of feeling, that he was for a time, so far a partisan of Virginie's—unconscious Virginie—against his cousin as to feel regret when the Norman returned no more to his night's lodging, and when Virginie's eager watch at the crevice of the closely-drawn blind ended only with a sigh

of disappointment. If it had not been for his mother's presence at the time, Pierre thought he should have told her all. But how far his mother was in his cousin's confidence as regarded the dismissal of the Norman!

"But, in a few days, Pierre felt almost sure that they had established some new means of communication. Virginie went out for a short time every day; but, though Pierre followed her as closely as he could without exciting her observation, he could not discover what kind of intercourse she held with the Norman. She went, in general, the same short round among the little shops in the neighbourhood; not entering any, but stopping at two or three. Pierre afterwards remembered that she had invariably paused at the nosegays displayed in a certain window, and studied them long; but, then, she stopped and looked at caps, hats, fashions, confectionery (all of the humble kind common in that quarter), so how should he have known that any particular attraction existed among the flowers? Morin came more regularly than ever to his aunt's; but Virginie was apparently unconscious that she was the attraction. She looked healthier and more hopeful than she had done for months, and her manners to all were gentler and not so reserved. Almost as if she wished to show her gratitude to Madame Babette for her long continuance of a kindness, the necessity for which was nearly ended, Virginie showed an unusual alacrity in rendering the old woman any little service in her power, and evidently tried to respond to Monsieur Morin's civilities, he being Madame Babette's nephew, with the soft graciousness which must have made one of her principal charms; for all who knew her speak of the fascination of her manners, so winning and attentive to others, while yet her opinions, and often her actions, were of so decided a character. For, as I have said, her beauty was by no means great; yet every man who came near her seems to have fallen into the sphere of her influence. Monsieur Morin was deeper than ever in love with her during this last few days; he was worked up into a state capable of any sacrifice, either of himself or others, so that he might obtain her at last. He sate 'devouring with his eyes' (to use Pierre's expression) whenever she could not see his looks; but, if she looked towards him, he looked to the ground—anywhere—away from her, and almost stammered in his replies if she addressed any question to him.

"He had been, I should think, ashamed of his extreme agitation on the Boulevards, for Pierre thought that he absolutely shunned him for these few succeeding days. He must have believed that he had driven the Norman (my poor Clément!) off the field, by banishing him from his inn; and thought that the intercourse between him and Virginie, which he had thus interrupted, was of so slight and

transient a character as to be quenched by a little difficulty.

"But he appears to have felt that he made but little way, and he awkwardly turned to Pierre for help—not yet confessing his love, though: he only tried to make friends again with the lad after their silent estrangement. And Pierre for some time did not choose to perceive his cousin's advances. He would reply to all the roundabout questions Morin put to him respecting household conversations when he was not present, or household occupations and tone of thought, without mentioning Virginie's name any more than his questioner did. The lad would seem to suppose, that his cousin's strong interest in their domestic ways of going on was all on account of Madame Babette. At last he worked his cousin up to the point of making him a confidant; and then the boy was half-affrighted at the torrent of vehement words he had unloosed. The lava came down with a greater rush for having been pent up so long. Morin cried out his words in a hoarse, passionate voice, clenched his teeth, his fingers, and seemed almost convulsed as he spoke out his terrible love for Virginie, which would lead him to kill her sooner than see her another's; and if another stepped in between him and her: and then he smiled a fierce, triumphant smile, but did not say any more.

"Pierre was, as I said, half-frightened; but also half-admiring. This was really love—a 'grande passion,'—a really fine, dramatic thing,—like the plays they acted at the little theatre yonder. He had a dozen times the sympathy with his cousin now that he had had before, and readily swore by the infernal gods, for they were far too enlightened to believe in one God, or Christianity, or anything of the kind,—that he would devote himself, body and soul, to forwarding his cousin's views. Then his cousin took him to a shop, and bought him a smart second-hand watch, on which they scratched the word *Fidélité*, and thus was the compact sealed. Pierre settled in his own mind, that if he were a woman, he should like to be beloved as Virginie was, by his cousin, and that it would be an extremely good thing for her to be the wife of so rich a citizen as Morin fils,—and for Pierre himself, too, for doubtless their gratitude would lead them to give him rings and watches ad infinitum.

"A day or two afterwards, Virginie was taken ill. Madame Babette said it was because she had persevered in going out in all weathers, after confining herself to two warm rooms for so long; and very probably this was really the cause, for, from Pierre's account, she must have been suffering from a feverish cold, aggravated no doubt by her impatience at Madame Babette's familiar prohibitions of any more walks until she was better. Every day, in spite of her trembling, aching limbs, she would fain have

arranged her dress for her walk at the usual time; but Madame Babette was fully prepared to put physical obstacles in her way, if she was not obedient in remaining tranquil on the little sofa by the side of the fire. The third day she called Pierre to her when his mother was not attending (having, in fact, locked up Mademoiselle Cannes' out-of-door things).

" 'See, my child,' said Virginie. 'Thou must do me a great favour. Go to the gardener's shop in the Rue des Bons-Enfants, and look at the nosegays in the window. I long for pinks; they are my favourite flower. Here are two francs. If thou seest a nosegay of pinks displayed in the window, if it be ever so faded,—nay, if thou seest two or three nosegays of pinks, remember, buy them all, and bring them to me. I have so great a desire for the smell.' She fell back weak and exhausted. Pierre hurried out. Now was the time; here was the clue to the long inspection of the nosegays in this very shop.

"Sure enough, there was a drooping nosegay of pinks in the window. Pierre went in, and with all his impatience, he made as good a bargain as he could, urging that the flowers were faded, and good for nothing. At last he purchased it at a very moderate price. And now you will learn the bad consequences of teaching the lower orders anything beyond what is immediately necessary to enable them to earn their daily bread! The silly Count de Créquy,—he who had been sent to his bloody rest, by the very canaille of whom he thought so much,—he who had made Virginie (indirectly, it is true) reject such a man as her cousin Clément, by inflating her mind with his bubbles of theories,—this Count de Créquy had long ago taken a fancy to Pierre, as he saw the bright sharp child playing about his court-yard. Monsieur de Créquy had even begun to educate the boy himself, to try to work out certain opinions of his into practice,—but the drudgery of the affair wearied him, and beside, Babette had left his employment. Still the Count took a kind of interest in his former pupil; and made some sort of arrangement by which Pierre was to be taught reading and writing, and accounts, and Heaven knows what besides,—Latin, I dare say. So Pierre, instead of being an innocent messenger, as he ought to have been,—(as Mr. Horner's little lad Gregson ought to have been this morning)—could read writing as well as you or I. So what does he do on obtaining the nosegay, but examine it well. The stalks of the flowers were tied up with slips of matting in wet moss. Pierre undid the strings, unwrapped the moss, and out fell a piece of wet paper, with the writing all blurred with moisture. It was but a torn piece of writing-paper apparently, but Pierre's wicked mischievous eyes read what was written on it,—written so as to look like a fragment.—Ready, every and any night at nine. All is prepared. Have no fright,

Trust one who, whatever hopes he might once have had, is content now to serve you as a faithful cousin,' and a place was named, which I forget, but which Pierre did not, as it was evidently the rendezvous. After the lad had studied every word, till he could say it off by heart, he placed the paper where he had found it, enveloped it in moss, and tied the whole up again carefully. Virginie's face coloured scarlet as she received it. She kept smelling at it, and trembling; but she did not untie it, although Pierre suggested how much fresher it would be if the stalks were immediately put into water. But once, after his back had been turned for a minute, he saw it untied when he looked round again, and Virginie was blushing, and hiding something in her bosom.

"Pierre was now all impatience to set off to find his cousin. But his mother seemed to want him for small domestic purposes even more than usual; and he had chafed over a multitude of errands connected with the Hôtel before he could set off to try and find his cousin at his haunts. At last the two met; and Pierre related all the events of the morning to Morin. He said the note off word by word. (That lad this morning had something of the magpie look of Pierre—it made me shudder to see him, and hear him repeat the note by heart.) Then Morin asked him to tell him all over again. Pierre was struck by Morin's heavy sighs as he told him the story. When he came the second time to the note, Morin tried to write the words down; but either he was not a good, ready scholar, or his fingers trembled too much. Pierre hardly remembered, but, at any rate, the lad had to do it, with his wicked reading and writing. When this was done, Morin sate heavily silent. Pierre would have preferred the expected outburst, for this impenetrable gloom perplexed and baffled him. He had even to speak to his cousin to rouse him; and when he replied, what he said had so little apparent connection with the subject which Pierre had expected to find uppermost in his mind, that he was half afraid that his cousin had lost his wits.

"My Aunt Babette is out of coffee."

"I am sure I do not know," said Pierre.

"Yes, she is. I heard her say so. Tell her that a friend of mine has just opened a shop in the Rue Saint Antoine, and that if she will join me there in an hour, I will supply her with a good stock of coffee, just to give my friend encouragement. His name is Antoine Meyer, Number One hundred and Fifty, at the sign of the Cap of Liberty."

"I could go with you now. I can carry a few pounds of coffee better than my mother," said Pierre, all in good faith. He told me he should never forget the look on his cousin's face, as he turned round, and bade him begone, and give his mother the message without another word. It had evidently sent him home promptly to obey his cousin's

command. Morin's message perplexed Madame Babette.

"How could he know I was out of coffee?" said she. "I am; but I only used the last up this morning. How could Victor know about it?"

"I am sure I can't tell," said Pierre, who by this time had recovered his usual self-possession. 'All I know is, that Monsieur is in a pretty temper, and that if you are not sharp to your time at this Antoine Meyer's, you are likely to come in for some of his black looks.'

"Well, it is very kind of him to offer to give me some coffee, to be sure! But how could he know I was out?"

"Pierre hurried his mother off impatiently, for he was certain that the offer of the coffee was only a blind to some hidden purpose on his cousin's part; and he made no doubt that when his mother had been informed of what his cousin's real intention was, he, Pierre, could extract it from her by coaxing or bullying. But he was mistaken. Madame Babette returned home, grave, depressed, silent, and loaded with the best coffee. Some time afterwards he learnt why his cousin had sought for this interview. It was to extract from her, by promises and threats, the real name of Mam'selle Cannes, which would give him a clue to the true appellation of The Faithful Cousin. He concealed this second purpose from his aunt, who had been quite unaware of his jealousy of the Norman farmer, or of his identification of him with any relation of Virginie's. But Madame Babette instinctively shrank from giving him any information; she must have felt that, in the lowering mood in which she found him,—his desire for greater knowledge of Virginie's antecedents boded her no good. And yet he made his aunt his confidante—told her what she had only suspected before—that he was deeply enamoured of Mam'selle Cannes, and would gladly marry her. He spoke to Madame Babette of his father's hoarded riches; and of the share which he, as partner, had in them at the present time; and of the prospect of the succession to the whole, which he had, as only child. He told his aunt of the provision for her (Madame Babette's) life, which he would make on the day when he married Mam'selle Cannes. And yet—and yet—Babette saw that in his eye and look which made her more and more reluctant to confide in him. By-and-by, he tried threats. She should leave the conciergerie, and find employment where she liked. Still silence. Then he grew angry, and swore that he would inform against her at the bureau of the Directory, for harbouring an aristocrat; an aristocrat he knew Mademoiselle was, whatever her real name might be. His aunt should have a domiciliary visit, and see how she liked that. The officers of the Government were the people for finding out secrets. In vain she reminded him that by

so doing he would expose to imminent danger the lady whom he had professed to love. He told her, with a sullen relapse into silence after his vehement outpouring of passion, never to trouble herself about that. At last he wearied out the old woman, and, frightened alike of herself and of him, she told him all,—that *Mam'selle Cannes* was *Mademoiselle Virginie de Créquy*, daughter of the Count of that name. Who was the Count? Younger brother of the Marquis? Where was the Marquis? Dead long ago, leaving a widow and child. A son? (eagerly) Yes, a son. Where was he? *Parbleu!* how should she know?—for her courage returned a little as the talk went away from the only person of the *De Créquy* family that she cared about. But, by dint of some small glasses out of a bottle of *Antoine Meyer's*, she told him more about the *De Créquys* than she liked afterwards to remember. For the exhilaration of the brandy lasted but a very short time, and she came home, as I have said, depressed, with a presentiment of coming evil. She would not answer *Pierre*, but cuffed him about in a manner to which the spoilt boy was quite unaccustomed. His cousin's short, angry words, and sudden withdrawal of confidence,—his mother's unwonted crossness and fault-finding, all made *Virginie's* kind, gentle treatment more than ever charming to the lad. He half resolved to tell her how he had been acting as a spy upon her actions, and at whose desire he had done it. But he was afraid of *Morin*, and of the vengeance which he was sure would fall upon him for any breach of confidence. Towards half-past eight that evening—*Pierre*, watching, saw *Virginie* arrange several little things—she was in the inner room, but he sat where he could see her through the glazed partition. His mother sat—apparently sleeping—in the great easy-chair; *Virginie* moved about softly, for fear of disturbing her. She made up one or two little parcels of the few things she could call her own; one packet she concealed about herself,—the others she directed, and left on the shelf. “She is going,” thought *Pierre*, and, as he said (in giving me the account), his heart gave a spring, to think that he should never see her again. If either his mother or his cousin had been more kind to him, he might have endeavoured to intercept her; but as it was, he held his breath, and when she came out he pretended to read, scarcely knowing whether he wished her to succeed in the purpose which he was almost sure she entertained, or not. She stopped by him, and passed her hand over his hair. He told me that his eyes filled with tears at this caress. Then she stood for a moment, looking at the sleeping *Madame Babette*, and stooped down and softly kissed her on the forehead. *Pierre* dreaded lest his mother should awake (for by this time the wayward, vacillating boy

must have been quite on *Virginie's* side), but the brandy she had drank made her slumber heavily. *Virginie* went. *Pierre's* heart beat fast. He was sure his cousin would try and intercept her: but how, he could not imagine. He longed to run out and see the catastrophe,—but he had let the moment slip; he was also afraid of re-awakening his mother to her unusual state of anger and violence.”

A PRINCESS ROYAL.

I REMEMBER to have fallen in once with certain American captains and colonels and men-at-arms, in a small place on the *Prazos River*, a few miles north of *Jose Maria*, in *Texas*. I had paid a visit to this place, near which a dear companion of my youth had been murdered. We were school-fellows, and for five years we had been brother officers in the same regiment. He went to the United States just when the war broke out with Mexico, and became captain of a company of Kentucky riflemen. A few months after the battle of *Vera Cruz*, he was deputed by the officers of his brigade to present to General *Taylor*—who was on leave of absence at *New Orleans*—a gold medal as token of their respect. Choosing the nearest way from the camp, across country, he set out on his errand with a guide and two servants, all on horseback, armed to the teeth. In *Jose Maria*, my poor friend unwisely exhibited the medal to a crowd of respectable-looking persons, calling themselves colonels, majors, and captains, who seemed to take great pleasure in studying its engravings. He did not even remark in what a hurry some of those colonels were to start before him. But the medal has, in ten years, never more been heard of, and my old comrade and two of his companions were found shot dead in a ravine.

It was near this place that I also fell among colonels. There was one of them who took a great liking to my horse, when he saw me giving it to the ostler. He tapped it repeatedly on the neck, declaring it, with an oath, to be a nice hanimal and no mistake—which assertion he repeated afterwards over and over again to his fellow-men in the coffee-room, who, when they had been out to satisfy their curiosity, agreed with him upon the matter. “Now, wouldn’t that be a nag for you, major?” he said to a tall, powerful man, with a rough beard and disgusting features, who sat a little apart from the rest, and wore a large grey coat. The major said nothing, but stalked out of the room, soon afterwards, followed by the colonel. The others had again taken up their old topic of conversation, and were talking politics, rather vehemently as I thought, when the waiter—a German—came up to me, and told me in our own language, that I had better take care, as those two ruffians outside had set

eyes upon my horse, and would be sure to steal it if I gave them the slightest chance. Annoyed at this intelligence, I asked my countryman what he thought it would be best for me to do.

"Why," said he, "you have fallen in with a bad set, and, if you want to keep your horse, I should advise you to escape as soon as possible."

After a little reflection, I resolved to start at once, and made for the stable. There I found the colonel again, most urgently talking to the ostler, who only looked at me in a rather impudent manner, when I told him to bring out my horse, and paid me no further attention. I therefore began to bridle for myself.

"I say, captain!" said the colonel, coming up to me after a while, and tapping me on the shoulder.

"Sir!"

"Come on, man! don't make a fool of yourself! I want to buy that 'ere 'orse, captain!"

"Do you?"

Thank Heaven! I was in the saddle by that time.

"Do I? Am I the man to be put out of my way by one of these 'ere chawed up Germans?"

He laid both his hands upon the bridle of my horse. My blood generally boils at an insulting word against my countrymen, especially when I am far from home in foreign lands. In a trice, the stick of the riding-whip came down upon the colonel's head, whilst the horse, urged to a powerful leap, threw him ten yards away upon the ground. As I knew very well that, according to the customs of the country, this was a revolver affair now, and as I had no wish to become entangled in such business, I did not wait until the colonel had picked himself up, but rode forward without delay.

I was stopped by the waiter, whom I heard calling after me, and who was out of breath when he came up to me at last. The honest fellow gave me a direction, which I was afterwards glad to have followed. He said that the colonel, though a coward, was a most desperate villain, not at all likely to give way so soon, but that the worst of the whole set was that tall fellow, the major, whom he suspected to have gone in search of some of his companions. "You will be chased by a couple of these rogues," he said, "as sure as I am a Saxon! Let me advise you. Follow your way up to the north until you are out of sight, then do you turn back to the south, as far as Jose Maria. At the ravine south-east of that place turn to the left, and, following the course of the brook, ride for your life. Twenty miles up the stream you will come to a settlement, called the Wood Creek. Old Delamotte lives there, and he's the man for you to trust."

I offered the waiter a few pieces of money, but he would not take them; then a

hearty shake of the hand, and this he took most cordially.

"Stop!" he said, when I had already set spurs to my horse. He lifted up each of the horse's legs, and looked carefully at the shoeing. "All right," he said; "I thought the ostler might have played you one of his tricks, but he has not yet had time, I suppose. Now, go a-head, and don't forget the Frenchman!"

I darted off.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning. I had to make twenty miles to the ravine which my countryman had pointed out to me. But my horse was worthy of the colonel's admiration; and, in spite not only of the round-about way I had taken in accordance with my friend's advice, and half-an-hour's delay for rest at Jose Maria, it was but five in the evening when I reached this melancholy spot.

I stopped and looked about me. The surrounding country was all barren and desolate, the soil sterile. There was a wooden cross erected on the spot of the murder, and beneath it lay the mortal remains of the man whom I had known in the full glow and joy of youth.

A strange feeling made me linger in that place. The little rivulet smoothly gliding eastward showed me the way I was to go. I could follow its course with my eyes to a far distant forest, the high grass of the prairie having burnt a track down, as it always does at this time of year. Yet I still lingered.

The horse began to neigh softly, and to prick up his ears. He was familiar with these prairies, as I had bought him but a few months ago at Little Rock, in Arkansas. There was something the matter.

I listened, but heard absolutely nothing. I alighted, and, pressing my ear to the ground, listened again. The earth trembled faintly with the tread of horses yet at a long distance; but, when I mounted again, I could hear the sound. It was rapidly approaching from the direction of Jose Maria, and, although the woods on that side of me prevented me from seeing anything, I had but little doubt who were the horsemen. Now, colonels, majors, captains, let us see what can be done! My horse gave such a sudden and vigorous jump when I merely touched him with the whip, that I was almost thrown from my seat. I lost my cap, and a gust of wind threw it against that very mound by which I had been bound to the ravine. To pick it up would have been waste of time; and, as I wished to be out of sight before my pursuers had set foot upon the prairie, I left it and sped away, taking as straight a line as possible in the direction of the distant forest, to avoid the windings of the little brook, yet without losing sight of it. In the brave horse there was no slackening of pace; there was no stumbling. I turned round three or four times during my rapid course, but, except a long thin cloud of dust and ashes, raised by myself, I saw nothing whatever.

In an hour or so, the forest was before me, and then reining up a little, I again made for the brook.

I had traced its windings for about another hour, when I arrived at a cleared space in the wood, and got sight of a block-house.

"Qui va là?" asked a deep voice.

"Un ami!" was the answer.

There were two men near the house, one with grey hair and weather-beaten features, the other in the prime of youth, both Frenchmen.

The old man looked, with some astonishment, at my panting horse covered with foam, at his dilated nostrils and quick beating flanks.

"Why, it seems you are in a hurry," he said.

In a few words I explained the motives of my visit, and told him my adventures at Santa Madre; not forgetting to report the advice of the German waiter at the coffee-house, that I should trust in him for help.

He listened eagerly to my narrative, and when I gave him a minute description of the colonel and the major, his attention grew to be intense.

"Again those two scoundrels!" he said. "Well, man, step into the house. Never mind the horse, the lad will rub him dry. We have a few hours before us yet. They know by this time where you are, and will consider twice before they call here; though we are quite sure to hear of them at nightfall."

I expressed regret for the trouble I was bringing on him; but he only laughed and replied: "Never mind, we are their match."

"But we are only three, and after all we don't know how many ruffians that tall fellow may bring with him."

"Let him bring a score, we are their match, I tell you! Do you account the Princess Royal nobody?"

"The what?"

"The Princess Royal: la Princesse Royale!" he laughed again. "Don't stare at me, you'll see her by-and-by."

The block-house had a very durable appearance; it was two stories high, and the upper room was neatly furnished. On the wall I observed a portrait of General Moreau. My host was no friend of the first Emperor of the French: the present Emperor he mentioned only once during our conversation, and I had better not say what he said.

He lighted a candle and began to block the windows up, whilst I was eating and drinking what he had placed on the table. The lad made all safe on the ground-floor, and secured the door.

"Now, we are all right!" said the old man, taking his seat at the table, and mixing rum and water in a large bowl.

"Au triomphe de la bonne cause!" he said, touching glasses with me.

"But I don't see any arms," I presently suggested.

"Arms? I have plenty of that stuff. How do you think a man could get on in these woods without arms? But we shan't want them to-night." Again he laughed. "We have the Princess Royal."

He removed the candle with the other things from the table, and went out of the room.

The door was opened again about five minutes afterwards. I heard the crack of a whip. I saw a rapid flash before my eyes; and, with a mighty bound, that made my very blood run cold, a large jaguar leaped in, alighting with a heavy pounce upon the table.

"La Princesse Royale!" announced my host.

I do not know exactly what figure I may have presented at that moment; but I should not wonder if anybody were to tell me that I looked like a craven.

"Don't be afraid of her," said the laughing Frenchman, when he saw me still as a mouse, scarcely venturing to turn my looks to her bright cruel eyes. "She is as decent as a cat when I am by. Caress her, she likes to be fondled; it's the weak side of the sex, you know."

I touched her delicate fur but slightly with my hand, stroking it softly down her strong and beautiful back, the right way of the fur, you may be sure.

She bent her powerful and elastic limbs under my frail hand, and fanning the air with her curved tail, seemed to encourage me to bestow more caresses.

"Well, how do you like the Princess?" asked my host.

"Why, she is indeed handsome, and I have seen none in the old world more majestic."

"Take her down-stairs, George," he said to the lad, handing the whip over to him, "and keep a look out yourself; but mind you don't give her any supper. She shall help herself to-night."

He placed the candle and our glasses again upon the table, and began to sip his grog quite leisurely.

"By heavens, man," I said, after a pause, "it cannot be your real purpose to set the tiger on those people?"

"Eh, parbleu!" replied he, "and why not? What else do they deserve? Are they not also tigers? You don't know them as I do! The tall rascal is a convicted felon, and ought to have been hanged two years ago at San Francisco. He contrived an escape, and fled to Kansas. As to the other rogue, there is hardly a crime he has not stained his hands with. Make your mind easy about that."

A sudden thought came into my mind, and I asked him, whether he knew anything about that murder of my friend ten years ago in the ravine near Jose Maria?

No, he knew nothing about that. It was before his time; only he should not wonder if the major had had a hand in it; it looked very like him.

We were interrupted by a loud knocking at the door. The lad came in soon afterwards, telling us that he could descry five of them, all on horseback.

The old man rose, and moving one of the mattresses a little aside, he looked cautiously through the window. It was about nine o'clock, and the darkness began to set in with the rapidity peculiar to southern climates.

The knocks were repeated more vehemently, accompanied now with a loud summons to open the door.

"Here they are, sure enough!" said the old man. "I wonder why this major doesn't go to Kansas: he is the very man for Kansas politics."

"If you don't open now, you French dog," said a coarse voice, "we'll break the door!"

The eyes of the old man flashed fire, but he spoke never a word.

"You know me, Delamotte," said another voice, which I had heard before. "You know Colonel Brown. But though we 'ave to settle an old account, I 'ave no business with you this time: it's the stranger I want, he has stolen a 'orse; give him up to us, and we'll be off in a minute."

"No use talking to that old miser," said the former voice, with an oath. "Come on, boys, break that door in, and end it!"

He seemed to suit the action to the word, for a tremendous crash came.

"En avant!" said the old man to the lad, and they both went down-stairs.

I rose and paced up and down the room with rapid steps. Something terrible, awful was going on.

The whole block-house shook and trembled with the violent kicks and blows which were dealt at the door, but nevertheless I could hear distinctly when the iron bar was removed from it, and then—I felt as if all my blood were rushing suddenly to my heart, leaving not one single drop in any limb of my whole body.

A roar—not at all like those you may hear in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, at feeding-time—but a hundred times wilder, sharper, more piercing, more furious: then human cries of horror and despair—the trampling of flying horses—the quick report of fire-arms—then again the roar, but this time much louder, more savage, more ferocious, more horrible—then a heavy fall and a confused noise of grinding of teeth—then nothing more, because I stopped my ears with both my hands.

When I turned round, my host sat at the table again, sipping his grog as if nothing had happened.

"I am afraid," he said, after a while, "the Princess has been wounded, I have never heard her roaring in that way. Well, we must see after this to-morrow. It would be a dangerous job for any man to go near her to-night!"

Next morning, I stood by his side when

he opened the door. My first glance fell upon the tiger cowering in a thick brown-red pool. She was licking at a red spot upon her left flank, which seemed to have bled profusely, but with both her powerful fore-paws she clung to a deformed and shapeless mass which bore no likeness to anything I had ever seen. The corpse of a horse, frightfully mutilated, lay close by, and the whole ground was strewn with fragments of a horrible appearance. My host having examined them all with intense curiosity, cracked his whip, and moved straight towards the tiger.

A hollow menacing roar warned him off; the savage creature showed its formidable range of long and powerful teeth, and had lost all signs of her old tameness.

"She is thirsty for more blood, the Princess Royal is," said the Frenchman. "That is nature, you know. She can't help it, I suppose; and, as I should be grieved to kill her, we must wait till she comes round again."

We had to wait long. After three days the old man himself beginning to doubt whether she ever would come round again, was forced to kill her after all.

When we were thus enabled to examine at leisure that horrible battle-field, he drew my attention to some remnants of a coat in which the grey colour was still to be distinguished.

"He has had his reward!" said the old man, "though it costs me dear. Better than all those majors was my poor old Princess Royal."

HUMAN CHRYSALIS.

I AM nothing entomologist. It is my simple faith—derived from a poem which I learnt before I could read—that the butterfly is born in a bower. As to whether he is subsequently christened in a teapot, or whether his span of existence is indeed confined to one hour's duration, as the same authority went on to state, I have no opinion to offer. I have never seen him christened, and never seen him die (except by violence), but I have seen him in his bower, and that is all sufficient for me.

I consider that that prying into the most private affairs of insect life, which seems to be the delight of some persons, is nothing less than an impertinent and unwarrantable intrusion. I wonder how the entomologist, upon his part, would like to feel that the centipede, for instance, was for ever invading his domestic privacy, with a view to the publication of notes? Or that the bumble-bee (or, it may be, the humble-bee, for I was never so superfluous as to ask to look at his card) was investigating his minutest actions in order to buzz them about for the information of the insect world?

I dislike the toad, because he is the reverse of a pretty creature, and because I am told that he is in the habit of spitting at persons

—although I am bound to say that he never spat at me—but I do not on that account consider myself justified in making an inventory of his spots and printing a catalogue of his imperfections. Still less should I dream of enclosing him in stone or brick, as though he were a nun who had mistaken her profession, and burying him alive (without the bread and water) just to gratify my own morbid curiosity to see how long he would live under those almost unexampled circumstances. The scientific experimentalist would be doubtless horrified at the notion of distending the poor creature by means of a broken tobacco-pipe, balancing him at one end of a small plank, and then launching him into space by means of a sharp blow at the other end, as wicked schoolboys do; but, if we had the toad's own opinion upon the subject—and he ought to know—the man of science would appear the crueller of the two.

Detestable to me is the tardy and inadequate reparation of spirits of wine and bottle accommodation which such are wont to offer to their murdered victims, or that of the bed of camphor upon which they lay their favorites after having transfixed them with a pin.

My investigations of natural history have been unattended with either prying or cruelty, while my observation has been directed to higher subjects. I am a student of the human chrysalis—of the embryo state of man. As a fellow of one of the largest colleges in England, I may be supposed to have had some opportunities for this pursuit, and I have availed myself of them largely. The undergraduate world has been laid bare before me as a colony of unconscious bees is laid bare through their glass hive to the spectator. Honesty compels me to admit that the parallel there ceases. In our hive there is no queen, a considerable number of drones, and very few busy bees. But—as I anticipated when I injudiciously ventured to borrow a figure from science—I have already entangled myself in a metaphor. The bee is, I understand, born a bee as the poet is born a poet, and I was about to speak of chrysalis only—embryo conditions.

How interesting it would be to narrate—I do not say to read—the innumerable diversities, as manifested at the university, of the early stage of the lawyer, of the statesman, of the physician, of the soldier, of the divine, and of the irreclaimable scamp. It may be imagined perhaps that these things must be pretty evident from the context; that the unfledged barrister is always striving to fly at his learned young friends, forensically, and to overwhelm them with crude but specious argument; that the sucking statesman delights to give his ideas upon “the glorious constitution of the country, sir,” to the Union debating society, whether it will or no; that the son of *Æsculapius* is always purchasing, or procuring by less justifiable means, deceased cats, dogs, and donkeys, as interesting subjects; that the boy-warrior devotes

himself less to study than to the cultivation of his moustachios; that the adolescent divine is a serious young man with views and peculiar waistcoat, and that the growing scamp has got Insolvent Court already stamped upon his youthful brow. Now these suppositions, however natural, are by no means correct. The boy (at college) is not very often the father to the man; his future profession has been generally chosen for him, independent of his own wishes; but his university career is run, on the other hand, according to his natural disposition.

This subject is a far too extensive one to be treated at length, in a short paper such as the present, and I must content myself with speaking of one class only, and of one example of it.

Wonderful as the development is from grub to butterfly in the insect, there is a still more striking change which is constantly taking place in the human—namely, that from butterfly to grub. The transformation of the gorgeously apparelled and bejewelled undergraduate into the respectable, black-and-white, golosh-wearing umbrella-carrying divine.

From their matriculation to their degree these are oftentimes the most gorgeous ephemera that glitter upon the surface of university life:

“——— plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea;”

dragon-flies, green and golden—

“that pass
Over the gleam of the living grass,”

in the courts of their respective colleges. Between their degree and their voluntary theological examination, the shadow of respectability begins to creep at least as high as their legs. They no longer wear bright blue trousers with a stripe; their boots are thicker soled, and cease to be made of polished leather. After this short purgatory they are ordained, grow sombre, and bury themselves in Welsh or Cornish curacies.

I have known scores of inverted chrysalis of this description, and I know many still.

Jack—what am I saying?—the Reverend John Williams, curate of Betty-something in Caernarvonshire, was a notable instance of this. He drove the neatest dog-carts, wore the completest cutaways, carried the most elegant green umbrella—it was like a fairy's wand—of any man of his time. If a tablet had been put to Jack's virtues while at the University, I think the best we could have said of him would have been, “He was a capital good fellow, and never missed a double at pool.” Now, the enthusiastic reader may here imagine that a capital good fellow is not the sort of material out of which a divine should be made. I have my own opinion on that subject likewise, but at present my business is only with the matter

of fact John Williams. He was certainly a fast young man. The four corners of his college cap were wont to droop over his twinkling eyes, like ivy leaves upon the brow of the youthful Baechnus; the wood which ought to have sustained them horizontally, having been broken to pieces in some convivial struggle. His gown, also, from the same cause, used to hang in such tattered strips as would have caused him to be taken up, in any other than an university town, as a rogue and vagabond. This seedy academical costume of his, contrasted strangely with the splendour and fashion of his other garments. So high and stiff were his all-rounders, that his head could not be moved independent of his body, which rotated like a trussed fowl upon a spit; the golden chain which connects one waistcoat pocket with the other, was like a ship's cable; his shirt was of many colours, and curiously and richly fastened at the wrists by turquoise studs. His legs—that is to say, his trousers—were striped with yellow, and green, and red, like a geological strata map; and his face reflected a mind serene, and more than satisfied with his personal appearance. He had generally, a pocketful of visiting cards, with "Wine with me after hall, old boy," written upon each of them. In the centre of his sitting-room table he kept an expanding cigar-case for the use of all comers, which held fifty weeds. He was for these and other reasons, one of the most popular men in the college.

To see him come into the divinity lecture-room (where he had, of course, to make his appearance pretty often, since he was destined for the ministry) always at full speed, and with scarcely a second of time to spare before the door closed, was an interesting sight. Upon one occasion, Jack, who generally sat in my neighbourhood was very boastful about the footing on which he stood with the Professor. "As he took my card, just now,"—every man gives up his card at each attendance, for, only by the number of cards at the end of the term, is it known how many lectures he has kept,—"the doctor nodded," said Jack; "you seedy chaps pass in without any particular notice being taken of you; but the old trump bowed to me."

I happened to be wining with the reverend—I mean with Jack Williams—upon that particular evening, and a very noisy Wine it was. It had begun after hall, as usual, and we had intended to go to chapel, but had stayed on, and chapel was now over. It had been proposed and carried, nem. con., that the hour had arrived when brandy-punch would be preferable to wine, or, at all events, a seasonable change.

Everybody was smoking, with the exception of two young gentlemen, each of whom had volunteered a song at the same time, and declining to give way to his rival, was

singing his own melody; in the one case it was a sentimental ballad, in the other, a comic song. The fiddlers—Jack was fond of secular music—were scraping incessantly in the next room. The noise was at its climax, and the atmosphere something like that of the black hole of Calcutta after the first hour, when there came a knock at the door. Jack had found it more comfortable by this time to sit with his legs upon the table, so that we saw a greater expanse than before of the yellow, and green, and red.

The knock at the door being repeated, Jack called out, rather savagely, "Come in!" We could not see who it was at first, on account of the atmosphere; but the new arrival was clearly only a freshman, since he sneezed and coughed like one who could not stand the smoke,—an accomplishment which only comes at the university by degrees. When his face became visible, however, that of our poor host became sadly changed. He tried to get up on his strata legs and apologise; but legs and tongue refused their offices. That divinity bow had come home to him with a vengeance: he had given the wrong card to that Trump the Professor, and had asked that august personage himself, to wine with him.

The Doctor happened to belong to that then new order of Dons who opined that greater social intercourse should take place between the authorities and the undergraduates, and had therefore accepted the invitation. He did not, however, upon this particular occasion, remain with us long.

Poor Jack himself never quite recovered from this contretemps, and was plucked by the Professor for his first Voluntary Theological (as the young man affirmed) through spite. I have my doubts whether there were not other reasons for his failure in that ordeal. Jack had the credit of being the first man who took that famous geographical view of Gamaliel,—namely, that he was a mountain in Thrace, at whose feet Saint Paul was brought up; and who described the profession of the first Gentile convert to be that of music, because we learn that he was the leader of the Italian band.

The Reverend John Williams, curate of Betty something in Caernarvonshire, came up to spend a week or two with me at college last summer. He wore a suit of rather rusty black, with bluchers at one end of it, and a not very good hat at the other; and he carried a cotton umbrella, inferior in bulk only to that of Mrs. Gamp. With this weapon he was very nearly breaking all the newly painted windows in our college chapel. He said it would be better so, than that they should be allowed to break the second commandment. I endeavoured to calm him by the assurance that that did not meet the case, since the representations were like nothing in nature, but only resembled the willow-pattern images of the Chinese; but I was only partially suc-

cessful. He allowed that I was right so far, but that the impious attempt had nevertheless been made.

He boasted to me that though he had twelve children, and but little money of his own, he had yet declined to insure his life, since that was gambling. I understood from him that another terror must needs be added to death for those who expire in Bettysomething, because he always improves a demise by a sermon. Even the little children in his parish are frightened when they get ill, lest they should die, and be put in a tract.

When I ventured to recall to Jack's mind the above incident of his asking the Divinity Professor to a social entertainment, he requested me, curtly, not to revive humiliating antecedents.

THE GOLDEN MELON.

SOMEWHERE in the far-east, there lived in ancient times, a good and wise man who was a practical gardener. After a life-long study he produced, by incessant cultivation, a species of melon so excellent in its nutritive and medicinal properties that it was justly named "the Golden Melon." It was at once food and medicine for the people. All the virtues ascribed to a hundred plants were summed up in this quintessence of the vegetable world. It had—if we may believe old stories—marvellous good effects, not only on the physical health, but also on the characters of all who who were fortunate enough to taste it; for it improved the temper, cheered the heart, made the aspect mild and benevolent, and wonderfully promoted a flow of the milk of human kindness.

Travellers, after crossing a surrounding desert, knew well, without the aid of any sign-post, when they came into the land where lived the golden melon eaters; for here the people were cheerful; or, when sad, were patient. They loved to help others, were slow to think evil, ready to believe in good, and wished all the world to know the virtues of the golden melon.

Here I must leave a long interval of time in my parable. Centuries rolled away. The inventor of the marvellous gourd had left its seeds to be distributed among the people, with a full and careful description of the fruit and all its virtues. This was necessary to prevent disputes; for the melon, though uniform in its real properties and effects, was singularly varied in its form and colour. It might be more or less flat or rounded, and, as to colour, a light yellow or a golden brown might predominate. And so were the genuine seeds various—some flattened, others rounded; some large, and others small. "They are all good; never mind the varieties," said the inventor, in his Guide to Melon Growers. But unfortunately this little scroll of parchment was lost, while the people were disputing on the genuineness of the several descriptions of

seed. One party contended for the flattened seeds; while another would look at no specimens that were not well rounded; and so arose the two factions, commonly known as Flat Seedsmen and Rounders. When every possible division had been made about the shape, the controversy on colours, or rather shades of colour, began; and so originated the parties rejoicing in such names as Light-yellows and Golden-browns. At last—it would be tedious to tell all their quarrels—the disputants subsided into common sense, so far as to say among themselves, "Enough! let us begin to plant and try the result."

But new differences of opinion arose with regard to the soil to be selected, and hence came the parties respectively named Sandy Boys, Clay Gardeners, and Deep Soilers. They divided themselves into groups,—each located on its favourite plot of ground,—and might have devoted themselves, at once, to the work of growing melons; but, unhappily, a new and more elaborate controversy now began about the frames to be used. "Shall we use crown-glass? or plate-glass? or no glass at all? Shall the frames have a slope facing north? or south? or east? or west? Shall the sashes be made of wood? and—granting this—shall it be oak? or pine? or maple? or sycamore? or shall the frames be made of iron? or any other metal?"—On these points the several parties disputed long, until certain wealthy and influential men,—misled by a mere name,—contended for golden frames, which, of course, deprived the poor of all hope of growing or eating the genuine melon. It may seem too fantastic for an oriental parable; but it is true that, on these several questions, the melon growers divided themselves into groups as oddly named as parties in American politics, and as numerous as sects in Christendom. On the question of frames alone, so intense was the division that, after contending together through life, opposite parties refused to be buried in the same soil. There was a grand cemetery for the Golden Framers; while in obscure and lowly places slept the Sandy Boys and the Clay Gardeners. Worse than this—the few melons raised were used as missiles, and the frames were pulled to pieces to supply ready weapons in many a combat. So maple was shivered to match-wood upon oak; oak was splintered on iron, and even golden bars were used with deadly effect in fights among the melon growers. They trampled down the lowly but useful gourds planted by poor people who could not go to the expense of frames. In a word, not one of the good effects originally described as belonging to the culture of the famous melon could be found, and the disappointed people now became clamorous, crying out, at the gates of the several parties:—"Give us melons! No more of your disputes about crown-glass and plate-glass, oak, maple, and sycamore, or iron or golden frames! Give us melons of some sort

or other!" "The irreverent mob!" said the chief of the golden framers—"what can they know of melons!"

Meanwhile the lost manuscript, containing a full description of the genuine gourd, had found its way into a far country, and came into the possession of a pilgrim, who resolved that he would cross the desert and find out the land of the Golden Melon Eaters. Little did he dream that, at the time when he set out on his journey, the people of that land had become sceptical or despairing about melons, and—to avoid all disputes—lived on potatoes, while a party of Antimelonites had arisen, who boldly refused to believe that ever such a gourd as the golden melon had existed. Such was the state of the controversy when the weary traveller came over the desert from a far country, and first arrived in the district that ought to have been cultivated by the Flat Seedsmen. He had been reading the manuscript as he came over the desert, and had said to himself:—"I shall know the Melon Eaters when I see them. They are a peaceable, cheerful, and benevolent people."—Now when he came into the district of the Flat Seedsmen, there came toward him several gardeners out of work, carrying labelled bags and crying,—“Here’s your genuine melon-seed—all flat and according to the original description. Here’s your melon-seed!”

“Give me a melon!” said the thirsty pilgrim.

“There’s some mistake about the soil or the frames,” said the first of the Flat Seedsmen; “I never tasted a golden melon; but here’s your genuine melon-seed!”

“That will not refresh me,” said the pilgrim, as he went on toward the land of the Rounders. “Come on,” said the chief of this party, “you are fortunate that you did not believe a word spoken by our neighbours, who are the most mendacious of gardeners.”

“I shall go on,” said the pilgrim; “the true melon-growers are kind and charitable people, and do not speak evil of their neighbours.”

So he journeyed on, and came upon the land of the Light Yellows. “Here’s your right colour!” cried one boisterous, idle gardener; “a pale saffron, according to the original description, No other shade of yellow is genuine!”—

“The true melon eater,” said the pilgrim, “judges not by appearances, and boasts not of mere forms and colours. I shall go on.”

He arrived next among the neglected gardens of the Golden Browns, who were busily engaged in pelting stones at the Sandy Boys; while these were throwing sand over their wall to annoy the Deep Soilers on the other side. “Here you have found it at last!” said a leading man of the party last named: “the only soil on which the golden melon will grow.” “Nay,” said the pilgrim, referring to his manuscript, “with right cultivation the

true melon will grow everywhere, and the man who has eaten it wishes that all the world may taste the fruit. I must go further.”

Again he journeyed on, and soon came to gardens where the ground was strewn with broken glass and splinters of melon-frames—memorials of many a conflict between crown-glass and plate-glass, oak, maple, sycamore, and wrought iron. “Iron against oak, any day!” said one of the combatants; “come on, Sandy Boys, Golden Browns, Rounders, and Sycamores! whoever wants a thrashing. I’m the fighting gardener!” “This is dangerous ground,” said the pilgrim, hastening onward: “the melon growers are no fighting people. I would rather dwell alone in the desert than among these people.”

So he travelled on until he came to the land of the Golden Framers. Here, as the gardeners were all wealthy and influential men, he found many things to admire in their elaborate preparations made for a truly Scientific and Artistic Cultivation of the Golden Melon. Art, science, and literature were combined to invest with dignity the pretensions of the golden gardeners. They had a Normal Melon School, with many well-paid professors of a mystery styled, in the abstract, Melonisation. Here were booksellers’ shops, displaying in their windows such titles as *The True History of the Golden Gourd*, *The Error of Wooden Frames Fully Exposed*, *A Treatise on the Unwholesome Qualities of Melons grown in a Sandy Soil*, *A Rebuke to Deep Soilers*, and a *History of all the Controversies on Melon Culture*, with *Songs for Lovers of Melons*, and *Melonite Poems for Golden Framers*. The pilgrim admired the trimness of many gardens, marvelled to see the wealth expended on frames and conservatories, and attended the schools, where he heard lectures on Melonisation in the Abstract. It is hard to describe the stage of civilisation and refinement of ideas to which the people of this land had advanced. A fact may help the reader to understand it. It is well known that, once upon a time, in Europe, vast speculations were suggested and fortunes were made and destroyed by a faith in certain scrip representing Dutch tulips that never existed. So, in the land of the Golden Framers, the concrete, practical, juicy melon had entirely disappeared, even from the thoughts of the learned people, and had left in its place a dry abstraction styled Melonisation. It was a long time before the pilgrim could understand this highly metaphysical transformation, and when he understood it, he by no means liked it; for it would neither quench his thirst nor satisfy hunger. At last, when he had attended a long course of lectures, and had listened to a sort of winding-up rigmorale on Melonisation in the Abstract, he stood up boldly in the lecture hall of the Normal Melon School, and begged that he might address one query to the very learned professor.

"Yes," said the philosopher.

"Did you ever eat a Golden Melon?" said the pilgrim; "or can you sell or give me one?"

"I presume," said the professor, in a condescending tone, "that the foreign gentleman who addresses me intends to ask if I have tasted the common gourd sold in old times, as we read, at a penny a dozen. I beg to say that I have not eaten it, and also to inform the stranger, that I am not a common market-gardener; but a professor of Melonisation in the Abstract—that is to say, the melonisation of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and any other grand divisions of the globe that may, hereafter, be discovered."

The pilgrim was, for a moment, bewildered by this storm of fine words rained down upon him; but now his anger was stirred up within him, and he exclaimed:—"Brooks without water! Clouds without rain! Phantoms of the sandy wilderness that lead on the thirsting traveller to water-courses that have long been dry! By Allah! this is marvellously strange, that I come from a far country to the land of the melon growers, hoping to find the happy people who eat the fruit of Paradise, and what do I find?—Flat seedsmen and rounders; light yellows and golden browns; sandy boys, clay gardeners and deep soilers; iron and golden frames; melon schools and libraries; professors of melonisation, anti-melonites, and miserable eaters of potatoes;—in the name of the Prophet! anything and everything but melons! Truly, there is a cry of melons in your land and no more. I shake off the dust of my sandals against you, and return to the wilderness."

As he journeyed toward the desert, he passed by the dwellings of the eaters of potatoes and anti-melonites, who came out to meet him, and said, "It never existed! There never was a golden gourd, and never will be! Travel no further in search of it; but come, share our potatoes, and be contented."

But the pilgrim—unwilling to surrender the hope that had led him so far—went on his way, far over the sandy desert, in search of the Golden Melon, and, at last, found it growing, without a golden frame, on an oasis blessed by Allah, and by streams of living water.

WHAT MR. BURLEIGH COULD NOT SEE.

I ONCE had a strong liking for a piece of country extending from the metropolis to a small market-town about forty miles distant, not at that time taken out of the hands of our dear old coaching friends, that we all loved so well. I liked the town because it was rather faded; because it was in an undecided transition state; uncertain whether it should accept, in a friendly spirit, the in-

sidious advances of the proposed branch from the remote main line of railway, or simultaneously close the shutters of every shop and house, and emigrate to Australia in a solid, compact body of village deserters. I liked it, because it was a sulky coaching chrysalis, determined not to develop without a severe struggle into the railway butterfly. I loved to hear its innkeepers, its fly proprietors, and its runners of coaches, converse in the dingy, smoke-dried tap of the principal hotel upon the probability of the railway ever reaching them; and the injurious effects which it would have upon trade if it ever came so far. I wished for nothing more interesting than a discourse from such men upon the destiny of railway enterprise, its operation upon the country at large, and its final operation upon itself. I have seen a small job-master (the owner of two broughams and three gigs, which he let out almost at his own price to commercial travellers, and others whose business or pleasure compelled or induced them to post across the country) at times driven almost mad by the strengthening rumours of the advancing iron-road: at others, when inflated with an extra pipkin of the best local beer, drawing himself up to his full height, and expanding to more than his full breadth, and resolving to oppose, single-handed, the tide of the threatened improvement. Some gravely shook their heads, and expressed a doubt whether, with all his capital, he was equal to the task; others hoped to see the day when a station would be opened in the town, but they very much doubted it.

I will not conceal the object that took me so frequently to this place—it was fishing. I will not divulge the name of my retreat, even now, because, like all true sportsmen, I am essentially selfish. I am not yet too old and rheumatic to give up the pleasures of the rod and line, and I do not therefore hold myself bound to publish the name of a town that can boast of a trout stream worth all the subscription fisheries in the three kingdoms. In those days it was a six hours' journey (costing, with the perquisites of coachman and guard, between one and two pounds), to reach my favourite and nameless retreat. Now I can run down in two hours at almost any period of the day for a few shillings, which is all the more reason for my secrecy. When I feel unwell in mind and body, or when a chancery suit in which I have been engaged for the last thirty years (engaged, and yet am still alive to tell the story!) becomes more than usually troublesome, I seize my old fishing companions, packing a few things hurriedly in a small black hand-bag, and take wing for my peaceful hermitage. It does not seem so secluded now, or so pleasantly distant from the metropolis as it did in the old coaching days; and sometimes I fancy that I can see the London smoke rising and floating above the trees, and hear the

roar of the humming London life, as I lie upon the sloping grass banks watching my float and line gliding down my favourite stream. In the evening I return to the hotel or inn, and, having nothing better to do, I always spend an hour in the tap or smoking-room, listening to the conversation of the wise men of the village. Many times a year—more than I care to name—for the last quarter of a century, have I idled away my leisure hours in this manner; with various fortune as to sport, which grieves me little, but with uniform fortune as to health and amusement, profitably mixed with food for reflection. When I first went to the place, the town was in the full pride, profit, and glory of the old coaching days. From fifteen to twenty highly-painted, well-horsed rolling stages passed through from an early hour of the morning until a late hour of the night. Then the principal hotel was a sight to see. Horses standing outside in the road, porters rushing to and fro with luggage, ostlers busy with bright and complicated harness; passengers, both male and female, alighting from the roof of the vehicles by the assistance of ladders and the obliging guard; buxom landlady and neat chambermaids standing ready to give a reception to the guests; a clean, whitewashed archway floored with bright red bricks, and roofed with hanging hams, sirloins of beef, legs of mutton, and haunches of venison, while beyond were the extensive stables as prim as a Dutch farm-house, with an old carved wooden gallery running all round the yard. Then the commercial traveller was a steady, deliberative, time-taking pioneer of trade, who rode his own horse, or drove his own vehicle, and not the bustling, high-pressure, watch-consulting, Bradshaw-turning, Manchester maniac who is left to us now. He was known as a bagman, and gloried in the appellation, without having the ambition to be regarded as a commercial gentleman. The coffee-room was then kept sacred for those persons of the superior classes who availed themselves of the luxuries and conveniences of stage-coach travelling, without going the length of indulging in private apartments. To obtain the coveted favour of a box-seat was an affair of many weeks' booking, and many shillings' fee. He who got it by dint of patience, forethought, and capital, was an object of envy to his fellow-voyagers the journey through. He was a comfortable man, because (in the winter time) in addition to his own shawls and rugs, he had the extra protection of the coachman's leather apron. He was a happy man, because he was the confidential repository of the vast stores of information about horse-craft, poured into his ear by the ever-communicative driver; and more because he was occasionally entrusted with the ribbons or reins during certain rests, or the temporary vacation of the throne of government by the lawful monarch. Turnpike-keepers were

ready, obedient, and respectful; ostlers at roadside houses, where the horses had their mouths cleaned out with a wisp of hay and a pail of water, were positively bent nearly double with admiration bordering upon veneration—hoping, but almost fearing, that they might one day be called upon to fill a position of such imposing state and heavy responsibility as that of the driver of a four-horse coach through a first-class line of country. When the loaded vehicle rolled away after a change of horses, with four prancing animals rather fresh just put to, any bystander might have heard some such conversation as this between the two men who led the relieved steeds, smoking and panting, up the yard:

"Muster Simmons, he know a thing or two, eh, Bill?"

"As well as 'ere and 'ere a one, Jack."

"There ain't the meane on this road as can get over him, Bill, when he's a-minded?"

"Not exactly, Jack."

Sometimes, if the coachman happened to be a new, an illiberal, and consequently an unpopular hand, the remarks were not so full of unbounded admiration.

"Why he's no more use with four on 'em, Bill, than my little finger!"

"No more he ain't, Jack; I'll bring a boy as 'll lick him any day with 's own team on 's own ground!"

"Any boy!—any hinfant, Jack!"

This was something like the existing state of things when I first began to visit my nameless country town. I soon became an inmate of some little importance at the principal hotel where I took up my quarters, being promoted from the numerical insignificance which attaches to a single lodger, who is at the same time a private individual with no rank or title, in a huge provincial caravan-serai where they make up fifty beds. I was at last known and addressed by my name, and even allowed, when I felt so disposed, to pass half an hour in agreeable conversation with the landlady's daughters in the little parlour behind the bar. I have no fault to find with those young ladies, on the contrary, I could record much in their praise; but I am sorry to have to damage my reputation for gallantry by owing that I found more amusement in the tobacco-clouded atmosphere of the smoking-room, than I did in their society, delightful as it was. At this period the first rumours of railway enterprise began to dawn upon the world, and also, after a decent interval, upon my nameless country town. I am not about to raise the veil, and expose to ridicule such humble, lowly, and simple-hearted, though a little ignorant and obstinate fry, as a village barber, two village drapers, several important agriculturists, and the usual nightly visitors of a country hotel tap, by making a farcical record of their opinions upon the—at that time—incomprehensible wonder of the age. They spoke according to their lights, which

were not very brilliant, and they had plenty of persons in authority, whose intellects ought to have been sharpened by early training and intercourse with the world—even quarterly reviewers, and the like—to keep them in countenance, and supply them with arguments for their nightly gatherings. Everything that was solemnly launched in type in the metropolis, against the new gigantic scheme, was punctually and carefully copied into the local newspapers of my nameless country town.

The central figure of most importance in this little arena of tobacco-smoke and discussion, was that of the principal coach-proprietor, Mr. Burleigh. He owned many of the vehicles and horses, running to and from my nameless country town, and all the arrangements for the traffic on the London road. He was a tall, powerful, red-faced man, who spoke little or nothing, and drank a good deal of brandy. He was treated with much respect in the smoking-room, because of his capital, and power of giving lifts at any time to his fellow-townsmen. To do him justice, I do not believe that any poor man, woman, or child, ever need have lost a chance of going free to London or any part of the country, if they had only asked Mr. Burleigh for leave in a proper manner. His benevolence was not of that active, overflowing nature that it burst out like a pent-up spring without being solicited; but it was to be got at, like many another man's in a higher sphere than Mr. Burleigh, by appealing to his sense of importance. Mr. Burleigh had not created his present position,—he had been born into it.

Whatever hidden stores of wisdom Mr. Burleigh possessed—and the frequenters of my hotel smoking-room gave him credit for possessing a vast fund—he carefully kept them to himself. The only words that I ever heard drop from him in the smoking-room, during the discussion of the great railway question, were his very favourite and somewhat oracular remarks of, "Well, it may be very good, but I can't see it." Then he would add after a little reflection, "No, I can't see it."

In this way a few months—a few years—rolled by me, and I still paid my periodical visits to my nameless country town. One of the young ladies behind the bar had got married (to spite me, I suppose, because I was not matrimonially inclined); railways had advanced in the land a huge stride; the company, with one or two important exceptions, still assembled in the smoking-room of my hotel, and Mr. Burleigh still held fast to his coaches, and could not see it.

Another period of a few years passed; another young lady behind the bar had got married; the barber of the town (my barber, whom I had indoctrinated with my views upon railways) had died, with opinions far in advance of his village and his age, leaving his

business to an only son with these memorable words, "Tummus! a great movement is coming—keep your hey on it!" Still Mr. Burleigh held fast to his coaches (although he might have sold the whole stock over and over again); drank, if anything, a little more brandy, and could not see it.

In another year not only was a main line constructed through a not very distant part of the country, but (as I said at the opening of this paper) a branch was positively mapped out by the energetic directors to my nameless country-town. I saw with my own eyes, (and dared not interfere) one of the early surveyors seized by indignant villagers connected with the coaching interest, and ducked in a horse-pond.

That night there was an unusually strong muster, and great excitement in the smoking-room; with a powerful disposition to rally round Mr. Burleigh as the representative of the coaching interest. No amount of sympathy, expressed or implied, could, however, obtain from him more than his oracular assertion, that he couldn't see it. What he really thought, he would not say; but I believe that he rested his faith—as many of the interested townspeople present did—upon a local baronet to turn back the advancing tide of railway encroachment. My little friend, the job-master, with the two broughams and the three gigs, thought he was individually strong enough for the task without the assistance of any baronet or nobleman in the country; but he was rather pooh-poohed than otherwise by the general company, although he had a small circle of intense believers, who thought him fully equal to the undertaking.

The local baronet was one of the good old school: that is to say, he wore cord breeches and top-boots, swore every five minutes, got drunk with ale and brandy every night, patronised cock-fights when in London, and had given a belt with a purse of ten guineas to be annually fought and pommelled for by the youth of my nameless country town. His nose had been smashed by a fall during a fox-hunt, and generally he had the appearance of a champion of the prize-ring. His title was Sir Boxer Bully, Baronet.

Sir Boxer was the largest land proprietor in the whole county. He owned splendid parks, splendid forests, extensive acres, and enormous farms. No branch-line from the main trunk could possibly reach my nameless country town, unless it passed for many miles through the property of the popular local baronet; in fact, the shortest direct route would be along a natural valley in his family park, not far from his family mansion.

Now, the faith which the townspeople assembled in the smoking-room of my hotel had in the anti-railway sentiments of the popular local baronet was very great; and I

suppose that the silent Mr. Burleigh shared in the general feeling. Everybody there, knew that Sir Boxer's favourite recreation was to meet upon the road Mr. Burleigh's Highflyer, Quicksilver, or Lightning four-horse coach, and relieve the driver (at the imminent risk of the passengers' necks) by tooling the prads for ten or twelve miles, like a real born gentleman, that he was; that is, according to the standard that was recognised in those days.

No one who had seen him in his broad-brimmed hat, his great coat, his buff leather gloves, and his narrow cord breeches, and top-boots, holding the tugging reins, and poising the canary-coloured, silver-headed, long-thonged whip, could hesitate about the nature and extent of his opposition to the proposed branch railway.

Another period of a few years passed by. Sir Boxer did oppose the railway, and prevented the extension of the branch to my nameless country town. Most of the inhabitants believed that this was done on principle; but a few of the sceptical and uncharitable—myself amongst the number—thought that it was because the worthy Baronet had not been offered his price. The railway pioneers had been liberal without doubt—as was the fashion in those early days of energy and enterprise—but an old aristocratic family park was not to be cut up for the benefit of rapid communication, like a common, plebeian farm. Therefore, Sir Boxer, for the present, remained doggedly passive.

In the meantime the directors had carried the railway to a point about five miles distant from my nameless country town; they then remained doggedly passive also.

The effect that this extension had upon coaching interests, (although Mr. Burleigh couldn't see it,) was very injurious. The station was reached by the main road after two hours' walk, or one hour's drive, and it then took about two hours more, with a fare of four shillings to reach London. For a little time the inhabitants of my nameless country town looked shyly upon this new and cheap mode of conveyance; believed all the exaggerated stories of dangers to be feared, and accidents that had already occurred—circulated, I am sorry to have to believe, in the interest of the solemn Mr. Burleigh; and rallied round that injured and suffering coach-proprietor; who, although he couldn't see it, had been wise enough to reduce his fares to meet the new competition. Gradually, however, one or two adventurous spirits had been induced to try the experiment of the road and railway journey to the metropolis; and, having returned, uninjured, with a favourable report of the sensations they had experienced, others followed their example, and the railway rose steadily in popularity in proportion as its novelty and the fear of its dangers wore off.

It was at this time that Mr. Burleigh was subjected to his severest trial. About the general public of the nameless country town, small as it was, he did not care much; although every individual knew him, and professed a regard for him; but his own family began to turn against him. It was not exactly his own flesh and blood; that would indeed have been bitter; but, one morning, the sad intelligence was conveyed to him that his second nephew on the wife's side had started off, without the knowledge of his parents, to make his first journey on the railroad. The mother came round, with tears in her eyes, to apologise, explain, and condole with Mrs. Burleigh; and Mrs. Burleigh, in her turn, conveyed the apologies, explanations, and condolences to her husband. He did not say much—he never did; but he felt the affliction deeply. Still he resolved to fight the distant railroad, or die in harness in the attempt. His passengers dropped off, day by day, his luggage carrying had entirely gone, his daily consumption of brandy increased, and he was again induced, by the advice of friends and persons of experience, to reduce his fares. I think, at this time, he began to see it.

I continued my trips, as usual; and, fair weather or fine weather, clung to the Burleigh Quicksilver, and Highflyer (the Lightning had already gone to pay expenses) as if I had been the fine old English gentleman who lived in the olden time. There were many melancholy changes for the worse. The horses were not so rampant; the turnpike keepers were not so watchful nor so obedient; the ostlers were not so numerous, and those who were left were not so admiring and so respectful; the guard had gone, and the coachman put on the drag himself when we went down hill, by the mechanical contrivance of a rope that dangled by the side of the box-seat. Sometimes we drove several stages unicorn fashion—three horses instead of four. Gradually, one or two, then three or four, of the hotels on the line of road, closed their shutters, stuck up bills all over their frontage, announcing a sale, or, when in a favourable position, let off the greater portion of their now unrequired premises for other business purposes. Some regularly broke down under the affliction, and, not finding a purchaser or a tenant, became dreary roadside spectacles of broken windows and rain-washed placards. Under this sad state of things, we had to alter our arrangements for changing horses. Our stages were made longer; and sometimes, the cattle were brought to us along a bleak, muddy lane, from a few wretched barns, led by stooping old men in dirty, fluttering, clay-coloured smock-frocks, who had much more of the potato-field about them than the stable-yard.

At these painful moments the old coach-

man, who had seen better days, if he was not moved to swear at the clumsy fingers of the inexperienced agricultural groom, relapsed into a moody silence, only broken by a sigh that was heart-rending in its depth and intensity. As we passed through long, straggling villages, there was none of that excitement at our approach which had marked our triumphal progress years before. No crowds were waiting to receive us as we rolled down the hill or up the hill, as the case might be; past the finger-post; past the duck-pond, scattering the affrighted poultry right and left; along the cottage-bordered street, round by the little tree-sheltered, square-towered church, and away again into the open country. A few barefooted, dusty children watched us slyly; some with their fingers in their mouths; some with their ragged pinafores thrown over their heads; some with their faces half averted, turned towards the wall. Our approach to my nameless country town was not, by a great way, the splendid entry that it used to be. There was no horn to blow, and no guard to blow it. At the hotel, too, things had vastly changed. It was still neat and clean, as it always would be in the possession of the buxom landlady, now growing a little old, a little grey, and very care-worn; but it wanted customers, it wanted bustle, and it wanted life. In the smoking-room the same company still assembled, with one or two exceptions caused by death, bankruptcy, or emigration; and the same engrossing topic—railway prospects and designs—was discussed with the same earnestness; but with a little less obstinacy, and a little more knowledge and experience, than a few years before. Mr. Burleigh still endeavoured to keep up his important position amongst his fellow townsmen; but evidently with less ease and more opposition, than formerly. I was constituted a kind of umpire or referee for the little group; and many men who had doubted most energetically whether they should ever see a railroad within a hundred miles of my nameless country town, now appealed to me in the most barefaced manner to know if they had ever had the slightest misgivings about the ultimate establishment and development of railway enterprise. "Mr. Burleigh," they said, confidentially, "had not seen it—in fact, could not see it now; but they had seen it all along; although they did not like to make much noise about it for fear of alarming their neighbours."

It was about this period that Sir Boxer Bully, Baronet, died suddenly one morning. It was well for his credit with his tenants and townspeople that he did die; for he was just upon the point of acceding to the renewed offers of the railway directors, and allowing them to bring the railway through his property up to the town. Mr. Burleigh would never believe this, but it was the

fact, nevertheless. Not that the deceased baronet was suddenly afflicted with any compunctious visitings for the injury that his six years' silent, sulky opposition had done to my nameless country town, but that the living board of directors had just then thought proper to make an increased offer to the lately deceased baronet. All eyes—especially those connected with the fast-fading, dry-rotting coaching interest—were turned with anxiety to young Bully, who succeeded by his father's death to the entire property and the baronetcy. He was a tall, thin, mild, clerical-looking gentleman, as unlike his late lamented father as it was possible to be. He had spent much of his time in schools and universities, and had the most singular notions about literary institutions, dispensaries, public baths, and other novelties. The belt and purse of guineas for the best pugilist in the county were very quickly done away with, as well as a number of other similar footprints left by the late lamented fine old English baronet. The son's movements were so rapid, and his opinions were so peculiar, that the debate in the smoking-room assumed for several nights the form of whether the young baronet was sane or insane, and his sanity was, at last, only carried, after a severe struggle, by a small majority of two. Mr. Burleigh, although, as usual, he did not say anything, was evidently in the minority upon the question. He had his doubts about the young man, and they were well-founded; better founded than his faith in the unswerving protection-to-old-established-native-industry-spirit of the deceased baronet. Before the remains of the late lamented Sir Boxer Bully, Baronet, were decently covered, the pickaxes of the railway navigators were rooting up the turf of his sacred acres. Still Mr. Burleigh was not quite capable of seeing it.

Another period passed by, much as the periods had passed before, and we arrived at last within a day of the opening of the railway direct from my nameless country town to the metropolis. A business appointment in London which I could not neglect, prevented my being present at this ceremony, although I had been in the neighbourhood for a fortnight previously. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the day before the opening, I took my seat upon the box-seat of the Quick-silver coach (the Highflyer had gone the way of the Lightning) to honour with my patronage the last journey it was intended to make. Mr. Burleigh mounted by my side to take the reins—for he had been reduced to act as his own coachman for some months past—and he shook me by the hand in a manner that he, no doubt, intended to be warm, out of gratitude for my thoughtful kindness in supporting him on this trying and melancholy occasion.

It was no ordinary journey. It was a

funeral of a four-horse coach, performed by its ruined but obstinate proprietor. As we wound slowly out of my nameless country town, many persons stood looking at us with various expressions of triumph, pity, and contempt; but I was the only individual besides the proprietor-driver in and about the coach, the last single passenger who had booked through for the last journey. It was a cold, dull, bleak day near the end of August. Masses of heavy cloud were flying above, which constantly foreboded rain, but did not bring it. Mr. Burleigh was well stimulated with raw brandy at starting, and he did not fail to refresh himself with this liquid at every opportunity. The harness was getting old, and out of order, and Mr. Burleigh had frequently to descend from his seat to repair it, which caused considerable delay. As he drove mechanically along, he preserved a moody silence which I did not attempt to break; presuming that he was occupied with reflections that might, eventually, lead him to see it. At several of the lanes and barns where we changed horses, the men kept us waiting for full twenty minutes; but, as Mr. Burleigh made no complaint, I held my peace, as it would have been refined cruelty to add quarrels to the horrors of this sombre journey. When we had got about half-way through, we picked up another passenger—a fat, sickly, pudding-faced boy, who was waiting at a turn-pike with a shaggy, howling dog, half-a-dozen boxes, and two pounds of cake in his hand, with eight or nine people to see him off. There was a visible look of disappointment in Mr. Burleigh's face when he found what an unusual number of spectators there were in this hopeful roadside crowd to one juvenile passenger. The boy was placed inside, with the cake, and the door locked; the packages were soon disposed of, and the dog was put in the boot to howl and moan incessantly, and enliven our last journey.

Our time to arrive in London was properly half-past nine at night, but harness-breaking and brandy-drinking made it nearly one o'clock in the morning before we reached the Old Dragon Inn, at Smithfield.

Eight persons, chiefly females, were anxiously waiting for the pudding-faced boy with the dog and packages, and they made some cruel remarks to Mr. Burleigh about the uncertainty of coach-travelling compared with the railway. He did not reply, but stared vacantly at them as they disappeared with the boy up the street. The rotten gates of the Old Dragon Inn were slowly and painfully opened with a fearful creaking by an old, palay-stricken ostler, with a voice that squeaked from the lowest depths of his slender stomach. He made some faint remark—no one could possibly tell what—as he led the horses and vehicle down the stone hill into the yard. It was a fitting grave to receive the last stage-coach, and the old ostler was its most fitting sexton.

The Old Dragon Inn was in a sadly changed condition since I had seen it last. My usual custom was to drop down from Mr. Burleigh's vehicles outside the town, seldom coming as far as the end of the journey to dismount. Three or four years must have gone by since I had accepted the hospitality of the Old Dragon Inn; but, being unusually late, and determined to see the broken-down Quicksilver to its tomb, and its broken-down owner to his bed, I resolved to pass the remainder of the night in it.

Mr. Burleigh took little notice of me, but made for a corner of the yard where a dull red light, caused by a candle shining through a curtain, denoted the position of the bar. I lingered a few minutes to look round and examine the changes that had taken place.

The principal entrance—a long passage lined on each side with what were formerly stables—was now turned into a narrow street of small, dirty, cattle-smelling houses, let out tenements, and decorated with festoons of ragged, yellow clothes that danced upon clothes-lines, stretched across the thoroughfare from end to end. The old gate that opened into the main road was now closed, and the inhabitants slept soundly, and did not dream of being robbed of their humble garments.

Several pools of liquorice-coloured water were in the yard, presided over by rotten wooden pumps. The stones were saffron-coloured, broken, and uneven. The out-houses were falling to pieces, and the sky shone in numberless places through the broken roofs. Under one of these places of doubtful shelter was stowed a large pile of cheeses; under others, heavy carts that looked like grain-waggons; and also a few yellow-boarded vans with pictures of fat women, boa-constrictors, and learned pigs. The Old Dragon Inn could no longer afford to be exclusive; but was compelled to open its doors to entertain any man and beast that thought proper to knock at them. Sometimes it afforded shelter to the drovers of the cattle-market; sometimes, as in the present instance, it welcomed the motley mummers who were preparing for the approaching Bartholomew Fair. Drums, boarding, poles, carts, and waggons were lying about the yard. The night was clearer than the day, and I had, therefore, no difficulty in observing these things.

I joined Mr. Burleigh, who was still drinking raw brandy in the bar, and learned that every stable and bed-room in the inn, except one—a double bedded apartment—was taken up by jugglers, horse-riders, tumblers, and fair-people. The bar was dirty and ill-stocked; the floor was half covered with mud and straw; there was a smell of rum, beer, and tobacco-smoke floating through the place; and the woman who attended upon us was sad, pale, and dowdy. While we were speaking,

the old, palsied, stomach-voiced ostler came in with a broken lantern, containing an expiring candle-end.

"I've giv' the two meares a quartern-a-'arf an' three pennorth; but the old 'oss seems hoff 'is feed, sir."

This was asthmatically said to Mr. Burleigh, who replied at wonderful length for him:

"No wonder, Sam, no wonder. I'm off my feed myself."

The woman behind the bar shook her head mournfully; the palsied ostler shook his head more than usual (for it was always shaking); and Mr. Burleigh, having drained another glass of raw brandy, motioned the ostler to lead on with the cracked lantern, and departed from the bar without uttering another word. I looked at the dowdy woman for a moment, and learning from her glance that I was to follow Mr. Burleigh, and share the double-bedded room, I did so without remonstrance, joining the broken-down coach-proprietor, and the palsied ostler.

We went under a low archway; past several dunghills; over several of the liquorice-coloured puddles; past some grunting pigs in a sty, over many uneven saffron-coloured stones, between a ruined mail-coach that rested upon three wheels, and a waggon, that to judge by the sound of heavy breathing coming from it, was well peopled with sound sleepers; up some old rotten steps, on to an equally rotten gallery (the old ostler motioning us to be careful of one or two doubtful planks) under an open doorway into a large square low-roofed room, that had the general saffron-coloured appearance of the place, and the same faint smell of tobacco and the stables. It contained two beds, like tents, the covering of which was of the tint of parchment. One stood to the right near the door; the other at the further end of the room. Two bits of ragged carpet and two rush-bottomed chairs, near the beds, one high narrow washing-stand against the wall, and a black, knotted looking-glass over the fire-place completed the furniture. There was only one window, which opened upon the gallery outside the door.

I went to the bed at the further end of the room, and threw myself upon it in my clothes, amusing myself by watching Mr. Burleigh.

"Sam," he said to the ostler, as he was closing the door, "bring up a crust of bread and cheese, and a pint of brandy."

In a few minutes Sam returned with the required refreshment. Upon a plate, beside the small loaf and cheese, was a short table-knife with a thick blade that had been worn and cleaned down to a point, until it was like a dagger. The old ostler closed the door, and left us to our repose.

How long I remained lying there, watching Mr. Burleigh, and at what precise moment I

drew the dingy, parchment-shaded curtains of my tent-bed together, I cannot tell. I had certainly fallen into a heavy sleep, when I was aroused by the sound of a loud deep voice. I peeped through the closed curtain. The day, as far as I could judge, was just beginning to break, for there was a pale light in the room by which I saw the tall figure of Mr. Burleigh standing up in his shirt-sleeves with his back towards me, and the short dagger-like cheese-knife held aloft firmly in his right hand. He was shouting loudly to the blank wall near the door when I first looked at him, but he immediately turned round towards me, and I involuntarily shrank behind the curtain, peeping through the smallest crevice I could possibly command. He then commenced a fierce plunging walk in a circle round the centre of the room; his eyes nearly starting from his head; his left arm contracted and drawn back with the hand tightly clenched; and his right hand making short, rapid, and deadly stabs with the knife at some visionary enemy whom he was chasing. The pent-up silence of twenty years had at length broken out in a violent fit of delirium tremens. Mr. Burleigh could see it now with a vengeance. His thick voice coming from his foaming mouth, told that at every blow of the knife in the air, he cut to pieces a whole board of railway directors.

I kept my eye upon him through the closed curtain, as for one hour, or more (which to me seemed fifty years), he went unceasingly in his circle round the room. Silently and carefully I had moved the mattress of the bed, and had it ready for a shield in the event of his turning against me, which I momentarily expected. I heartily wished at that instant that I had never seen my nameless country town, its trout, its inns, its coaches, or its coach proprietors. I thought of the most absurd and trifling incidents of my past life; how I had once stolen a teetotum from a boy at school; how I had been unnecessarily cruel to the fish I had caught (although acting strictly within sporting rules); how I should have done much better by marrying and settling down with the youngest daughter of the landlady at the hotel of my nameless country town, instead of neglecting her, and her manifest partiality towards me, and going into the smoking-room to indulge in the savage luxury of gloating over the unhappy man before me. I then asked myself the most absurd conundrums, and replied to them by giving the most absurd answers. All this time the maniac broken-down coach-owner was circling round and round in his phrenzy, and making a noise that I trusted every moment would arouse some of the sleepers in the waggon in the yard, if it did not reach the distant household. As I watched I saw the door fall back upon its hinges, and I thought my deliverance was at hand. I was doomed to disappointment.

The door had been closed, but not fastened, and the vibration of the old floor, which went up and down under the heavy tread of the powerful and excited maniac, like the deck of a ship at sea, had caused it to open—nothing more. As I still watched the unfortunate coach-owner, I saw him stumble and fall backward. A plank had suddenly given way, and his right leg had gone through into the lath and plaster underneath.

I was up in an instant, with one of the rush-bottomed chairs in my hand. It was a matter of life and death, for he was double my size and strength, and he had already recovered himself, and was made furious by seeing me. I jebbed the chair desperately against him, sending him staggering towards the fireplace, and then my nerve gave way, and I dropped my weapon, bounding out of the door and over the railing into the yard, without regard, in my excitement, as to where I might fall. I came upon a large hog slumbering in a pigstye, but before he could get up and revenge himself upon the intruder, I was running down the yard, and under the low archway, shouting loudly for help, for I heard and saw Mr. Burleigh running after me along the gallery. I got to the showman's drums under the shed, one of which I struck heavily with my clenched fists, and the whole yard was soon in activity and motion. It was now broad daylight; drovers came out of stables; sun-burnt showmen and freckled women came out of vans, and out of the dwelling-house; several inhabitants of the small street where the clothes were hanging up, came out partially dressed, to swell the crowd; a very fat lady (who I afterwards learnt was the Swiss giantess) appeared at the door of a show van under an outhouse, exhibiting herself regardless of profit; tumblers in dirty pink tights, and clowns in spotted dresses, half concealed beneath long ragged great-coats (nearly everybody seemed to sleep full-dressed), were bound in amongst the throng; and the dowdy bar-woman, who turned out to be the landlady and widow of the late landlord, brought up the rear, attended by the palsied ostler.

I was surprised to find that the maniac coach-owner, with the dagger cheese-knife, did not appear from under the archway, and I supposed that he was either waiting stealthily for a spring, or had destroyed himself with his own weapon. I told my story to the assembled and wondering group, and we proceeded cautiously in a body towards the quarter of the building where the double-bedded apartment was situated. We soon found the cause of Mr. Burleigh's delay in making his appearance. He had again fallen through the rotten floor—this time the planks of the old gallery—and so fast had one of his

legs been caught by the splinters which had wedged him up to the thigh, that all his efforts to extricate himself were useless. He appeared a little more calm—probably from exhaustion—and having been got out by the exertions of one of the show-carpenters without any broken bones, he was guarded to bed, more peaceably than I had ever expected. The doctor's report the next morning, after a good bleeding operation, was far from unfavourable.

I left a few hours afterwards, much shaken and fatigued, to keep my business appointment, and I did not see or hear anything of Mr. Burleigh for some years.

I still go down to fish in the outskirts of my nameless country town. It is, of course, much altered, and, in a commercial sense, it may be for the better. I get down at a small, clean Gothic railway station, and give up my ticket to a porter at the door, in whom I recognise an old coaching hanger-on, who has gone over to the enemy. I take my place in the short, thick railway omnibus, and jolt up to my old hotel.

One day, when I arrived as usual, I noticed a peculiar expression in the face of this porter, which foreboded something. As he took the ticket, and touched his cap, he said to me, confidentially:

"He's come back, sir!"

"Who, Dick?" I asked.

"Muster Burleigh."

As he said this, he pointed to the driving-box of the railway omnibus, and, glancing up, I saw Mr. Burleigh sitting there, looking much older, with the reins in his hand.

"He can see it now, sir," said the porter, quietly.

"Yes, Dick," I replied; "he can see it, now, Dick, and so can we all."

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OZONE.

IN Doctor Letheby's report on the sanitary state of the city during the last quarter, the escape of the citizens from serious epidemic disease consequent upon the putrid fermentation of the River Thames, is attributed to two causes, amongst others: First, the inky appearance of the stream arising from the fixation of the sulphuretted hydrogen by the iron of the clay, has been the salvation of the lives of thousands; for, offensive as have been the vapours evolved from the river, they are as nothing in comparison with what they would have been if the much-abused clay from the lower shores of the river had not seized the miasma in its chemical clutches, and imprisoned it in a solid and involatile form. As it is, however, the gases evolved from the water amount to about fifteen cubic inches per gallon, which forms a pretty considerable atmosphere of stinking vapour, when the whole contents of the Thames are calculated. Secondly, the resistance of the city to sickness, up to a recent date, may be partly owing to the unusual amount of OZONE in the air during the same period, which has exerted its beneficial influence by oxydising the organic poison.

Most of my readers will be familiar with London clay, especially if they have ever visited the Regent's Park; ozone, however, is a comparative stranger, to whom many people may like to have a slight introduction.

Monsieur Schœnbein, Professor of Chemistry at Bâle, the inventor of the expression ozone, at first considered it as an odorous principle, emanating from a simple elementary body. Subsequently, he regarded it as a compound of oxygen and hydrogen. Finally, his own discoveries, confirmed by the researches of Messieurs Marignac, De la Rive, Frémy, and E. Becquerel, proved that ozone is oxygen electrified. The singular properties of oxygen thus modified, which have generally attracted the attention of chemists and natural philosophers, help to explain several natural phenomena of great importance. At the outset, ozone was mainly studied in a chemical point of view, and has given birth to results of great value. It has also occupied the thoughts of meteorologists and medical men, who have sought to ascertain its

presence in atmospheric air, and to discover its influence in the production of several diseases. But the difficulties offered by a new element of science discouraged many of its first investigators, and they for the most part gave up further research, in despair of arriving at any certain conclusion. At this conjuncture, the sources of ozone were suddenly discovered. Monsieur Scoutteten, head physician of the Military Hospital at Metz and member of numerous European learned societies (who was the first to write a book on ozone, and to which book this article is greatly indebted for its matter) traced the new-found body in all its manifestations; he watched its birth, he followed its increase, till it assumed an importance whose limits cannot yet be precisely fixed.

Henceforward, according to Monsieur Scoutteten's views, ozone is no longer a mere chemical agent; it is an instrument employed by Providence for the production of the grandest phenomena of nature. It is the agent who presides over the laws of atmospheric electricity, who explains the formation of aqueous meteors, the periodical and the diurnal oscillations of the barometer, the means of restoring to the atmosphere the oxygen destroyed by the respiration of animals, by natural oxydisation, and by combustion for the purposes of warmth, cookery, and grand industrial manufactures.

Meteorology, that obscure and uncertain science which William Herschell compared to a romance composed of interesting episodes, is illuminated by unexpected lights; the globe is shown to be an immense laboratory wherein are effected powerful combinations (whose causes it is possible to comprehend and foresee), which prepare and accomplish the grand perturbations of the atmosphere. Science will no longer remain mute respecting the approaching terrors of fearful tempests like that which nearly destroyed a fleet in the Black Sea on the memorable fourteenth of November, eighteen hundred and fifty-four, raging so intensely and also so widely as to be felt simultaneously at Balaklava and at Paris. But, if such lofty anticipations appear to savour rather of imagination than of cool reasoning, it is easy to limit ourselves to the lower range of the relations of ozone with animals and vegetables. There, also, we

shall find this active power exercising its influence on organised beings, exciting life, provoking maladies, and determining death. We shall find Chemistry demanding of ozone the secret of its combinations with nascent oxygen; Medicine calling for experiments to render healthy, spots now infested by pestilence, and seeking the cause of the most fearful epidemics, and entreating for remedies against those evils which it is now powerless to subdue; lastly, Agriculture gladdened by a ray of bright hope that the proper application of this protean agent may increase the fertility of our fields and gardens. Such is the important part which the discoverers of ozone believe that it is destined to play. They find in it a new manifestation of the infinite power of the Creator of Worlds, who with atoms and wheelwork of marvellous simplicity, produces effects whose majestic grandeur strikes the imagination with astonishment, elevates the soul, and fills it with fervent admiration.

About nineteen years since, Monsieur Schönbein, the discoverer of gun-cotton (which discovery was nevertheless perfectly prepared by the labours of Messieurs Brannot and Pelouze) busying himself with the decomposition of water by the voltaic pile, was struck by the odour given out by the gaseous fluid so obtained. The following year, he wrote to Arago, that he had been astonished at the perfect analogy existing between the smell which is developed when ordinary electricity passes from the points of a conductor through the environing air, and that which is disengaged when water is decomposed by a voltaic current. At that date, Monsieur Schönbein believed that the odorous principle was a simple elementary body, which he named ozone, from the word *ὄζω*, the present participle of the Greek verb, to smell or to stink. He had not yet ascertained, though he strongly suspected, the presence of ozone in the atmosphere. The circumstance signalled by Monsieur Schönbein had already been indicated by Van Marum, towards the end of the eighteenth century. He stated that oxygen, resting on plain water, was not affected by electricity, except that it acquired a very strong smell, which seemed evidently to be the smell of the matter of electricity. The phenomenon itself had long been forgotten when Monsieur Schönbein called attention to it. Monsieur Williamson proved, before long, that ozone was not a simple element; that the decomposition of ozone produces water and oxygen, and that it, consequently, is hydrogen in a state of oxydation superior to that of water; that ozone produced by the battery, consists of suroxide of hydrogen, and is identical with ozone produced by the action of the air on moistened phosphorus. Subsequent experiments proved beyond a doubt that ozone is nothing more than oxygen electrified. It was then proposed to adopt the latter title,

but the shorter expression retained its ground, having been already adopted by general usage.

This novel condition of oxygen will probably be one day turned to account in the arts; for instance, in the fabrication of sulphuric acid, without the aid of azotic acid, by forming the latter acid directly with moist sulphurous acid gas. Ozone is colourless, of a penetrating nauseabund smell, and is the most powerful agent of oxydation known. It oxydises cold silver and mercury, when both are moist; but if both the ozone and the metal are dry, oxydation does not take place. It has no action on pure water, although if left in contact with it for several hours, it is dissolved therein. Ozone rapidly destroys organic colouring matters, as well as ligneous and albuminous matters. Hence, it has been suggested to combine it directly, by compression with water, and so to obtain an ozonised water, which might be useful in the bleaching of linen cloth, superseding muriatic acid, which is particularly destructive of cellulose. Ozone forms chemical combinations, of which chloric, bromic, and iodic acids are the results; it combines directly with olefiant gas without being decomposed; it destroys sulphuretted hydrogen. It is rapidly absorbed by a great number of vegetable and animal substances, such as albumine, caseine, fibrine, and blood. It quickly destroys all oxydable miasms, and is the most powerful disinfecting agent yet discovered. Happy indeed has it been for London, during the last month or two, that ozone has been plentiful in its vitiated atmosphere.

On the other hand, it has been proved that electrified oxygen is unfit for respiration,—that it produces suffocation. This explains some of the accidents which occur after a flash of lightning. It is known, in fact, that, in many cases, persons who have not been struck, have, nevertheless, been killed by the suspension of their vital powers through the presence of an atmosphere impregnated with sulphurous or phosphorous vapours, owing to the sudden generation of an extra quantity of ozone. For the medical man and the physiologist, one of the most interesting facts in the history of ozone is the action which this subtle agent exerts on the animal economy. It excites the lungs, provokes cough, induces suffocation, and becomes, when in excess, a deleterious substance of sufficiently poisonous energy to occasion death. The air, in its normal state, contains one ten-thousandth part of ozone; when the proportion is raised to one two-thousandth part, it is powerful enough to kill small animals. What a mighty, unsuspected means of life or death does the Ruler of the Universe thus hold in his hands! A slight increase, or diminution, of an invisible fluid, is equivalent to the outpouring of His vials of wrath, or of His mercy overshadowing us with healing on its wings.

Ozone is produced naturally in the atmosphere whenever an electric current, or a natural electric discharge takes place. This constitutes atmospheric ozone. Chemical ozone is produced in our laboratories under conditions that are known and well-determined. Sticks of phosphorus, a little less than half an inch thick, plunged half in air and half in water, are the materials at present employed to obtain artificial ozone. In this operation, the vapour of the phosphorus combines with a portion of the atmospheric oxygen, and so forms hypophosphoric acid, which is immediately dissolved in the water in the flask; this chemical combination gives rise to a disengagement of electricity, which acts on the rest of the oxygen remaining in the air, and the production of ozone is the consequence. The properties acquired by electrification appear to belong to oxygen only, and not to other gases, such as hydrogen or azote. If such shall prove to be the fact, these properties may perhaps be derived from the luminous fluid contained by this gas, and which may in some sort be combined with it by electrification. Oxygen is the only gas which exhibits luminosity under compression in a glass tube. Carbonic acid gives some trace of light, by the oxygen which it contains; hydrogen, azote, and other gases, made to undergo compression, give no trace of light at all.

Monsieur Schœnbein contrived to demonstrate the presence of ozone in the air, by means of a delicate reagent, namely paper impregnated with iodide of potassium and starch. The prepared paper is cut into slips five inches long, and an inch and a half broad, and is kept in a close box, or in a bottle, in the dark, till it is required to be used as an ozonoscopic test. More than that, he has contrived to measure the quantity of ozone contained in the atmosphere at any given time, by comparing the coloration of the prepared paper with coloured patterns carefully studied, and placed so as to form a graduated scale. The ozonometer given in Monsieur Scottteten's book consists of a chromatic scale of eleven degrees of different shades, hues, or tints of violet. Zero, or 0, is white or uncoloured paper, when no ozone is discoverable in the air. Number one is lightest shade, number ten is the most intense; the intermediate degrees are shades which vary in depth according as they approach or recede from the intensest tint. To find the degree in the ozonometric scale attained by the atmosphere at any time, a slip of prepared paper is suspended in a spot sheltered from the direct rays of the sun, and to which the open air has free access, but removed as far as possible from any cesspool, offensive drain, or other source of gas which destroys ozone. The slip is thus exposed for twelve hours, after which it is dipped in water. The coloration assumed by the wetted paper is compared with the scale, and the result registered

accordingly. Two observations are made every four-and-twenty hours, one for the day and one for the night. The first from six in the morning till six in the evening; the second, from six in the evening till six in the morning. By these imperfect tests it has been already ascertained that ozone is formed more abundantly in the upper regions of the atmosphere than in the lower strata; and that ozone diminishes in quantity, when the atmospherical conditions favour the escape of the electric fluid. The first of these facts helps us to explain some of the peculiar effects of mountain air.

But, according to Monsieur S. Clolz, iodised starched paper can no longer be trusted, as has hitherto been believed, as a certain reagent of ozone; because the said paper, in the open air, is coloured by the azotic acid and other vapours existing in the atmosphere; it is also tinged by the essential oils which evergreen trees and aromatic plants are continually exhaling. In order, therefore, to judge of the sanitary condition of a place, as affected by the presence of ozone, it is requisite to be cognisant of the precise and actual cause of the coloration of the iodised paper, as well as of the accessory circumstances which are likely to modify the sanitary state. This alone is sufficient to prove that the study of ozone has scarcely advanced beyond its rudiments, and that great caution is indispensable before any certain physiological conclusions can be arrived at.

Of the ozonometric papers prepared on the Continent, the two best are those of Monsieur Schœnbein and of Monsieur Jame, chemist and druggist (pharmacien) of Versailles. Monsieur Schœnbein's paper, compared with itself, does not give identical results; it is almost always full of large veins, like marble-paper, owing to the inferior quality of the paper itself, and the hygrometric influence of the air. These veins increase the difficulty of the observer's ascertaining the place which the paper, after being tinged by ozone, occupies in the chromatic scale. Different observers might make a mistake of several degrees in the determination of this position; and, consequently, it is far from easy to make a comparison of the results obtained by means of Schœnbein's paper. Monsieur Jame's paper is free from this objection; it is more sensitive; compared with itself, it is uniform in its indications; its tint is very equal and even. Notwithstanding which, the determination of the quantity of ozone in the atmosphere by a scale of hues or tints is a regrettable source of error. In this particular, ozonometry is still in its infancy, and can never arrive at its adult state until its data are obtainable independently of the observer's visual delicacy. The very same person who has fixed the position of a shade in the scale of colour during a moment of fatigue, will raise or depress it a degree or two if he looks at it again after a few hours.

repose. Observers should also be warned against the idea of preparing their own ozonometric papers and their own chromatic scales; all they can do, at present, is to select the paper which, to their individual eyes, affords the surest and the most easily comparable results. This mode of measurement must be accepted provisionally until chemists shall discover some re-agent of ozone which does not require the intervention of the eye, and which shall afford the means of imbibing or being acted upon by ozone with swiftness and certainty.

As it is, the facts already known are extremely curious and interesting. For instance, ozone is found to be absent from inhabited dwellings. Slips of ozonoscopic paper have been kept in each of the wards of the military hospital of Metz, for twenty-four hours, for eight-and-forty, and even for several days, without affording the slightest trace of ozone, although every precaution had been taken to render the experiment perfectly exact; while slips of the very same paper, hung outside the windows of the establishment, gave seven, eight, and even ten degrees of the ozonometric scale. Similar experiments have been made at Versailles, by Dr. Bérigny, with the same results. It is impossible to avoid suspecting that a clue is thus given to the different effects upon the health produced by in-door exercise and out-door exercise, by town life and country life, by labour in a metropolitan workshop and labour in the open fields.

That ozone, either in excess or in deficit, in the atmosphere has an influence on the human constitution, is proved by several recorded observations, some of which date so far back as eighteen hundred and forty-five. In that year, Aarau, in Switzerland, was afflicted with cholera. Monsieur Wolf, the director of the Observatory at Berne, classed the days between the fifteenth of August and the fourteenth of October into three groups: those in which no case of death occurred, those in which there were only one or two, and those in which there were three and upwards. He found that the mean correspondence of the reactions of ozone throughout each of those groups of days was, for the first, second, and third-class days respectively, very nearly as the numbers six, five, and four. Monsieur Wolf thence concluded that the progress of cholera is, at least, extremely favoured by the diminution of ozone. It is only right to state, that other experiments have proved less conclusive. Thus, when the cholera was at Metz, some two years ago, ozone (or its absence) was believed to have had something to do with the invasion of the epidemic. Meteorological experiments relative to the question were ordered by the Minister of War, but the results did not appear to confirm the current opinion. Nevertheless, several new data were obtained, which are worth noticing, although they

have no reference to that special subject of inquiry. On one bank of the Seine more ozone is found during the night than during the day, while on the opposite bank it is exactly the contrary. In dry weather the atmosphere contains less ozone than when the sky is cloudy. This might have been presumed, *a priori*, as a consequence of the different electrical state of the air in the two cases. Thirdly, the variations of ozone follow very nearly the same course at Saint Cloud and at Versailles simultaneously. It is a curious question, whether ozone exists in the polar regions and in countries where tempests never occur. For the answer, we must wait awhile. Still we may guess that amidst the arid sands of the Great Desert, where vegetation is rare, ozone is scanty in quantity; within the arctic and antarctic circles, we may presume, that the reverse takes place, because the waters of the polar seas would furnish an abundance of positive electricity.

In eighteen hundred and fifty-five, Monsieur Schönbein observed at Berlin a great quantity of ozone in the atmosphere during an epidemic grippé, or influenza, which attacked all persons who were predisposed to pulmonary complaints. Dr. Boeckel noticed that malaria always occurs when the ozonoscope marks zero or the lowest possible degree, and that marsh-fevers rage most severely under exactly the same circumstances. At Strasbourg, the appearance of the cholera coincided with the absence of ozone, while the decrease of the epidemic was accompanied by the return of ozone. These observations seem to suggest the hypothesis, that marsh-fevers are due to miasms which have for their vehicle the proto-carbonate of hydrogen (the gas of the marshes), which is formed and disengaged during summer, as every one can see for himself by strolling through the localities, by the muddy and stagnant waters of marshes and ponds. Is the same vehicle likely to distribute the poisonous germs or leaven of cholera and other epidemics? In that case, it is easy to conceive that the ozone, formed during a tempest by the electric discharges, combines instantly with this carbonated hydrogen, and therefore neutralises it. Consequently, the more intense is an epidemic, the less ozone would there be present in the air. It naturally follows that epidemic diseases would diminish after a thunderstorm, which, in popular language, clears the air, and, in our present state of knowledge, generates ozone. By parity of reason, the same diseases would increase in intensity during hot, close, heavy weather, exactly as happened in Paris on that fatal day of the summer of eighteen hundred and forty-nine, when the heat was oppressive and suffocating, and when such a number of victims sunk beneath the pest. The great quantity of ozone observed by Monsieur Schönbein during an epidemic influenza may be explained by the action of ozone in excess.

Almost every medicinal substance taken in excess becomes injurious. Just so, a superabundance of ozone, acting immediately upon the mucous membranes as an agent of oxidation, would produce inflammation in the end.

From these different observations, it would result that, in hospital wards or sick rooms occupied by cholera patients, sticks of phosphorus, half immersed in water, should be kept exposed in open vessels; the same preservative measure should also be adopted in every dwelling-house, in case of any visitation of cholera, in order to generate a perceptible and notable quantity of ozone in every inhabited place within the affected district.

For the grand mass of the population, enjoying its usual state of health, their protection from the sources of pestilence, after they have done all they can to protect themselves, must come from the grand operations of nature, as destined by Providence for that benevolent purpose. When lightning is produced by the opposite electricities of two clouds, there is thunder; that is, there is a loud noise occasioned by the vibration of the air which is cleft and shattered by the passage of the electric fluid. When lightning is the result of the combination of the electricity of a cloud with the opposite electricity of bodies on the surface of the earth, the flash strikes the ground, or, in popular language, the thunderbolt falls. This phenomenon frequently happens; and all those who have witnessed it at short distances invariably speak of the odour which spreads itself around the stricken spot. Wafer, who was surgeon on board Dampier's ship, relates that when he traversed the Isthmus of Darien, the squalls which he encountered were accompanied by lightning and by loud claps of thunder, and that then the air was infected with a sulphurous smell strong enough to choke respiration, especially in the midst of a wood. When the ship (the Montague) was struck by lightning, in seventeen hundred and ninety-four, there was such a strong smell that the vessel seemed to be nothing but a mass of smoking sulphur. The same comparisons were made when the packet, the New York, of five hundred tons, was twice struck by lightning on the nineteenth of April, eighteen hundred and twenty-seven. De Romas proved himself a more exact observer, when he compared the smell of lightning to that given out by electric batteries. If any further doubt remained that the nauseous and penetrating odour of air traversed by lightning was owing to the formation of ozone, it would be completely removed by the declaration of Monsieur Buchwalder, a Swiss engineer, whose functions often called him to the highest peaks of the Alps. One day he happened to be on the summit of the Senlis, near Appenzel, reposing together with his servant beneath a little tent pitched on the snow, when they were suddenly both

enveloped in a sheet of lightning which was flashing about in all directions. The servant was killed on the spot, and immediately afterwards the tent was filled with a very strong and very peculiar smell. At a subsequent period, Monsieur Buchwalder paid a visit to Monsieur Schœnbein, just as he was making experiments with ozone, whose odour then pervaded the laboratory. The chemist was not a little surprised to hear the engineer declare, that he perfectly recognised the odour as exactly the same which he had smelt in his tent on the summit of the Senlis.

It is also found that ozone is manifested, in very decided quantity, over sheets of water, as might have been expected. At the surfaces of contact of either still or running water with the earth there is a disengagement of electricity. The earth takes in a notable excess of negative electricity, and the water a corresponding excess of positive electricity. The same phenomenon occurs at the surface of seas and lakes, where the evaporation of water is always accompanied by a chemical disaggregation of the salts held in solution. We also know that aqueous surfaces disengage, especially under the influence of light, a very notable quantity of oxygen. To comprehend the importance of the fact, it suffices to call to mind the vast extent of the oceans, lakes, and rivers, in comparison with the inferior area of dry land on our globe. Electricity and oxygen being thus thrown together in their nascent state, it is easy to understand the quantity of ozone that must be formed under such favourable conditions.

It is some consolation to know that these wide-spread and various sources of disinfection do exist; for, whether it be ozone from thunder-storms, whether ozone from gentler electric currents, or whether ozone from the surface of rivers and seas, it is quite clear that London will stand in need of a liberal (not an excessive) supply of ozone during the interval of time which will elapse between the publication of this paper and the effectual purification of the Thames.

HOW JONES GOT THE ENGLISH VERSE-MEDAL.

My name is Herbert Brown, and my calling and profession is that of a maker of poems; however incredible it may appear to mere money-spinners and prosaic persons of all sorts, I am perfectly convinced, that I was born for that express end and object, and any attempt at persuading me to the contrary will be thrown away. I don't flatter myself that I am A bit of a poet; I don't consider that I have A very pretty talent for making verses; I don't amuse myself in my leisure hours with Culling a chaplet for my brows from Olympus' top, and wooing the bashful muse; I cannot find words to express my

contempt for any such practices ; of all idiots the sentimental idiot being to me the most abhorrent.

I am accustomed to drink vast quantities of bitter beer during composition, and my favourite supper is toasted cheese with onions. I think Shakespeare was the greatest stunner who ever breathed, and I am happy to believe that when he met the late Mr. Bowdler in Hades, he punched the head of him for presuming to meddle with his original text ; that he gave him one for his nob for each impertinent and unnecessary elimination. I think it would have done Mr. Wordsworth all the good in the world to have got what Burns calls fou at least once in every three weeks of his poetic career. I go in for Nature and high spirits. The thoughts which I think I am used to express as well as I am able, instead of employing every artifice to conceal them, and of playing a sort of graceful hide-and-seek with the unhappy reader. Do not suppose, when I say, that I despise the metaphysical and spasmodic poets, that I admire Byron ; because I don't at all. But for his frightful vice, he seems to me as whine and watery, and complainingly egotistic, as any of them, and if he had chanced to have been born an actor instead of a lord, we should never have heard the last of that smell of the footlights which pervades him. I go in for sunshine and fresh air. However, in spite of his bad grammar, one does discover easily enough what Byron means. This is also the case with the poetry of Herbert Brown, or I am much mistaken. I go in for Saxon and sense, and clearness of thought, and that is why I lost the Chancellor's Medal for English Verse at the university ; or rather, Jones is obscure, with all his glittering verbiage, and afflicts the reader with vertigo, and that—as you shall hear—is why he gained it.

There is always a great competition for the English verse-prize. The classical men write for it, after the same style in which they do their Greek and Latin verses, with pretty good metre, but with a great insufficiency of ideas. The mathematical men, too, are excited, in no small numbers, by the unnatural ambition, but most of them are stopped by the first couplet, and subside into blank verse, which is looked upon by the examiners with great disfavour. All the idle literary and fast intellectual men are also candidates for the laurel, and they gain it, as may be expected, at least as often as any other class. It is almost the only university distinction which can be attained, as the classic phrase runs, without sweating for it, and your gin-punch-and-Shelley undergraduate is, to say truth, not much inclined to laborious application. Though there are perhaps in reality more competitors for this prize than any other, in appearance there are very few ; scarcely any, where all must fail save one, will own to writing for it ; and

many are downright ashamed of the imputation of making poems (although they secretly pride themselves upon the fancied gift beyond measure) and so deny the soft impeachment, as being too soft to be confessed. I never denied it. As soon as the subject—The Aurora Borealis—was given out, I immediately announced my intention of becoming a candidate ; and my friends (I say it to their credit), who believed in me almost as much as I believed in myself, disseminated the information. Jones, too, to do him justice, was not wanting in self-confidence, although he pusillanimously declined to take my five dozen of bottled porter to two, which I had offered upon my chance against his.

It was curious to remark how the Aurora Borealis pervaded university talk during that term ; how the north pole thrust itself into general conversation, and the Esquimaux obtained a social footing in undergraduate circles. Tangent of John's, a man who was spoken of as an embryo Smith's prizeman, but who was not a good hand at rhyming, went about complaining to his friends that he could not get anything to chime with walrus ; his poem, he said, was perfect, except in this one particular, which was, however, of the greatest importance, because he had caused his hero to be attacked by that Arctic monster. I supplied him with this couplet :

Storm and iceberg, bear and walrus,
Combined to make his prospects dolorous ;

for which he thanked me heartily, and stuck it amongst his heroic verses, just as it was.

Now, the examiners for the English verse prize were three.

One. The Vice-Chancellor for that year, who was not thought very highly of as an intellectual person, but who made up in obstinacy for what he wanted in wits, and was therefore highly respected and seldom opposed.

Two. A mathematical professor, who was accustomed to amuse himself in leisure moments with making artificial suns, as good, and almost as large, as the real one ; and whose modesty was such as to have once caused him to observe, that he was not a conceited man by any means, but still that he knew everything (if he were not mistaken), except how to play on the violin.

Three. A classical professor, who had passed five and thirty years of his life in the study of the Greek particles, and who maintained with pride, that he had not mastered their astonishing subtlety of meaning even yet.

The Vice was not only incompetent to write what was worth reading (although he had written a good deal in his time), but also what could be read at all. His handwriting was the wanderings of a centipede who had just escaped from the ink-pot, and had crawled and sprawled over the paper. It was therefore arranged that he, who had

the privilege of reading the poems first, should signify his approbation or disapproval by one simple letter, G for good, or B for bad, and not venture upon giving a written opinion. He then impressed upon his two coadjutors the necessity of their being impartial, and quite independent of his opinion, in such a manner, that they both retired from the presence secretly determined to agree with his high mightiness at all hazards.

This may seem a little hard upon the two professors; but, if I spoke of them as strictly honest, it must be at the expense of their wisdom,—and where are the professors who would not rather be accounted wise than held immaculate? It is also impossible for me to forget, that it was these two misguided men who did in fact award the chancellor's medal to Jones.

All the manuscripts arrived at the appointed time at the Vice-Chancellor's, neatly folded up and sealed, each with its motto, as though it were a pastrycook's kiss: three-and-forty *Palmarum-qui-meruit-ferat*, and thirteen quotations culled from the Latin grammar, besides all the beautifully appropriate superscriptions of the classical men, whose poetic merits upon these occasions are a good deal concentrated in the mottos. The Vice-Chancellor must have had a very fearful time of it for the next three nights, if he really did read those various effusions; they do say he got his butler to help him; but the thing occurred long since, and it is well to let bygones be bygones. If he really did read them, I repeat, it is a wonder he did not die of *Aurora Borealis*. However, he finished his work at last somehow or other, and sent the terrible epics on (by cart) to No. Two.

Now, the mathematical professor was a mistaken man in being so convinced that he knew everything, except how to play on the violin. He knew nothing whatever about poetry. To him, as to a certain brother professor before him, it was all assertion without one word of proof. When he came to the manuscript marked g he opened it, with his mind half made up already. Although the dazzling no-meaningness of the author greatly puzzled him,—and how that *Aurora Borealis* did flash about Jones's poem!—yet, seeing within as without, the g g occurring where the verses were, to him, even more incomprehensible than elsewhere, he quietly put his g g opposite to the same places, deeming that the things, perhaps, were what people called poetic ideas, although with scorn in his mind.

There were no g's, I am truly happy to say, about Herbert Brown's manuscript.

No. Three on getting the careful of epics in his turn, divorced his mind with pain from the Greek particles to give them his best attention, which, under the circumstances, was not very good; and, coming upon the Vice-Chancellor's g's, endorsed with

the g's of No. Two he at once concluded that Jones must needs be the man for the chancellor's medal; while his own inability to understand him he set down to the same cause which rendered himself incapable of grappling with anything else—the particles: his g was accordingly inscribed opposite to the others, making an array of approbation triply strong for the fortunate Jones. That spasmodic and slightly incoherent young man, therefore, obtained the medal, and recited in the senate-house to a brilliant audience of wondering, but fashionably attired ladies, his panegyric upon the northern lights; and Herbert Brown was nowhere.

When, however, the three examiners met at some social entertainment shortly afterwards and the bonds of official reserve had got relaxed, the following conversation arose:

"Why," said the Vice-Chancellor to No. Three, "did you and your brother professor there, put a g opposite to that insane epic of Mr. Jones's?"

No. Three, who was as usual among the particles, had to disentangle himself before he could reply; so No. Two anticipated him.

"Why, you put a g yourself, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, you know you did."

"A g, sir? Pooh, sir," responded that dignitary, in a contemptuous tone, "I thought it sheer madness. I put a q, sir—a q for query; meaning that I could not for the life of me understand what the young man meant."

And that was how Jones got the English verse-medal.

MY LADY LUDLOW.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

"PIERRE went on pretending to read, but in reality listening with acute tension of ear to every little sound. His perceptions became so sensitive in this respect that he was unable to measure time, every moment had seemed so full of noises, from the beating of his heart up to the roll of the heavy carts in the distance. He wondered whether Virginia would have been able to reach the place of rendezvous, and yet he was unable to compute the passage of minutes. His mother slept soundly: that was well. By this time Virginia must have met the 'faithful cousin': if, indeed, Morin had not made his appearance.

"At length he felt as if he could no longer sit still, awaiting the issue, but must run out and see what course events had taken. In vain his mother, half-rousing herself, called after him to ask whither he was going; he was already out of hearing before she had ended her sentence, and he ran on until stopped by the sight of Mademoiselle Cannes walking along at so swift a pace that it was almost a run; while at her side, resolutely keeping by her, Morin was striding abreast.

Pierre had just turned the corner of the street, when he came upon them. Virginie would have passed him without recognising him, she was in such passionate agitation, but for Morin's gesture, by which he would fain have kept Pierre from interrupting them. Then, when Virginie saw the lad, she caught at his arm, and thanked God, as if in that boy of twelve or fourteen she held a protector. Pierre felt her tremble from head to foot, and was afraid lest she would fall, there where she stood, in the hard rough street.

"'Begone, Pierre!' said Morin.

"I cannot," replied Pierre, who indeed was held firmly by Virginie. 'Besides, I won't,' he added. 'Who has been frightening Mademoiselle in this way?' asked he, very much inclined to brave his cousin at all hazards.

"'Mademoiselle is not accustomed to walk in the streets alone,' said Morin, sulkily. 'She came upon a crowd attracted by the arrest of an aristocrat, and their cries alarmed her. I offered to take charge of her home. Mademoiselle should not walk in these streets alone. We are not like the cold-blooded people of the Faubourg Saint Germain.'

"Virginie did not speak. Pierre doubted if she heard a word of what they were saying. She leant upon him more and more heavily.

"'Will Mademoiselle condescend to take my arm?' said Morin, with sulky, and yet humble, untruthness. I dare say he would have given worlds if he might have had that little hand within his arm; but, though she still kept silence, she shuddered up away from him, as you shrink from touching a toad. He had said something to her during that walk, you may be sure, which had made her loathe him. He marked and understood the gesture. He held himself aloof while Pierre gave her all the assistance he could in their slow progress homewards. But Morin accompanied her all the same. He had played too desperate a game to be balked now. He had given information against the *ci-devant* Marquis de Créquy, as a returned emigré, to be met with at such a time, in such a place. Morin had hoped that all sign of the arrest would have been cleared away before Virginie reached the spot—so swiftly were terrible deeds done in those days. But Clément defended himself desperately: Virginie was punctual to a second; and, though the wounded man was borne off to the Abbaye amid a crowd of the unsympathising jeerers who mingled with the armed officials of the Directory, Morin feared lest Virginie had recognised him; and he would have preferred that she should have thought that the faithful cousin was faithless, than that she should have seen him in bloody danger on her account. I suppose he thought that, if Virginie never saw or heard more of him her imagination would not dwell on

his simple disappearance, as it would do if she knew what he was suffering for her sake.

"At any rate, Pierre saw that his cousin was deeply mortified by the whole tenor of his behaviour during their walk home. When they arrived at Madame Babette's, Virginie fell fainting on the floor; her strength had but just sufficed for this exertion of reaching the shelter of the house. Her first sign of restoring consciousness consisted in avoidance of Morin. He had been most assiduous in his efforts to bring her round; quite tender in his way, Pierre said; and this marked, instinctive repugnance to him evidently gave him extreme pain. I suppose Frenchmen are more demonstrative than we are; for Pierre declared that he saw his cousin's eyes fill with tears, as she shrank away from his touch, if he tried to arrange the shawl they had laid under her head like a pillow, or as she shut her eyes when he passed before her. Madame Babette was urgent with her to go and lie down on the bed in the inner room; but it was some time before she was strong enough to rise and do this.

"When Madame Babette returned from arranging the girl comfortably, the three relations sate down in silence; a silence which Pierre thought would never be broken. He wanted his mother to ask his cousin what had happened. But Madame Babette was afraid of her nephew, and thought it more discreet to wait for such crumbs of intelligence as he might think fit to throw at her. But, after she had twice reported Virginie to be asleep, without a word being uttered in reply to her whispers by either of her companions, Morin's powers of self-containment gave way.

"'It is hard!' he said.

"'What is hard?' asked Madame Babette, after she had paused for a time, to enable him to add to, or to finish, his sentence, if he pleased.

"'It is hard for a man to love a woman as I do,' he went on. 'I did not seek to love her, it came upon me before I was aware—before I had ever thought about it at all, I loved her better than all the world beside. All my life before I knew her seems a dull blank. I neither know nor care for what I did before then. And now there are just two lives before me. Either I have her, or I have not. That is all: but that is everything. And what can I do to make her have me? Tell me, aunt,' and he caught at Madame Babette's arm, and gave it so sharp a shake, that she half screamed out, Pierre said, and evidently grew alarmed at her nephew's excitement.

"'Hush, Victor!' said she. 'There are other women in the world, if this one will not have you.'

"'None other for me,' he said, sinking back as if hopeless. 'I am plain and coarse, not one of the scented darlings of the aristocracy.'

crats. Say that I am ugly, brutish ; I did not make myself so, any more than I made myself love her. It is my fate. But am I to submit to the consequences of my fate without a struggle ? Not I. As strong as my love is, so strong is my will. It can be no stronger,' continued he, gloomily. 'Aunt Babette, you must help me—you must make her love me.' He was so fierce here, that Pierre said he did not wonder that his mother was frightened.

"I, Victor !' she exclaimed. 'I make her love you ! How can I ? Ask me to speak for you to Mademoiselle Didot, or to Mademoiselle Cauchois even, or to such as they, and I'll do it, and welcome. But to Mademoiselle de Créquy, why you don't know the difference ! Those people—the old nobility, I mean—why they don't know a man from a dog, out of their own rank ! And no wonder, for the young gentlemen of quality are treated differently to us from their very birth. If she had you to-morrow, you would be miserable. Let me alone for knowing the aristocracy. I have not been a concierge to a duke and three counts for nothing. I tell you, all your ways are different to her ways.'

"I would change my ways, as you call them.'

"Be reasonable, Victor.'

"No, I will not be reasonable, if by that you mean giving her up. I tell you two lives are before me ; one with her, one without her. But the latter will be but a short career for both of us. You said, aunt, that the talk went in the conciergerie of her father's hotel, that she would have nothing to do with this cousin whom I put out of the way to-day ?'

"So the servants said. How could I know ? All I know is, that he left off coming to our hotel, and that at one time before then he had never been two days absent.'

"So much the better for him. He suffers now for having come between me and my object—in trying to take her away out of my sight. Take you warning, Pierre ! I did not like your meddling to-night.' And so he went off, leaving Madame Babette rocking herself backwards and forwards, in all the depression of spirits consequent upon the reaction after the brandy, and upon her knowledge of her nephew's threatened purpose combined.

"In telling you most of this, I have simply repeated Pierre's account, which I wrote down at the time. But here what he had to say came to a sudden break ; for the next morning, when Madame Babette rose, Virginie was missing, and it was some time before either she, or Pierre, or Morin, could get the slightest clue to the missing girl.

"And now I must take up the story as it was told to the Intendant Fléchier by the old gardener Jacques, with whom Clément had been lodging on his first arrival in Paris. The old man could not, I dare say, remember

half as much of what had happened as Pierre did ; the former had the dulled memory of age, while Pierre had evidently thought over the whole series of events as a story—as a play, if one may call it so—during the solitary hours in his after-life, wherever they were passed, whether in lonely camp watches, or in the foreign prison where he had to drag out many years. Clément had, as I said, returned to the gardener's garret after he had been dismissed from the Hôtel Duguesclin. There were several reasons for his thus doubling back. One was, that he put nearly the whole breadth of Paris between him and an enemy ; though why Morin was an enemy, and to what extent he carried his dislike or hatred, Clément could not tell of course. The next reason for returning to Jacques was, no doubt, the conviction that, in multiplying his residences, he multiplied the chances against his being suspected and recognised. And then, again, the old man was in his secret, and his ally, although perhaps but a feeble kind of one. It was through Jacques that the plan of communication, by means of a nosegay of pinks, had been devised ; and it was Jacques who procured him the last disguise that Clément was to use in Paris—as he hoped and trusted. It was that of a respectable shopkeeper of no particular class ; a dress that would have seemed perfectly suitable to the young man who would naturally have worn it ; and yet, as Clément put it on, and adjusted it—giving it a sort of finish and elegance which I always noticed about his appearance, and which I believed was innate in the wearer—I have no doubt it seemed like the usual apparel of a gentleman. No coarseness of texture, nor clumsiness of cut, could disguise the nobleness of thirty descents, it appeared ; for immediately on arriving at the place of rendezvous, he was recognised by the men placed there on Morin's information to seize him. Jacques, following at a little distance, with a bundle under his arm containing articles of feminine disguise for Virginie, saw four men attempt Clément's arrest—saw him, quick as lightning, draw a sword hitherto concealed in a clumsy stick—saw his agile figure spring to his guard,—and saw him defend himself with the rapidity and art of a man skilled in arms. But what good did it do ? as Jacques piteously used to ask, Monsieur Fléchier told me. A great blow from a heavy club on the sword-arm of Monsieur de Créquy laid it helpless and immovable by his side. Jacques always thought that that blow came from one of the spectators, who by this time had collected round the scene of the affray. The next instant, his master,—his little marquis—was down among the feet of the crowd, and though he was up again before he had received much damage—so active and light was my poor Clément—it was not before the old gardener had hobbled forwards, and, with many an old-fashioned

oath and curse, proclaimed himself a partizan of the losing side—a follower of a *ci-devant* aristocrat. It was quite enough. He received one or two good blows, which were, in fact, aimed at his master; and then, almost before he was aware, he found his arms pinioned behind him with a woman's garter, which one of the viragos in the crowd had made no scruple of pulling off in public, as soon as she heard for what purpose it was wanted. Poor Jacques was stunned and unhappy,—his master was out of sight, on before; and the old gardener scarce knew whither they were taking him. His head ached from the blows which had fallen upon it, it was growing dark,—June day though it was,—and when first he seems to have become exactly aware of what had happened to him, it was when he was turned into one of the larger rooms of the Abbaye, in which all were put who had no other allotted place wherein to sleep. One or two iron lamps hung from the ceiling by chains, giving a dim light for a little circle. Jacques stumbled forwards over a sleeping body lying on the ground. The sleeper awakened up enough to complain; and the apology of the old man in reply caught the ear of his master, who, until this time, could hardly have been aware of the straits and difficulties of his faithful Jacques. And there they sat,—against a pillar, the livelong night, holding each other's hands, and each restraining expressions of pain, for fear of adding to the other's distress. That night made them intimate friends, in spite of the difference of age and rank. The disappointed hopes, the acute suffering of the present, the apprehensions of the future, made them seek solace in talking of the past. Monsieur de Créquy and the gardener found themselves disputing with interest in which chimney of the stack the starling used to build,—the starling whose nest Clément sent to Urian, you remember,—and discussing the merits of different espalier-pears which grew, and may grow still, in the old garden of the Hôtel de Créquy. Towards morning both fell asleep. The old man awakened first. His frame was deadened to suffering, I suppose, for he felt relieved of his pain; but Clément moaned and cried in feverish slumber. His broken arm was beginning to inflame his blood. He was, besides, much injured by some kicks from the crowd as he fell. As the old man looked sadly on the white, baked lips, and the flushed cheeks, all contorted with suffering even in his sleep, Clément gave a sharp cry, which disturbed his miserable neighbours, all slumbering around in uneasy attitudes. They bade him be silent with curses; and then turning round, tried again to forget their own misery in sleep. For you see, the bloodthirsty canaille had not been sated with guillotining and hanging all the nobility they could find, but were now informing, right and left, even against each other; and when

Clément and Jacques were in the prison, there were few of gentle blood in the place, and fewer still of gentle manners. At the sound of the angry words and threats, Jacques thought it best to awaken his master from his feverish, uncomfortable sleep, lest he should provoke more enmity; and, tenderly lifting him up, he tried to adjust his own body, so that it should serve as a rest and a pillow for the younger man. The motion aroused Clément, and he began to talk in a strange, feverish way,—of *Virginie*, too,—whose name he would not have breathed in such a place, had he been quite himself. But Jacques had as much delicacy of feeling as any lady in the land, although, mind you, he knew neither how to read nor write,—and bent his head low down, so that his master might tell him in a whisper what messages he was to take to *Mademoiselle de Créquy* in case.—Poor Clément, he knew it must come to that! no escape for him now, in Norman disguise or otherwise! Either by gathering fever or guillotine, death was sure of his prey. Well! when that happened, Jacques was to go and find *Mademoiselle de Créquy*, and tell her that her cousin loved her at the last as he had loved her at the first; but that she should never have heard another word of his attachment from his living lips; that he knew he was not good enough for her, his queen; and that no thought of earning her love by his devotion had prompted his return to France, only that, if possible, he might have the great privilege of serving her whom he loved. And then he went off into rambling talk about *petit-matres*, and such kind of expressions, said Jacques to *Fléchier*, the intendant, little knowing what a clue that one word gave to much of the poor lad's suffering.

"The summer morning came slowly on in that dark prison, and when Jacques could look round—his master was now sleeping on his shoulder, still the uneasy, starting sleep of fever,—he saw that there were many women among the prisoners. (I have heard some of those who have escaped from the prisons, say that the look of despair and agony that came into the faces of the prisoners on first waking, as the sense of their situation grew upon them, was what lasted the longest in the memory of the survivors. This look, they said, passed away from the women's faces sooner than it did from those of the men.)

"Poor old Jacques kept falling asleep, and plucking himself up again for fear lest, if he did not attend to his master, some harm might come to the swollen, helpless arm. Yet his weariness grew upon him in spite of all his efforts, and at last he felt as if he must give way to the irresistible desire, if only for five minutes. But just then there was a bustle at the door. Jacques opened his eyes wide to look.

"'The gaoler is early with breakfast,' said some one, lazily.

"'It is' the darkness of this accursed place that makes us think it early,' said another.

"All this time a parley was going on at the door. Some one came in; not the gaoler—a woman. The door was shut to and locked behind her. She only advanced a step or two; for it was too sudden a change, out of the light into that dark shadow, for any one to see clearly for the first few minutes. Jacques had his eyes fairly open now; and was wide awake now. It was Mademoiselle de Créquy, looking bright, clear, and resolute. The faithful heart of the old man read that look like an open page. Her cousin should not die there on her behalf, without at least the comfort of her sweet presence.

"'Here he is,' he whispered, as her gown would have touched him in passing, without her perceiving him, in the heavy obscurity of the place.

"'The good God bless you, my friend!' she murmured, as she saw the attitude of the old man, propped against a pillar, and holding Clément in his arms, as if the young man had been a helpless baby, while one of the poor gardener's hands supported the broken limb in the easiest position. Virginie sat down by the old man, and held out her arms. Softly she moved Clément's head to her own shoulder; softly she transferred the task of holding the arm to herself. Clément lay on the floor, but she supported him, and Jacques was at liberty to arise and stretch and shake his stiff, weary old body. He then sat down at a little distance, and watched the pair until he fell asleep. Clément had muttered 'Virginie,' as they half-roused him by their movements out of his stupor; but Jacques thought he was only dreaming; nor did he seem fully awake when once his eyes opened, and he looked full at Virginie's face bending over him, and growing crimson under his gaze, though she never stirred, for fear of hurting him if she moved. Clément looked in silence, until his heavy eyelids came slowly down, and he fell into his oppressive slumber again. Either he did not recognise her, or she came in too completely as a part of his sleeping visions for him to be disturbed by her appearance there.

"When Jacques awoke it was full daylight—at least as full as it would ever be in that place. His breakfast—the gaol-allowance of bread and vin ordinaire—was by his side. He must have slept soundly. He looked for his master. He and Virginie had recognised each other now,—hearts, as well as appearance. They were smiling into each other's faces, as if that dull, vaulted room in the grim Abbaye were the sunny gardens of Versailles, with music and festivity all abroad. Apparently they had much to say to each other; for whispered questions and answers never ceased.

"Virginie had made a sling for the poor broken arm; nay, she had obtained two splinters

of wood in some way, and one of the fellow-prisoners—having some knowledge of surgery apparently—had set it. Jacques felt more desponding by far than they did, for he was suffering from the night he had passed, which told upon his aged frame; while they must have heard some good news, as it seemed to him, so bright and happy did they look. Yet Clément was still in bodily pain and suffering, and Virginie was a prisoner in that dreadful Abbaye, whence the only issue was the guillotine, by her own act and deed. But they were together: they loved: they understood each other at length.

"When Virginie saw that Jacques was awake, and languidly munching his breakfast, she rose from the wooden stool on which she was sitting, and went to him, holding out both hands, and refusing to allow him to rise, while she thanked him with pretty eagerness for all his kindness to Monsieur. Monsieur himself came towards him,—following Virginie,—but with tottering steps, as if his head was weak and dizzy, to thank the poor old man, who, now on his feet, stood between them, ready to cry while they gave him credit for faithful actions which he felt to have been almost involuntary on his part,—for loyalty was like an instinct in the good old days, before your educational cant had come up. And so two days went on. The only event was the morning call for the victims, a certain number of whom were summoned to the trial every day. And to be tried was to be condemned. Every one of the prisoners became grave, as the hour for their summons approached. Most of the victims went to their doom with uncomplaining resignation, and, for awhile after their departure, there was comparative silence in the prison. But, by-and-by,—so said Jacques,—the conversation or amusements began again. Human nature cannot stand the perpetual pressure of such keen anxiety, without an effort to relieve itself by thinking of something else. Jacques said that Monsieur and Mademoiselle were for ever talking together of the past days,—it was 'Do you remember this?' or, 'Do you remember that?' perpetually. He sometimes thought they forgot where they were, and what was before them. But Jacques did not, and every day he trembled more and more as the list was called over.

"The third morning of their incarceration, the gaoler brought in a man whom Jacques did not recognise, and therefore did not at once observe; for he was waiting, as in duty bound, upon his master and his sweet young lady (as he always called her in repeating the story). He thought that the new introduction was some friend of the gaoler, as the two seemed well acquainted, and the former stayed a few minutes talking with his visitor before leaving him in the prison. So Jacques was surprised when, after a short time had elapsed, he looked round, and saw the fierce

stare with which the stranger was regarding Monsieur and Mademoiselle de Créquy, as the pair sat at breakfast,—the said breakfast being laid as well as Jacques knew how, on a bench fastened into the prison wall,—Virginie sitting on her low stool, and Clément half lying on the ground by her side, and submitting gladly to be fed by her pretty white fingers; for it was one of her fancies, Jacques said, to do all she could for him, in consideration of his broken arm. And indeed Clément was wasting away daily; for he had received other injuries, internal and more serious than that to his arm, during the mêlée which had ended in his capture. The stranger made Jacques conscious of his presence by a sigh, which was almost a groan. All three prisoners looked round at the sound. Clément's face expressed little but scornful indifference; but Virginie's face froze into stony hate. Jacques said he never saw such a look, and hoped that he never should again. Yet after that first revelation of feeling, her look was steady and fixed in another direction to that in which the stranger stood,—still motionless—still watching. He came a step nearer at last.

"Mademoiselle," he said. Not the quivering of an eyelash showed that she heard him. 'Mademoiselle!' he said again, with an intensity of beseeching that made Jacques—not knowing who he was—almost pity him when he saw his young lady's obdurate face.

"There was perfect silence for a space of time which Jacques could not measure. Then again the voice, hesitatingly, saying, 'Monsieur!' Clément could not hold the same icy countenance as Virginie; he turned his head with an impatient gesture of disgust; but even that emboldened the man.

"Monsieur, do ask Mademoiselle to listen to me,—just two words!"

"Mademoiselle de Créquy only listens to whom she chooses." Very haughtily my Clément would say that, I am sure.

"But, Mademoiselle,"—lowering his voice, and coming a step or two nearer. Virginie must have felt his approach, though she did not see it; for she drew herself a little on one side, so as to put as much space as possible between him and her. 'Mademoiselle, it is not too late. I can save you; but to-morrow your name is down on the list. I can save you, if you will listen.'

"Still no word or sign. Jacques did not understand the affair. Why was she so obdurate to one who might be ready to include Clément in the proposal, as far as Jacques knew?

"The man withdrew a little, but did not offer to leave the prison. He never took his eyes off Virginie; he seemed to be suffering from some acute and terrible pain as he watched her.

"Jacques cleared away the breakfast-things as well as he could. Purposely, as I suspect, he passed near the man.

"Hist!" said the stranger. 'You are Jacques, the gardener, arrested for assisting an aristocrat. I know the gaoler. You shall escape, if you will. Only take this message from me to Mademoiselle. You heard. She will not listen to me; I did not want her to come here. I never knew she was here, and she will die to-morrow. They will put her beautiful, round throat under the guillotine. Tell her, good old man, tell her how sweet life is; and how I can save her; and how I will not ask for more than just to see her from time to time. She is so young; and death is annihilation, you know. Why does she hate me so? I want to save her; I have done her no harm. Good old man, tell her how terrible death is; and that she will die to-morrow, unless she listens to me.'

"Jacques saw no harm in repeating this message. Clément listened in silence, watching Virginie with an air of infinite tenderness.

"Will you not try him, my cherished one?" he said. 'Towards you he may mean well' (which makes me think that Virginie had never repeated to Clément the conversation which she had overheard that last night at Madame Babette's); 'you would be in no worse a situation than you were before!'

"No worse, Clément! and I should have known what you were, and have lost you. My Clément!" said she, reproachfully.

"Ask him," said she, turning to Jacques, suddenly, 'if he can save Monsieur de Créquy as well,—if he can! O Clément, we might escape to England; we are but young.' And she hid her face on his shoulder.

"Jacques returned to the stranger, and asked him Virginie's question. His eyes were fixed on the cousins; he was very pale, and the twitchings or contortions, which must have been involuntary whenever he was agitated, convulsed his whole body.

"He made a long pause. 'I will save mademoiselle and monsieur, if she will go straight from prison to the mairie, and be my wife.'

"Your wife!" Jacques could not help exclaiming. 'That she will never be—never!'

"Ask her!" said Morin, hoarsely.

"But almost before Jacques thought he could have fairly uttered the words, Clément caught their meaning.

"Begone!" said he; 'not one word more.' Virginie touched the old man as he was moving away. 'Tell him he does not know how he makes me welcome Death.' And smiling, as if triumphant, she turned again to Clément.

"The stranger did not speak as Jacques gave him the meaning, not the words of their replies. He was going away, but stopped. A minute or two afterwards he beckoned to Jacques. The old gardener seems to have thought it undesirable to throw away even the chance of assistance from such a man as this, for he went forwards to speak to him.

"Listen! I have influence with the gaoler. He shall let thee pass out with the victims to-morrow. No one will notice it, or miss thee, —. They will be led to trial, — even at the last moment I will save her, if she sends me word she relents. Speak to her, as the time draws on. Life is very sweet, — tell her how sweet. Speak to him; he will do more with her than thou canst. Let him urge her to live. Even at the last I will be at the Palais de Justice, — at the Grève. I have followers, — I have interest. Come among the crowd that follow the victims, — I shall see thee. It will be no worse for him, if she escapes' —"

"Save my master, and I will do all," said Jacques.

"Only on my one condition," said Morin, doggedly; and Jacques was hopeless of that condition ever being fulfilled. But he did not see why his own life might not be saved. By remaining in prison until the next day, he should have rendered every service in his power to his master and the young lady. He, poor fellow, shrank from death; and he agreed with Morin, to escape, if he could, by the means Morin suggested, and to bring him word if Mademoiselle de Créquy relented. (Jacques had no expectation that she would; but I fancy he did not think it necessary to tell Morin of this conviction of his.) This bargaining with so base a man for so slight a thing as life, was the only flaw that I heard of in the old gardener's behaviour. Of course, the mere re-opening of the subject was enough to stir Virginie to displeasure. Clément urged her, it is true; but the light he had gained upon Morin's motions made him rather try to set the case before her in as fair a manner as possible than use any persuasive arguments. And, even as it was, what he said on the subject made Virginie shed tears — the first that had fallen from her since she entered the prison. So they were summoned and went together at the fatal call of the muster-roll of victims the next morning. He, feeble from his wounds and his injured health; she, calm and serene, only petitioning to be allowed to walk next to him in order that she might hold him up when he turned faint and giddy with his extreme suffering.

"Together they stood at the bar; together they were condemned. As the words of judgment were pronounced, Virginie turned to Clément, and embraced him with passionate fondness. Then, making him lean on her, they marched out towards the Place de la Grève.

"Jacques was free now. He had told Morin how fruitless his efforts at persuasion had been; and, scarcely caring to note the effect of his information upon the man, he had devoted himself to watching Monsieur and Mademoiselle de Créquy. And now he followed them to the Place de la Grève. He saw them mount the platform; saw them

kneel down together till plucked up by the impatient officials; could see that she was urging some request to the executioner; the end of which seemed to be that Clément advanced first to the guillotine, was executed (and just at this moment there was a stir among the crowd, as of a man pressing forwards towards the scaffold). Then she, standing with her face to the guillotine, slowly made the sign of the cross, and knelt down.

"Jacques covered his eyes, blinded with tears. The sound of the discharge of a pistol made him look up. She was gone — another victim in her place — and where there had been the little stir in the crowd not five minutes before, some men were carrying off a dead body. A man had shot himself, they said. Pierre told me who that man was."

THE SAVAGE MUSE.

IF the poets of old England are not honoured over-much just at present in their own country, the same cannot at least be said of those of its colonies. Yarra Yarra, or The Wandering Aborigine, a poetical narrative, in thirteen books, has reached, as appears by its title-page, the fifth edition, enlarged. Its author, Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis, is a bard, we believe, hitherto unknown to poetic fame; although, if we may trust to the illustrated cover of his volume, he is a gentleman of very distinguished personal appearance.

He is thereon depicted — unless we are confusing him with Yarra Yarra himself, whose name, however, occurs at a greater distance from the portrait than his own — as a black gentleman indifferently attired in a railway rug suspended from his left shoulder, and with a couple of feathers in his hair. He is armed with an enormous javelin, and conveys in his tout ensemble by no means the idea of a purveyor of classical literature in eighteen hundred and fifty-eight. The description which the author gives of himself in the preface harmonises well with this rude and even somewhat truculent exterior. "It cannot," observes he, "be said that I am a plodding writer; nor yet that I ever derived literary assistance from others, as whatever I have written has been performed freely and silently, often amid scenes of conflicting turmoil, and, although at irregular intervals, with an almost unprecedented rapidity and ease. . . . In all the transactions of my eventful lifetime, of my varied career, I ever rejected the advice of others, relying on my own opinions, judgment, and resources, and with manly fortitude abiding the result, whether for good or for evil."

It would here become our painful duty to remind Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis that "fatal facility" in writing verse is not a good gift, and that Don't Care was eaten by lions, but that our author despises criticism as advice, and defies not only the lions, but the critics.

"It would be alike to me, were this volume decried as unworthy, or lauded as meritorious. I am not to be affected by the voices of human kind. I value nothing in life, and being but an atom of animated dust myself [he might have added, "and not very animated either,"], I look with the preacher upon all earthly aspirations as vanity." Why surely this would be mistaken for Mr. Stiggins, the shepherd, inspired by an Emigrating Muse in the other hemisphere, if any sort of music, whether of the spheres or the hemispheres, could be detected in his effusions. When a bishop elect says, *Nolo Episcopari*: when a newspaper is proclaimed to be started for the advocacy of a principle (generally "an eternal principle"), and not for pecuniary remuneration: when an author doesn't care whether his book is praised or blamed, the more charitable of mankind content themselves with a smile, or a wink, or a soft and prolonged whistle. Words, in such a case, are useless. "I have ranged the world," continues our friend, "and held converse with the people of its many climes, from the tribe of Werta Werta, to the Esquimaux of Labrador; hunted the snorting buffalo across the prairie, and laid prostrate assailing beasts of prey; [this last experience, after that of the 'snorting buffalo,' is vague in the extreme]; and bivouacked beneath the sheltering shadow of a gum-tree in the primeval forest of Australia, remote from human aid." This, then, must be surely the same hero

Who himself in far Timbuctoo leopard's blood did daily quaff,
Rode a tiger-hunting mounted on a thorough-bred giraffe,
Whistled to the cockatoos, and mock'd the hairy-faced baboon,
And worshipped mighty Munbo Jumbo in the Mountains of the Moon.

Besides these milder phases of existence, our poet has "revelled amidst the civilised disorder of Europe; but all these associations have only tended to increase his scorn of mankind, and his contempt for their institutions."

Here, most certainly, we have the noble savage, with a vengeance; the dignified, but slightly dogmatical, chieftain of the late Mr. Cooper's novels, shaking his fist at civilisation, and enjoying a humble but independent residence in the neighbourhood of the setting sun. We regret to say, however, that in this particular instance, the habit of reticence peculiar to the barbarous warrior,—the all-expressive "Ugh," to which he was wont to confine himself—is thrown aside, and the denizen of the primeval Shades is just as verbose as though he were officially connected with "The Woods and Forests," and had to defend that department from some parliamentary attack.

Yarra Yarra, it appears, was not only the tremendous aborigine whose history these

thirteen books narrate, but an Australian river as well, which was wont, so recently as eighteen hundred and thirty-five, to flow through a landscape "undiscovered and unknown, the scene of the loud corroborry, the war-dance, and the fight!" We cannot guess who the "loud corroborry" may have been; but, supposing that they had something (as in our own language) of the nature of witnesses, we do not see how Yarra Yarra could have flowed "undiscovered and unknown" in their presence.

The whole of the book is devoted to vague abuse of civilised manners, and praise of those of the aborigines, whose customs are detailed in very many places ad nauseam. The amusements of Yarra Yarra—the man, not the river—in his earlier years, before the cold shadow of civilisation darkened them, are thus described:

Then, with the dawn, the dusky light of day,
Sought out his gunya and reposed awhile,
'Gan up to rise, and o'er the landscape gay
Track out the kangaroo, and make rude spoil
Of wombat and opossum, and mayhap
Chase the swift emu to the bark-spun trap;
Or with his wattle chint the lofty trees
To gather honey, and, if fate decrees,
Fell wallabi and wallum; but again,
To snare the dipus and swift wallooroo,
The shy talpero, and, far o'er the plain,
Spear with unerring aim the n-boroo;
While from his gaze the burrowing jerboa
Shrinks into earth, and utters his faint lo-a.

What in the name of the Zoological Society, are Wallabi and Wallum, who sound so like a good commercial firm? And how is the dipus snared, and what is he like? And is the "swift wallooroo" a bird or a beast, or an aborigine (he sounds like that) of a hostile tribe? Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis can be prolific of explanation enough when there is less occasion for it, as when he speaks of the departed Jaga Jaga, in these affecting lines:

'Tis sad to tell
Of Jaga Jaga's tribe, the valiant brave;
But one is left to linger o'er his grave.

To which this copious foot-note is subjoined:

Meaning, that Yarra Yarra alone survives, and, figuratively speaking, so long as life in him exists, he can, in whatever part of the world he may be, at least, in thought, linger o'er his [Jaga Jaga's] grave.

Either from the extreme stupidity of the aborigines, or from some habit of stuttering peculiar to the race, everybody has his name repeated, like the would-be aristocratic families of England.

Hail! Jaga Jaga, Jaga Jaga, ye
Three brothers, Jaga Jaga, bold and free,

is an example, where we have these people with but one name amongst them, and in whose family circle there must have been confusion and misappropriation enough. One

of them, or the three of them in a glee, were accustomed to sing songs in company with three talented friends called Jonga, Wonga, and Wang. Our author does not seem to us to possess quite Sir Walter Scott's faculty of giving a poetic interest to mere names; we subjoin a portion of one song which is decidedly technical and local:

Farewell, Jarrengower, and wild Koorringwah!
Farewell, Wagra-Burjag! and Iraawarraa!
Farewell, Burra Burra! Pollish! Morang!
Farewell, Merrimingo! and thee, Burnewang!
And thee, Boorondara! and Goomalibee!
Farewell, Narab Narab! and Hinnomongee!
Farewell, Uri Uri! Korangorang! all,
From Gringegalgora to sunny Bungaul!
And lands of Gundowring and Whaparellah
To Peerewerrh's landscape and Burnawartha!
From Eckersley Mount unto Barvegee Creek!
And Alboocoot-ya to the savage Moreek!
I bid ye adieu, even Wahgunyah, thee!
By the shores of the Moonee on Towongs adjee
All round from the Cudjewa Terramul Yan
To Yalla ye Poun, and thee, lake Wallan!

I part from ye all, ye wild lands of my song,
I bid ye goodbye, fare-thee-well, Boninyong!
Owkaparinga, Broolceeroo, Murwarrarong wirrang,
Mypunga, yolli, Willungoo, Noorlunga, Merriang.

At this point the singer gets so absolutely frantic and unpronounceable in his nomenclature, that we are constrained, for the sake of the printer's brain, to leave him.

Yarra Yarra himself is greatly occupied with bidding farewell to savage localities, and in bewailing the gaieties of his youth. He has a melancholy pleasure in reflecting upon these, now that they are past for ever.

Oh, I rejoice to think on Quillah Quah,
The fairest virgin that o'er Mookerwaa
Danced to the war-song of a naked throng,
Or Yabba Yabbaad o'er old Burrendong.

(We look in vain for an explanation of this latter practice.)

I love the wild uncertainty of chance;
I love to see a savage war-tribe dance;
I love the grand, the beautiful, the free;
I love the mountains that o'erlook the sea.
But what is this love, to the love I bear
For Quillah Quah, the fairy of the fair.

It is clear from the above passage,—and it is seldom indeed that we can say that much of Mr. Cornwallis' passages,—that Yarra Yarra forgave the young woman's conduct to Old Burrendong, whatever it may have been. This is, indeed, but just, since Yarra Yarra himself at various times, becomes enamoured of no less than four distinct young females, not to mention incidental Platonic tenderesses for others who have lost their original admirers, such as the gentle sister May. Yarra loses his second beloved object, Eve, in this country, which she leaves for Heaven, at an early period of their courtship; he

pursues her thither in dreams, but to no purpose:

I went up to Heaven to thee, but I found that they'd
shut the door,

he complains. The lines in which he apostrophises this young lady, rather shake our belief in the poet's never having derived literary assistance from others, inasmuch as they are an obvious parody on Mr. Tennyson's Maud,

I shall never see her more, no never;
Eve has gone—she has gone away
With the light of the passing day—
She has flown from this planet for ever.

She has flown
To the heaven of angels,—flown, she has flown;

To the shadowy, spirity world, the sphere of the angels
on high.

And again, where he takes leave of the last scintillation of sense that was left in him, in the lines beginning,

I fancy my breath has ceased, that I'm lying a lifeless
corse;

My heart is now dead and cold, but its spirit is
reaching thee,
With a talis-electric (?) flight and a flash of angelic
glee.

So I passed with a flouting dart and a trance-like
spirity peer,

which happens when he is in the grand centillion sphere, and amongst good society, where spirity peers (whom we suppose are bishops) are plentiful. Mr. Tennyson has much to answer for in inciting Mr. Cornwallis to these vagaries, who cannot see, and will not be told, that *he* has no genius whatever to support him in such flights.

Rachel, a beautiful young Creole (young woman, number three), who has the misfortune to entertain a hopeless passion for the noble savage, is thus invoked;

Life—death—what is there left on earth?

Madness, ruin, and death;

Love, passion, blighted hopes of bliss, long as the
body's breath.

My soul it writhes in pain, and my agony's lost in
love;

My mind's a tortured wreck, and it raves with a horrid
thought,—

Alas, alas, mad thought,—my Rachel is not mine!

Which is not the only mad thought which Yarra Yarra expresses, by any means.

"Give me imagination," implores the poet of the reader, or of universal nature, in the tenth book, whereas he has enough of that to supply all Bedlam, but lacks one single halfpennyworth of sense and coherency to mix with it. Yarra Yarra delights to indulge in soliloquies, wherein he philoso-

phises and maunders by the yard, contrasts himself with the common herd of humanity, looks upon the past with bitterness, and upon the future with scorn, stigmatises civilisation, and pronounces the world to be a waste. He is also much afflicted with dreams, wherein he hears voices, takes retrospective views of the scenes of his wanderings, and (especially) refrains verdant landscapes. Here is a verdant landscape.

(Where butterflies proclaimed the day)
 'Mid rippling rills o'er grandeur flowing,
 And earth itself in beauty glowing.
 All nature smiled in bright array,
 Theatric aspect gilded day,
 Arcana'd space and nectrine rills,
 Outlived the distance of the hills,
 Which seemed to dance in ecstasy,
 As sunshine laughing crossed the lea,
 And lit with glare the garden world,
 Which seemed as if from Eden hurled.

Thus, even beneath the benignest influences of Nature, it is seen that this awful aborigine cannot refrain from savage language—the garden-world is hurled from Eden, and lit with glare, which must be a very bad substitute for gas or daylight.

Yarra Yarra seems to be a sort of amateur commercial traveller, or queen's messenger, and is perpetually traversing land and sea with no especial object beyond that of picking up scraps of French and other foreign languages; of these he is excessively fond, and uses them, in this, his Epic, copiously. He exhorts the sea-birds to go home quietly, as though he were a marine policeman, after the following fashion:

Then vanishing off, o'er the wide ocean soar,
 Scan the wild mermaid, and rude swimming boar,
 En route to the sea-rocks, in which ye may find
 Your crevice secluded, by seaweed belined.

At Lima, again, he complains that the people,

crowd around to gloat upon a sight
 Of brutal torture, and applaud en masse;

and rejoices that the ladies wear "no chapeau, bon, or veil."

The noble savage is, indeed, characteristically vain of this sort of conversational tinsel picked out of continental handbooks. Mr. Cornwallis having, as he opines, a talent for describing the ocean in a state of fury, takes every opportunity of getting Yarra Yarra wrecked. In one of these mischances, our hero has the luck to be the sole companion on a raft, of a young woman (Number four) named Mabel. The acquaintance between them had only commenced about half-an-hour or so; the girl's sole parent had been washed away; everybody in the ship but their two selves had been drowned; their circumstances altogether are inconvenient in the extreme for a declaration of affection; yet such is the fascinating influence which this

gibbering savage exercises over the female sex, that,

"And must we die, and must we part, my love?"
 Cried fainting Mabel, as she gazed above.
 I sank, I groaned, then grasped her to my breast—
 Hysterically (?) clasped her, and caressed
 That form insensible that on me lay
 On this dull morning and eventful day.

It is right to state that eventually Mabel becomes Mrs. Yarra Yarra, although without apparently conferring any particular happiness upon that gentleman. Within twenty lines of the end, indeed, he openly expresses a wish that Quillah Quah would rise into life once more, in order that, in her company, he might linger and for ever rest.

OLD DOG TRAY.

OLD Dog Tray as the representative of a class, has had many admirers and hearty appreciators, besides the individual who so mournfully deplores the loss of one particular Dog Tray in the song. In company with those other virtues which have characterised the good and the noble, have been always found a certain tenderness and regard for the simple virtues and honest nature of the Dog. I will go this far even—that when Saint Eligius or Saint Eloy (who is perhaps better known from his protest against King Dagobert's peculiar notions on the score of wearing apparel) was composing that famous sermon describing the points distinguishing the true Christian man, he might have fitted in parenthetically the necessity of kindness towards the poor trusting Dog. If not positive inclination towards him, at least that negative feeling which will restrain the venting of ill-conditioned rage upon his helpless body; that will stay the uplifted stick, or foot drawn back. The savages who thus make convenient souffre-douleurs, or whipping-posts of poor quadrupeds, are likely enough, if they had the power, so to use their fellows. There is no discriminating force in this virtue of mercy. No man shall say to himself, I can feel tender-hearted for one class of living creatures, but not for another. It will always be true that the just man is merciful to his beast.

It is comfortable, however, to think that as the world waxes older, the social position of the Dog improves. There is an Act of Parliament standing in the books for his benefit, and there is a benevolent society which looks after him carefully, and sees that no cruelty is wrought upon him. The gentle sport of bull-baiting and dog-fighting has passed away with the cockpits. The stimulating barbarities portrayed in Mr. William Hogarth's picture are now as fables. The worst inconvenience laid upon him is that bearing of a muzzle during the season named complimentarily after him. And so

there seems to be a repeal of all his political disabilities, and a sort of Relief Bill passed in his favour. So that, in the gorgeous pageant of the Merchant of Venice, it grates a little on our ears to hear Jew Shylock upbraid Antonio with footing him as you would a stranger cur over your threshold, which would seem therefore to be the favourite treatment of vagrant Dogs in lordly Venice. Perhaps our great William had gotten this illustration from what he had witnessed in his own day and on his own island. That expostulation, too, of the great Philistine, before his duel with the champion of Israel, reads curiously: "Am I a dog, that thou dost come out against me with a staff?" Heaven help those poor Israelitish Dogs!

Part of this improved tone and treatment must be set to the growth of religion and civilisation; part, unquestionably, to the virtues and good qualities of the Dog himself, which always come out more conspicuously under kindness; part to fashion, which has petted him and given him a seat in her carriage, especially if he have been born in the Island of Skye; and, lastly, not a little (fanciful as such a notion may seem) to Sir Edwin Landseer and other painters.

That gentle knight and his brethren have really done good service to the Dog, working out a generous crusade in his behalf. The world crowds in at exhibition doors, and reads on the wall his history, doleful or the contrary; sees how wise, how sad, how intelligent, how playful Old Dog Tray can look, if people will only take the trouble of studying him. The world goes home again thoughtfully, and must needs bring with it copies or mementos to hang upon its own walls. So that the public can have before their eyes perpetually those fantastic scenes of his life: especially those where he comes on pantomimically, enacting Diogenes in his tub, or, as a wise judge and counsellor, laying down the law to admiring brethren, with his snowy paws upon the book. It was a pleasant thing, during the season of the French Exposition, to see Frenchmen and French women and French children, too, chuckling interiorly over that marvellous *Jean en Faction*, or Jack in Office, enraptured justly with the upstart dignity of the white and bloated vulgarian—true cur—who sits blinking on the costermonger's cart, awing the stranger dogs who look wistfully from afar off at the tempting prospect. The prospect of those different physiognomies, all so varied in expression, is infinitely diverting: that sort of stealthy skulking air, with wistful elevation of the nose: sad longing looks! A famous picture, and well worthy of that hearty French appreciation.

After all, every tender heart must bleed for the poor Dog when he is in trouble or grieving for one he has lost. Legion are the stories of those feeling creatures who have

moped for some short while after those they loved had passed away, and then lay down quietly in a corner and died. For that faithful sorrowing heart of his, which shames the hearts of many Christians, the Dog should be held in especial honour, as it is put ingeniously by a French advocate of his, who is for giving him a soul at once, and makes him by his constant display of the best affections, a fellow-creature temporarily. The emotions of grief and love belong to the animal constitution, common to us with the Dog, and are outside, as it were, of that high intellectual nature of man. Taking him in this view, our French painters have brought him forward and treated him as they have done so many other subjects—avec sentiment, that is. They know him and appreciate him, and Old Dog Tray often has his hutch within the bounds of the studio. That popular coloured print, wherein the artist is stirring round some preparation which is simmering on his little stove, and turns round affectionately to his dog watching eagerly to tell him, "Oui, tu l'en auras! mon vieux!" which promise the honest fellow, with jaws open and tongue out, seems to know he may rely on—that little scene has its foundation in many a studio, and *Atelier mon Vieux*, or Old Dog Tray, is pretty sure to get his share of whatever is going—not thrown to him in a corner contemptuously—but selected for him choicely. They have another dismal picture, a sombre mezzotint. No doubt scarcely so popular; but still a sort of pathetic preaching in behalf of the Dog. This is *The Pauper's Funeral*, and shows a mean hearse entering at the bald blank gates of the poor man's cemetery. All is solitude—no human being present, but the driver of the two sombre parish burying horses. There follows something in the shape of a mourner—a poor white poodle—his woolly head bent down with grief to the ground. Altogether a desolate picture. Those who have seen it, cannot soon dismiss the lonely poodle from their minds.

There is also a well-known print of *Le Dernier Ami*, or the Sick Artist lying on his bed, with his faithful companion sitting beside him, and regarding him anxiously—the Dog again, faithful to the end and true last friend. His gray mouth rests fondly on the counterpane, and his master regards him affectionately with a sad smile. But, alack! there is a sad *désillusionnement* behind this scene, an awakening truly French. The writer of this paper knows of certain friends of his, seeking out the Sick Artist, one *Monsieur Alophe*, wishing to give him an order for a portrait, I believe, of their Dog: perhaps, too, with a sort of sympathy for the man who had attached to himself so faithful a friend. They found him hale and hearty, and made inquiries concerning the dog. Dog? What dog? O, he recollected. Then with Frenchman's shrug and Frenchman's grimace,

said it was truly a little romance. At that time of his sickness, had his dear mother, Dieu Merci, and plenty of friends to look after him. And the dog? Well, the dog: he could not say on his faith what had become of him. He had given him away to a friend—or stay—he had been lost, he believed. There was the whole of it. Voilà tout! What could he do now to oblige Madame?

Two friends, once journeying through Brussels, about the year eighteen hundred and thirty-six, met with Old Dog Tray under very peculiar circumstances. When the grand fighting had been going on between Dutch and Belgians, a certain Dutch soldier had been killed in that fine Brussels Park, and was there buried, with many more of his brethren. But he left behind him a rough white cur, who persisted in hanging mournfully about the spot where his master was laid. No solicitations could draw him from the place; and the good-natured Belgians built him a little house in their Park, and there he was to be seen for several years after, a surly, scowling fellow (perhaps his sorrows had made him so), that received your sympathy and your donation with a growl.

It is a curious thing how all good men and true, for ages back, have honoured and respected the Dog. "Ah!" said gentle Sir Isaac, when that wicked little dog overthrew the ink upon his calculations, "ah! you know not the mischief you have done." Then set him down upon the floor with a sigh, and began afresh at his figures.

Pleasant old gossip Montaigne begins speculating diffusely—maundering, it might be called—on animals; but, touching on dogs, become all afire of a sudden, and discourses rapturously of their perfections, the knowledge, the honesty, nay, the intellectualism, of his favourites. He points triumphantly to the old tale of the dog and the three roads; how that intelligent animal tries them by test of scent, and so is helped to a conclusion. Is not this logic, sense, reason? he asks, with the air of one who knows he cannot be contradicted. "Wherefore," says gossip Montaigne, in that quaint old French of his, "go we not something further, and affirm boldly that this faculty is no other than knowledge and true wisdom? For, verily, this setting of their bright wit to the account of instinct, or Nature's schooling (clearly done to vilipend their worth) doth not at all filch from them the title to wisdom and true knowledge; but maketh such gifts attach with greater certainty to them rather than to us; all to the glorification of so sure a school dame." So far this amiable old gentleman. But there was another, pretty nearly his contemporary; as high-souled and noble a man of letters as ever came into this world, who can be pointed to as their hearty champion in days when there was no creed

or fashion of humanity abroad. This little history of the Professor and his Dogs is a strange chapter in the student-history of three centuries back. It may be worth considering for a short while.

Once on a time—on a time, that is, when wise men threw their whole souls into study, and pundits brawled over a particle as the subjects of our present purpose snarl over a bone—then retiring to their lairs to fight out the battle with quartos and such huge ordnance, filling the whole earth with sound and fury,—once then, in such a troublous time, now close on three centuries ago, there lived a gentle-hearted pundit of the name of Lipsius, or Lipse, as near neighbours of ours will Gallicise it. He performed the functions of professor, in an old university town, garnished with many gables and Saracenic cupolas; and spent most of his days without seeking to travel beyond its quaint precincts. He has left tokens of his life in the shape of half a ton or so of folios; and he who so lists may come upon them in the Hades of monastic libraries abroad, sleeping next the ground, all overlaid with dust. Erudition by avoir-dupois; unwieldy, close-columned, eye-bear-ing, distracting and unmanageable disquisition. Such pundits as he were fitted with iron souls and brains of steel; our own frail gearing being certain to break down utterly, were it to work such monstrous grist. Human hands are lifted up mechanically with wonder, as the eye surveys these vellum-clad leviathans; these huge mammoth or plesiosaurian remains, treating de omni scibili, and the whole range of earthly knowledge and the index range of human prejudice and error. They deal copiously with continuous commentary, as their phrase ran, on Tacitus and other worthies; with interminable treatises on constancy and such virtues; long yarns known among the learned as *Animadversiones*; with now and then a turn at *Exegesis*, and such awful matter, treated lightly in, say not more than, ten or twelve books. He, too, could uplift his flail; but it came down lightly, and wrought no great mischief; for this was a gentle-hearted pundit, that asked nothing beyond a quiet life in his old town of Louvain, with uninterrupted views from his casement, of spire and gable; and nightly lullaby of students roistering afar off in convenient winter taverns, or summer beer-gardens.

In this fashion his days went by; semi-clerically almost; but in perfect happiness. He was unwedded: his books, and friends, and professorial chair were company enough for him. He wrote letters to half the world—a prodigious correspondence,—much of which remains. Not light notes or hasty billets; but bulky packets full of meat and matter, full of research, of wisdom and philology, such as the men of old time used to write, in that neat cramped back-hand, when postage

was heavy and paper dear. That life of his may have been dull or monotonous; he may have tired at last of the Louvain spires, and of the dull Belgian brains he was instructing. He may have sickened at last of the old dull tune, and the heavy speechless physiognomy of his books: but by that time he had found out other living comforters, who were to be to him a source of prodigious delight. Old Dog Tray had gotten into the University, and those who took their way up the little stair leading to the Professor's room would have heard strange sound of yelping and canine quarrel. When the door was opened, there would have flown out at the visitor, three—no less than three—of the smartest little terriers that could be conceived; knowing, rat-catching fellows—full of tricks and spirit. Well they might be; for they were all but spoiled by their good-natured master. Had they upset the ink between them, or torn up the sheets of his *Magnum Opus*; these books of politics, or the *Menippæan* satire, or the treatise on the Roman Amphitheatre, he was always busy with, he would have taken it about as easily as good Sir Isaac did his misfortune. It was always a hard thing to fret these gentle-hearted scholars. They had learned lessons from the sweet-tempered preachers on the shelves; lessons laid to their hearts through many years. They might have picked out Master Richard of Bury's enthusiastic apostrophe, framed it neatly, and hung it up, to be before them as a perpetual remembrancer. "These," said that fine old worthy, "are the masters that instruct us without rods."

This was Pundit Lipsius's philosophy, too. Supposing that that one of his brother professors, or of his scholars wished to have speech of him some morning—perhaps to show him a letter from fierce Scaliger, only newly arrived; perhaps to consult with him on the signification of a little Greek particle—he would hesitate for a few minutes on the threshold, over which should properly have been written, *Cave Canem*.

That dog hurlyburly, from within, surely must have scared timorous student's hearts. "Down, Mopsy! quiet, Mopsikins! to bed, Jewel!" he would hear in the mild tone of the professor, and, entering, would see the three little wicked faces looking out at him from under a chair. He could tell a little story about the three pets, if he chose. There were three pictures upon the study-walls, painted by the Louvain Landseer,—one of Mopsy, one of Mopsikins, the third of Jewel. "They are graduated in size," says the Pundit Lipsius, playfully, in one of his letters, "one I call little 'un, another the big 'un, and the third the huge 'un. There is an inscription over each, and a little verse of my own."

This was true enough: for, over Jewel (who was the huge 'un) might be read an epigraph of this sort:

"This is Sapphire, of Dutch lineage. He is white all over, but his head and ears are purple, all but a white wedge-shaped streak that runs from his eyes down to his neck. He is now, in his old age, being fully thirteen years old; but in his prime was the handsomest fellow in the world."

From which minute description it is plain that Sapphire must have been akin to the Bull-Dog stock. Mopsikins was a white dog, too, and pet the second. His *signalement* is given over his picture.

"This is Mopsikins," it says, "a dog come of an Antwerp House, a present from the lawyer Arnold Boreout. He is white all over, except that there is a streak of yellow over his head, ears, and one eye. His chest is a mixture of white and red, he is short and sturdy. He is a fat little fellow, and very knowing. HE BITES: and is not more than two years old."

From that spot over his eye, and the short chest, it is likely enough that Mopsikins, having made his teeth meet in human calf, would hang on to the last extremity even to the mincing of his limbs. To him specially would attach the panegyric, sung over original Old Dog Tray, of being good at cats and alike a "mortal" foe to all rats that infested the professor's chambers.

Mopsy must have been the real pet: the Benjamin of our professor's children. He has his verse, too, about double as long as that of the others. Mopsy was a Scotch terrier, with all the points peculiar to that breed; so that, even in that remote period, these wiry-haired fellows were considered handsome. But what had brought him to Louvain? What in the wide world had brought him so far? Perhaps some raw Caledonian youth, journeying peripatetically in quest of education, as was then the custom, had taken him from the wilds or the Highlands, or even from the island bearing the name of Skye; and, at parting, had left him as a present to the professor whom he had sat under, and who was so extravagantly fond of dogs. Perhaps Sandy, cautious chiel, had not been exactly minded to part with his comrade, and had promised the Dominie to send him out by the next ship a true and handsome specimen. What became of those paintings in the rough changes of time?

Often and often had he talked about dogs in general—with certain favourite pupils of his; to wit, François Oran, the two Richardots, Philip Rubens, and others. In that profound delving in the old classics, he had noted all that referred to his four-footed pets; and this he unfolded pleasantly to them as he walked. In his own life, too, he had fallen in with some instances of dog virtue, and dog honesty, and these he loved to dwell on in those walks. For, as he writes himself in one of his letters, the aim of his constant advocacy was, "that I, for one,

at least, may give a small return to those whose fidelity, whose affection, and whose service I have for so many years experienced; and this is extorted from me by those who would vilify and calumniate a race so very dear to me."

This fancy seems to have been hereditary with him. "For," he said, on another occasion, "my father, who is now, I trust, with the blessed, loved and cherished this race in an especial manner. So, too, did my mother; not to curry favour with him, for she continued so to do long before his death. I, then, their son, being brought up with four or five dogs constantly about me, is it any wonder that I should have imbibed this predilection along with my mother's milk as it were? I declare solemnly, I believe there is no other animal existing so worthy of praise, love, and admiration, for its gifts of mind as well as of body—which I can only consider as coming direct from Heaven."

He had kept his eyes open to their perfections from his very youngest days. In his merest childhood, an era usually hostile to the Dog, he had been regarding them with affection. "As to their wonderful facility in learning, and their retentive memories, you and I see instances of it every day. Only look at that Mopsikins of mine! not a single thing now can you tell him, but he stores it up and brings it out again months after to our inconceivable astonishment. When I was a boy there was a dog at Brussels of the English breed, one of that large kind they yoke in carts to draw their hides to market. Besides this he had been trained to fetch meat from the butchers, to bring it home, and even pay for it. This was managed by hanging a wicker-basket from his neck to hold the money. Then, without resisting in the least, he would carry it straight to the butcher's-shop, receive his cargo, and set out home again. Sometimes it fell out that other dogs would be attracted by the scent and approach for the purpose of robbing him of his meat. Whereupon he would set down his basket and fight in a ring round it until he drove them off. But if he was overcome by numbers, or out-matched in strength, then he would rush on with the rest and fight for his share of the spoil. This was well known at the time, and was often witnessed by me and the neighbours to our great amusement."

He could tell, too, of another carrying dog fully as intelligent, and who was a sort of celebrity in the university town some thirty years or so before. "At his master's bidding, he would set off with a bag of letters fitted to his neck, and carry them all the way to a certain house in Brussels—a distance of some thirty miles. There he took his dinner and rested for a short while, and then set off home again with return letters. So, that one day, this brave fellow per-

formed his two journeys in this expeditious fashion."

Instinct, chronicles, and text-books of such matters are full of instances of Dogs pining away after those they love. The Professor could tell his friends and pupils of such an instance occurring in his own family. Here is the story of the little red-haired terrier that belonged to his grandmother Margaret. "She cherished dogs exceedingly," he said, "and they bore her extraordinary love. But there was one especially attached to her—a little red-haired creature of the breed which burrows in the ground, and which we call terriers. During the whole period of her last sickness, it never once left her bedside. It could not be driven away. When it at last discovered that she had indeed breathed her last, it made straight for the garden, its tail drooping down behind, and howling dismally. The whole scene comes back upon me now, just as when I was a little boy. Under a spreading hazel-tree, he was seen scratching a hole with his paws, and, when he had finished, lay down in it quietly and expired."

The adventures of Jeanette, his father's dog, are not quite so melancholy. Jeanette had been presented by a person of quality—by no less distinguished a donor than Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy—and was treated, as was proper, with all due consideration. But Jeanette proved before long that she had other and more substantial grounds for consideration.

"Once on a time," the Professor tells, "my father was at a banquet, where high words passed between the guests. From that it came to blows, and ended by swords being drawn, and a regular scuffle ensuing. My father was, unhappily, overwhelmed in the mêlée, and borne down to the ground, when the dog, thinking that her master was the sole aim of the whole attack, flew at each assailant in succession, and committed terrible havoc among them; but not with impunity; for her poor little body was pierced through and through, four times over, by the swords of the combatants. My father, taking her for dead, went his way, filled with grief and vexation. What does poor Jeanette do? She struggles hard to raise herself, and tries hard to follow, tottering and stumbling the whole way. At last she reaches home, knocks at the hall-door (this she was always in the habit of doing, lifting it with her nose). My mother hears the sound, and runs to tell my father. He says it is impossible, for he had seen her lying dead. Once more is the knocking heard; they run to open and let her in, or, rather, carry her in. A doctor is sent for; she is laid in her bed, and properly cared for. In no very long time she was quite cured, and lived to prove her fidelity many times over to my father. I can bear my testimony to this story; for, when I was a child, I used to go and see her

every day during her sickness, and stand by her, and even cry heartily over her."

Jeanette should have borne a collar of gold to the day of her death. But Professor Lipsius knows of some other histories at second-hand well worthy of record. Witness that affecting story of the Corsican hunter who used to take a favourite hound with him upon his excursions, in one of which he was buried below the snow and perished miserably. His friends, missing him, set out to look for him, and at last discovered his body all stark and frozen. "But the dog" (O, what noble yet what ill-timed fidelity!) "guarded his master jealously, and drove them off furiously, taking them for robbers come to spoil his body. They tried to soothe and coax him off; but all without avail, though he had been in the habit of receiving his food from their hands every day. At last, they were put to the alternative of leaving the body there, or else of destroying the dog. They are therefore compelled to shoot him with their arrows: and so he yields up his life and his honest heart together upon his master's body."

All honour, then, to the Dog. All honour, too, to those who appreciate his virtues so heartily—even though virtues of a poor dumb brute. As was said at the beginning, it is comforting to think that his social position is improving. Hearts as gentle as those of the Professor are looking after him. His millennium is drawing near.

In course of time the good Professor's hour came, and he died and was buried in his old university. An old traveller, by name Golnitzius, coming that road some thirty or forty years later, was shown his rooms and the portraits of the three dogs hung up. It is not written whether any one has seen them later. The old traveller strolled into the Dominican church hard by, and read the Professor's epitaph. Passing afterwards on to Halle, they showed him there all the notable things of that curious city. He saw in the cathedral all the offerings of generals and statesmen; the silver statues; the tree with fruit of solid gold; the twenty silver lamps; but was most struck by a certain casket hung up by silver chains, with a tablet and inscription below it. This was the Professor's pen which had written for him many volumes, now laid humbly at the feet of Our Lady of Halle.

THE BLANKSHIRE THICKET.

THICKETS in Blankshire are not now the dense masses of underwood which they are still popularly believed to be, and which, perhaps, once they were. The ram of the patriarch Isaac would scarcely be caught in any one of these by his horns; vast quantities of sheep, indeed, make their pasture land of our thicket without paying further tribute to the briars and the prickly gorse than a

few handfuls of wool, and a man may walk miles and miles upon it without meeting with greater inconveniences than an occasional thorn in his flesh.

The lordly stag (not seldom uncartered on our thicket) finds scarce an obstacle which his easy canter cannot surmount without a bound; the large limbed hounds, whose mistress is the queen herself, dash through it at full speed, unheeding of the gorse which reddens their tail tips; and the scarlet-coated hunters take their way by fifties and by hundreds across the densest part of it almost as swiftly as along its open turf roads.

A lonely spot it is at all seasons, bleak enough in winter, but beautiful and brilliant with colour in the summer time; then, except the little round bald patches which mark the halting places of the numerous companies of gipsies who at that period haunt our Blankshire thicket, all is green or golden. The soft south wind is never weary of blowing there, although always somewhat faint with the odour of the gorse blossoms; the lark is never tired of singing in the blue above, nor the grasshopper in the green beneath; nor the butterfly of roaming over the dangerous blooms whose sharp spears threaten in vain its delicate fairy wings. There are few thickets like it, and those few are growing fewer day by day. It is not impossible that the Enclosure Act may lay its claws, or one of its clauses, before long, even upon Brierly Thicket; indeed, I have missed a corner here, and a good strip there, and what I have known to be a capital rabbit bank, has become a cornfield patch already, so that the sooner I say what I have got to say about our thicket—while it is a thicket—the better.

In the good old times, which were five-and-thirty years ago exactly, Brierly, which is now a stagnant country town, was a place of importance. The great western road to London, the king's highway (which is now, alas! the railroad), ran through it, and upon that road seventy-three coaches passed and repassed daily. Forty-five of these changed horses at the Calderton Arms, which was the best hotel in our town, and patronised by Lord Calderton of Brierly Park, who in those days saved us the trouble of choosing a representative in Parliament by nominating one himself, and bidding us vote for him.

In those good old times it must be confessed that our thicket was not so safe as it is now. No coach ever crossed it after dusk without the guard having his loaded blunderbuss ready to his hand, lest he should meet with any gentlemen of the road, and many were the robberies to which, despite that precaution, passengers were obliged to submit.

Brierly farmers driving home from market in the evenings used to go armed, and with

at least one companion. Pedlars who were foolish enough to expose the contents of a valuable pack at any place upon one side of our thicket, rarely got scot-free to the other; nay, if they made resistance, they sometimes never crossed it at all, for highway robbery being then a hanging matter, murder was no worse, and it was as well, said the thieves with the proverb, to be hung for a sheep as for a lamb. There was a patrol upon our thicket, it is true, but he did not very much deter the marauders, and simple nervous passengers, always mistaking him for a robber, suffered three parts of the wretchedness of being robbed in the fright. Nevertheless there were honest men, then as now, who cared for never a thief living; and one of these was Farmer Johnson of Stoot Farm, near Brierly, and another was my Uncle Jack.

Farmer Johnson was accustomed to cross our thicket at all seasons and at any hour, as often alone as in company, and unless he walked (which, as he was fourteen stone, he was generally loth to do), without even an ashplant wherewith to defend himself. He ran such risks indeed without ever coming to harm, that it was popularly understood, in fun, that he was himself in league with the highwaymen, which in those times it was not such a very uncommon thing for men of some substance to be. Nevertheless, even Farmer Johnson was stopped at last, upon our thicket.

He was returning late at night from Fussworth market in his gig alone, and with a pretty heavy purse in his pocket, the proceeds of a successful sale in barley: his good fortune made him whistle as he drove, and his good mare Salt-fish, who was almost a thoroughbred, spanked along merrily without touch of whip, as if she sympathised with her master. When they had reached about the middle of our thicket, a man sprang up on either side the road from amid the gorse and stood in the way, while at the same instant a third fellow laid his hand upon the gig behind. Farmer Johnson understood the state of affairs at a glance, and knowing that he could rely upon the mare, took his measures accordingly: by a sharp pull at the bit he caused the docile Salt-fish (who had come to a full stop upon two legs and presented the unusual sign in heraldry of a horse rampant in a gig passant) to run backwards with surprising agility, knocking down the gentleman behind, and playfully trampling upon him in her retreat; thus Farmer Johnson extricated himself from the dilemma, and had he been wise would have trotted back to Fussworth well satisfied enough: but he had just come from thence, and was bound for his own residence, Stoot Farm, nor was he a man very easily induced to change his determination. Gathering up the reins, therefore, and holding the mare well together, he rushed her at the two men who

still stopped the way, and scattered them like chaff.

"Good night, gentlemen!" he cried, satirically, as he bowled along at some fifteen miles an hour, but the words had scarcely left his lips, when Salt-fish and gig, and all, heeled completely over, and Farmer Johnson's triumph was ended. The three thieves, it seems, regardless of omens, were the proprietors of a long stout rope, which was stretched across the road on pegs, and had thus caused his misfortune. In another minute, and before he could rise, his enemies were upon him; resistance from an unarmed man was useless, for though they had no pistols they could have beaten out his brains with their bludgeons in a few minutes; so Farmer Johnson submitted as patiently as he could, and confined himself to making a particular study of their countenances, with a view to recognising them under more auspicious circumstances. They took his purse, and gave him a good drubbing, in return for the trouble which he had given them, and they would have doubtless taken his mare also, but that she had in the meantime gone off towards Stoot Farm, of her own accord, with the resuscitated gig behind her.

Farmer Johnson, as he started homewards on foot amid the laughter of his despoilers, was sensible neither of his loss nor of his bruises; an overwhelming desire for revenge swallowed up, like a Moses' rod, all other feelings; he had scarce patience to get a prudent distance away from his late companions, before he gave the long shrill whistle, which Salt-fish knew so well as her master's summons; back came the high-blooded mare at a hand-gallop, instantly, and the farmer climbed up into the gig: he put his hand under the driving seat and brought out exultingly a new sharp sickle.

"Fool that I was," cried he, "to have forgotten this, which I bought only this very day." It was a present which he had promised to one of his men, and ten minutes before would perhaps have been worth two hundred pounds to him. "What's done, however, could be undone," according to the persevering farmer; and giving the mare a flick with the whip-lash, he turned her into a turf-road which runs through our thicket from that place, and presently joins the highway again by a circumbendibus: by this means he could come, from the same direction as before, over the very same ground, and if the thieves should be still there, he was prepared for them. His only fear was that they would have decamped with their booty. They, however, thinking that "old twenty-stun" (as they had irreverently called him) would be a long time in going afoot to Brierly, had set their trap anew for more game from Fussworth market, and hearing the sound of wheels, pricked up their ears and grasped their bludgeons. No sooner, however, did the running footman,

the third man of the party, lay his hand upon the gig behind, than Farmer Johnson, who was waiting for him, struck him over the head with the sickle, to such good purpose, that the man dropped in the road.

"I forgot," cried the stout yeoman, as he came up with the other two, "I forgot, when I met you before, sirs, to give you this," holding up the weapon, and leaping out upon the left hand man: this fellow, astounded by such an address, and really bewildered at seeing again the same individual who he had such excellent means for knowing was elsewhere and in sad plight, made but a feeble resistance, and after his fall, his comrade took to his heels across the trackless thicket: the farmer was at no time very well calculated to catch a runner, and pursuit was of course, under the circumstances, not to be thought of. The stolen purse was luckily in the pocket of the first man, and with that and his two captives—most grievously mauled by the sickle—the plucky old yeoman came into Brierly about day-break, and covered himself, as may well be believed, with provincial glory.

The other adventure, which I remember to have happened upon our thicket, occurred to my uncle Jack. He was what was called in those good old times which I have referred to, a red-hot radical, or as we should now say, a moderate whig, and in the electioneering practices of that date he was a somewhat unscrupulous proficient: his hatred of the noble house of Calderton, which arrogated to itself the right of appointing the member for the borough, was of a nature of which we moderns, unacquainted as we are with what political animosity really means, can have no conception: "all's fair at election time," was a favourite moral precept with my uncle, and one up to which, whenever Brierly was contested, he most conscientiously acted.

The struggle between the nominee of his lordship, and a certain yellow candidate from the metropolis, was, upon one occasion—the first in which the Calderton rule was rebelled against with any hope of success—excessively keen, and the screw was put very sharply upon the Brierly tenants. Uncle Jack, the better to observe the enemy, was stopping at the Calderton Arms itself, from which he secretly sent forth his ukases, and regulated liberal affairs. He saw that these were going badly; that more money was wanted, and that, for certain reasons, neither in Brierly notes, nor even in those of the Bank of England, but in good, untestifying, unrecognisable gold sovereigns from the Mint. There was very little time to procure it in, and the getting it from town was a highly important and most confidential task, so Uncle Jack, after some consultation with those he considered could be trusted, determined to undertake it himself.

Nobody, reasoned he, would surely suspect him, an inmate of the Calderton Arms, of

being the purse-bearer of the Friends of Liberty. Robert Supple, the landlord, who was, of course, Caldertonian to the back-bone, and had a considerable following, was a dull man, who thought himself shrewd, and of the easiest possible sort to hoodwink; while his son was a scamp, if not something even worse, whose feelings were not likely to be interested in any electioneering matter whatever.

Uncle Jack was neither a dull man, nor a scamp, ergo (so he proved it) he was more than a match for them. He ordered out his gig and his big brown horse in order to go to Fussworth; there was certainly no mistake about that; he mentioned Fussworth twice, distinctly, to Mr. Supple, who was smoking his pipe at the inn-door, with an expression of countenance as though he were personifying human wisdom at the request of some eminent sculptor. He spoke of Fussworth, casually, to Supple the younger, as he hung about the inn-yard, as usual, with both his idle hands in his pockets; and Fussworth, said he, nodding to the inquiring ostler, as he snatched the horsecloth cleverly off the brown at the moment of departure; and yet Uncle Jack was going farther than Fussworth that same day, nevertheless.

It was night,—midnight, by the time my uncle got upon our thicket again upon his way home. He had nobody with him, and no weapon of any kind, and he had two thousand pounds in gold under the gig-seat. It was upon this last account that he kept his eyes so sharply about him, and listened so painfully with his ears, and not through any fear upon his own account, for Uncle Jack was bold as a lion. He was anxious lest the cause of liberty should suffer a dire loss; lest the Calderton clique should triumph on this as on all other occasions, through any misadventure of his; and it was for this alone that he feared the chances of the dark, and highwaymen. Blindfold, he had almost known every inch of the way, and he drove through the gloom as softly as he possibly could, with his wheels low on the sand, and dumb on the turf, and grating on the hard road but rarely; sometimes he would even pull up to listen, and he did not press the big brown to speed at any time, but kept him as fresh as his long journey would permit him to be, in case it should come to a stern chase.

Presently, in the centre of the way there loomed a horseman, and the fatal Stand! rang hoarsely out over the heath. My uncle would have made a rush, and trusted to the fellow's pistol missing fire, but he saw that the muzzle covered him, and that the risk was too tremendous for that. The robber, who was masked, rode up to his side with the weapon still levelled, and demanded his money. My uncle offered him his watch, and some loose sovereigns, but the other shook his head.

"I want the money under the seat," cried he, hoarsely; "I know you have it there."

"If you know that," said my uncle, quietly, "you must also know that not a penny of it belongs to me: I will not voluntarily give it up to any man,—I will die first,—but since you have a pistol, I cannot help your taking it if you have a mind, and may I live to see you hung, you rascal."

Uncle Jack used some rather excited language besides, which would better bear repetition in those good old times, than in these, and then sullenly shifted his legs, so that the bags of gold under the seat could be got at. The highwayman leaned forward to reach them with one hand, still keeping the pistol levelled in the other, as though he knew the man he had to deal with; but in doing this he bent his head for a second, and, before he could raise it again, Uncle Jack was upon him like a lion. By striking spurs into his horse, the robber managed to extricate himself, but in the brief struggle the pistol went off harmlessly, and remained with my uncle; and before the wretch could draw another, the big brown was laying his four feet to the ground to some purpose; they were nearly at the end of our thicket, before the enraged highwayman could come within range of them.

"Chuck out the gold," he cried, in a terrible voice, "or I'll shoot ye."

"Shoot and —," hallooed Uncle Jack, whose flying wheels, no longer particular about making a noise, drowned the rest of the sentence. "I'll lay a pound that I live to see you hung." He knew it was not an easy matter for a man on horseback to shoot a man in a gig—both flying. After they had gone on in this fashion for some time, "Patrol," cried my uncle, joyfully, and at the full pitch of his voice.

"Death and thunder!" or something of that kind, exclaimed the highwayman, as he pulled up his mare upon her haunches. By which device Uncle Jack gained fifty yards, and got quite clear of our thicket. In five minutes more he had reached the toll-gate, and was out of Robber-land.

Not a word said he of his adventure to the ostler, roused up at one in the morning to attend upon him; only, "What has become of the grey?" asked he, carelessly, as his eyes rested upon an empty stall in the huge stable wherein his own Brown was housed.

"Master Willum has took him out to Wutton until the day after to-morrow," was the simple reply.

Uncle Jack retired to rest with the serenest of smiles, and deposited the gold in safety under his mattress. On the next morning his landlord waited upon him after breakfast, by particular desire.

"How many votes, my good friend," said my uncle, "can you really command now, independently of his lordship?"

"Why, you surely aint a-coming that game?" said the innkeeper, grimly. "I should have thought you had known me by this time better than that; I am a-going to bring seventeen voters up to poll next week to vote for the True Blue, however, and I don't care who knows it."

"Seventeen," said my uncle, smiling, "that will do capitally: I should not have thought, Mr. Supple, you could have brought so many. This will be equivalent to giving us thirty-four," added he, soliloquising, "and he only wanted thirty to win."

"To giving you thirty-four?" cried the indignant host; why, I'd see you hanged first; leastways, not you, sir, but the whole yellow lot...."

"Do you know this pistol?" exclaimed my uncle, suddenly, and with a great deal of sternness, "and are you aware to whom it belongs?"

"Yes, I do," said the innkeeper, a little uncomfortable, but not in the least suspecting what was to come, "it belongs to my son William."

"It does!" said Uncle Jack. "I took it from him last night upon Brierly thicket, where he tried to commit a highway robbery with a badly fitting mask on his face; which is a hanging matter, Mr. Supple."

The agony of the father (who was only too convinced of the truth of what was said, as he had himself mentioned to his son his suspicions of what my uncle was really gone to Fussworth about) was terrible to witness, and moved the accuser greatly. "Spare him; spare my son!" exclaimed the poor fellow.

"Do I look like the sort of man to hang the son of anybody who promises to do me a favour?" said Uncle Jack, placidly; "but," added he, with meaning, "you had better not forget those seventeen voters, Mr. Supple."

And so it turned out, that through Uncle Jack's adventure in the Blankshire Thicket, the yellow candidate came in for Brierly, for two thousand pounds less than the cost he had calculated.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read at CLIFTON, on the 2nd and 6th of August; at EXETER on the 3rd; at PLYMOUTH on the 4th and 5th; at WORCESTER on the 10th; at WOLVERHAMPTON on the 11th; at SHREWSBURY on the 12th; at CHESTER on the 13th; and at LIVERPOOL on the 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st, of August.

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THE HUMILIATION OF FOGMOOR.

IF old Mr. Snarlington had occasion, at any time, to put his hand upon four or five hundred thousand pounds, he knew exactly where to find it, either in money or in money's worth. He had odd notions respecting honesty, character, principle, public virtue, looking upon such things as vague generalities, and empty words. I believe that he never wrote a letter, nor willingly caused one to be written to him. He liked people to visit him upon business matters, as he always visited them when any necessity arose for negociation. He disliked books, pamphlets, newspapers, and print of all kinds; and, as to theories, the very mention of them made him rabid. He firmly held and vigorously acted upon his conviction, that one good, solid experiment was worth all the reams of type that were ever sent forth with a view of enlightening the country. He had an unbounded faith in the power of money; and, as this opinion was drawn from forty years' observation, and the command of enormous wealth, it may have been correct, as it was certainly very pardonable.

He had no relations, except a niece, who acted as his housekeeper, and he was therefore fully entitled, even in the eyes of society, to spend his money in any way he thought proper.

Old Mr. Snarlington was benevolent; but his benevolence—like everything he did—took a peculiar, practical, and singular form. "Catch me, sir," he used to say, "founding schools, to be diverted from their original objects ten years after I am dead; to be sucked dry by a gang of leech-like wardens, sub-wardens, vergers, deans, and chapters. Catch me founding schools to keep money in the pockets of the upper, middle, and lower upper classes which ought to be expended in the education of their children. Catch me, sir, subscribing to a batch of flaunting societies to have sixty per centum of my subscription eaten away by a pack of hungry secretaries, collectors, and hangers-on: to see them devouring the corn, and presenting the dry, hollow husks to the lips of the sick mother and the helpless child. No, sir; if any widows, cripples, and orphans want anything that I can give them, let them come to me, or I will go to them direct, sir,—direct as a line; and by—(I

am sorry to say that Mr. Snarlington frequently wound up one of these orations with an oath) they shall not be sent empty away."

If it be necessary to describe the personal appearance and habits of Mr. Snarlington, I may say that he was tall and wiry. He was about sixty years of age, with grey hair and twinkling brown eyes, always neatly dressed, always active in his movements, and very impressive in his discourse.

He had bought land—not to a great extent—in the immediate neighbourhood of Fogmoor, Hants, and had settled down as an inhabitant of that important town and borough. Mr. Snarlington lived a very quiet and retired life; his dwelling and establishment were far from being grand and ostentatious, and no one in Fogmoor—not even the local gentry—had the slightest idea of the vast wealth which he commanded. He made no acquaintances in the county, and he had few friends. His habits and peculiarities rendered him averse to what is commonly called society, and congenial companions were rare to be met with. Therefore Mr. Snarlington lived the life of a common-place, respectable, unobtrusive, private gentleman.

Not so the great man of the borough, and the member who represented it in parliament, whose name was Sir Tomahawk Sternhold. Baronet he was not, at present, but baronet he, one day, hoped to be, and that before long; also Chancellor of the Exchequer, Home Secretary, Colonial Secretary, Foreign Secretary, First Lord of the Admiralty, Prime Minister, Baron and Peer; for all which various and widely different offices and positions he had fully qualified himself according to the custom of parliamentary gentlemen of an ambitious nature.

Simple knight, as he was, it was not by any means known in the county how, when, or why Sir Tomahawk Sternhold became possessed of his title. Malicious report said he was once a kind of gentleman-footman in attendance upon majesty. Be this as it may, he was certainly now a knight, and his lips having once tasted of dignity, only thirsted for more. He was well seconded by his lady, who had formerly been one of the palace housekeepers. Many a footman and lady's-maid had been discharged from the Sternhold service for failing

to say, my lady or your ladyship. Even Sir Tomahawk himself, although he knew it was incorrect, was not averse to hearing himself called your lordship by the ignorant, but respectful peasantry.

Sir Tomahawk was a most important man in Fogmoor, as any one could see, who watched his progress through the town at any time, in the open landau, with my lady. It was an ovation—that is the term. Not that Sir Tomahawk was really liked or respected. He was far from being affable, and was known (especially by his tradesmen) not to be rich. Fogmoor people were not in the habit of giving their homage or their affection to those who were not well able to pay for it. But the secret of Sir Tomahawk's popularity lay in another direction.

It had been spread about the town that Sir Tomahawk could do anything he liked with the ministry of the day. He had got the ear of the court. Prime Ministers of different and almost undistinguishable shades of opinion, might flourish or might fade, as they had flourished and had faded pretty frequently during the last three years; but the court influence of Sir Tomahawk remained unshaken as a lighthouse. Had he not been a useful, a favourite, and a confidential, though seemingly unimportant member of the household? Lady Tomahawk, too; all the years that she had been behind the scenes you may be sure had not been thrown away. She knew exactly where to find the hidden springs of patronage, as well as her illustrious husband. If any man, whether of Fogmoor, or from any part of England, could once interest Sir Tomahawk in his favour, he need not trouble himself much more with hard work; for he was on the high road to a government appointment.

Although these opinions savoured of Sternhold Grange they were implicitly believed in, and passed current, instead of coin, to a great extent, in Fogmoor. Tradesmen who wanted money, and had long accounts against Sternhold Grange, instead of sending in their claims, paraded their grown-up male families, and talked about the Excise or the Customs. Lawyers or bankers who had advanced cash upon securities beyond the margin of their value were not harsh or importunate; for they were pacified with a vision of certain vacant places in one of the fruitful governmental hives of—salary. Men who had sold their political birthright as everything else was sold in Fogmoor, upon credit and a promise to pay, were [hopeful yet of receiving their payment in some shape from the national purse. There was little shame upon these subjects; although the great reform bill was a fact in the land.

Straitened as Sir Tomahawk's circumstances undoubtedly were for the want of ready money, he had not neglected certain duties, that do not cost much, and go a great way in a country town. Sir Tomahawk's

election had been carried in the interest of the ministry of the hour—a divine right of expediency ministry—to which Sir Tomahawk, for the moment, was attached. He always was attached to the party in power. A safe, valuable, and reliable man was Sir Tomahawk: a man who could be spoken to; who could be trusted, who could be used; and who never gave a whipper-in a sleepless night or a second's uneasiness. Ah! if the country had more men like Sir Tomahawk Sternhold, how smoothly and delightfully the springs of government would move.

Sir Tomahawk being a man of tact, and a man of self-reliance, acted as his own election-agent; and no man, not even the renowned firm of Alabaster and Ermine, could have managed the business better. He knew his borough, and bought it at a contract-price, money down, paid by the standing political committee of the Woolsack Club; and, with characteristic prudence and economy, he made a good profit by each transaction. Having cashed the handsome ministerial cheque, he looked round the town of Fogmoor, to see in what direction he could make the best investment of the smallest part of it, to reap, in return, the most plentiful crop of political capital. After consultation with my lady, he came to the conclusion that a new organ for the church, a new pump for the market-place, and the painting and white-washing of the charity school-rooms were things that could no longer be done without. The pump was ordered and erected, the organ was built and opened, and the school-room was made bright and unbearable for the children, for many weeks to come. Nor did the exertions of the worthy Sir Tomahawk end here. He gave a grand entertainment to the workhouse poor in and around Fogmoor; a rather numerous body of melancholy units in the great crowd of local over-population. A curious entertainment it was; at which no one was happy and comfortable, because no one was in earnest; and which all alike, both guests and entertainers, were glad to see the end of.

It was the only thing like a mistake that Sir Tomahawk was guilty of; for it was evidently not in his way, and he was wise enough never to try it again. The long, shambling procession of the juvenile paupers through the town was one of the most melancholy spectacles that Fogmoor had seen for many a day. The children themselves, young and ignorant, seemed to feel that they were only being walked out for a purpose. Some feared they were marching to a punishment merited by the crimes and poverty of their parents, and clung to each other for mutual protection. The genius of the arrangers of the festival had been exerted to put the right boy or girl in the wrong place. Friendships and sympathies spring up even in workhouses; but they were not to be allowed to extend their manifestations into

the rank and file of a school procession. Those children were classed together who were of an equal height, without regard to affections or antipathies, and they dared not ask to be re-marshalled, even on a holiday, for fear of their lives. On they slouched, in their ill-made uniform; with dull, heavy eyes; with pale, puffed cheeks and drooping jaws; with the regulation orange in one hand, and the regulation bun in the other; and with looks that showed no enjoyment of the present, and no hope of the future.

Sir Tomahawk in due time, after the proper forms and ceremonies of an election, which was not contested, had been gone through, was declared duly elected. His coadjutor for the town and borough had paired off with another invalid ten years ago; since which time, although he was supposed to be taking the waters at a German bath, he had never been heard of, and Sir Tomahawk had therefore the dignity and advantages of his new position all to himself. This state of things did not last for many months; for intelligence came at last of the death of the old member at some place abroad with a name containing many vowels, all dotted over the top, and which none of the Fogmoor people could pronounce. After a while, they awoke to a sense of the necessity and probable profit of another election. The preliminary steps were accordingly taken to secure the support of those Fogmoor colours which Sir Tomahawk had already nailed to the mast.

Sir Tomahawk also awoke to a sense of the necessity of bringing in a member who would not interfere with the designs that he himself had carefully laid for his own political advancement. Sir Tomahawk cast his eye over the political horizon, and was very well satisfied with the prospect. He knew, or thought he knew, exactly what he could do with his borough, and what he could not. He thought that, for a certain sum, he could secure the return of a gentleman of the scientific-tourist school, whose time would be chiefly divided between botany in the Himalayas, ethnology in Central America, and meteorology in the Arctic regions. If he hesitated for a moment, it was because he feared that such a travelled Thane might interfere with his prospect, however remote, of one day being appointed to the Colonial Office. But, as he saw how fruitless it was to indulge in the hope of ever getting another member like the late shadowy legislator, he selected the tourist (whose name was Mr. Kosmus) as the safest person to stand. Having first ascertained that Mr. Kosmus, was at a part of the globe where he could be reached by telegraphic communication, he applied to him in that form; and, finding him not unwilling to be nominated, he signed a guarantee for that gentleman's political faith to the Woolpack Club, and received the amount that he asserted would be sufficient to secure the election.

Sir Tomahawk considered that he had taken quiet and effectual possession of the field, and expected to carry his point without a contest. But Sir Tomahawk was doomed to be disappointed. Sir Tomahawk made a mistake in attempting to do too much himself, without either counsel or assistance. It is true that by this means privacy was ensured, as well as a large degree of profit; but success in an undertaking is the one thing needful, to which all other things should be made subservient. It is quite true that for a certain sum, Mr. Kosmus, or any man in the world, or even out of it, could have been returned for the borough of Fogmoor, provided no other man offered a larger sum. Here lay the mistake. Moreover, Sir Tomahawk's character was not one of those which come out the stronger in the face of opposition, and therefore I cannot wonder at his mental collapse, when, after a few days, by the side of his huge "Vote for Kosmus" placards, was affixed a small, neat, printed notice, requesting the electors to support Mr. Snarlington.

When Sir Tomahawk had quite recovered from his astonishment, the first question that he asked, loudly, was, "Who is Mr. Snarlington?" Who was Mr. Snarlington? Who indeed! Certainly, fools and madmen would never die out of the land. Sir Tomahawk had no doubts: no misgivings. Why should he have? He waited, with the calm dignity of conscious strength, for the discomfiture of his obscure and presumptuous enemy.

Mr. Snarlington's movements had been prompt and characteristic. At ten o'clock, A.M., he determined to stand for the borough; at eleven o'clock, A.M., he was in a carriage at the railway-station; at half-past three o'clock, P.M., he was in a cab at the London terminus; and at ten minutes to four, P.M., he was in the offices of Messrs. Alabaster and Ermine, the unequalled electioneering agents.

No matter what a man's business may be, — thief-training or thief-catching; chess-playing or billiard-playing; curing smoky chimneys, or building Elizabethan villas; making popular sausages, or popular pills; filling out the walking skeleton with artificial flesh; tightening in the panting mass of too, too solid flesh, until its possessor is not only presentable, but elegant, in the eyes of his adorable Amelia; training bull-headed men for prize-fights, or preparing young clergymen for the polemical pulpit; breeding sleek terriers, who will kill a hundred rats in about two-thirds of the same number of seconds; useful businesses, elegant businesses, criminal businesses, improper businesses, mean, shabby, and sly businesses; no matter what profession a man may follow, if he be the first of his kind, he exacts and receives a certain amount of wonder and admiration, even from those who will tell you that they despise both him and his calling. It is right to be virtuous, it is good to be honest, it is better to have the

world know that you are both virtuous and honest, but it is best of all to be notorious and celebrated.

Messrs. Alabaster and Ermine were expensive; but they stood alone. The fiercest, keenest political opponent might walk round any case that came out of the skilful hands of Messrs. Alabaster and Ermine, until his brain was dizzy; for not a flaw would he find; not a weak point; not so much as a pin-hole, which he could use to his advantage.

Everybody in the political world knew Messrs. Alabaster and Ermine; and Messrs. Alabaster and Ermine knew everybody in the political world. Yet, if you saw the political world, by which I mean the members of parliament, past, present, and future, and the great electioneering agents walking in the streets, you would naturally come to the conclusion that Messrs. Alabaster and Ermine knew nothing of the political world, and that the political world knew nothing of Messrs. Alabaster and Ermine. They passed each other without a nod, without a wink, without a glance. Their countenances were a vacancy—a blank.

Messrs. Alabaster and Ermine had also an extensive acquaintance in any county of England, with the possessors of political birthrights, whether east or west, or north, or south. At the private dinner-table of the partners they quoted the ten-pound householder like consols, or any other government stock. Sometimes he was at par, that is exactly ten pounds; sometimes he went down to eight; seven; six; five-eighths; sometimes he recovered to ten; eleven; twelve and a-half; thirteen and a quarter.

Mr. Alabaster was a man of nearly seventy, still keen and active, but rather inclined to be fussy, and to dwell upon the political triumphs that he had contributed to in the past, rather than to devote his attention to the political necessities of the present. He had been in this business on his own account from a very early age, and had made a reputation before the passing of that great measure—the first reform bill—which was to have purified the land from electoral corruption for evermore. This was a great measure for Mr. Alabaster. It increased the area of corruption, without making it so extensive as to be wholly and hopelessly unmanageable. It created more electors to be bribed. It brought forward capitalists as candidates for selection: and the great electioneering agent's business increased to such an extent, that he was compelled to take in a partner. He fixed upon Mr. Ermine.

Mr. Ermine was a man rather over fifty years of age. He was the managing and acting partner of the firm; sharp, decisive, pliable, versatile, and unrivalled for his judgment and powers of organisation. No matter what came before him, he knew in a moment exactly what ought to be done, and he knew exactly how best to do it. Mr.

Alabaster had few scruples: Mr. Ermine had no scruples whatever.

This was the firm, then, in whose offices Mr. Snarlington now stood; and he was soon ushered into the presence of the two partners. He explained his errand in an instant.

"I must be returned for Fogmoor," he said, very abruptly. Mr. Alabaster was rather shocked. Mr. Ermine was not shocked in the least.

"Fogmoor, Fogmoor," said Mr. Alabaster, reflectively, turning over the pages of a volume partly printed and partly in manuscript. "Yes. Fogmoor, Hants. Population, sixteen thousand; electors, seven hundred and twenty. Exactly so, sir; exactly so."

"Price?" inquired Mr. Snarlington, in a voice, sharp as the snap of a percussion cap.

Mr. Alabaster started, Mr. Ermine looked on unmoved. Mr. Alabaster mumbled something about a letter of introduction—who were they dealing with?

"Price?" Mr. Snarlington again almost shouted, taking a cheque-book from his pocket. "Two-thirds down in cash; balance on election."

The production of the cheque-book pacified the partners. Mr. Alabaster, went on to say:

"We've not had anything to do with Fogmoor, I think, since eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, when Lord Bilkington——"

"Excuse me," interrupted Mr. Snarlington, "but my time's precious. You are men of business, and have got the purchase-money of Fogmoor marked in your books like the price of a landed estate. Tell me that price, and don't beat about the bush."

Mr. Alabaster being staggered, Mr. Ermine took up the conversation.

"Who's in the field?" he asked.

"Sir Tomahawk Sternhold," returned Mr. Snarlington.

"For himself?"

"No; for a friend."

"That's favourable."

Mr. Ermine turned to Mr. Alabaster and said, contemptuously, "Sir Tomahawk Sternhold." He then turned to Mr. Snarlington, and said, "an amateur in our profession."

"Price?" again asked Mr. Snarlington.

"Fogmoor," began Mr. Alabaster, "was always a difficult place to deal with. I remember——"

"Price?" struck in the impatient Snarlington.

"Well," replied Mr. Ermine, who had been gaining time for reflection, "we can't do it securely for less than nine thousand pounds."

"Rather above the average for such places," said Mr. Snarlington, as he drew a cheque for six thousand pounds; "but, no matter. Go to work at once."

To work they went at once. Although they had an inferior and over-confident opponent to deal with, they anticipated every

emergency that could possibly arise. The usual beer and refreshments were provided without stint for the coarser portion of the free and independent possessors of the political birthright. Subtle scruples of the higher classes were overcome in masterly manner by Mr. Ermine, who was a known and welcome visitor at every house in the county. If any man during the fortnight of preparation for the day of election expressed a wish for a new horse, a new gun, a new plough, a new wagon, a new suit of clothes, a new cow, or a short lease of a cottage, he had it at once,—he scarcely knew how. If any woman expressed a wish for a trip to London, a new gown, a new milking-pail, a new chest of drawers, a new carpet, or a new fit-out of boots for the children, she had it at once,—she scarcely knew how. If any gentleman wished for a new writing-table, a new diamond-ring, a new library chair, admission to an exclusive club, or a presentation for a son to a public school, he had it at once,—he scarcely knew how. If any lady wished for a new piano, a new fan, a new toilet-glass, an Indian shawl, or an introduction to a circle of fashion, she had it at once,—she scarcely knew how. Everybody was satisfied. Everybody was delighted. There had not been, for many years, such a charming election at Fogmoor. The arrangements beneath the surface were also perfect. While the contest lasted, it would have been a difficult task to find a single professional pugilist in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. They were all at Fogmoor; and, as they all mustered there in the Snarlington interest, peace and propriety were thoroughly respected.

Sir Tomahawk Sternhold presented a pitiable spectacle. He had sunk rapidly in Fogmoor popularity. He sat for hours in Mr. Kosmus's chief committee-room without speaking a word to his fellow-labourers. When he met society in the drawing-room or in the street, he felt that he was not the individual of a few weeks before. One humiliation was spared him. He was not confronted with his opponent in the habitations of his friends; though he was not aware that Mr. Snarlington's eccentricity had alone saved him from this unpleasantness. People judged of Mr. Snarlington's wealth by what they saw going on around them, and there was not a door in the county that was now closed against him. Mr. Snarlington's treatment of the borough and its inhabitants was severe, but it was well-merited. He had bought the suffrages of his townsmen at the full market-price, and he was not disposed to conceal his bitter contempt for a drove of political cattle. He was stern and unflinching in his determination not to observe any of the recognised, expected, and time-honoured amenities of elections. His placards were small, and without any of the usual local flatteries. He would not trouble himself to make profes-

sions of any political principles whatever. He would not visit any important elector with the usual deputation, and would not address the inhabitants from any tavern window, on the day of nomination. In his single speech he told them such disagreeable truths, that Sir Tomahawk—who did not know how securely every listening man had been bought, made sure of a triumph. Alas, by the middle of the polling-day six-sevenths of the possessors of the political birthright had recorded their faith in what they called the honest and straightforward candidate. The one-sided struggle was at an end, and Mr. Snarlington was declared to be duly elected.

Mr. Snarlington took the oaths and his seat for Fogmoor, and Sir Tomahawk Sternhold began to think that little was to be gained by keeping aloof from his fellow-member. He had been soundly rated by the committee of the Woolsack Club for his clumsy mismanagement of the election; and although he had defended himself pretty well, he felt that his position with the ministry had been materially injured. He was asked about the character and political principles of Mr. Snarlington, and he could return nothing but vague and unsatisfactory answers. He saw the necessity of cultivating more intimate relations with his repulsive colleague, and he began to make overtures. But they were not met in the spirit he could have wished. Mr. Snarlington bluntly told him that, as long as he remained in the house, he should act as an independent member. Sir Tomahawk might go his way, he should go his. He was pledged to nothing. He was bound to nobody. His borough was his own. He had bought it in the regular way, and he certainly intended to do what he liked with it. Sir Tomahawk had discernment enough to see that the case was hopeless. He withdrew from further solicitation, and fell back upon his dignity, his principles, and his title.

His title certainly did not go a great way; but his dignity—when he thought proper, as he did very frequently, to turn it on at the main—was ample and severe enough to do honour to a dukedom. His principles, in a great measure, were part and parcel of this dignity: they were born of it, and they drew their nourishment from it. Propounded by Sir Tomahawk they sounded imposing, and conveyed an impression of great political wisdom, combined with honesty of purpose and firmness of character. Propounded by anyone else, their glitter and emptiness were at once discovered. This proved the value of the manner which could make such counterfeits pass current as genuine coin, and showed the natural talent of Sir Tomahawk as a party legislator. They were rather numerous—these same principles—but that only enhanced his own value when he came to be purchased in the political market. A man with no honesty of purpose, with no

firmness of character, with no political wisdom, and with no political convictions, is a worthless weed on the roadside of legislation, that may be gathered at any time, for little or no cost, by any ministry, for any purpose. But a man with all these advantages, and many others, can go into the open market, and boldly ask a heavy price, commensurate with the importance of that which he resigns or sells, and secure in the proud consciousness that he has demanded, and will obtain his value.

One session passed, and Mr. Snarlington was declared to be impracticable. One ministry had expired, and another had come into existence. Both of these Sir Tomahawk had supported, because he liked the men. Both of these Mr. Snarlington had opposed, because he disliked the measures.

Another session passed, and Mr. Snarlington was declared to be factious. The second ministry had gone out, and the first ministry had been re-instated. Sir Tomahawk still supported them, because he liked the men; Mr. Snarlington still opposed them, because he disliked the measures.

The third session had come, and nearly gone: the first ministry had again retired, to be replaced again by the second ministry. No other government was possible. There being only two parties, Power played at see-saw. Sir Tomahawk still supported men; Mr. Snarlington still opposed bad measures. Hasty words had often been heard in the lobbies of the house coming from Sir Tomahawk, and addressed to Mr. Snarlington, upon the perverse folly of making Fogmoor a shadowy nonentity in the State—Fogmoor, once the envy, now the laughing-stock of members, who represented rival and happier boroughs. Sir Tomahawk might as well have railed at the stone statue of Hampden.

It was during the happy reign of this fourth ministry, and the period of this third session of Mr. Snarlington's membership, that a cry was raised, in and out of the legislature, for a new system of parliamentary reform. The ministry, of course—like all ministries—were averse to change, and thought the present system absolutely perfect. There was no discontent in the country. Bread was eightpence the four pound loaf. There was a decrease of pauperism to the extent of ten per cent. Therefore, the electoral system was absolutely perfect. If any man got up in that house, and said that bribery, corruption, and unequal political privileges existed, with the beneficial operation of the first Reform Bill staring him in the face, he was an Obstructive; unfit to dine at a minister's table; incapable of grasping any great question.

Sir Tomahawk was very great upon this question; of course upon the side of the ministers. If any man said that the possession of a vote would make a labourer happier, would whitewash his cottage, paint his street-door,

give him a clean shirt, or a new hat, he only showed his lamentable ignorance. In Fogmoor he had never heard any wish expressed for an extension of the elective franchise. On the contrary, he knew thirteen men who had got the privilege, and yet were too lazy to use it. Mr. Snarlington always smiled grimly when he heard Sir Tomahawk dilating upon Fogmoor as the model borough; but he was a practical man, and never spoke in the house. If you wanted to know his opinions, you had to scrutinise his votes.

Ministers, having proved, through Sir Tomahawk Sternhold, and men of his stamp, that the present system was absolutely perfect; they gave the finishing kick to the little knot of a dozen earnest, sincere reformers in the house, by putting up the jocular member to treat the subject with the contempt that it deserved. The jocular member, on this occasion, at the given signal,—obedient as a clown in the circus,—bounded into the political arena, with a grimace and a jest. His place was, however, pre-occupied by a gentleman who had caught the eye of the Speaker, and who was not a jocular member, but a feeble member,—a character that in most cases answered the same purpose. He did not belong to the ministry, which was all the better for them: the necessary laugh was raised without their having the trouble and responsibility (if any) of raising it.

The feeble member was not weak in his limbs: it was his mind that wanted strength. He was very undecided, and variable. At times he thought he could trust the people with anything; but, after reading an account in the daily papers of a case of wife-beating, he thought he could trust them with nothing. Then, reading an account in the evening papers of a child being nobly and gallantly saved by a working-man from certain death at a fire, his confidence revived, to last until the morning. Next morning, reading of a man being garroted in broad moonlight in a busy public thoroughfare, he was again afflicted with doubts, and walked down to the house with a shaking head.

When the feeble member stood up on this occasion, he fumbled nervously, first in one pocket, and then in another. Now his hand was in the tails of his coat; now it was deep in the breast. "God bless my soul!" he said. "Hum! Dear me! I've got a Reform Bill about me, somewhere. Very strange. I had a Reform Bill, I know, when I came out. No, I hadn't, either. And yet?—I must, too. And yet I couldn't. I've never dropped it, I hope? No; here it is. No; it's a newspaper."

Then addressing himself to the Speaker and the house, the feeble member said:

"Sir: I had a Reform Bill;—in fact, I've got a Reform Bill,—but unfortunately I've left it at home on my dressing-table. It's too far to send; but, I think, if you will allow me, I

can explain the scheme of it." The great scheme, which had been left upon a dressing-table, or dropped in the streets was then feebly explained.

Its chief characteristic was, that it treated the people like wild beasts, who were dangerous to themselves, and to each other. They were to have a certain amount of liberty administered to them in very small doses, and with every precaution for the public safety. There was to be a good substantial Lodger Suffrage, with a powerful checking agency; there was to be a Family Suffrage, by which a certain number of children were to count as one man, according to the sum total of their ages, also with a powerful checking agency; and there was a variety of other eccentric popular concessions, all carefully guarded by checking agencies. The forces seemed so regulated that they pulled in opposite directions with equal power, leaving the thing to be moved exactly where it stood. It was evident, under this reform bill, the supply of independent voters would not be increased to any extent sufficient to bring down their standing price in the political market. It was evident, under this reform bill, that the exclusive character of that large club, which is popularly known by the title of the House of Commons, would not be altered in any degree, as the bill, could not possibly operate to reduce the average eight thousand pounds which every member was obliged to pay, or get paid, as his entrance fee. Its introduction was negated by a tremendous majority.

Amongst the absurd minority of twenty was Mr. Snarlington: and the debate produced one remarkable effect; it forced a few words from the stolid member for Fogmoor.

He promised to bring the question of parliamentary reform before the house next session, according to his view of dealing with the subject. No one who heard him, paid much heed to what he said. Sufficient for the session was the evil of the session. But Mr. Snarlington's words had fallen upon the listening and astonished ear of Sir Tomahawk Sternhold; and that distinguished person sought his factious colleague immediately the debate was over.

"Mr. Snarlington, sir," began Sir Tomahawk, in a tone of dignified and concentrated rage, "it is now a period of three sessions—"

"And four ministries," struck in Mr. Snarlington, in a very unusual manner.

"No matter, sir," returned Sir Tomahawk, sharply, annoyed at the interruption, "no matter. It is now a period of three sessions since you were returned to join me in representing the interests of the borough of Fogmoor. I have fulfilled my trust to the best of my ability. Can you, sir, lay your hand upon your heart, and say the same?"

Sir Tomahawk was very impressive. Mr. Snarlington muttered that he was not in the

habit of laying his hand upon his heart. He had not been in the house long enough to learn the trick.

"No, sir," continued Sir Tomahawk, in an oratorical manner, "you cannot. You know, sir, that during all that time, Fogmoor has exhibited in the national legislature, the undignified spectacle of a borough stultified by the opposing principles of its own members. It has paired off with itself; and, for all practical purposes, it might as well be blotted out of the map of—of—"

Before Sir Tomahawk could find the exact phrase he was in search of, Mr. Snarlington interrupted by saying, that "he thought it might."

"Then, sir," continued Sir Tomahawk, with more swelling dignity than ever, and striking at once at the point which he was working up to, "with sentiments like these it is the duty—the bounden duty—of a man to resign. The greatest constitutional authorities—"

"You need say no more," again interrupted Mr. Snarlington, "I intend to resign."

The effect of these words upon Sir Tomahawk, was electrical. He had not expected to tame the factious Mr. Snarlington so rapidly. However, he went straight to his masters, the ministry, to report with pride, his victory over the factious and impracticable member. Sir Tomahawk made certain arrangements with the Woolpack Club with regard to the new election for Fogmoor; and Mr. Snarlington went first to Messrs. Alabaster and Ermine, and then down to Fogmoor, to make his arrangements also.

Fogmoor had, like many other country towns, its full share of paupers, and its full share of criminals. Amongst the latter class was a rough, grizzly vagabond, who was hustled about from door to door, from gaol to workhouse, and from workhouse to gaol; who was sometimes hungry and wretched, sometimes drunk and noisy; who was not without a certain rude power of intellect, and a certain dogged firmness of character. He stood by himself in the town, without a friend, or a relation; and, as all traces of his original name was lost, he was known as Bill Manacles. He was classed amongst the criminal population of Fogmoor, because he had been in gaol, though for what crime was not very clear to the impartial examiner. Fogmoor justice, like a good many other things, was administered in a very loose and one-sided manner. It could scarcely be otherwise, while Sir Tomahawk Sternhold was the most active and influential of the local magistrates.

Bill Manacles had formerly been in the service of the great Sir Tomahawk, at very low wages and with very heavy work, as a general labourer. It was not complained that he neglected his duties, nor that he was found out in any dishonesty while at Sternhold Grange; but he called his mistress Mum, instead of My lady; he did not touch

his hat to her, nor to Sir Tomahawk; and, instead of making the very common mistake amongst the peasantry, of addressing his master by the wrong but pleasant title of My lord, he only called him plain Sir, and sometimes left out even this slight mark of veneration. Bill Manacles was considered by Sir Tomahawk and his lady to be a dangerous member of society; and he was not only discharged from their service, but convicted by his master (in his magisterial capacity) of carting some hay for a new employer on a Sunday, and safely lodged in gaol for three calendar months.

Bill Manacles was set at liberty at the end of that term, with a reputation hopelessly damaged. Meeting Sir Tomahawk and his lady driving in their open carriage one day, without a servant, upon one of the country roads, Bill Manacles made towards them, to remonstrate upon his treatment, and to know what kind of a character they were going to give him, if he was offered any employment in and about Fogmoor. Bill looked ragged and dirty, and perhaps fierce; for hunger will give that appearance to the mildest countenance; but he meant no ill-play. The great Sir Tomahawk, however, was thrown into a state of singular alarm; and, in his nervousness he promised something—no matter what—and galloped off towards the friendly shelter of the town. That evening Bill Manacles was arrested on a charge of attempting highway robbery. He had no character and no witnesses; while his accusers were the great Sir Tomahawk and his lady. The natural result was that Bill Manacles was sent to take his trial at the next assizes. Being in the same position there as he was at Fogmoor, he was sentenced to four years' penal servitude in the great prison at Portland. This prison being out of the reach of Sir Tomahawk's influence, Bill Manacles was pretty well treated; and, as he conducted himself peaceably, he was, after a period of eighteen months' imprisonment (without any hypocritical dealing with the chaplain), presented with one of the modern diplomas, called a ticket-of-leave; which confers distinction upon a prisoner, and saves the country, for many years, the expense of his board and lodging. His prison had been a home to him; but he was now sent into the world to seek his fortune.

Bill Manacles went to the town where he was best known, under the impression that his ticket-of-leave would be a passport to some kind of rough work, that would enable him to keep himself out of the workhouse. If not, he would, at any rate, be in his parish when the pangs of hunger came on—as come on they would—and ignorant as Bill Manacles was, he knew enough of the parochial system to be alive to the necessity of conforming to this strict and unalterable rule of the poor-law administrators.

Bill Manacles did not meet with a trium-

phant nor a hospitable reception at Fogmoor. Fogmoor begged to turn its back upon its prodigal son. Work there certainly was; but not for a man with a ticket-of-leave—although a ticket-of-leave might be a trustworthy guarantee for its possessor's honesty and sobriety. Bill Manacles found the doors closed against him; found nothing but shaking heads from the upper windows of the more pretentious dwelling-houses of the incorruptible borough burgesses; saw children taken out of his way by anxious mothers; was rebuked for idleness by stout shopkeepers, who were basking under sun-blinds, and living upon credit.

One morning, Bill Manacles, feeling very hungry, after a night passed in a barn, rose with a determination to apply to the workhouse for a breakfast. Going in the direction of that building, he was seen, for the first time since his return to Fogmoor, by Sir Tomahawk Sternhold, who had not the courage to address him. Sir Tomahawk pondered by what his late disrespectful servant could be again consigned to gaol, and went home, across the fields, to breakfast. Bill Manacles proceeded a little further undisturbed, when he came upon Mr. Snarlington. "Bill Manacles," said the factious member for Fogmoor, "you're going to the Union again, are you?"

"Wull! I can't get wurk," returned Bill, in the attitude of a badger.

"Would you like to go into the House of Commons?" asked Mr. Snarlington.

"Noa!" said Bill, savagely; "I've only just cum owt o' gaol."

"It's not a prison," replied Mr. Snarlington, sarcastically; "there's no tread-mill—nothing but orators."

"Wull, measter," returned Bill, slightly pacified, "I wunt wurk, and I wunt summat to ate."

"Come with me, then," said Mr. Snarlington; and he led the way along the lane to his own house.

Bill had a substantial breakfast, which made him feel comfortable; he had a good wash, which made him feel decent; and he had a cast-off coat of Mr. Snarlington's given him, which made him feel respectable.

Mr. Snarlington explained his views to Bill Manacles; and Bill, although he did not half comprehend the scheme that was briefly laid before him, being perfectly satisfied with his quarters, his treatment, and his patron, pledged his word and his ticket-of-leave to stand by anything that was required of him.

The next day, Mr. Snarlington formally resigned his political trust into the hands of his free and independent constituents. Sir Tomahawk was in such raptures, that he forgot all about Bill Manacles, was positively amiable to his inferiors—that is, all the town of Fogmoor—and immediately put his friend, Mr. Kosmus, again in nomination. The same evening, towards dusk, Messrs. Alabaster

and Ermine arrived, and took up their quarters at Mr. Snarlington's villa. Bill Manacles having been installed as a resident, was taking his supper, quietly and thankfully, in the kitchen.

Over the wine, in his snug dining-room, Mr. Snarlington opened the business of the night.

"The person I have selected to be returned in my place for the borough of Fogmoor is one Bill Manacles—a ticket-of-leave man."

Mr. Ermine, with a little more difficulty than usual, preserved his accustomed composure; but Mr. Alabaster grew livid, and spilled his port.

"A—a—ticket-of-leave man?" inquired Mr. Alabaster, in a tremulous voice.

Mr. Ermine was making some pencil calculations upon a small slip of paper, and said nothing.

"Exactly so," returned Mr. Snarlington.

"It is now upwards of fifty years," began Mr. Alabaster, in reply, becoming gradually more composed, "since I began my professional career; and, during all that time——"

"Can we see the man?" asked Mr. Ermine, interrupting his retrospective partner.

Mr. Snarlington rang a bell; and, in a few seconds, the proposed member for Fogmoor stood in the doorway.

"Bill," said his patron, "take a chair."

Bill did as he was requested. He looked cleaner than he did the day before; but he was still rough and grizzily.

"And this is the man," said Mr. Alabaster, addressing Mr. Snarlington, "who is to have the honour of representing Fogmoor?"

"I doant know much about the 'onour, measter, either," struck in Bill Manacles, annoyed at Mr. Alabaster's tone. "Fogmoor be a dirty place at best o' times."

"Do you wish to ask him any question?" inquired Mr. Snarlington.

Mr. Ermine said, "No;" while Mr. Alabaster muttered, reflectively, "A ticket-of-leave man!"

"Bill," said Mr. Snarlington to the proposed member, "you can go!"

When he had left the room, Mr. Snarlington turned to the two partners, and took up the conversation by saying in a manner unusually lively for him:

"Bill Manacles and Fogmoor, gentlemen! Will you favour me with the price?"

"Mr. Snarlington," said Mr. Ermine, "this will be a task requiring uncommon tact and perseverance."

"Mr. Ermine," said Mr. Snarlington, "you know that an orang-outang may be returned for Fogmoor at a certain price."

"Mr. Snarlington," said Mr. Alabaster, "since the notorious case of the prize-fighter, who was elected for the town of Bumpsley-in-the-Mud, in eighteen hundred and ——"

"Mr. Alabaster," said Mr. Snarlington, "I do not wish to press for your terms until the morning. Good night!"

Saying which, Mr. Snarlington left his guests, and went to bed.

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Ermine alone met Mr. Snarlington. Mr. Alabaster had returned to town.

"Sir," said Mr. Ermine, "we have arranged that I shall undertake this election individually, as a matter of policy on the part of the firm. This case may attain a disagreeable notoriety—though I do not anticipate that it will—and it is better that only one of our firm should be engaged in it. My price, sir, to guarantee the election of Mr. William Manacles—that, I believe, is his name?—will be twenty thousand pounds. Fifteen thousand down."

"Sir," said Mr. Snarlington, "in the present state of political morality, any notoriety you may obtain from this case will only add to the extent and profits of your business. You shall have your price."

Saying which, Mr. Snarlington drew a cheque for fifteen thousand pounds, and the election of Bill—or, as he was now called, Mr. William—Manacles, was considered to be a settled thing.

Sir Tomahawk Sternhold, seeing no signs of an opponent, on the surface, for nearly ten days, began to lull himself with a false idea of security. This was one of his weaknesses—a natural tendency to indolence. He suffered also from over-confidence and a desire to retain some portion of the funds entrusted to him to manage the election.

The Woolsack Club were not, by any means, liberal with their money when it had to come out of the pockets of the members for the support of the party they represented. If it was the national finances, then no one had reason to complain of a pinching and an unwise economy. But Fogmoor was not a dockyard station, or a government dépôt. Fogmoor, to be won for the Woolsack Club, must be won with money of the Woolsack Party. The sum therefore placed at Sir Tomahawk Sternhold's disposal was no more than the average price of the Fogmoor voters during the last fifty elections. Bearing in mind Sir Tomahawk's last failure, the Woolsack Club had not trusted him entirely with the management of the business, but had secured the services of an electioneering agent, named Weasel. Mr. Weasel was a clever enough man in his way, and a cheap man; but, no more to compare with Mr. Ermine, as he himself well knew, than a government can compare with an individual like Mr. Snarlington in securing an election like that for Fogmoor.

So matters went on for nearly ten days. At the end of that time, when the inhabitants of Fogmoor arose one morning, they observed the walls in and about the town placarded with the following bill: "Vote for William Manacles, the Man of the People!"

The population of the town and borough were rather astonished at these bills; but

the seven hundred and twenty of their number, who formed the elective body, had been already prepared, in several ways, for the announcement. Small printed notes had been sent round, exhorting them to abstain from pledges. This they were sure to do; for a Fogmoor man never sold himself until the last moment, and when there was no chance of a higher bidder. They were told to look out for a coming man—a thoroughly popular candidate—and a stout man in a dark wig (the thin, grey Mr. Ermine, in disguise), was the gentleman who called and told them this. Mr. Weasel observed him; but, as he did not recognise his opponent, confidence was not broken up in the camp of Sir Tomahawk Sternhold.

When Sir Tomahawk saw the bills that placarded the town, he recognised the name, and at once formed the supposition—he was fond of suppositions—that Mr. Snarlington had regretted having resigned his seat, when it had become too late, and was now spending a few pounds in order to distract and annoy. “A stupid squib!” he exclaimed. Therefore, the only additional step he took in the interest of his candidate, was to issue sarcastic placards: such as “Vote for the Ticket-of-Leave Candidate!” “Vote for Bill Manacles, and Highway Robbery!” “Vote for the Convict, and Universal Burglary!”

In the meantime the day of election approached. William Manacles did not seem to understand one-fourth of what he heard was going on in his name; but he was quite ready to go out and fight his own battles, if they had allowed him to do so. He was, however, kept quiet, for the present, in the Snarlington Villa—well fed, well housed, and well clothed.

It was now Saturday, and the nomination day was the following Monday. Mr. Ermine had been making very satisfactory progress in disguise; but there was still much left for him to do. Fogmoor, like every other town, had got its cliques and leaders; although every man looked pretty sharply after his own interest. But electors found they could get the best price for their political birthright by combining in small numbers. Instead of a reduction being made upon taking a quantity, the rule was reversed, and twenty people in the bulk commanded a higher figure than twenty people in detail. Union is strength.

First in importance was the respectable people; people who had their scruples; people who were not really better than their neighbours, but who liked to keep up appearances; people who were dogs, but who did not want the ill name that led to the halter. The leader of this small, compact, and exorbitant party was Mr. Simon Elderbury, a serious grocer. Mr. Ermine paid him a visit on the Saturday.

“William Manacles,” said Mr. Elderbury, with a sigh of pity, “was always a sad reprobate in Fogmoor.”

“He is reformed,” returned Mr. Ermine. “Ah!” exclaimed the serious grocer, sighing more heavily than before, “if I could only think so—if we could only think so!”

“Is there any test,” asked Mr. Ermine, “that you would like to apply?”

“It is not our place, Mr. Ermine, to judge our fellow creatures; but, if we could only see him amongst us at chapel to-morrow, we should feel more confident.”

Mr. Ermine promised that this very reasonable and proper desire should be gratified; and, the next day (Sunday) William Manacles, the reformed ticket-of-leave man, was one of the morning and evening congregation at Ichabod Chapel, Fogmoor.

Another class, who had no pretensions to be compared with the last, were content to leave the management of their interest in the election in the experienced hands of a stout innkeeper named Hodges. Mr. Hodges had framed himself, as closely as possible, upon the traditional character of John Bull. His voice was loud. He was inclined to be argumentative and dogmatical, and he wished everybody to take notice, that he never did anything he was ashamed of.

“You never find any nonsense, Mr. Ermine,” said Mr. Hodges, “in dealing with me. I ask a fair price, and I stick to it.”

“So you do, Mr. Hodges,” returned Mr. Ermine, “so you do; I will say that.”

“My price is higher now than it was last election, and why? Because my family, and the families of those who’ve put the thing into my hands, have increased, Mr. Ermine.”

“No doubt, Mr. Hodges, no doubt of it.”

“Live and let live, that’s my maxim,” continued Mr. Hodges. “A man’s got his children to keep. Very well. A man’s got a vote. Very well: so he ought to have. A gent offers him forty pound for that vote. Very well: it’s his duty to take it.”

“So it is, Mr. Hodges, so it is,” answered Mr. Ermine.

“Suppose he doesn’t take it?” went on Mr. Hodges. “Very well. Taxes come in: he can’t pay ’em. His children want schooling: he can’t give it ’em. That man’s done a hinjury to his country, and a hinjury to his family. That’s the way to put it.”

“Quite true, Mr. Hodges, quite true.”

“I’m never ashamed of what I do. There’s forty-one votes at a price. You know me. I can do a’most anything with my friends. If I say it’s right, it’s right.”

When the conversation reached this point (for which Mr. Ermine had been patiently waiting), he closed the bargain without further delay, and went on securing other electors.

Saturday passed in ceaseless activity; Sunday came and went in apparent calm and peace, but really in ceaseless activity also. This was Mr. Ermine’s great day for dinner-table and tea-table negotiations, and he made

the most of it. Monday morning arrived, and the first thing that Mr. Ermine did was to show himself, without his disguise, at a prominent window of an apartment that had been for some time engaged, but had not been ostensibly used until that hour, as the chief committee-room of Mr. William Manacles. In this position, as he had intended, he was seen and recognised by Mr. Weasel. Mr. Weasel rushed breathlessly to Sir Tomahawk Sternhold. Sir Tomahawk was calmly sipping chocolate, in his slippers.

"It's all over!" said Mr. Weasel, forgetting, in his unnerved state, to address his principal by his rightful title.

"Sir!" returned Sir Tomahawk, with all his dignity turned powerfully on at the main.

"Ermine's in Fogmoor," was the conclusive reply. The sound of that name closed the main which had sustained the superhuman dignity of Sir Tomahawk Sternhold; and the whole of that stately fabric immediately collapsed upon an ottoman.

"Bill Manacles," continued Mr. Weasel, sinking also into a chair, "has got a regular committee-room. I saw Mr. Ermine at the window. Great man—great artist!" Mr. Weasel's fear of, was only surpassed by his admiration for, Mr. Ermine.

Sir Tomahawk recovered slowly, and made a few fussy suggestions; but evidently considered the battle already half lost. Mr. Weasel could say nothing except, "great artist—great artist!" Sir Tomahawk put on his boots, and hastened to Mr. Kosmus's committee-room. Mr. Weasel followed.

On the great day, William Manacles was certainly the popular candidate with the crowd assembled at the hustings. This was part of the Fogmoor population, who had got large political sympathies, but no votes. The electors were too busy in clenching bargains, and making the most of the valuable privilege which parliament, in its wisdom, had conferred upon their small body, to idle away their time in a surging mob.

William Manacles made a short speech in the choicest and most forcible language. At least, it was so reported in the local newspapers. William Manacles was much cheered. Sir Tomahawk Sternhold had prepared a long speech, full of eloquent denunciations, many of which he had learned by heart from Burke and Chatham; but one single, rotten egg—the only one allowed to be fired by Mr. Ermine, who had bought up every egg in the town—stuck upon the pure white waistcoat of the honourable member for Fogmoor, and so disconcerted him, that he forgot his oration, and retired from the platform in disgust, amidst the derisive applause of the populace.

Never was a Fogmoor election carried with such delightful unanimity, as that which returned William Manacles, the Man of the People. Commercial travellers, who came from London with heavy demands upon the Fogmoor tradesmen, had reason to bless that

event; for they went away with an unusual amount of cash in their pockets.

But the most surprising thing was, that the thirteen—the only honest men in Fogmoor; who had never voted for any candidate, believing all to be equally bad; and who were alluded to by Sir Tomahawk in his celebrated speech on the new reform bill—came up and voted in a body for William Manacles. They did not condescend to give their reasons; but I think they must have acted under the belief that, when things come to the worst, they are likely to mend.

Intelligence soon spread far and wide that Bill Manacles was returned; though it was not everyone who had an exact idea of what had recently taken place in Fogmoor.

An old male pauper, passing some almshouses outside the town, was interrogated by two old, half-deaf women, about the cause of the flow of people up and down the roads.

"I doan't exactly know," he said, "but they be sending Bill Manacles, I think, as our member to parli'ment."

"Ah!" said one of the old women, "I knew he'd never come to any good!"

"I knew," said the other, "he'd soon get hissel' in trouble agen."

This conversation conveyed the sense of a small portion of the population; but the rest had a keen appreciation of what had been done, and gloried in Sir Tomahawk Sternhold's defeat and in the humiliation of Fogmoor.

That unfortunate knight quietly accepted his discomfiture; and, dreading to meet both the Woolsack Club and the neighbouring gentry, he fled with his lady to a remote part of the continent. While there, some court acquaintances, who had known him in better days—more to sustain the dignity of their order, than out of love or respect for him—got him appointed plenipotentiary at Sierra Leone. He was glad to accept it, and to resign his seat for Fogmoor. Thus ended all his ambitious projects.

Mr. Snarlington, by the assistance of Messrs. Alabaster and Ermine, procured his own election once more for Fogmoor, in the place of Sir Tomahawk, and was returned in time to introduce Bill Manacles, the ticket-of-leave member, and man of the people, at the opening of the new parliamentary session. There was much sensation in the House when Bill made his appearance. Many eye-glasses were directed at him. Some young and thoughtless members laughed; but the old hands frowned, and were very severe in their tone when they alluded to the honourable members for Fogmoor.

On the third night of the session, Mr. Snarlington rose to redeem his pledge of bringing the question of parliamentary reform again before the house. His speech began thus:—

"Mr. Speaker,—I have the doubtful honour of representing Fogmoor, as one of its members; but, as every man in this house is well aware, there are some hundreds of Fogmoors dotted about the country. An ordinary Fogmoor election costs nine thousand pounds; for twenty thousand pounds a ticket-of-leave man may be returned; for twenty-five thousand pounds we might bring amongst us a Zulu Kaffir, and for thirty thousand pounds—"

Here the orator was interrupted by all the howling and ventriloquism which the Commons of England in parliament assembled can so readily command; but which was powerless to drown the Stentorian "he-ur, he-ur," of Bill Manacles. Mr. Snarl-ington sat down. The ministers were undecided; the House was silent; the jocular member was not to be found; the weak member fainted, and the discussion was adjourned.

PATIENCE.

Even the same calm lesson given—
You tell me I must patient be.
How long does patience last, and how
Can it be learn'd by me?
Dear mother, must I watch and hope
Through all the tuneless days of spring,
To see my tiny birdies hatch'd,
And taught to chirp and sing;
While each green tree is full of life,
And finch and lark the soft air fill
With music; o'er my silent nest
Must I be patient still?

The seeds I shed so long ago
Still in the Earth's green bosom rest,
While everywhere, o'er dale and hill,
Blooms gather on her breast.
The churchyard has its daisies white,
The lea its cups of carven gold,
And laden bees fly late at eve
From blossoms manifold.
But, in my garden's tiny space
No spring-like blossoms can I see.
Dear mother, 'tis a weary task,
Why must I patient be?

Ah, dearest child, a time must come
To thee and all, or soon or late,
When all these childish griefs and joys
Will seem of feather's weight.
Yet childish griefs may pierce as deep,
Though momentarily, as manhood's woes,
Still are its tear-drops dried as soon
As dew upon the rose.
Dear one, thy lingering seeds will grow,
Though leafless now, to bud and bloom,
If not to blush in Summer's wreath,
At least to crown her tomb.

Thy tardy birds from brighter skies,
Their sweetest notes shall then have caught,
When all life's patient vigil long
The truth to thee has taught.
Then shalt thou know the purpose high
For which thy tribulation came;
When patience, through experience, grows
To hope without a shame.

The heart that patiently abides
O'er flower and bird withheld so long,
Shall one day see its hope fulfill'd
In endless bloom and song.

CHIP.

THE ABORS.

THE Abors are a people who inhabit a country which runs along the southern face of the Himalayan range, and borders on Thibet and China. Considerable numbers of these people are also found on the shores of the two great northern branches of the Brahmaputra River; and, of late years, some have settled at the foot of the hills in the district of Suddia, where they live by agriculture.

The villages of the Abors, which consist of about a hundred houses, are generally formed on the summit or declivity of hills surrounded by a stockade of bamboo, and vigilantly guarded. Their dwellings are usually erected near each other on posts, rising about four feet from the ground. The space underneath is occupied by cattle.

Every village contains a spacious hall, which is used for the following purposes: to receive strangers; to hold general councils convened on public affairs; and to accommodate all the bachelors of the place; who, by the law, are not entitled to the aid of the community in erecting for themselves separate dwellings. These unmarried men have a very curious custom at dawn of day: they go round the village to awaken those who are asleep. They cry aloud "It is time to commence the labours of the day!"

The granaries of these primitive people are well built, and are erected at a little distance from the village. This is a precaution against fire. Mr. J. M'Cork, in a valuable paper contributed to the *Journal of the Asiatic Society*, says of the hospitality of the Abors: "Though the snows of their mountain-home have narrowed their means of subsistence, and limited their intercourse to their immediate neighbours, yet they are a very hospitable and social race, and a constant round of festivity is kept up from one end of the year to the other. Each chieftain kills the fatted bullock in turn. All his associates are invited to partake of the good cheer. The host is in his turn a guest at the next feast; and then a reciprocity of entertainment is ensured. Nor are these hospitable rites forgotten. The skull of every animal that has graced the board is hung up as a record in the hall of the entertainer. He who has the best-stocked Golgotha is looked upon as the man of the greatest wealth and liberality; and, when he dies, the whole smoke-dried collection of many years is piled upon his grave as a monument of his riches, and a memorial of his worth."

The Abors eat the flesh of the elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo, deer, kid, hog, duck, and fowl, and appear to have no prohibition against any article of diet except beef, which

they hold in great abhorrence. Fermented liquors are in general use amongst them, and sometimes, especially at feasts, they drink very hard. The common dress of the Abors is a coarse, shaggy cloth (made of the bark of a tree called the adal, and manufactured by themselves), which is fastened to a string tied round the loins, and hangs down in loose stripes, about fifteen inches long. During the winter, those who can afford it have a garment resembling a cloak, made of Thibetan woollen cloth. Caps made of reeds or cane, partly covered with skins, or ornamented with stained hair, are worn by many of the people.

For ornaments, they wear large necklaces of blue beads, which they esteem very highly, and which they profess are not now procurable. They look exactly like turquoises; and have the same hue of greenish blue. But a close examination discovers in them minute bubbles, marking the agency of fire. They are extremely hard, and can scarcely be broken with a hammer.

All the Abors are armed with a bow and a quiver full of arrows. Some of them are very expert marksmen. In hunting, the arrows are tipped with a deadly poison, made from an indigenous vegetable. In the course of half an hour it proves fatal to the wounded beast, which is tracked through the forest till it falls.

The poison is contained in a small fibrous root, which they tie up into little bundles. It is prepared by pounding the root, to powder, and mixing it up with the juice of the otenga-tree. This makes it adhere to the arrow-head. They keep the plant a great secret, and take the effectual precaution of boiling it before leaving their homes, so as to destroy all possibility of its being propagated.

Habituated to a cold climate, and greatly dreading exposure to the temperature of the low lands, during the excessive heat of summer, the Abors descend from the mountains and visit the markets in the district of Scinde, when the winter has set in; and return home before the commencement of the hot season. They take with them white kid skins, very beautifully tanned, fowls, fine large sheep well woolled, ivory, copper-pots, considerable quantities of the vegetable poison used for tipping arrows, manjit, woollens, yarns, and bags of musk. For these articles they receive in exchange cattle and glass beads.

Their trade with Thibet consists chiefly of rock-salt and smoking-pipes of Chinese manufacture, for which they give, in return, ivory, musk and poison. Formerly, slaves were an article of barter with the Abors; but since Assam—the country from which the captives were chiefly taken—has been under British rule, the facilities for carrying on this traffic in human flesh has been cut off. Well protected, the inhabitants can no longer be torn

from their homes, sold, and held in bondage. In Robinson's Assam:

"While many others of the mountain tribes are superior to the Abors in some points, very few are found equally ready for a labour like that of constructing cane suspension-bridges, of which there are great numbers over the rapid torrents that intersect their mountains. The skill as well as the labour shown in the construction of these bridges, is really surprising, and is such as would do no discredit to more civilised nations. The canes are passed over pegs in the supporting posts, and separately stretched and fastened to groups of trees at either end. There are two strong main suspenders to each bridge, and on these hang elliptical coils of cane, at intervals of a few yards, supporting the footway, which is not more than twelve or fourteen inches wide. Elliptics are further connected by canes running along the sides, protecting the passenger from danger of falling. But, although considerable stability is thus given to the whole structure, by connecting its several parts, there is still a very unpleasant swinging and waving during the passage. The span between the points of suspension is frequently as much as from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet."

The Abors are divided into numerous independent clans, each of which makes and administers its own laws. Every male has a seat and a vote in the general council of his village. But, although all the members are on a perfect equality, those who are possessed of wealth and of talent, exercise great influence in the deliberations of the assembly. But they seldom or never make, it is said, an improper use of their power, or betray, for the sake of personal gain, the interests of their country.

An equitable share of public burdens is assigned to each individual—such as erecting a new house for any member of the community; making a feast for the entertainment of strangers; providing for the means of maintaining the government, and other public objects.

Respecting the religion of the Abors, but very little information has been yet obtained. A malignant demon, believed to reside on the summit of a conical mountain, called Regam, and whose abode no living being can enter, is the deity they adore, and to whom are sacrifices periodically offered, to appease his wrath and propitiate his favour.

MY LADY LUDLOW.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

AFTER a pause I ventured to ask what became of Madame de Créquy, Clément's mother.

"She never made any inquiry about him again," said my lady. "She must have known that he was dead; though how, we never could tell. Medicott remembered afterwards that it was about, if not on—Medicott to

this day declares that it was on the very Monday, June the nineteenth, that her son was executed, that Madame de Créquy left off her rouge, and took to her bed, as one bereaved and hopeless. It certainly was about that time; and Medicott—who was deeply impressed by that dream of Madame de Créquy's (the relation of which I told you had had such an effect on my lord), in which she had seen the figure of Virginie—as the only light object amid much surrounding darkness as of night, smiling and beckoning Clément on—on—till at length the bright phantom stopped, motionless, and Madame de Créquy's eyes began to penetrate the murky darkness, and to see closing around her the gloomy dripping walls which she had once seen and never forgotten, the walls of the vault of the chapel of the De Créquys in Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, and there the two last of the De Créquys laid them down among their forefathers, and Madame de Créquy had awakened to the sound of the great door, which led to the open air, being locked upon her—I say Medicott, who was predisposed by this dream to look out for the supernatural, always declared that Madame de Créquy was made conscious in some mysterious way of her son's death on the very day and hour when it occurred, and that after that she had no more anxiety, was only conscious of a kind of stupefying despair."

"And what became of her, my lady?" asked I, repeating my question.

"What could become of her?" replied Lady Ludlow. "She never could be induced to rise again, though she lived more than a year after her son's departure. She kept her bed; her room darkened, her face turned towards the wall, whenever any one besides Medicott was in the room. She hardly ever spoke, and would have died of starvation but for Medicott's tender care, in putting a morsel to her lips every now and then, feeding her, in fact, just as an old bird feeds her young ones. In the height of summer my lord and I left London. We would fain have taken her with us into Scotland, but the doctor (we had the old doctor from Leicester Square) forbade her removal; and this time he gave such good reasons against it that I acquiesced. Medicott and a maid were left with her. Every care was taken of her. She survived till our return. Indeed I thought she was in much the same state as I had left her in when I came back to London. But Medicott spoke of her as much weaker; and one morning on awakening they told me she was dead. I sent for Medicott, who was in sad distress, she had become so fond of her charge. She said that about two o'clock she had been awakened by unusual restlessness on Madame de Créquy's part; that she had gone to her bedside, and found the poor lady feebly but perpetually moving her wasted arm up and down—and saying to herself in a wailing voice: 'I did not bless

him when he left me—I did not bless him when he left me!' Medicott gave her a spoonful or two of jelly, and sate by her, stroking her hand, and soothing her till she seemed to fall asleep. But in the morning she was dead."

"It is a sad story, your ladyship," said I, after a while.

"Yes it is. People seldom arrive at my age without having watched the beginning, middle, and end of many lives and many fortunes. We do not talk about them, perhaps; for they are often so sacred to us as having touched into the very quick of our own hearts, as it were, or into those of others who are dead and gone, and veiled over from human sight, that we cannot tell the tale as if it was a mere story. But young people should remember that we had had this solemn experience of life, on which to base our opinions and form our judgments, so that they are not mere untried theories. I am not alluding to Mr. Horner just now, for he is nearly as old as I am—within ten years, I daresay—but I am thinking of Mr. Gray, with his endless plans for some new thing—schools, education, Sabbaths, and what not. Now he has not seen what all this leads to."

"It is a pity he has not heard your ladyship tell the story of poor Monsieur de Créquy."

"Not at all a pity, my dear. A young man like him, who, both by position and age must have had his experience confined to a very narrow circle, ought not to set up his opinion against mine; he ought not to require reasons from me, nor to need such explanation of my arguments (if I condescend to argue), as going into relation of the circumstances on which my arguments are based in my own mind, would be."

"But, my lady, it might convince him," I said, with perhaps injudicious perseverance.

"And why should he be convinced?" she asked, with gentle inquiry in her tone. "He has only to acquiesce. Though he is appointed by Mr. Croxton, I am the lady of the manor, as he must know. But it is with Mr. Horner that I must have to do about this unfortunate lad Gregson. I am afraid there will be no method of making him forget his unlucky knowledge. His poor brains will be intoxicated with the sense of his powers, without any counterbalancing principles to guide him. Poor fellow! I am quite afraid it will end in his being hanged!"

The next day Mr. Horner came to apologise and explain. He was evidently—as I could tell from his voice as he spoke to my lady in the next room—extremely annoyed at her ladyship's discovery of the education he had been giving to this boy. My lady spoke with great authority, and with reasonable grounds of complaint. Mr. Horner was well acquainted with her thoughts on the subject, and had acted in defiance of her wishes. He acknowledged as much, and should on no

account have done it in any other instance without her leave.

"Which I could never have granted you," said my lady.

But this boy had extraordinary capabilities; would, in fact, have taught himself much that was bad, if he had not been rescued, and another direction given to his powers. And in all Mr. Horner had done, he had had her ladyship's service in view. The business was getting almost beyond his power, so many letters and so much account-keeping was required by the complicated state.

Lady Ludlow felt what was coming—a reference to the mortgage for the benefit of my lord's Scottish estates, which she was perfectly aware Mr. Horner considered as having been a most unwise proceeding—and she hastened to inquire:

"All this may be very true, Mr. Horner, and I am sure I should be the last person to wish you to over-work or distress yourself; but of that we will talk another time. What I am now anxious to remedy is, if possible, the state of this poor little Gregson's mind. Would not hard work in the fields be a wholesome and excellent way of enabling him to forget?"

"I was in hopes, my lady, that you would have permitted me to bring him up to act as a kind of clerk," said Mr. Horner, jerking out his project abruptly.

"A what?" asked my lady, in infinite surprise.

"A kind of—of assistant in the way of copying letters and doing up accounts. He is already an excellent penman and very quick at figures."

"Mr. Horner," said my lady, with dignity, "the son of a poacher and vagabond ought never to have been able to copy letters relating to the Hanbury estates; and, at any rate, he shall not. I wonder how it is that, knowing the use he has made of his power of reading a letter, you should venture to propose such an employment for him as would require his being in your confidence, and you the trusted agent of this family. Why every secret (and every ancient and honourable family has its secrets, as you know, Mr. Horner!) would be learnt off by heart, and repeated to the first comer!"

"I should have hoped to have trained him, my lady, to understand the rules of discretion."

"Trained! Train a barn-door fowl to be a pheasant, Mr. Horner! That would be the easier task. But you did right to speak of discretion rather than honour. Discretion looks to the consequences of actions—honour looks to the action itself, and is an instinct rather than a virtue. After all, it is possible you might have trained him to be discreet."

Mr. Horner was silent. My lady was softened by his not replying, and began, as she always did in such cases, to fear lest she

had been too harsh. I could tell that by her voice and by her next speech as well as if I had seen her face.

"But I am sorry you are feeling the pressure of the affairs; I am quite aware that I have entailed much additional trouble upon you by some of my measures; I must try and provide you with some suitable assistance. Copying letters and doing up accounts, I think you said?"

Mr. Horner had certainly had a distant idea of turning the little boy, in process of time into a clerk; but he had rather urged this possibility of future usefulness beyond what he had at first intended, in speaking of it to my lady as a palliation of his offence, and he certainly was very much inclined to retract his statement that the letter-writing, or any other business, had increased, or that he was in the slightest want of help of any kind, when my lady, after a pause of consideration, suddenly said:

"I have it. Miss Galindo will, I am sure, be glad to assist you. I will speak to her myself. The payment we should make to a clerk will be of real service to her!"

I could hardly help echoing Mr. Horner's tone of surprise as he said:

"Miss Galindo!"

For you must be told who Miss Galindo was; at least, told as much as I know. Miss Galindo had lived in the village for many years, keeping house on the smallest possible means, yet always managing to maintain a servant. And this servant was invariably chosen because she had some infirmity that made her undesirable to every one else. I believe Miss Galindo had had lame and blind and hump-backed maids. She had even taken in a girl hopelessly gone in consumption at one time as a servant because, if not, she would have had to go to the workhouse, and not have had enough to eat. Of course the poor creature could not perform a single duty usually required of a servant, and Miss Galindo herself was both servant and nurse.

Her present maid was scarcely four feet high, and bore a terrible character for ill-temper. Nobody but Miss Galindo would have kept her; but as it was, mistress and servant squabbled perpetually, and were, at heart, the best of friends. For it was one of Miss Galindo's peculiarities to do all manner of kind and self-denying actions, and to say all manner of provoking things. Lame, blind, deformed, and dwarf, all came in for scoldings without number! It was only the consumptive girl that never had heard a sharp word. I don't think any of her servants liked her the worse for her peppery temper, and passionate odd ways, for they knew her real and beautiful kindness of heart; and, besides, she had so great a turn for humour, that very often her speeches amused as much or more than they irritated; and on the other side, a piece of witty impu-

dence from her servant would occasionally tickle her so much and so suddenly, that she would burst out laughing in the middle of her passion.

But the talk about Miss Galindo's choice and management of her servants was confined to village gossip, and had never reached my Lady Ludlow's ears, though doubtless Mr. Horner was well acquainted with it. What my lady knew of her amounted to this. It was the custom in those days for the wealthy ladies of the county to set on foot a repository, as it was called, in the assize-town. The ostensible manager of this repository was generally a decayed gentlewoman, a clergyman's widow, or so forth. She was, however, controlled by a committee of ladies; and paid by them in proportion to the amount of goods she sold; and these goods were the small manufactures of ladies of little or no fortune, whose names, if they chose it, were only signified by initials.

Poor water-colour drawings, in indigo and Indian ink; screens, ornamented with moss and dried leaves; paintings on velvet, and such faintly ornamental works were displayed on one side of the shop. It was always reckoned a mark of characteristic gentility in the repository, to have only common heavy framed sash-windows, which admitted very little light, so I never was quite certain of the merit of these Works of Art, as they were entitled. But, on the other side, where the Useful Work placard was put up, there was a great variety of articles, of whose unusual excellence every one might judge. Such fine sewing, and stitching, and button-holing! Such bundles of soft delicate knitted stockings and socks; and, above all, in Lady Ludlow's eyes, such hanks of the finest spun flaxen thread!

And the most delicate dainty work of all was done by Miss Galindo, as Lady Ludlow very well knew. Yet, for all their fine sewing, it sometimes happened that Miss Galindo's patterns were of an old-fashioned kind; and the dozen night-caps, maybe, on the materials for which she had expended bona fide money, and on the making-up, no little time and eyesight, would lie for months in a yellow neglected heap; and at such times it was said Miss Galindo was more amusing than usual, more full of dry drollery and humour; just as at the times when an order came in to X (the initial she had chosen) for a stock of well paying things, she sat and stormed at her servant as she stitched away. She herself explained her practice in this way:

"When everything goes wrong, one would give up breathing if one could not lighten one's heart by a joke. But when I've to sit still from morning till night, I must have something to stir my blood, or I should go off in an apoplexy, so I set to, and quarrel with Sally."

Such were Miss Galindo's means and

manner of living in her own house. Out of doors, and in the village she was not popular, although she would have been sorely missed had she left the place. But she asked too many home questions (not to say impertinent) respecting the domestic economies, (and even the very poor like to spend their bit of money their own way), and would open cupboards to find out hidden extravagancies, and question closely respecting the weekly amount of butter, till one day she met with what would have been a rebuff to any other person, but which she rather enjoyed than otherwise.

She was going into a cottage, and, in the doorway met the good woman chasing out a duck, and apparently unconscious of her visitor.

"Get out, Miss Galindo!" she cried, addressing the duck. "Get out! O, I ask your pardon," she continued, as if seeing the lady for the first time. "It's only that weary duck that will come in. Get out, Miss Gal—" (to the duck).

"And so you call it after me, do you?" inquired her visitor.

"O, yes, ma'am, my master would have it so, for he said, sure enough the unlucky bird was always poking herself where she was not wanted."

"Ha, ha! very good! And so your master is a wit, is he? Well! tell him to come up and speak to me to-night about my parlour chimney, for there is no one like him for chimney doctoring."

And the master went up, and was so won over by Miss Galindo's merry ways, and sharp insight into the mysteries of his various kinds of business (he was a mason, chimney sweeper, and rat-catcher), that he came home and abused his wife the next time she called the duck the name by which he himself had christened her.

But odd as Miss Galindo was in general, she could be as well-bred a lady as any one when she chose. And choose she always did, when my Lady Ludlow was by. Indeed I don't know the man, woman, or child, that did not instinctively turn out its best side to her ladyship. So she had no notion of the qualities which I am sure made Mr. Horner think that Miss Galindo would be most unmanageable as a clerk, and heartily wish that the idea had never come into my lady's head. But there it was; and he had annoyed her ladyship already more than he liked to-day, so he could not directly contradict her, but only urge difficulties which he hoped might prove insuperable. But every one of them Lady Ludlow knocked down. Letters to copy? Doubtless. Miss Galindo could come up to the hall; she should have a room to herself, she wrote a beautiful hand; and writing would save her eyesight. "Capability with regard to accounts?" My lady would answer for that, too; and for more than Mr. Horner

seemed to think it necessary to inquire about. Miss Galindo was by birth and breeding a lady of the strictest honour, and would, if possible, forget the substance of any letters that pass through her hands; at any rate, no one would ever hear of them again from her. "Remuneration?" Oh! as for that, Lady Ludlow would herself take care that it was managed in the most delicate manner possible. She would send to invite Miss Galindo to tea at the Hall that very afternoon, if Mr. Horner would only give her ladyship the slightest idea of the average length of time that my lady was to request Miss Galindo to sacrifice to her daily. "Three hours! Very well." Mr. Horner looked very grave as he passed the windows of the room where I lay. I don't think he liked the idea of Miss Galindo as a clerk.

Lady Ludlow's invitations were like royal commands. Indeed the village was too quiet to allow the inhabitants to have many evening engagements of any kind. Now and then Mr. and Mrs. Horner gave a tea and supper to the principal tenants and their wives, to which the clergyman was invited, and Miss Galindo, Mrs. Medlicott, and one or two other spinsters and widows. The glory of the supper-table on these occasions was invariably furnished by her ladyship! it was a cold roasted peacock, with his tail stuck out as if in life. Mrs. Medlicott would take up the whole morning arranging the feathers in the proper semicircle, and was always pleased with the wonder and admiration it excited. It was considered a due reward and fitting compliment to her exertions that Mr. Horner always took her in to supper, and placed her opposite to the magnificent dish, at which she sweetly smiled all the time they were at table. But since Mrs. Horner had had the paralytic stroke these parties had been given up; and Miss Galindo wrote a note to Lady Ludlow in reply to her invitation, saying that she was entirely disengaged, and would have great pleasure in doing herself the honour of waiting upon her ladyship.

Whoever visited my lady took their meals with her, sitting on the dais, in the presence of all my former companions. So I did not see Miss Galindo until some time after tea; as the young gentlewomen had had to bring her their sewing and spinning, to hear the remarks of so competent a judge. At length her ladyship brought her visitor into the room where I lay,—it was one of my bad days, I remember,—in order to have her little bit of private conversation. Miss Galindo was dressed in her best gown, I am sure, but I had never seen anything like it except in a picture, it was so old-fashioned. She wore a white muslin apron, delicately embroidered, and put on a little crookedly, in order, as she told us, even Lady Ludlow, before the evening was over, to conceal a

spot whence the colour had been discharged by a lemon-stain. This crookedness had an odd effect, especially when I saw that it was intentional; indeed, she was so anxious about her apron's right adjustment in the wrong place, that she told us straight out why she wore it so, and asked her ladyship if the spot was properly hidden, at the same time lifting up her apron and showing her how large it was.

"When my father was alive, I always took his right arm, so, and used to remove any spotted or discoloured breadths to the left side if it was a walking dress. That's the convenience of a gentleman. But widows and spinsters must do what they can. Ah, my dear! (to me), when you are reckoning up the blessings in your lot,—though you may think it a hard one in some respects,—don't forget how little your stockings want darning, as you are obliged to lie down so much! I would rather knit two pairs of stockings than darn one, any day."

"Have you been doing any of your beautiful knitting lately?" asked my lady, who had now arranged Miss Galindo in the pleasantest chair, and taken her own little wicker-work one, and, having her work in her hands, was ready to try and open the subject.

"No, and alas! your ladyship. It is partly the hot weather's fault, for people seem to forget that winter must come; and partly, I suppose, that everyone is stocked who has the money to pay four and sixpence a pair for stockings."

"Then may I ask if you have any time in your active days at liberty?" said my lady, drawing a little nearer to her proposal, which I fancy she found it a little awkward to make.

"Why the village keeps me busy, your ladyship, when I have neither knitting nor sewing to do. You know I took X for my letter at the repository, because it stands for Xantippe, who was a great scold in old times, as I have learnt. But I'm sure I don't know how the world would get on without scolding, your ladyship. It would go to sleep, and the sun would stand still."

"I don't think I could bear to scold, Miss Galindo," said her ladyship, smiling.

"No! because your ladyship has people to do it for you. Begging your pardon, my lady, it seems to me the generality of people may be divided into saints, scolds, and sinners. Now your ladyship is a saint, because you have a sweet and holy nature, in the first place; and have people to do your anger and vexation for you, in the second place. And Jonathan Walker is a sinner, because he is sent to prison. But here am I, half way, having but a poor kind of disposition at best, and yet hating sin, and all that leads to it, such as wasting and extravagance, and gossiping,—and yet all this lies right under my nose in the village, and I am not saint enough to be vexed at it; and so I scold."

And though I had rather be a saint, yet I think I do good in my way."

"No doubt you do, dear Miss Galindo," said Lady Ludlow. "But I am sorry to hear that there is so much that is bad going on in the village,—very sorry."

"O, your ladyship! then I am sorry I brought it out. It was only by way of saying, that when I have no particular work to do at home, I take a turn abroad, and set my neighbours to rights, just by way of steering clear of Satan.

"For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,

you know, my lady."

There was no leading into the subject by delicate degrees, for Miss Galindo was evidently so fond of talking, that, if asked a question, she made her answer so long, that before she came to an end of it, she had wandered far away from the original starting point. So Lady Ludlow plunged at once into what she had to say.

"Miss Galindo, I have a great favour to ask of you."

"My lady, I wish I could tell you what a pleasure it is to hear you say so," replied Miss Galindo, almost with tears in her eyes; so glad were we all to do anything for her ladyship, which could be called a free service and not merely a duty.

"It is this. Mr. Horner tells me that the business-letters, relating to the estate, are multiplying so much that he finds it impossible to copy them all himself, and I therefore require the services of some confidential and discreet person to copy these letters, and occasionally to go through certain accounts. Now, there is a very pleasant little sitting-room very near to Mr. Horner's office (you know Mr. Horner's office? on the other side of the stone hall?) and if I could prevail upon you to come here to breakfast and afterwards sit there for three hours every morning, Mr. Horner should bring or send you the papers——"

Lady Ludlow stopped. Miss Galindo's countenance had fallen. There was some great obstacle in her mind to her wish for obliging Lady Ludlow.

"What would Sally do?" she asked at length. Lady Ludlow had not a notion who Sally was. Nor if she had had a notion, would she have had any conception of the perplexities that poured into Miss Galindo's mind, at the idea of leaving her rough forgetful dwarf without the perpetual monitorship of her mistress. Lady Ludlow, accustomed to a household where everything went on noiselessly, perfectly and by clock-work, conducted by a number of highly-paid well-chosen and accomplished servants, had not a conception of the nature of the rough material from which her servants came. Besides, in her establishment, so that the result was good, no one inquired if the small

economies had been observed in the production. Whereas every penny—every half-penny—was of consequence to Miss Galindo; and visions of squandered drops of milk and wasted crusts of bread filled her mind with dismay. But she swallowed all her apprehensions down out of her regard for Lady Ludlow, and desire to be of service to her. No one knows how great a trial it was to her when she thought of Sally, unchecked and unscolded for three hours every morning. But all she said was,—

"Sally go to the Deuce. I beg your pardon, my lady, if I was talking to myself; it's a habit I have got into of keeping my tongue in practice, and I am not quite aware when I do it. Three hours every morning! I shall be only too proud to do what I can for your ladyship; and I hope Mr. Horner will not be too impatient with me at first. You know, perhaps, that I was nearly being an authoress, once, and that seems as if I was destined to 'employ my time in writing.'"

"No, indeed; we must return to the subject of the clerkship, afterwards, if you please. An authoress, Miss Galindo! You surprise me!"

"But, indeed, I was. All was quite ready. Doctor Burney used to teach me music; not that I ever could learn, but it was a fancy of my poor father's. And his daughter wrote a book, and they said she was but a very young lady, and nothing but a music-master's daughter; so why should not I try?"

"Well?"

"Well! I got paper and half a hundred good pens, a bottle of ink, all ready——"

"And then——"

"O, it ended in my having nothing to say, when I sat down to write. But sometimes, when I get hold of a book, I wonder why I let such a poor reason stop me. It does not others."

"But I think it was very well it did, Miss Galindo," said her ladyship. "I am extremely against women's usurping men's employments, as they are very apt to do. But perhaps, after all, the notion of writing a book improved your hand. It is one of the most legible I ever saw."

"I despise z's without tails," said Miss Galindo, with a good deal of gratified pride at my lady's praise.

Presently, my lady took her to look at a curious old cabinet, which Lord Ludlow had picked up at the Hague; and while they were out of the room on this errand, I suppose the question of remuneration was settled, for I heard no more of it.

When they came back, they were talking of Mr. Gray. Miss Galindo was unsparing in her expressions of opinion about him: going much farther than my lady in her language, at least.

"A little blushing man like him, who can't say bo to a goose without hesitating and colouring, to come to this village—which is

as good a village as ever lived—and cry us down for a set of sinners, as if we had all committed murder and that other thing!—I have no patience with them, my lady. And then, how is he to help us to heaven, by teaching us our a b, ab, b a, ba? And yet, by all accounts, that's to save poor children's souls. O, I knew your ladyship would agree with me. I am sure my mother was as good a creature as ever breathed the blessed air; and if she's not gone to heaven, I don't want to go there; and she could not spell a letter decently. And does Mr. Gray think God took note of that?"

"I was sure you would agree with me, Miss Galindo," said my lady. "You and I can remember how this talk about education—Rousseau, and his writings—stirred up the French people to their Reign of Terror, and all those bloody scenes."

"I'm afraid that Rousseau and Mr. Gray are birds of a feather," replied Miss Galindo, shaking her head. "And yet there is some good in the young man, too. He sate up all night with Billy Davis, when his wife was fairly worn out with nursing him."

"Did he, indeed!" said my lady, her face lighting up, as it always did when she heard of any kind or generous action, no matter who performed it. "What a pity he is bitten with these new revolutionary ideas, and is so much for disturbing the established order of society!"

When Miss Galindo went, she left so favourable an impression of her visit on my lady, that she said to me, with a pleased smile:

"I think I have provided Mr. Horner with a far better clerk than he would have made of that lad Grogan in twenty years. And I will send the lad to my lord's grieve, in Scotland, that he may be kept out of harm's way."

But something happened to the lad before this purpose could be accomplished.

RAT TALES.

A PAPER to be composed of rat stories would involve two grand literary difficulties; first, where to begin; secondly, where to leave off. Nevertheless, the murine rodents will well repay the industry of any one who will collect the curiosities of their chronicles, as they present themselves from time to time. Besides the generally well-known facts—such as the threatened extinction of our original rat by a quite modern and new-come species—there are always floating about and rising to the surface of the various currents of human society very numerous traits and tales of our long-tailed followers, which deserve at least to be tied together in a bundle, and so rescued from oblivion. Indeed rats, and their hordes of kindred, are far from being creatures of trifling importance. To treat them with contempt is worse than inconsiderate:

it is dangerous. We know a few of the pranks they play, and of the threats they hold out, on ship-board. Mice can live without water, rats cannot; and thirsty sailors have been obliged to share their scanty draught with their four-footed fellow-passengers, under pain of not having a drop left for themselves. Shipwrecked rats have taken possession of islands, and have exterminated their former inhabitants, rabbits and sea-birds, the young of which latter furnished, as long as they lasted, a series of succulent and easily-obtained repasts. Nor would these aggressive quadrupeds, if once emboldened by numbers and high-feeding, greatly hesitate to dispute the supremacy with man himself; it is even quite conceivable that in a city enfeebled by long-continued pestilence, war, and desertion, a vigorous legion of sharp-set rats might gain a temporary victory.

Quite lately, in Paris, a specimen was given of the force in which rats can muster, where they have gained only a provisional footing. The historical Halles, or markets, having been rebuilt and re-arranged on a more commodious plan, the twenty-sixth of October last was fixed for the moving of the dealers in flour-stuffs, green vegetables, poultry, and potatoes, from the ground they have occupied near the church of Saint Eustache, to their new stalls and shops in the Halles Centrales. After the departure of the human tenants of the old provisional market, the workmen proceeded to pull down the sheds. Beneath these sheds a colony of rats had fixed their domicile for some time past. A regiment of boys, armed with sticks, and backed by all the dogs of the quarter mustered in a pack, awaiting the unearthing of the game from their cover. A crowd of spectators made the lofty buildings around re-echo with their shouts and their bursts of laughter. Several rats, alarmed at the disturbance and the barking of the dogs, climbed up the persons of the lookers-on, to find a refuge on their shoulders or on their heads. One girl, feeling a rat taking a walk round her neck, was so overcome with terror that she fainted. One thousand is the estimated number of rats who fell victims to this inhospitable reception; but it may be presumed that those who saved their bacon were in considerable majority.

This is nothing to what occurs at Monte Video (unless it is greatly changed from what it was), where the only drawback upon the delightful way in which an evening may be spent, is the necessity of returning home through long narrow streets, so infested with voracious rats as sometimes to make the way perilous. There are no sanitary regulations in the town, except those provided by the showers of rain, which, at intervals, carry off the heaps of filth from long-established resting-places. Around huge mountains of carrion, vegetables, and stale fruit there accumulated, rats muster in legions. If you attempt

to pass near these formidable banditti, or to interrupt their orgies, they will gnash their teeth at you fiercely, like so many wolves. So far are they from running off in affright to their burrows, that they will turn round, set up an ominous cry, and will then make a rush at your legs in a way to make your hair stand on end. Between them and the venturesome stranger, many a hazardous affray occurs; and though sometimes he may fight his way home victoriously by the aid of a stout stick, on other occasions he will be forced to fly down some narrow cross lane, leaving the rats undisputed masters of the field. Compared with Monte Video, certain parts of Scotland must be a paradise to reside in, if it be true (as I find in print, though I never heard a word of it on the spot), that in Sutherland no rats will live, though they swarm in Caithness, the next shire; and that in the Isle of Burray (this statement is made on the responsibility of the inhabitants) not only are mice unable to exist, but that wheresoever Burray earth is brought, they will forsake the place as if the cat were after them. It is a wonder that Burray earth is not advertised, and sold in sealed packets, from three and sixpence upwards to five guineas each, as mice-bane.

Before a certain ship (and it is only one of a thousand in similar plight) could set sail from London, rats had got into the hold of the vessel; and during the passage, they gave increasing indications of their prolific powers; and, as their numbers augmented, they grew bolder and bolder. At last the passengers were obliged, during the night, to sleep with cudgels by the side of their berths, to dispute by force of arms the possession of their mattresses with the shameless invaders. One dark night, at twelve o'clock, when the ship was running up the river Plata, a couple of the passengers, turned in, each with his respective stick, to wage the accustomed war with the enemy; who now sturdily, and by half-dozens at a time, asserted their right to share the beds. About two o'clock in the morning, Smith was exerting in the dark all his well-tryed skill to maintain his little fortress against a vigorous assault of besieging rats, when "Rut! rut! rut!" went the keel of the ship, scraping against some other substance; then bump it went upon a ledge of rocks, and there stuck hard and fast. The very rats were frightened, and scampered away; while phlegmatic Brown, sitting up in his berth, deliberately, but with great emphasis, exclaimed, "Thank heaven! the rats are sure to be drowned, whether we are drowned or no." All hands, passengers included, were called to the pumps. The first effect of which, with the thermometer at eighty, was to create intense and general thirst. They had just two butts of water left. One was tapped; and—faugh!—it filled the air with a pestilential smell. The other—more horrible

than the first! It could not have been worse, if fresh-drawn from the Thames. The bungs had been left out; the rats had got in; several of their bodies lay at the bottom; their hairs thickened the turbid water; and the taste (the sickening taste!) was indescribable. By working hard and incessantly at the pumps, the passengers and part of the cargo were saved; but the rats came to a tragical and singular end. As the water rapidly filled the hold and cabin of the ship, the affrighted vermin were chased from their various holes and hiding-places, till, at last, with a simultaneous rush from below, they swarmed upon deck, and then precipitated themselves, on all sides, into the river. They swam about and around by hundreds, as long as their strength permitted them. Gradually, however, they disappeared; and, finally, one and all sunk into that watery grave to which Brown had prophetically consigned them.

Monsieur Tastet relates that he personally ascertained the fact (which has been related by numerous travellers) that the west coast of Africa exhales a strong smell of musk. All the animals of Senegal are impregnated with it. He attributes it to a rodent called the musk-rat, which swarms in those regions, and exhales so strong an odour of musk that the places once visited by the little animal retain the scent a long time afterwards. These perfumed quadrupeds are described by the elder voyagers as little reddish rats which smell sweet like musk. Less agreeable creatures would be the rats, found in the same parts, as big as young pigs, and so large that cats dare not attack them.

As a trifling compensation for the enormous nuisances they occasion (including even their smelling sweet), rats ought to be utilised in some way; if not for profit, at least for amusement. It is something to have made best French kid-gloves out of the skins of Parisian rats, and best French beaver-hats from their fur. A man of genius—a Swede, with an unpronounceable name—has done more. Lamenting, probably, the dearth of dramatic talent, he conceived the idea of raising rats to the dignity of tragic and comic stars. His training succeeded admirably. Hamlet, followed by a popular farce, acted by rats in a portable theatre, which the manager could carry on his shoulders from place to place, obtained a colossal success in Sweden and Germany. But the best way of turning rats to account is by making use of their flesh as a dainty viand, in which the rats themselves set us the example. Rats are eminently ratophagous, which is lucky for us; for, without ratophagy, rats would have devoured all the other living inhabitants of the globe. Not only do nearly-related species devour each other, but individuals of the same race also practise cannibalism. Fathers eat their babes in the nest, to spare them from the pains of teething; children eat their declining parents, to relieve them

of the burthen of life, exactly like the Massagetae, the worthy ancestors of the modern Cossacks. Magendie, wanting some rats for an experiment, went himself to Montfaucon, to fetch a dozen, which he shut up together in a box. On reaching home, there were only three surviving; they had devoured one another, leaving nothing remaining except the tails and a few bits of the inferior joints. Some clearance of the kind had need take place; for a female rat will produce five or six litters a year, of from fourteen to eighteen young ones in each litter.

When the late Duke of Sussex was at Naples, in his early manhood, having heard speak of the rat-hunts and their results, the delicate rat-pies, enjoyed on board the English fleet, he expressed a desire to be able to pronounce an opinion on the novel dish. Accordingly, after the breakfast to which his Royal Highness was consequently invited, he heartily thanked the officers for the treat which their captatory and culinary skill had afforded him. But still more repulsive quadrupeds than rats may be eaten with relish. Vampire bats abound in the Samoa Islands; they are also numerous at Mangaia. At Savage Island, they are regarded by the natives as a great delicacy. Some that Mr. Williams, the missionary, was conveying to Rarotonga as curiosities, and which died during the voyage, were skinned, broiled, and eaten by his travelling companions, a couple of youths from Savage Island, rightly so named. The Samoans venerated them as *etus*, or deities; and, if Satan is worshipped for his ugliness, it is not to be wondered at that the vampire should be selected to represent him.

Mr. Williams, during his Polynesian mission, was called upon to settle certain scruples of conscience which arose out of a murine difficulty. At a meeting held with the native Christians, his advice was solicited, amongst other topics, upon the lawfulness of rat-eating. As Mangaia was not so abundantly supplied with fish as some other islands, and as there were no quadrupeds there except rats, until Mr. Williams's arrival, these small deer formed a common article of food, and the natives said they were exceedingly good and sweet. Indeed, a common expression with them, when speaking of anything delicious, was, "It is as sweet as a rat." They found no difficulty in catching them in great numbers; the capture was effected in many ways, but principally by digging holes and strewing a quantity of caudle-nut at the bottom as a bait. When a sufficient assemblage of rats were congregated in a hole, a net was drawn over it, and the whole party secured. As soon as the game-bag was full enough to meet the demand, the rat-feast was prepared by singeing the hair off with red-hot stones, and then baking the animals, each neatly wrapped in a fresh-gathered leaf. Saturday was the principal rat-catching day.

because they liked to have animal food to eat with their cold vegetables on the Sabbath. They, therefore, requested the missionary's opinion, whether or not it were a sin to eat rats. Mr. Williams told them that Englishmen were in the habit of looking upon rats as exceedingly disgusting; but not perceiving anything morally wrong in the practice, he could only recommend them to take great care of the pigs and goats he had brought, by which means they would speedily obtain an abundant supply of animal food far superior to what they esteemed so sweet and good.

The most magnificent rat battues in the world are held, at intervals, at Montfaucon, already mentioned, outside Paris. Montfaucon is an establishment, under government superintendence, where worn-out horses are slain, stray dogs are made an end of, and several other secret mysteries are accomplished. When Monsieur Brissot-Thivars had charge of the public salubrity—which gave him the command of Montfaucon as well as of the Parisian sewers—he invited Balzac, the novelist, to a field-day, which was eagerly accepted by that distinguished writer. Brissot-Thivars was enthusiastically fond of everything that belonged to his department. He spoke of sewers and drains with poetic fervour; he quoted the Romans and their *cloaca maxima*, with the ambition of surpassing their subterranean architecture; he vaunted the pilgrimage to Montfaucon as travellers now descend on the sublimities of Mont Blanc or the Jung Frau. It was agreed that the Inspector of Salubrity, Balzac, Dr. Gentil, and another gentleman should reach their destination at three in the morning. The party were exact at the rendezvous. But to get to Montfaucon in the dead of the night was no easy task. The rain had fallen in torrents for four-and-twenty hours previously; the roads outside the barriers were impracticable for wheel carriages; and the pilgrims were absolutely obliged to perform their journey on foot, through puddles of water and sloughs of despond. Like an able general, Brissot-Thivars sought to dissipate the increasing demoralisation of his army by an exciting address.

"My dear friends, in a little quarter of an hour we shall be there; but I will not wait till the end of that quarter of an hour to let you know the surprise which I have specially reserved for you, in addition to the other surprises which await you there."

"What may be that wonderful surprise?" asked Balzac, in a tone which seemed to say, "If I don't like the surprise, I won't stir a step further."

"Yesterday," continued the bold inspector, "one of Lord Egerton's finest horses was obliged to be killed. I have ordered it to be set aside for your special use, and for yours alone."

"Is it intended that we should eat the horse?" inquired Balzac.

"No ; but in the short space of one hour you will enjoy the spectacle—the rare and magnificent spectacle—of beholding that gigantic horse entirely devoured by the rats of Montfaucon, who, be it known to you, are the most voracious and the most ferocious creatures on the face of the globe. Every preliminary measure has been arranged. And, now, let those who love me, follow me !"

His excited followers marched on fearlessly through the treacherous darkness and the yawning wheel-ruts. They beguiled the time by pleasing talk about the increasing sale of horseflesh at Montfaucon, and the culinary capabilities of the same raw material.

"Horseflesh sold ! horseflesh eaten !" exclaimed Balzac, to whom hippophagy was a greater novelty than it would have been had he survived to the present day. "What a horrible perversion of taste it will be, to return to cannibalism through the bye-road of horse-eating ! If they eat the horse to-day, they will eat the horseman to-morrow. There is only the thickness of a saddle between the two repasts."

Over the greasy, spongy grounds, rendered still more spongy and greasy by the previous rains, the adventurous expedition wended its way, headed by the General of Public Salubrity, towards the part of the establishment where the spectacle had been prepared. A dozen men employed on the place preceded them with a degree of mysterious circum-spection, each having a lighted resin torch in his right hand, and a long ladder on his left shoulder ; four others, having ladders only, followed with the silence of conspirators. The night and the torch-light cast a Catiline-like hue over the mute but steady-stepping band. It suggested recollections of Sam-lancay, who was conducted to Montfaucon exactly thus, with an escort of flambeaux, to be hanged, in the reign of Francis the First, for the good pleasure of his excellent sister, Madame d'Angoulême. By the side of the present party there trotted a pack of dingy dogs, of the same colour as the cloudy night, who had their own private reasons for joining the company besides the affection they bore to their masters. They were mastiffs and bull-dogs descended, by careful crossing, from the most formidable and famous Saxon and English races ; with square angular heads, short ears, prominent and bloodshot eyes, teeth of iron, and elephantine feet and legs. If one of them only strayed out of the line, a hard kick in the ribs brought him back again to his place ; but, speedy as was his obedience, he found time, as he re-entered the ranks, to show a double row of teeth ready to devour his Mentor. Indeed, had the dogs been unanimous and so inclined, in five minutes they could have torn the whole expedition, guides and visitors, to atoms, leaving hardly a recognisable scrap to be picked up afterwards.

They soon reached the foot of a circular wall, or nearly circular ; for nothing here presents a regular form or a decided plan. The very substance of things differs from ordinary reality. The earth has the inconsistency of sponge ; the mud, the fluidity of water ; the water, the thickness of mud ; the hillocks scattered over the soil are friable as sand ; the cottages of the keepers and workmen are tumble-down heaps of tottering stones ; the five ponds inclosed within the limits of the establishment, have the desolate aspect of five inundations ; and the only way to breathe is to hold your breath. The ladders were placed against the wall ; and, after a difficult ascent, the party and their dozen torch-bearers took their places on the top of the wall. Before and below them was a vast inclosure appropriated to the slaughter of condemned horses. Heaps of bones scattered here and there, indicated this funereal destination. It required a few minutes to accustom the eyes to the gloomy scene before they could well make out its details. The bottom of this ill-paved tub was traversed by long and irregular stone gutters, all of which radiated towards the circumscribing wall, on reaching which they were closed by iron doors consisting of perpendicular bars, so placed as to allow liquid matters to escape, but preventing the passage of solid substances. The spectators continue to wait on the top of their wall.

Brissot-Thivars palpitated with impatience and anxiety ; would his drama succeed or fail ? The curtain was now about to rise. Dr. Gentil sat astride on the wall, breathing the beneficent smoke of a cigar, as an antidote to the powerful emanations from the theatre of action.

One of the iron gates in the wall opened. Four men immediately entered, dragging after them, with ropes, the dead horse, the hero of the fête, the principal actor who has been so impatiently expected. As soon as they had rapidly disengaged the poor creature from its last connection with human society, they left it naked on the stones and retreated hastily, slamming the iron gate behind them. The overture was played ; the piece now began. Brissot-Thivars looked at Balzac ; Balzac looked at Brissot-Thivars ; this great dramatic author (Brissot is meant in the present instance), and this great public were to form their judgment of each other's powers. They had to decide, mutually, whether the one was up to the other's mark.

At all the iron gates at the end of the gutters, and doubtless from other unseen vent-holes, there instantly appeared several rats, attracted by the mighty feast. They were the scouts of the army in ambuscade. A few individuals, detached from this first platoon, advanced on the tips of their toes to within a few yards of the carcase ; and there they turned by common consent their sharp

muzzles and their quivering smellers towards the gates by which they had entered, as if to make sure of a retreat in case of need.

The first signs of timidity disappeared when they found themselves joined by other rats, who came in crowds to share the banquet. Their numbers gave them mutual encouragement; and the pavement began to be blackened all over with reinforcements of fresh regiments of rats. Balzac remarked that, amongst these rats, there was a progression of stature and strength from the first to the last, or rather from the first to those that followed, for the last had not yet shown themselves. The earliest arrivals, lean, long, and weakly, were followed by others in better plight, who, in turn, were followed by still more comely and thrifty guests. The first comers were clearly the hungriest.

Continuing the induction from their mien and gait, Balzac attributed to each rat his profession or his position in the social scale. "Here comes a hanger-on at the attorney's office, at twenty francs a month wages. That next fellow is a clerk, with a salary of twelve hundred francs a year; he is better filled out. There goes another who lives on his property; he has his immoralities, and is growing bald." But the physiological description did not last long.

The floor of the court disappeared under an ever-thickening carpet of rats; there were black rats, brown rats, tawny rats, yellow rats, chestnut rats; rats of orders grey, slate-coloured rats, and even white rats. Just before it was completely covered, there advanced from the mass a detachment of rats, bolder and more adventurous than the rest. They marched in three columns, and in the form of a triangle, up to the carcass, of which they took possession. It was a successful military recognisance. Their other companions, thus encouraged, charged with much greater resolution. The leaders climbing up the horse's flanks, ripped up its skin from one end to the other, just as a tailor unstitches an old coat to tear it up into rags; and then hundreds, thousands, myriads of rodents streamed in at every aperture, crowding thick and anxiously, like an audience rushing out of a theatre on fire. They scrambled over one another; and their rustling movements, their little shrill whistlings, inaudible at first, produced by their multiplication the hum and murmur of a crowd, in which you could almost fancy you heard the sound of human voices. Life was boiling in this animated mass. It made you shudder to think of what would be your fate were you to fall into the midst of it from your perch on the wall.

"Is it not fine?" exclaimed Brissot-Thivars.

"Superb!" replied Balzac, with a salute of the hand. "Splendid! Are your lions there?"

"As you say, my lions. Do you hear them roar?"

"I do hear them. Well roared Montfaucon!"

"Do you know," continued Brissot-Thivars, pointing to the incalculable legions of fearful destroyers who were heaving before his eyes, "that if, one of these days, from some cause not difficult to imagine, these clouds of rats were to make a descent on Paris, a whole quarter would either be devoured or be put in terrible jeopardy?"

"Really?" demanded Balzac, delighted to hear of the strange and dramatic danger to which Paris was exposed.

"Nothing is more true. A landslip after a tempest might bring about the event."

"Paris invaded by Montfaucon rats! What a spectacle! Cannot we try the experiment?" said Balzac, heated by his own idea. "If, after the next thunder-storm, you could induce a landslip, my dear Inspector——?"

"What, I! I who am charged with the protection of Paris from all eventualities which may arise from Montfaucon! You are carrying the joke too far, my dear Monsieur de Balzac. Do you not know——?"

"I am not joking at all," interrupted Balzac.

"Silence!" said Dr. Gentil. "The grand dissection is now going to begin."

The doctor was right. The Montfaucon rats had opened the horse; and they cut it up, bored it, riddled it through and through, and chopped it into mincemeat—a work of destruction which was hidden from sight a few minutes afterwards, the horse having completely disappeared beneath the hideous brutes, who, hanging on with the voracious precision of leeches to its rounded form, soon offered the spectacle of a magnified horse composed of thousands of living rats, after the fashion of the shell-work toys and ornaments that are made to represent men and animals.

What a clash of arms! The gnashing of their teeth was audible; the sound of the knives and forks reached the ears of the spectators in the boxes. Amongst these indefatigable gluttons, there were some as large as a full-grown tom-cat. But what cat would risk an encounter with such adversaries as these? He would have been devoured as easily as a partridge by a fox; he would have been swallowed whole before he reached the ground.

"It is time!" shouted Brissot-Thivars, by way of word of command to one of the men who, mounted on the wall, lighted up this scene with a pot of burning resin. "It is time!"

At this order from the chief, the man designated, threw his torch into the arena; it fell a short distance from the spot where the jackals of Montfaucon were finishing their orgie. There was a shower of fire upon these greedy epicures; nothing else than a down-

fall of incandescent flakes could have obtained the desired result. There uprose a wail, as if a multitude of infants were being murdered, and little spiral columns of reddish smoke rose in corkscrews in the air. There opened a hole in the moving mass, at the spot where the melted resin had fallen. At the bottom of the hole a skeleton was visible; it was the skeleton of the horse—a horse no longer. In the cavities, cells, and compartments of its framework, groups of satiated rats had taken up their lodging; some had gone to sleep, like drunkards, overcome by intoxication, falling under a public-house table. They were drunk with horseflesh.

"Now, let in the dogs!" was the second word of command given by Brissot-Thivars to his men.

"What! It is not finished yet?" cried Balzac, who had not lost a single item of the rare and novel observations which the spectacle afforded.

"Finished!" answered the Inspector of Public Salubrity, with ironical pride. "Finished! It is not even yet begun."

This magnificent boast confounded the visitors, but it pleased them, notwithstanding. Balzac felt at that moment such admiration for Brissot-Thivars, that it tore from him the singular eulogy: "Ah, you would have made a famous manager of a theatre!"

The compliment went to the heart of the worthy inspector; his chin buried itself in his broad cravat to hide its delight. Never had Public Salubrity enjoyed a happier moment on earth.

The dogs entered the arena, and the carnage began. The first few minutes were glorious for them. They were mad with joy. They killed; they gave tongue; they gave tongue, they killed; they bagged two at a shot, like first-rate sportsmen. A pair of rats were often entrapped in the same snapping bite. And when they thought their victims dead, they shook them about, as puppies will shake an empty glove. Then they cast them aside, and recommenced the massacre; but all pleasures end in exhaustion. The excitement of the dogs gradually diminished; cruelty gave place to clemency—clemency which was only fatigue in disguise. And yet, if they had scattered death around, in reality they had destroyed just nothing at all. The first quarter of an hour was all their own, the second was by no means so. There were barkings which sounded much more like accents of pain than shouts of victory. The reaction had begun. There were many and many bleeding ears; there were muzzles from which hung bunches of rats who were now taking their revenge on the enemy. It was in vain to try and shake the assailants off; they held on so firm and tight that the countenances of the combatants were disfigured

for life. Others limped along with wounded feet, while others could not stir a peg. The rest, doubtless, defended themselves bravely, but still they had to act on the defensive. The original position was completely changed. The chances might have turned out unfavourable to the dogs, if their masters, alarmed at their danger and also to crown the fête, had not issued from the iron gate with naked arms brandishing clubs, turning the tide of battle, and changing defeat into victory. What joy for the dogs was the sight of this reinforcement! They recovered their former energy.

The struggle was renewed. The men were superb. Every blow of the stick sent coveys of rats—one might have said partridges—flying. The dogs snapped them up in mid-air, completing the illusion. The rats, exasperated, despairing, bounded over the backs of the dogs, climbed up the men, ran into their beards and hair, round their necks, between their legs, over their shoulders, panted, whistled, clung together, and bit the sticks with such fury as to leave their teeth in them. Many broke their own necks by a rush against the wall, committing suicide rather than yield,—like stoical rats of antiquity. Naturally the victory remained on the side of the men; but it cost them dear. A duel fought with sabres with their fellow men would not have put them into a more pitiable condition.

The fête was ended. Brissot-Thivars, steaming with enthusiasm, ran to Balzac, who received him in his arms.

"What a drama, is it not?" said the Inspector of Public Salubrity.

"A drama?" exclaimed Balzac, delighted with his night's amusement. "Say a poem, and you will still be far short of the truth."

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THE UNKNOWN PUBLIC.

Do the subscribers to this journal, the customers at the eminent publishing-houses, the members of book-clubs and circulating libraries, and the purchasers and borrowers of newspapers and reviews, compose altogether the great bulk of the reading public of England? There was a time when, if anybody had put this question to me, I, for one, should certainly have answered, Yes.

I know better now. I know that the public just now mentioned, viewed as an audience for literature, is nothing more than a minority.

This discovery (which I venture to consider equally new and surprising) dawned upon me gradually. I made my first approaches towards it, in walking about London, more especially in the second and third rate neighbourhoods. At such times, whenever I passed a small stationer's or small tobacconist's-shop, I became conscious, mechanically as it were, of certain publications which invariably occupied the windows. These publications all appeared to be of the same small quarto size; they seemed to consist merely of a few unbound pages; each one of them had a picture on the upper half of the front leaf, and a quantity of small print on the under. I noticed just as much as this, for some time, and no more. None of the gentlemen who are so good as to guide my taste in literary matters, had ever directed my attention towards these mysterious publications. My favourite Review is, as I firmly believe, at this very day, unconscious of their existence. My enterprising librarian who forces all sorts of books on my attention that I don't want to read, because he has bought whole editions of them a great bargain, has never yet tried me with the limp unbound picture quarto of the small shops. Day after day, and week after week, the mysterious publications haunted my walks, go where I might; and, still, I was too inconceivably careless to stop and notice them in detail. I left London and travelled about England. The neglected publications followed me. There they were in every town, large or small. I saw them in fruit-shops, in oyster-shops, in lollypop-shops. Villages even—picturesque, strong-smelling villages—were not free from them. Wherever

the speculative daring of one man could open a shop, and the human appetites and necessities of his fellow mortals could keep it from shutting up again, there, as it appeared to me, the unbound picture quarto instantly entered, set itself up obtrusively in the window, and insisted on being looked at by everybody. "Buy me, borrow me, stare at me, steal me—do anything, O inattentive stranger, except contemptuously pass me by!"

Under this sort of compulsion, it was not long before I began to stop at shop-windows and look attentively at these all-pervading specimens of what was to me a new species of literary production. I made acquaintance with one of them among the deserts of West Cornwall, with another in a populous thoroughfare of Whitechapel, with a third in a dreary little lost town at the north of Scotland. I went into a lovely county of South Wales; the modest railway had not penetrated to it, but the audacious picture quarto had found it out. Who could resist this perpetual, this inevitable, this magnificently unlimited appeal to notice and patronage? From looking in at the windows of the shops, I got on to entering the shops themselves, to buying specimens of this locust-flight of small publications, to making strict examination of them from the first page to the last, and finally, to instituting inquiries about them in all sorts of well-informed quarters. The result—the astonishing result—has been the discovery of an Unknown Public; a public to be counted by millions; the mysterious, the unfathomable, the universal public of the penny-novel Journals.*

I have five of these journals now before me, represented by one sample copy, bought hap-hazard, of each. There are many more; but these five represent the successful and well-established members of the literary family. The eldest of them is a stout lad of fifteen years standing. The youngest is an infant of three months old. All five are sold at the same price of one penny; all five are published regularly once a week; all five contain about the same quantity of matter.

* It may be as well to explain that I use this awkward compound word in order to mark the distinction between a penny journal and a penny newspaper. The "journal" is what I am now writing about. The "newspaper" is an entirely different subject, with which this article has no connection.

The weekly circulation of the most successful of the five, is now publicly advertised (and, as I am informed, without exaggeration) at half a Million. Taking the other four as attaining altogether to a circulation of another half million (which is probably much under the right estimate) we have a sale of a Million weekly for five penny journals. Reckoning only three readers to each copy sold, the result is a *public of three millions*—a public unknown to the literary world; unknown, as disciples, to the whole body of professed critics; unknown, as customers, at the great libraries and the great publishing-houses; unknown, as an audience, to the distinguished English writers of our own time. A reading public of three millions which lies right out of the pale of literary civilisation, is a phenomenon worth examining—a mystery which the sharpest man among us may not find it easy to solve.

In the first place, who are the three million—the Unknown Public—as I have ventured to call them? The known reading public—the minority already referred to—are easily discovered and classified. There is the religious public, with booksellers and literature of its own, which includes reviews and newspapers as well as books. There is the public which reads for information, and devotes itself to Histories, Biographies, Essays, Treatises, Voyages and Travels. There is the public which reads for amusement, and patronises the Circulating Libraries and the railway book-stalls. There is, lastly, the public which reads nothing but newspapers. We all know where to lay our hands on the people who represent these various classes. We see the books they like on their tables. We meet them out at dinner, and hear them talk of their favourite authors. We know, if we are at all conversant with literary matters, even the very districts of London in which certain classes of people live who are to be depended upon beforehand as the picked readers for certain kinds of books. But what do we know of the enormous outlanded majority—of the lost literary tribes—of the prodigious, the overwhelming three millions? Absolutely nothing.

I, myself—and I say it to my sorrow—have a very large circle of acquaintance. Ever since I undertook the interesting task of exploring the Unknown Public, I have been trying to discover among my dear friends and my bitter enemies, both alike on my visiting list, a subscriber to a penny novel-journal—and I have never yet succeeded in the attempt. I have heard theories started as to the probable existence of penny novel-journals in kitchen dressers, in the back parlours of Easy Shaving Shops, in the greasy seclusion of the boxes at the small Chop Houses. But I have never yet met with any man, woman, or child who could answer the inquiry, "Do you subscribe to a penny journal?" plainly in the affirmative, and who

could produce the periodical in question. I have learnt, years ago, to despair of ever meeting with a single woman, after a certain age, who has not had an offer of marriage. I have given up, long since, all idea of ever discovering a man who has himself seen a ghost, as distinguished from that other inevitable man who has had a bosom friend who has unquestionably seen one. These are two among many other aspirations of a wasted life which I have definitely given up. I have now to add one more to the number of my vanished illusions.

In the absence, therefore, of any positive information on the subject, it is only possible to pursue the investigation which occupies these pages by accepting such negative evidence as may help us to guess with more or less accuracy, at the social position, the habits, the tastes, and the average intelligence of the Unknown Public. Arguing carefully by inference, we may hope, in this matter, to arrive, by a circuitous road, at something like a safe, if not a satisfactory, conclusion.

To begin with, it may be fairly assumed—seeing that the staple commodity of each one of the five journals before me, is composed of Stories—that the Unknown Public reads for its amusement more than for its information.

Judging by my own experience, I should be inclined to add, that the Unknown Public looks to quantity rather than quality in spending its penny a week on literature. In buying my five specimen copies, at five different shops, I purposely approached the individual behind the counter, on each occasion, in the character of a member of the Unknown Public—say, Number Three Million and One—who wished to be guided in laying out a penny entirely by the recommendation of the shopkeeper himself. I expected, by this course of proceeding, to hear a little popular criticism, and to get at what the conditions of success might be, in a branch of literature which was quite new to me. No such result, however, occurred in any case. The dialogue between buyer and seller always took some such practical turn as this:

Number Three Million and One.—"I want to take in one of the penny journals. Which do you recommend?"

Enterprising Publisher.—"Some likes one, and some likes another. They're all good pennorths. Seen this one?"

"Yes."

"Seen that one?"

"No."

"Look what a pennorth!"

"Yes—but about the stories in this one? Are they as good, now, as the stories in that one?"

"Well, you see, some likes one, and some likes another. Sometimes I sells more of one, and sometimes I sells more of another. Take 'em all the year round, and there ain't a pin, as I knows of, to choose between 'em. There's just about as much in one as there is in

another. All good pennorths. Why, Lord bless your soul, just take 'em up and look for yourself, and say if they ain't good pennorths! Look what a lot of print in every one of 'em! My eye! What a lot of print for the money!"

I never got any farther than this, try as I might. And yet, I found the shopkeepers, both men and women, ready enough to talk on other topics. On each occasion, so far from receiving any practical hints that I was interrupting business, I found myself sociably delayed in the shop, after I had made my purchase, as if I had been an old acquaintance. I got all sorts of curious information on all sorts of subjects,—excepting the good pennorth of print in my pocket. Does the reader know the singular facts in connection with Everton Toffey? It is like Eau de Cologne. There is only one genuine receipt for making it, in the world. It has been a family inheritance from remote antiquity. You may go here, there, and everywhere, and buy what you think is Everton Toffey (or Eau de Cologne); but there is only one place in London, as there is only one place in Cologne, at which you can obtain the genuine article. That information was given me at one penny journal shop. At another, the proprietor explained his new system of Stay-making to me. He offered to provide my wife with something that would support her muscles and not pinch her flesh; and, what was more, he was not the man to ask for his bill, afterwards, except in the case of giving both of us perfect satisfaction. This man was so talkative and intelligent: he could tell me all about so many other things besides stays, that I took it for granted he could give me the information of which I stood in need. But here again I was disappointed. He had a perfect snow-drift of penny journals all over his counter—he snatched them up by handfuls, and gesticulated with them cheerfully; he smacked and patted them, and brushed them all up in a heap, to express to me that "the whole lot would be worked off by the evening;" but he, too, when I brought him to close quarters, only repeated the one inevitable form of words: "A good pennorth; that's where it is! Bless your soul, look at any one of them for yourself, and see what a pennorth it is!"

Having, inferentially, arrived at the two conclusions that the Unknown Public reads for amusement, and that it looks to quantity in its reading, rather than to quality, I might have found it difficult to proceed further towards the making of new discoveries, but for the existence of a very remarkable aid to inquiry, which is common to all the penny novel-journals alike. The peculiar facilities to which I now refer, are presented in the Answers to Correspondents. The page containing these is, beyond all comparison, the most interesting page in the penny

journals. There is no earthly subject that it is possible to discuss, no private affair that it is possible to conceive, which the amazing Unknown Public will not confide to the Editor in the form of a question, and which the still more amazing editor will not set himself seriously and resolutely to answer. Hidden under cover of initials, or Christian names, or conventional signatures, such as Subscriber, Constant Reader, and so forth, the editor's correspondents seem, many of them, to judge by the published answers to their questions, utterly impervious to the senses of ridicule or shame. Young girls beset by perplexities which are usually supposed to be reserved for a mother's or an elder sister's ear only, consult the editor. Married women, who have committed little frailties consult the editor. Male jilts in deadly fear of actions for breach of promise of marriage, consult the editor. Ladies whose complexions are on the wane, and who wish to know the best artificial means of restoring them, consult the editor. Gentlemen who want to dye their hair, and get rid of their corns, consult the editor. Inconceivably dense ignorance, inconceivably petty malice, and inconceivably complacent vanity, all consult the editor, and all, wonderful to relate, get serious answers from him. No mortal position is too difficult for this wonderful man; there is no change of character as general referee, which he is not prepared to assume on the instant. Now he is a father, now a mother, now a schoolmaster, now a confessor, now a doctor, now a lawyer, now a young lady's confidante, now a young gentleman's bosom friend, now a lecturer on morals, and now an authority in cookery.

However, our present business is not with the editor, but with his readers. As a means of getting at the average intelligence of the Unknown Public,—as a means of testing the general amount of education which they have acquired, and of ascertaining what share of taste and delicacy they have inherited from Nature—these extraordinary Answers to Correspondents may fairly be produced in detail, to serve us for a guide. I must premise, that I have not maliciously hunted them up out of many numbers; I have merely looked into my five sample copies of five separate journals,—all, I repeat, bought, accidentally, just as they happened to catch my attention in the shop windows. I have not waited for bad specimens, or anxiously watched for good: I have impartially taken my chance. And now, just as impartially, I dip into one journal after another, on the Correspondents' page, exactly as the five happen to lie on my desk. The result is, that I have the pleasure of presenting to those ladies and gentlemen who may honour me with their attention, the following members of the Unknown Public, who are in a condition to speak quite unreservedly for themselves.

A reader of a penny novel-journal who wants a receipt for gingerbread. A reader who complains of fulness in his throat. Several readers who want cures for grey hair, for warts, for sores on the head, for nervousness, and for worms. Two readers who have trifled with Woman's Affections, and who want to know if Woman can sue them for breach of promise of marriage. A reader who wants to know what the sacred initials I. H. S. mean, and how to get rid of small-pox marks. Another reader who desires to be informed what an esquire is. Another who cannot tell how to pronounce picturesque and acquiescence. Another who requires to be told that *chiar'oscuro* is a term used by painters. Three readers who want to know how to soften ivory, how to get a divorce, and how to make black varnish. A reader who is not certain what the word Poems means; not certain that *Ma-zep-pa* was written by Lord Byron; not certain whether there are such things in the world as printed and published Lives of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Two afflicted readers, well worthy of a place by themselves, who want a receipt apiece for the cure of knock-knees; and who are referred (it is to be hoped, by a straight-legged editor) to a former answer, addressed to other sufferers, which contains the information they require.

Two readers respectively unaware, until the editor has enlightened them, that the author of Robinson Crusoe was Daniel Defoe, and the author of the Irish Melodies Thomas Moore. Another reader, a trifle denser, who requires to be told that the histories of Greece and Rome are ancient histories, and the histories of France and England modern histories.

A reader who wants to know the right hour of the day at which to visit a newly-married couple. A reader who wants a receipt for liquid blacking.

A lady reader who expresses her sentiments prettily on crinoline. Another lady reader who wants to know how to make crumpets. Another who has received presents from a gentleman to whom she is not engaged, and who wants the editor to tell her whether she is right or wrong. Two lady readers who require lovers, and wish the editor to provide them. Two timid girls, who are respectively afraid of a French invasion and dragon-flies.

A sad dog of a reader who wants the private address of a certain actress. A reader with a noble ambition who wishes to lecture, and wants to hear of an establishment at which he can buy discourses ready-made. A natty reader, who wants German polish for boots and shoes. A sore-headed reader, who is editorially advised to use soap and warm water. A virtuous reader, who writes to condemn married women for listening to compliments, and who is informed by an equally

virtuous editor that his remarks are neatly expressed. A guilty (female) reader, who confides her frailties to a moral editor, and shocks him. A pale-faced reader, who asks if she shall darken her skin. Another pale-faced reader, who asks if she shall put on rouge. An undecided reader, who asks if there is any inconsistency in a dancing-mistress being a teacher at a Sunday-school. A bashful reader, who has been four years in love with a lady, and has not yet mentioned it to her. A speculative reader, who wishes to know if he can sell lemonade without a licence. An uncertain reader, who wants to be told whether he had better declare his feelings frankly and honourably at once. An indignant female reader, who reviles all the gentlemen in her neighbourhood because they don't take the ladies out. A scorbutic reader, who wants to be cured. A pimply reader in the same condition. A jilted reader, who writes to know what his best revenge may be, and who is advised by a wary editor to try indifference. A domestic reader, who wishes to be told the weight of a newly-born child. An inquisitive reader, who wants to know if the name of David's mother is mentioned in the Scriptures.

Here are ten editorial sentiments on things in general, which are pronounced at the express request of correspondents, and which are therefore likely to be of use in assisting us to form an estimate of the intellectual condition of the Unknown Public:

1. All months are lucky to marry in, when your union is hallowed by love.
2. When you have a sad trick of blushing on being introduced to a young lady, and when you want to correct the habit, summon to your aid a manly confidence.
3. If you want to write neatly, do not bestow too much ink on occasional strokes.
4. You should not shake hands with a lady on your first introduction to her.
5. You can sell ointment without a patent.
6. A widow should at once and most decidedly discourage the lightest attentions on the part of a married man.
7. A rash and thoughtless girl will scarcely make a steady thoughtful wife.
8. We do not object to a moderate quantity of crinoline.
9. A sensible and honourable man never flirts himself, and ever despises flirts of the other sex.
10. A collier will not better his condition by going to Prussia.

At the risk of being wearisome, I must once more repeat that these selections from the Answers to Correspondents, incredibly absurd as they may appear, are presented exactly as I find them. Nothing is exaggerated for the sake of a joke; nothing is invented, or misquoted, to serve the purpose of any pet theory of my own. The sample produced of the three million penny readers is left to speak for itself; to give some idea

of the social and intellectual materials of which a portion, at least, of the Unknown Public may fairly be presumed to be composed. Having so far disposed of this first part of the matter in hand, the second part follows naturally enough of its own accord. We have all of us formed some opinion by this time on the subject of the Public itself: the next thing to do is to find out what that Public reads.

I have already said that the staple commodity of the journals appears to be formed of stories. The five specimen copies of the five separate weekly publications now before me, contain, altogether, ten serial stories, one reprint of a famous novel (to be hereafter referred to), and seven short tales, each of which begins and ends in one number. The remaining pages are filled up with miscellaneous contributions, in literature and art, drawn from every conceivable source. Pickings from Punch and Plato; wood-engravings, representing notorious people and views of famous places, which strongly suggest that the original blocks have seen better days in other periodicals; modern and ancient anecdotes; short memoirs; scraps of poetry; choice morsels of general information; household receipts, riddles, and extracts from moral writers; all appear in the most orderly manner, arranged under separate heads, and cut up neatly into short paragraphs. However, the prominent feature in each journal is the serial story, which is placed, in every case, as the first article, and which is illustrated by the only wood-engraving that appears to have been expressly cut for the purpose. To the serial story, therefore, we may fairly devote our chief attention, because it is clearly regarded as the chief attraction of these very singular publications.

Two of my specimen-copies contain, respectively, the first chapters of new stories. In the case of the other three, I found the stories in various stages of progress. The first thing that struck me, after reading the separate weekly portions of all five, was their extraordinary sameness. Each portion purported to be written (and no doubt was written) by a different author, and yet all five might have been produced by the same man. Each part of each successive story, settled down in turn, as I read it, to the same dead level of the smoothest and flattest conventionality. A combination of fierce melodrama and meek domestic sentiment; short dialogues and paragraphs on the French pattern, with moral English reflections of the sort that occur on the top lines of children's copy-books; incidents and characters taken from the old exhausted mines of the circulating library, and presented as complacently and confidently as if they were original ideas; descriptions and reflections for the beginning of the number, and a "strong situation," dragged in by the neck and shoulders, for

the end—formed the common literary source: from which the five authors drew their weekly supply; all collecting it by the same means; all carrying it in the same quantities; all pouring it out before the attentive public in the same way. After reading my samples of these stories, I understood why it was that the fictions of the regularly-established writers for the penny journals are never republished. There is, I honestly believe, no man, woman, or child in England, not a member of the Unknown Public, who could be got to read them. The one thing which it is possible to advance in their favour is, that there is apparently no wickedness in them. There seems to be an intense in-dwelling respectability in their dulness. If they lead to no intellectual result, even of the humblest kind, they may have, at least, this negative advantage, that they can do no moral harm. If it be objected that I am condemning these stories after having merely read one number of each of them, I have only to ask in return, whether anybody ever waits to go all through a novel before passing an opinion on the goodness or the badness of it? In the latter case, we throw the story down before we get through it, and that is its condemnation. There is room enough for promise, if not for performance, in any one part of any one genuine work of fiction. If I had found the smallest promise in the style, in the dialogue, in the presentation of character, in the arrangement of incident, in any of the five specimens of cheap fiction before me, each one of which extended, on the average, to ten columns of small print, I should have gone on gladly and hopefully to the next number. But I discovered nothing of the sort; and I put down my weekly sample, just as an editor, under similar circumstances, puts down a manuscript, after getting through a certain number of pages—or a reader a book.

And this sort of writing appeals to a monster audience of at least three millions! The former proprietor of one of these penny journals commissioned a thoroughly competent person to translate *The Count of Monte Christo*, for his periodical. He knew that there was hardly a language in the civilised world into which that consummate specimen of the rare and difficult art of story-telling had not been translated. In France, in England, in America, in Russia, in Germany, in Italy, in Spain, Alexandre Dumas had held hundreds of thousands of readers breathless. The proprietor of the penny journal naturally thought that he could do as much with the Unknown Public. Strange to say, the result of this apparently certain experiment was a failure. The circulation of the journal in question, seriously decreased from the time when the first of living story-tellers became a contributor to it! The same experiment was tried with the *Mysteries of Paris* and the *Wandering Jew*, only to produce the same

result. Another penny journal gave Dumas a commission to write a new story, expressly for translation in its columns. The speculation was tried, and once again the inscrutable Unknown Public held back the hand of welcome from the spoilt child of a whole world of novel-readers.

How is this to be accounted for? Does a rigid moral sense permeate the Unknown Public from one end of it to the other, and did the productions of the French novelists shock that sense from the very outset? The page containing the Answers to Correspondents would be enough in itself to dispose of this theory. But there are other and better means of arriving at the truth, which render any further reference to the correspondents' page unnecessary. Some time since, an eminent novelist (the only living English author, with a literary position, who has, as yet, written for the Unknown Public) produced his new novel in a penny journal. No shadow of a moral objection has ever been urged by any readers against the works published by the author of *It Is Never Too Late To Mend*; but even he, unless I have been greatly misinformed, failed to make the impression that had been anticipated on the impenetrable Three Millions. The great success of his novel was not obtained in its original serial form, but in its republished form, when it appealed from the Unknown to the Known Public. Clearly, the moral obstacle was not the obstacle which militated against the success of Alexandre Dumas and Eugène Sue.

What was it, then? Plainly this, as I believe. The Unknown Public is, in a literary sense, hardly beginning, as yet, to learn to read. The members of it are evidently, in the mass, from no fault of theirs, still ignorant of almost everything which is generally known and understood among readers whom circumstances have placed, socially and intellectually, in the rank above them. The mere references in *Monte Christo*, *The Mysteries of Paris*, and *White Lies* (the scene of this last English fiction having been laid on French ground), to foreign names, titles, manners and customs, puzzled the Unknown Public on the threshold. Look back at the answers to correspondents, and then say, out of fifty subscribers to a penny journal, how many are likely to know, for example, that *Mademoiselle* means *Miss*? Besides the difficulty in appealing to the penny audience caused at the beginning by such simple obstacles as this, there was the great additional difficulty, in the case of all three of the fictions just mentioned, of accustoming untried readers to the delicacies and subtleties of literary art. An immense public has been discovered: the next thing to be done is, in a literary sense, to teach that public how to read.

An attempt, to the credit of one of the

penny journals, is already being made. I have mentioned, in one place, a reprint of a novel, and later, a remarkable exception to the drearily common-place character of the rest of the stories. In both these cases I refer to one and the same fiction—to the *Kenilworth* of Sir Walter Scott, which is now being reprinted as a serial attraction in a penny journal. Here is the great master of modern fiction appealing, at this time of day, to a new public, and (amazing anomaly!) marching in company with writers who have the rudiments of their craft still to learn! To my mind, one result seems certain. If *Kenilworth* be appreciated by the Unknown Public, then the very best men among living English writers will one of these days be called on, as a matter of necessity, to make their appearance in the pages of the penny journals.

Meanwhile, it is perhaps hardly too much to say, that the future of English fiction may rest with this Unknown Public, which is now waiting to be taught the difference between a good book and a bad. It is probably a question of time only. The largest audience for periodical literature, in this age of periodicals, must obey the universal law of progress, and must, sooner or later, learn to discriminate. When that period comes, the readers who rank by millions, will be the readers who give the widest reputations, who return the richest rewards, and who will, therefore, command the service of the best writers of their time. A great, an unparalleled prospect awaits, perhaps, the coming generation of English novelists. To the penny journals of the present time belongs the credit of having discovered a new public. When that public shall discover its need of a great writer, the great writer will have such an audience as has never yet been known.

THE LAST VICTIM OF THE GAUNTLET.

AN Imperial rescript, bearing the date of the twentieth of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-four, and the signature of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, has abolished for evermore, within the realms of the whole Austrian empire, that terrible chastisement, running the gauntlet. Terrible it was indeed: a cruel and barbarous remnant of those dark and dismal times, called the middle ages. I witnessed the last execution of this kind, and record it for the benefit of those who still cling with a strange fondness even to the worst legacies of bygone centuries.

On an autumn morning in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, the garrison of the fortress of Theresienstadt on the Eger River, in Bohemia, was formed in a large square on the spacious place before the residence of the commandant. In the middle of the square, drawn up in a file, stood a

company of a Rifle Battalion, to which the delinquent belonged. It was unarmed, each private (there were three hundred) being provided with a switch, and placed at a small distance from his next man. At the tenth stroke of the clock the drums were beaten, and amidst a silence, deep and oppressive, the prisoner was marched into the square.

He was as fine-looking a man as ever I have set eyes upon; tall, powerful, and well formed. His handsome features, to which a black moustache gave a bold and martial expression, shone forth in the full glow and vigour of manhood; only they were of a deadly paleness.

He was a non-commissioned officer; and, during the last campaign in Italy, in eighteen hundred and forty-nine, he had distinguished himself in such a manner that his superior officers had recommended him for promotion. Austria is more generous than England towards those that shed their blood in her service, and he would have been made a commissioned officer long since—in spite of his humble origin and his poverty—if it had not been for a fatal impediment. This impediment was his own passionate temper: he was a very choleric man; harsh and brutal towards his inferiors, morose and stubborn towards his superiors whenever they deemed it necessary to check or rebuke him. He was hated by the men to the utmost. There was not a private in the whole battalion that had not vowed him revenge. He had never made one friend; nor did he care to have one. Strict in the performance of his military service—the most minor duties of which he discharged with the utmost exactness—he went his own way: reserved, proud, solitary. Innumerable were the punishments which he had brought upon the men; for however slight the offence might be, he was sure not to pass it over in silence.

His superior officers respected him for his usefulness, his ability, and his exactitude; but they did not like him. The evident lack of humanity in the man made him an object of doubt rather than of love. Moreover, there was a vague rumour about his having once struck at his own officer in the midst of a pell-mell caused by a hand-to-hand encounter with the enemy. The report never took a clear shape, the officer having been killed in the engagement, and the gossipings of a few wounded soldiers having been much too incoherent and contradictory to lead to a formal investigation of the matter; besides, it was at the victory of Novarra. He had greatly distinguished himself, and old Field-Marshal Radezky had—with his own hands—affixed the golden medal on his breast. The rumour, however, together with the knowledge of his harsh and violent temper, caused his name to be erased from the list of those that were recommended to higher promotion.

When this incident was made known to

him, he became even more sullen, more rigid, more cruel than ever; but always—as it was well understood—for the benefit of the service; the slightest demands of which he performed with the same immutable strictness as he enforced them to be done by others.

A few weeks previous to the dreadful punishment which he had now to undergo, he was mounting guard in the outworks with some twenty or twenty-five men of his own company. It was a chilly, rainy night; and, when the sentries were relieved, they were glad to stretch themselves—wet as they were—upon the floor near the large stove in the middle of the guard-room. The floor not being very clean (floors seldom are in these localities), and the white uniforms of the men being wet, it was no wonder that the dirt adhered to them with a tenacity that defied all exertions to get it off, when the wearers were roused by this serjeant to prepare for standing guard once more. The more they tried to rub their clothes clean, the more sturdily he lent a helping hand to their endeavours by an application of the sad equipment of every Austrian non-commissioned officer—the stick. Whilst he was fully at work, cutting away at the men with a powerful arm, the door opened, and the officer on duty entered the guard-room.

"Attention!" commanded the serjeant; and, saluting his superior, made the usual report that nothing worth remarking had happened. The officer, a young ensign, fresh from the military school, and almost a boy, took no notice whatever of this important news, but asked the serjeant in a brisk and somewhat impetuous manner: "What he was again striking the men for?"

The serjeant, already much annoyed at this interference, gave a surly and unwilling answer; and, when the young officer rebuked him, in a severe and perhaps somewhat haughty manner, the violent and passionate man, losing all self-control, lifted up his hand against his officer.

It was but one fatal moment, quick as lightning. The uplifted hand never descended: it was caught by a dozen powerful arms. He was felled to the ground, and disarmed. Half an hour afterwards he found himself in irons in the casemates.

Lifting the arm against a superior is considered a capital crime. In this case it had been committed whilst both parties were on duty, and the Austrian military laws are the very last in the world to be trifled with. The following day he was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot. When the sentence was forwarded to the competent authority for ratification, it happened to be the Emperor's anniversary day: capital punishment was commuted, the criminal had to run the gauntlet.

A cruel act of grace was this commutation! When the first sentence had been read over to him, he had remained cold and

impossible; not a muscle of his proud face stirred. He did not fear death; he had looked it in the face many a time without flinching, and to die in the open air, pierced by a dozen balls—a soldier's death—what should he care much for that? But when he was informed that he had to run the gauntlet twice through his company, after having been previously degraded, he trembled for the first time in his life. He knew of many a soldier who had run the gauntlet thrice through a whole battalion, and not been the worse for it after all; he knew of some that had even married afterwards, and brought up families of children; he was fully aware that the issue of this terrible torture depended entirely upon the dispositions of the men. Dreadful reflection! Above all, he thought of the shame, the dishonour—and his proud heart was well nigh giving way.

On the evening previous to the punishment, the Second Rifle Battalion of Kherenhüller Infantry would have been unfit for service: the men were drunk. They had got up a carousal in joy and honour of the coming day. But in the morning they were sober enough. The drums ceased to beat as soon as the prisoner had arrived in the middle of the square; his escort fell back. He stood alone near the right wing of his company. There was a dead silence; not a respiration was to be heard from all the thousands gathered on the spot. The commanding officer read the sentence over to him for the second time. This done, he exhorted the men, according to custom, to dispense with all feelings of compassion, and to do their duty conformably to the law. The colonel went through this part of the formality in a quick and hurried manner, as if he were unwilling to perform it. So he was; he knew but too well that, in this instance, there was no need whatever for exhortation. These preliminaries being over, the prisoner was delivered into the hands of the provost.

When the latter tore off from his uniform the golden lace and gallions—the marks of his military rank—throwing them, together with the gold medal, at his feet, the face of the unfortunate man became purple, and his dark eyes flashed fire. When he was stripped of his coat and shirt, and placed at the entry of the terrible street through which he had to pass, he became pale again. Two soldiers went ahead of him; they marched backward, with their bayonets presented to his breast, so as to force him to keep measure to a drum which brought up the rear. The drum was muffled: its slow and dismal beats sounded like the music of a funeral procession.

When he received the first stroke his features assumed an expression of pain, and his firm-set lips quivered slightly. This was, however, the only sign of sensation. Crossing his arms over his breast and pressing his teeth close together, his proud face remained henceforth immovable. His merciless enemies

enjoyed but an incomplete triumph after all; they might slash his body in pieces, but his proud and indomitable spirit they could not break. The blows descended with a fearful violence upon him. After the first dozen, blood came; but never did he utter one single exclamation of pain; never—not even with a look—did he implore for mercy. An expression of scorn and disdain was deeply set on his face, as pale as death. When he had reached at last the left wing of the company, his lacerated back presented a frightful appearance. Even his most exasperated enemies might well have been satisfied now; if it had but been possible, the commanding officer himself would have interceded in his behalf; but this was not even to be thought of; the law must have its course. They faced him right about; he had to take the same way back again.

There was one formality connected with this punishment, which was a cruel, barbarous, and shameful mockery: the delinquent had to thank his executioners for his tortures.

When the victim had arrived at the file-leader of the right wing of his company, and the dreadful execution was over at last, he threw one last, long look, full of contempt, at his tormentors. Then he was seen staggering like a drunken man towards the commanding officer. His eyes, swollen with blood, beamed with an unnatural brightness, his respiration was short and painful; touching his head with his right hand, in token of the military salute, he said in a voice that came out of his throat with a rattling sound, but that was nevertheless distinctly audible all over the place: "I have to—thank your honour for this exquisite punishment," and fell down dead.

OUR VEGETABLE FRIENDS.

WE want to bring to our readers' minds a few of the benefits which we owe to the more familiar members of the vegetable world; how much more they are our friends than we generally remember in our off-hand railroad kind of life; though, at the same time, we do not undervalue the worth of the other two great divisions. We know the value of minerals, and we love animals, and confess their infinite usefulness—acknowledging that they are our benefactors, servants, guardians, and helpers, in a thousand loving, intelligent ways, impossible to greens and roots. But even animals are scarcely so necessary to our happiness as vegetables. For instance, what would we do for clothes, if there were no plants with weaveable fibres, no blue-eyed flax, no cotton shrub with its snowy pods, no wonderful nettles to spin into China grass-cloth, no fibres of the kind banana for eastern muslins, no straw for pretty women's bonnets? We should have woollens, certainly, and furs and hides, beaver-tails and moleskins for the head,

and dainty silks for the delicate little lady at home. But imagine furs and woollens in the dog-days; and think of moleskin caps in place of those magical structures of gauze and flowers, which do duty now for head gears, and are supposed to protect from sun and rain! Nothing from sheep or sable, goat or ermine, could repay us for the loss of Manchester prints and Irish linens; while, on the contrary, we could supply their places by woolly cotton, and the silk-cotton of the gigantic bombax might be manufactured into something resembling the woven results of the cocoon. In eighteen hundred and fifty-one, some very curious and beautiful dresses, made of this material, were sent to the Great Exhibition: and if unscientific natives could accomplish so much, what might not the knowledge and the energy of the West obtain? If silkworms had the plague, or the mulberry-trees were blighted, we might perhaps make our Lyons and Genoa velvets out of the hairy coating of the seeds of the bombax. We may set clothes aside, then, as proven and undeniable.

There are so many resources in the vegetable world, that, if one plant died out, we could find a dozen substitutes, or more, capable of taking its place and fulfilling its uses. Suppose that the cotton shrub and the flax plant should fail us, on what could we fall back? On the fibres of the pine-apple and the papyrus; perhaps on the cotton grass or eriophorum; on the New Zealand flax, which is of the lily tribe, the phormium tenax of botanists; on the fibres of the African yucca, which make very pretty artificial flowers as well as cloth; on the bæmeria nivea, the nettle from which come the grass-cloth handkerchiefs of modern wear; on the family of the amaryllides, specially on the Algerian agave, originally a native of Mexico, but now a naturalised Algerine, giving bags, cloaks, and paper; on the banana, the most generous of all trees; on some individuals of the daphne or laurel tribe—one, the lagetta linteria, giving a beautiful natural lace from its inner bark;—on the hair of certain mallow seeds; on some of the pulse family; on the Virginian silk, an asclepias or swallow-wort; on the bread-fruit tree, a nettle like the China grass-cloth—specimens of cloth woven from the bread-fruit tree artocarpus, were sent by the Society Islanders to our Great Exhibition, and it is the usual dress of the South Sea Islanders;—on the broussonetia, also a nettle, some of its species being better known as the paper mulberry-tree, which gives beautifully fine, soft, and white cloth; and on the fibrous tissues of the mighty bulrush, the typha latifolia, which, besides material for cloth, also bears a kind of bread in the centre of its creeping stems. But the typha latifolia is serviceable for lint rather than for woven cloths, and perhaps ought not to have been admitted among the rest. Now, the list we have given is by no means

despicable as an array of substitutes for two specially constituted plants. And of course there may be more scattered about the world than we know of, or than have as yet been discovered and introduced.

From how many growths, too, could we procure cordage, if the present typical rope-plant, hemp, became an extinct creation, like the pterodactyles and deinotheria of old? From the bamboo, that monstrous grass which, besides giving cordage, gives also baskets, fans, flutes, toys, canes, timber, umbrella sticks, paper, pickles, and that delicious green crisp nondescript found in the Chinese pots of chow-chow; from our useful friend papyrus, which also gives us mats, as formerly it gave the Pharaohs and the subjects of the Pharaohs, paper; from the screw pine, pandanus, which yields sacking as well as cordage, and one of the most delicious scents extant; from palm-trees generally; from the hairy covering of the Gummuti pine, specially made use of at Singapore; from the fibres of the palmetto of the Bahamas; from the fibrous rind of the cocoa-nut, called coir by shippers and merchants, which coir makes ropes fully equal to hempen ones for strength and serviceableness, besides giving us rugs, mats, and brooms; from one of the lily tribe, which yields the famous African hemp; from the pine-apple family; from nettles, the urtica tenacissima of India, being the very chief and king of rope-making nettles; from pulses—witness the Bengal hemp or jute; from a mixture of grass and cotton, such as the natives of Ashantee weave into wonderfully tough cordage; in fact, from anything and everything which has tough fibres that will split, bend, and twist into lengths and coils, and bear a good rough strain when all is done. No animal production equals the cordage value of these vegetable fibres. Leather straps are very useful, and by our pleasant little machinery of thongs, holes, and buckles, they are more convenient to use than ropes: but we believe there is no question of their comparative strength. The Canadian Indian sews together his birch bark canoe with thongs cut from the moose deer's hide; but a good, stout, well pitched or waxed twine would be far better. How tough soever dried sinews and strips of hide may be, twisted cables are tougher still, and obtained at a less waste of material.

What race of animals equals in usefulness of all kinds those general servitors of the globe, the family of the palms? Palms do everything; as Household Words has already shown.*

Next to the palms come, perhaps, the pines in variety of uses. We get timber and turpentine, Canada balsam, Burgundy pitch, dammar, sandarach, and other resins less known, from pines. One, the screw-

* See Vol. ii., p. 585; Vol. xv., pp. 67 and 100; p. 105 of the present Volume.

pine, gives an exquisite attar; the Huon pine is admirable for its furniture wood; so is the celery-topped pine. The Laplanders and Kamtschadales convert the inner bark of the wild pine into bread—excellent stuff for fattening swine; and to this day strips of pine are used by the poorer people in the north of Scotland in the place of candles. The bleak, icy North, which gives us so little, sends us down pine-trees for our gallant ships; and many a life has been saved from the hungry wolves by virtue of the turpentine in a blazing pine branch. The kernels of the stone-pine were once in much request, until pistachio nuts sent them out of fashion; tar and tar-water—a panacea in our fathers' time—both come from this group; the Siberian stone-pine gives a very beautiful furniture wood; the cedar of Lebanon, one of the pine order, needs no description, either in form or in properties; common resin comes from the Norway spruce fir; the juniper, unfortunately, makes bad gin; and the savin-tree (*juniperus sabina*) is a powerful medicine.

The birch is another useful tree. To the rising generation, not quite so useful as when we ourselves were young; birch-rods having gone out of date. Birch makes pretty furniture, especially bedroom furniture for unpretending houses. It also makes most of the sabots or wooden shoes of our neighbours. The Laplanders use the bark only, not the wood, for their foot-coverings, which then they braid and ornament gaily. The bark tans moderately well, and dyes a good yellow; and birch wine is not unpalatable drink in days of drought. From an Indian species, writing-paper can be obtained, and the outer part of the paper-birch makes the canoe of the Canadian Indian,—the same canoe which we have seen before sewn together with thongs cut out of the moose-deer's hide. The peculiar scent of Russia leather is owing to common birch oil; and from several varieties you can get a kind of sugar.

Then the furniture woods; what marble surpasses some of the finer kinds? Look at the rich flowing lines of walnut and mahogany; and what is more beautiful than the black walnut of North America? Maple, too, is very lovely, particularly the sugar-maple of Canada—our bird's eye and curled maples. So is rosewood, its antipode; the one so fair and tender, the other like a dark-skinned African girl who has caught a warmth and flush from the sun which makes the whole world admire; they are the Rowena and Rebecca of the forest. And what a beautiful wood is the snake-wood, or brossimum, and as strange as beautiful. And is there any need to praise the colour and the veinings of cherry wood? And the blackened old bog-oak of Ireland,—the old semi-fossil, dug up in the very process of transformation, and applied to human uses—

to making library furniture and women's ornaments, harps of Erin, shamrock bracelets, brooches, and the like; and the brave old hickory, congener with the walnut, and pioneer of American civilization, which (when white) is fashioned into handles for axes and saws that make the dark forests ring with the sounds of human labour; some of the palms—when cut and polished, singularly beautiful in their veinings; the spindle-tree, formerly special for spindles, so smooth and white is its firm grain; ebony; satin-wood; the noble old oak, both plain and knotted; the rich gold-brown box-wood; even beech, and elm, and homely deal when highly polished; the dark yellow iron-tree, sweetenia chloroxylon, a mahogany, and as hard and uncompromising as its name—are they not all as beautiful in their way as verde antico and red porphyry, scagliola, grey marble, or slate?

From the pith of rushes are obtained candle-wicks. Defend us from that rush-pith in its tube of tallow, glimmering ghastly through those odious pierced shades so dear to timorous housekeepers! No light can well be worse than this; and yet it is better than none,—and we must remember that when rushlights were, Child and Price were not. From the tallow-tree of China, a spurge, does man also get a light for the darkness of his night. The seeds of the tallow-tree give a certain substance which the Celestials convert into their Belmonts and short sixes, and burn to their great enjoyment; and the peat-bogs of Ireland, under Mr. Young's manipulation, are yielding us paraffine which threatens to displace Belmont, spermaceti, and wax itself in time, and to do away with Australian mutton for ever. Speaking of spurses, we might as well say that both croton and castor oil come from that tribe, as well as cassava and a kind of caoutchouc; and not a few poisons. Our box-tree is a spurge; so is the pretty sun-lover, the crozophora tinctoria, which gives that beautiful blue dye, the turnsol of commerce.

The word dye leads us into a wide field. First there is the madder, a bed-straw, which colours even the bones of the eater, red; next perhaps in order of chromatic supremacy, comes saffron—the crocus sativus—so exquisite in its golden colour; fustic, a yellow dye not quite so rich as saffron, comes from a certain kind of mulberry; while Brazil wood, logwood, indigo, the Japan dyes, and woad waxen, or dyer's green weed, are all products of the pulse tribe, or leguminosæ. So are catechu and divi-divi, both used for tanning; as is the bark of the acacia arabica. The buckthorn gives a dye which stains Turkish and morocco leather yellow; it gives also the syrup of buckthorn, well-known in country pharmacy; rouge is from safflowers; henna, so celebrated in the poetry of the harem, is a paint got from a loose-strife; kohl is from a plant called sterculia; and one of the persicaries gives a blue dye.

Orchall, a beautiful purple dye, litmus, so useful in chemical tests, and cudbear yielding a red dye, are all lichens. The bark of the quercus tinctoria gives the yellow dye quercitron; and weld, also a yellow dye, comes from the same family as the mignonette. Turmeric, a very rich but evanescent dye, comes from a gourd; the hickory bark yields a small amount of quercitron; and anatto, a reddish-yellow paste, is made from the berries of the bixa orellana; the carthamus tinctorius gives an orange-red dye; walnut-peel, the yellow-brown which we call fawn and the French mauve; and alkanet, giving a red-brown dye, is a borage.

Going back to the lichens and their salt-water congeners, the algae, or seaweeds, we find that Iceland moss, held in such esteem as anti-consumptive, is a lichen; while Caragheen moss is, on the contrary, a seaweed. The Chinese edible birds'-nests, of which we have all heard; kelp, made from the ashes of the fuci; ulva or laver; agar-agar from the Indian Archipelago, used for stiffening silks and for making a jelly like that of the Caragheen moss—all these are from the worthless seaweed—the long line of tangled wrack upon the shingles, which summer bathers hold as useless weeds, valuable only for their colours, and their quaint unearthly growths.

Passing on from dyes and seaweeds to oils and gums, what have we? From flax, linseed oil; from the common ricinus, a spurge, castor oil—castor oil also from the palma christi; from an andropogon, or man's beard, the sweet grass-oil of Namur, which enters largely into our most refined perfumes,—another andropogon furnishing the khus-khus, of which are made the small swing hand-screens and tatties, or grass Venetian blinds of India; from the butter vegetable, shea; oils from the olive, palm, almond, and cocconut trees, from sunflowers, from the sesamum, and from cinnamon, from the gamboge-trees which yield butter and resins, and that most exquisite of all fruits, the mangosteen; from the croton, a spurge; from nutmegs; with more that we could name if we cared to make a mere catalogue. We have given only the most familiar. Then, for gums, there is, first, the great blue gum-tree of Van Diemen's Land, a myrtle, and a very fine-grained wood, a eucalyptus, yielding kino; then there is the zizyphus, or jujubetree, one of the buckwheat tribe; and the balsam-trees, some of which give us myrrh and olibanum, others mastic and terebinth, the brilliant varnishes of the East, mangoes, cashew nuts and pistachio nuts, and the balsam of capevi. Gum benjamin, or benzoin, come from a laurel, and gum ladanum from a cistus; storax is from an ebony plant; and gum copal, used by painters as a varnish, and no gum at all, by the way, comes from an American tree, while our common resin is the inspissated juice of pine,

—in other words, hardened turpentine. Gum Arabic, from an acacia; tragacanth, and gum senegal, animé, balsam of Peru, and balsam of tolu (scarcely to be ranked as gums, though), and frankincense, from the pinus tæda, complete our catalogue.

Turning back to the ebonies, or ebenacæ, we find the famous lotus ranged with them as a diospyrus, literally, the God-pear fruit; but the lotus is not a gum, neither is the manna of the Arabian tamarisk, which yet may stand here as among the exudations of trees.

The umbelliferae are very fertile for man's uses. Hemlock is one of them, and assafoetida is the hardened milky juice of another. Carraway and coriander seeds, dill, aniseed, cummin, celery and parsley, and fennel, and more household plants than we can name, are of this order. Senna is from the leaves of two different plants, but both are leguminous; liquorice is the root of another of these pod-plants; from the same order come tamarinds, Turkish and Tonquin beans, fenugreek, animé—the manna of the camel's-thorn, an acacia, the fruit of the carob-tree or Saint John's bread, besides peas and beans, clover, lucerne, scarlet runners, and some of our loveliest flowers. The nettle tribe hold among them the bread-fruit tree, which gives cloth and bread together; the gigantic brosimum, with fruit equal to flesh for consistency and nutriment, and with its weird-looking snake-wood heart; the banyan-tree, or holy fig of India; all kinds of mulberry-trees, home and foreign; fig-trees; hemp, and hops; all of the same natural order as the common stinging-nettle of our hedges, and as that venomous daoun setan, or devil's leaf of Timor, which stings men to death like a prickly bunch of serpents.

Isonandra gutta gives gutta percha; a fig-tree (ficus elastica), a kind of India rubber; but the real caoutchouc comes from the hevea guianensis. From a bindweed we get scammony; from poppies, opium; from a soap-wort, that delicious Litchi fruit, not long ago imported for the first time from the Indian Archipelago; from gentian, bitters to help frail digestions; from the camphor-tree (cinnamomum camphora of Japan), the composing draughts which soothe nervous ladies in hysterics. Canel is the bark of the canella; cinnamon, the inner bark of a laurel; mace and nutmegs grow together,—nut and shell covering of the myristica moschata; and cloves and allspice come from the myrtle tribe. From the agave is made a liquor called pulque; the famous Chinese medicine ginseng is from an ivy, panax; strychnine is found in the seeds of strychnos nux vomica; Ipecacuanha (psychotria) is one of the cinchonacæ—the same tribe as produces quinine, coffee, and the sweet essence, rondeletia; yams grow ready for roasting in an order by themselves; and the cow-tree, called by the Spaniards palo de vaca, yields a milk to wash all the rest down. The

orchids give vanilla. They are a useless set, and that is the only thing they do give, excepting quaint crawling flowers, which leave you in doubt whether they are flowers or flies. From the irises we get orris-root and saffron; from the meadow-saffron, colchicum, a modern panacea; the lily-tribe has onions, squills, and aloe, as well as Turks' caps, tulips, New Zealand flax and tuberoses.

From the manioc, we get a deadly poison, —used by the natives to poison their spears and arrows,—cassava, and tapioca; the tacca has a kind of arrow-root which might serve our turn, if the reed-like maranta should fail us; the triosteum, one of the honeysuckle-tribe, has a berry which is not unlike coffee when roasted, and chicory or endive is one of the compositæ. From the buckwheats, polygonaceæ, emerges rhubarb; laurels have nutmegs, cinnamon, and greenheart wood, besides prussic acid, and, in the mezereon, exquisitely scented flowers and poisonous berries. Willows give us osier baskets and chipbonnets; the cork-tree cuts up into delectable hats; from the bark of the aspen the Russian twists his door-mats, and the Carib does the same with the cabbage-palm. Arrow-root comes from the "reed-like maranta;" ginger is the root of the zingiber officinale; quassia is from the bark of the simaruba, called after the typical negro Quashi, who first used it as a febrifuge. There is an edible passion-flower seed, and another passion-flower which makes an intoxicating drink, said to be a safe narcotic; on another, again, wild swine are fed, while the hard shell-like rind of its fruit makes toys and boxes; there is a toothache tree, xanthoxylum, held good against toothache; tea is half a camellia; the lancewood (anona) bears delicious fruits, and makes the Brazilians capital substitutes for corks; and the baobas, one of the sterculiaceæ, is the largest tree in the world. Which is not a mean distinction; but we wish its name did not put us so much in mind of a big baby.

In the East we find some very interesting golden-acorned trees, chrysobalanaceæ; of which we will notice only two, the cocopalum, or icaco, of the West Indies, and the rough plum of Sierra Leone. The rough plum is a magnificent tree, "sixty feet high, with long leaves, and large terminal branches of flowers, succeeded by a fruit of plum-like appearance." The betel-leaf is a pepper; the betel-nut, areca, a palm; and the betel-nut and betel-leaf are eaten together. The nut is sliced, then enclosed in a leaf of the betel pepper (piper betle), and is eaten as an intoxicating stimulant, also as a sweetener of the breath, as orris-root with us. Guaiacum is from the bark of one of the yoke-leaved or zygophyllaceæ, better known as lignum vitæ, and that hard, enormous tree, the teak-tree, is of the same natural order as the pretty little Maids of Honour and pallid Mrs. Holfords, which we peg down in our borders under the

general name of verbenas. It seems strange that one of the hardest woods known should belong to the same order as a pretty, humble, tender, creeping, useless garden flower! Lavender, thyme, rosemary, hyssop, mints and peppermints, the fashionable perfume patchouli, horehound, and sage, all come from the same order, the labiatæ; tobacco is a solanum, so is the potato, so are the black nightshade and the woody-solanum dulcamara or bitter sweet—the red berries of which tend greatly to reduce the infant population of wooded districts; so are the love-apple and the capsicum; while the fox-glove and the eyebright are both of the same, an antiscrofulous, family.

Nothing, indeed, is so strange in botany, as the variety of members composing the natural orders. How a medlar, a cherry, apples and pears and the little green lady's mantle, the starry tormentil and the pimpernel, strawberries, raspberries, hawthorns, plums, almonds, the silver-weed or goosegrass, meadow sweet, the mountain ash and the service-tree, can all come into the same botanical household as garden roses—all belong to the same family, and bear the same surname, rosaceæ,—goes far beyond the ordinary knowledge of most common-place, unbotanising, fruit-eating and flower-smelling individuals, to whom a rose and an apple would never seem to be cousins german, still less brothers and sisters! And would any one think that lauristinus, honeysuckle, elder, and guelder rose were of the same order, and included among them the elegant little linnaea, "the little, depressed, abject, early-flowering, northern plant," named after its discoverer, Linnæus, and just a pale, pink, modest bell, most fairy-like of all fairy-bells, and not to be found without loving care and search? And do the kalmia and the rhododendron look as if they belonged to the heaths? But they do, though they are so strong and proud; while the humble ling creeps so timorously over the moors, holding up its tiny flowers pleadingly to the sun. Still less should we think of placing the lily side by side with the prickly knee-holly, the aloe, and the onion; but in reality, the lily family includes more strangely diverse individuals than are mixed together in this group—growths between which it would puzzle all but the most learned of the natural order men, to discern any signs of likeness. But the farther we advance in science, the nearer we get to general laws and typical forms; and the Natural System in botany is following the rule of all the rest. Exclusion and isolation used to be at one time the governing principle both in morals and in science; catholicity of inclusion and typical forms, with multiplied points of likeness, the bent of the present; and the various uses, substitutions, and likenesses of plants are so many steps towards the establishment of that catholic principle: in the vegetable kingdom at least.

We cannot close this paper without a word of remembrance of one who, more than any other of the present day, has helped to popularise the knowledge of botany, and foster a taste for flowers. We grieve that this recognition must be written as a memorial. Mrs. Loudon will never again shed the light of her genius and industry over the most captivating of our intellectual pleasures. Yet by no true lover of flowers will her fame be forgotten, or her works laid aside; for no one has done so much to make beautiful gardens possible to the weakest hands and the smallest incomes; no one has taught so genially or so well how to cultivate them with intelligence. So long as English gardens shall be cultivated, or English flowers cherished, Mrs. Loudon's name will be remembered with gratitude.

THREE ROSES.

Just when the red June roses blow
She gave me one,—a year ago.
A rose whose crimson breath reveal'd
The secret that its heart conceal'd,
And whose half shy, half tender grace
Blush'd back upon the giver's face.

A year ago—a year ago—
To hope was not to know.

Just when the red June roses blow
I pluck'd her one,—a month ago.
Its half-blown crimson to eclipse,
I laid it on her smiling lips;
The balmy fragrance of the south
Drew sweetness from her sweeter mouth.
Swiftly do golden hours creep,—
To hold is not to keep.

The red June roses now are past,—
This very day I broke the last,
And now its perfum'd breath is hid,
With her, beneath a coffin-lid;
There will its petals fall apart,
And wither on her icy heart:
At three red roses' cost
My world was gain'd and lost.

THE CANON'S CLOCK.

I. AT THE FOUNTAIN.

It was the prettiest thing I had seen in the course of that day's march. It stood at the corner, where the road divided half way up the hill; and I had been wondering as I worked my way wearily up what this little bit of building would turn out to be at last. It is a stone shed—it is a broken pedestal—I said at every heavy step. It might have been anything, but for that sparkling, shining thing in the centre, which soon helped me to its true meaning.

A fountain, to be sure! Which should have been known to me a good half-mile off but for that dulness which visits weary eyes. An elegant little bit of builder's work, of the greyest iron-grey stones, like a Moorish tower, furnished with clusters and bunches

of decayed iron-grey pillars, and four sharp arches, one for every side. All kept warm, as it were, by snug moss and ivy jacking, which crept round and round about in belts and comforters for the old iron-grey pillars. While, over-head, in a little snug niche—barely large enough, it must be said—was a little figure of a saint, iron grey too. The saint was pointing downwards to what I had seen sparkling and glittering from the foot of the hill—to the fresh gush that came out with splash and spray and luxuriance into the old stone basin; which, having a slice bitten as it were out of its side, let the fresh water run wild and make a shining pool for itself among the stones. Its own water orchestra played all the while it gushed—played me up the hill.

"The gem of the day's march," I thought. And so, loosening my wallet, I brushed the dust away from the stone bench, and sat down.

"What was the Blandusian fount," I said aloud, taking some of the water in a leathern cup, "which glittered more than crystal to this? Crystal! Why here are diamonds, my old Venusian! This fountain against yours—kid and all!" And here I filled the leathern cup again. "Here's to the fountain of—hum—what's the name, in what parish?"

The fact was, I had lost my road some three hours and a half before. Stay; there was something like a sign-post. So there was—and so there should have been, if there were not. For this spot where the two roads branched off was a tongue of meadow, and on the very tip of the tongue was planted this pet spring of mine. "I will see what our signboard has to tell," and with that I got up from the stone seat and walked to the back of my fountain. Said the sign-post—by one of his straggling arms which hung to him quite loosely, and would assuredly part company at the next gust—said this disorderly limb: "To Petit-Pont, so many [illegible] leagues." By the other, which he carried more decently: "To Mèzes, so many [illegible] leagues." Filled with which information, I came round again to the stone seat, and, regarding my wallet with a certain animosity, "I must carry it," I said aloud, "to Petit-Pont or to Mèzes, that is certain. I may bear it in to Petit-Pont or to Mèzes, over their sharp paving-stones, likely enough, at midnight, or, say, at break of day. The pedestrian who has not yet dined, will have, perhaps, to forego bed. I angrily emptied out the leathern cup which I had half-filled; a thimbleful of Burgundy would have been worth the whole spring bottled off. I was out of sorts with the pet fountain. "Your moss jacking," I said, addressing it moodily, "and your iron-grey pillars and arches, and your saint, too, are all well enough, and your water-music is respectable; but I think for the highly-important position you occupy—which, being one of bifurcation, has extraordinary responsibilities—you might look a

little to your sign-posts. The Blandusian fount was worth a dozen of you! No disrespect to you, sir," making as though I would take off my hat to the saint, who, I thought, was looking down a little sourly; "these matters are not in your keeping, sir!"

The sun was going down; the day was nearly spent; and it was long past dinner-time. I do believe the good saint, in that mossy surcoat of his, had appreciated handsomely the little compliment I had paid him at the expense of his fountain, and sent me help in that matter of deciding betwixt Petit-Pont and Mézes, for, just turning my eyes towards the foot of the hill, I espied two objects beginning to ascend—a very little French child, driving before her a goat.

They came up the hill slowly enough, for the goat would stop every now and again to crop a tempting bunch of herbage, and the little child would wait for him patiently; which gave me time to find out that she was the queerest little old woman of a child that was ever sent in charge of a goat. She had on a little blouse that went down to her heels, and a little, clean woman's cap of linen with a frill to it. When she was near the top she caught sight of me, and put on a sort of stiff gait or conical little strut, dropped me a little curtsy, dropped another most reverential curtsy to the saint, and stood by while the goat drank his fill.

"Come here, ma petite—little epitome of a woman, most curious miniatures housewife!" (The last titles expressed in the English tongue.) "What is the goat called?"

She was on the other side of him, and leaning on his tough neck; and, without answering, dipped down her head behind him.

"What is his name, little one?" I said again, encouragingly. "He is the finest fellow of his years in the parish, I'll swear!"

She was playing hide-and-seek with me behind that goat's neck of hers, instead of answering me; and, when I did catch a glimpse of her, she was smiling roguishly, with the top of her finger in her mouth.

"Big Beard!" she said, at last, "Grosse Barbe!"

"You love Big Beard, then, little one?" I said.

With more of the playing hide-and-seek, she answered:

"I do love him very much—next to father. See this, sir; I love papa one thousand—Grosse Barbe five hundred!"

"And me?"

Here she kept holding Big Beard's rough head and neck between me and her. "She will be the coquette of the whole village when she grows up," I said; and that brought another question to my mind—which was nearer, Petit-Pont or Mézes.

She said the words over thoughtfully, looking round her and stamping with a little foot upon the ground, to keep time as it were,

then shook her head doubtfully. "I will ask Grosse Barbe," she said.

I fell to laughing at this notion, though vexed enough that I was destined to have no help from this quarter.

"And where, then, dost thou live, my child; thou and thy Grosse Barbe?"

"Over the hill, sir; in papa's little cottage. Big Beard has a great house all to himself at the end of the garden. We are so happy, sir, the three of us."

I had no doubt of it, I said, musingly; for I was thinking that, at this cottage, I would learn the relative distances of Petit-Pont and Mézes. By this time Big Beard, thinking there could be no earthly object for staying, now that his thirst was slaked, was moving on up the hill.

"See, Grosse Barbe will not stay," she said. "I must go, too." And with that she jerked me a little curtsy, jerked another to the Saint, and set off after her goat.

If I had not been too lazy to unpack my wallet, I should have had out colours and brushes and the rough sketching-paper in a twinkling. Child and goat would have been washed in boldly, and slept that night in the portfolio. But the notion of an encounter with the stiff straps and buckles—Not at that season certainly. The sketched, dinnerless, makes a poor picture after all.

They had taken the left prong of the Fork, and were now just over the top of the hill. So I hoisted up my wallet (it might have been a sack of coals from the weary way I did it); and, taking off my hat to the Saint—

There was some one coming down the hill on the right prong. At least there were steps, and good steady ones. A tree hung over the road and hid what was approaching. So, without moving a step out of my position, I waited, strapping the wallet, until it should have come round the tree, whatever it was. The steps came closer, and, from under spreading branches of the tree, there emerged—as from under an archway—a figure in a dark robe, half-cloak half-soutane, with a sash round his waist, with a little skull-cap on his head, covering grey hairs, and about the fairest old man's head I had fallen in with for many a long day. A sort of country curé or pastor; and, with that, as indeed was only becoming, I took off my hat to him as I had done to the Saint, and wished him good evening.

As I wished him good evening, he took off his little skull-cap with a Frenchman's grace, and halted.

"I had apparently travelled far, that day," he said, in the softest and most benignant of tones. "It was weary work," he said, "heaven knew it, this trudging along the dusty roads. The close of day must come gratefully enough to the traveller. He presumed I was a stranger; could he be of any assistance?"

"You could tell me, sir," I said, "what I have been craving to learn these three hours—namely the distance of these towns." And I pointed up to the sign-board.

"Why," said the Abbé, "I have just come from Petit-Pont. It is barely a league from this."

"A long French league," I sighed. "Perhaps Mèzes is nearer?"

"Two leagues and a-half," says he with a gentle smile; "but there is a cross-road over the fields, reducing it to scarce half a league."

"Aye," I said, with another sigh; "but full of all manner of turns and twists?"

"So it is," said the Abbé.

"I was going to see a poor sick peasant," he added, presently—(there was a little basket under his cloak, doubtless holding certain comfort for the sick peasant)—"but a quarter of an hour's difference will not be much matter. I will show you the way."

There was a little friendly contention on this. I protested against this diversion from his journey and its pious end. The trouble—the fatigue. I would not for the world.

"'Twill be a pleasure," said my Abbé smiling. And he had his own way.

Across the fields, then, by paths under shade, and over stiles and past farming cottages. 'Barely ten minutes and I heard faint chiming as of bells very old and mellow. "Petit-Pont church," I said, turning to the Abbé, "that must be seven o'clock!"

He had stopped short suddenly, and was fallen a little behind, describing figures on the ground with his stick.

"Seven o'clock—seven by the clock! just look here, sir."

I came up to him with a little wonder.

"See here," he said, still working with his stick, "here was the escapement—here was the lever. Barrels were behind—plenty of tooth-wheels. I could have given any number; and yet it wouldn't do!"

I looked from his stick to him with increasing surprise. "What wouldn't do?" I asked.

"Now, see," he said, with a curious look in his eyes, "there was no reaching that double movement—no! I might have worked my poor brains out before that. Wheels within wheels, indeed!"

I began to have a glimmering of how it was with my poor Abbé. "We had best make for Petit-Pont at once," I said to him. "It is getting late."

"No, no!" he answered, sitting down upon the bank. "I must stay here and work the thing out. An idea has struck me. It might bring the whole thing straight. The beats being isochronous, of course." Then he fell to making fresh figures. "Go your way, monsieur; don't heed me. Yonder is the little town—the road is straight to it. Pray go, monsieur. I feel nervous about this calculation."

"But to think of leaving you here, Monsieur l'Abbé, it is——"

"'Twill escape me. I shall lose this precious thought," he said, rising up quite excitedly.

"I go," I said, a little alarmed, and turned round towards the town.

It is best not to cross these strange spirits, and I could tell some one in Petit-Pont; where, doubtless, his ways were known; and, with this commendation of him to Providence I left the poor Abbé to his own shifts, and soon was at the threshold of the little town,—a sort of halt for the posts. I first saw a straw-house or two; then trees; then a stray fellow in his blue frock driving a cart; then more houses; fewer trees; all introducing me to the solid, substantial paving! A narrow street, with different sized houses of the true French cream-colour; a street running in twists and curves. An inscrutable Boulanger or a baker's-store; general store, also, with the open cask of rotten pears, all mashed up, at the door, and a bunch of peg-tops in a net. An old grey-beard, in a cap and blue frock, leaning over the half-door; smart women with children in their arms at half-doors, too, and seen only in Kit-Kat. Children in wooden shoes clattering over the pavement; special groups gathered about the cask of mashed pears; but at most respectful distances, like dogs round costermongers' carts. So on, up to the posting-house, or tavern of the place—the Tête Noire or Black Head, where was good entertainment for beast; not so good perhaps for man; there being over-much tap-room savour to be inviting. Taproom up-stairs, tap-room down stairs—to the right and to the left. I shook my head and sighed, as I stood before it. It would not do. I saw a buxom young person over the way, in Kit-Kat, with a child in her arms. Fancying I could read sympathy in her blooming face, I crossed to her.

"Dear, yes. O dear, yes. Only a little way out of the town was the Golden Rose inn, with a charming view of the country! A sweet spot monsieur would find it. Just to go on straight—straight as I could go. And, by the way, Monsieur will arrive just in time for a little diversion. For there was to be a wedding there to night."

"So there is to be a wedding," I said, laying my hand on the lower half of the door, "a sprightly wedding! And whose? Yours?"

She shook her head a little dolefully, as I thought I saw a twitch on her cheek.

"Ah," said I, translating it to myself, "thy good man is not quite so loving: so full of the petits soins, as he used to be in those bright, early days, when the tambour was drummed, and the pipe played, and the neighbours gathered, on your wedding-night."

II. THE GOLDEN ROSE.

It was not likely that a man could very well miss it; for there it hung above me, swinging from an ancient tree in the very

middle of the road. Here was a sort of circus formed by that road, fringed round with grass and hedges; and the circus was almost filled with light waggons and covered things, and a char-a-banc or two; while the horses were straying about at large. Plain out-speaking tokens of what doings were about. But, through the high, wooden paling, painted white, and the white-railed gates, there was the Golden Rose Inn itself to be seen, afar off as it were, with a pretty plaisance, as old-fashioned men called it, lying in front. There were vines loaded heavily, and sweet-smelling flowers, and little grass-plats and winding walks (not weedless, however), and an old broken fountain or two, now quite dry and thirsty-looking. Then, for the house of the Golden Rose itself—seen through the white rails of the great gates—it was of the pleasantest cream-tint, overlaid with abundance of green shuttering; high roof and chimneys, as in the old-established pattern. Surely road-side inn—Golden Rose or other—never looked out so invitingly across its plaisance. But, in truth, it needed no great stretch of thought to divine that this had been the château of Milord Marquis, Seigneur in those parts: that is, long, long ago, before Milord Marquis was sold up or decapitated by the Septembrists, or turned emigré dancing-master in London. Now, by whatever shift it had come about, it was the Golden Rose, and kept by Hippolite Bontiquet, at my service.

That worthy had come forth, looking most festive in his bright blue coat and shining wig, and huge bunch of flowers at his button-hole, as soon as he heard the rattle at his great white gate. Although corpulent, Bontiquet came round the walk at a surprising pace, his crimson glistening oily.

"Come in, come in, Monsieur," he said, throwing open wide both doors of his gate. "You are welcome, indeed! Soyez le bien venu of this happy night! You shall see a wedding, sir; and shall have everything of the best with us. Come in, sir. Everybody shall be a guest to-night."

With that I followed the worthy man up his own broad walk, he talking all the time. It was Marie, his only daughter, who had that day been united to a well-to-do master wheelwright of the neighbourhood.

"They will be as happy a young pair as are on the road from this to Paris," he said, rubbing his hands merrily; "or, indeed, as are in Paris itself. She is as good as pretty, and Jacques is the steadiest young fellow in all his parish."

'Twas a pleasant thing to watch the honest glow of pride and happiness in his cheeks,—pleasant to have lighted on such a scene of almost pastoral happiness. The bare notion put me into spirits.

"Believe me," I said, with much heartiness, "they will be as happy as you can wish them to be! As to the connubial bliss of

those in Paris, 'twould be only a poor measure of comparison."

"Indeed I have heard so," says Monsieur Bontiquet, innocently.

"Then it would be best to put it down out of Paris."

"With all my heart," said Monsieur Bontiquet.

This was spoken at the door, under the porch of honeysuckles and twining plants. Then came to us sounds of voices and merry laughter from within.

"They are going to sit down to table," said Monsieur Bontiquet.

I went in with him to the room. His Seigneurie (decapitated or banished) must have entertained company there on state-days: and now it is full to the door of the merriest laughing faces that marriage bell ever brought together. There was good-humour and mirth, and innocent joy, written in a fine round hand on every face. They were only waiting for Father Bontiquet.

"This way," said he, and led me straight up to the top of the room, where was standing a sweet village maid, all white and garlands. Her bridegroom was beside her; a smart young fellow, whose cheeks bore as much polish as rude health and towelling could give them.

"'Tis a stranger, Marie," said Bontiquet, "and we must make him welcome!"

With that he took his seat at the head, motioning me to one beside him. The newly married pair sat together on the other side of him. Monsieur le Curé, who had officiated, sat next to me, and said grace. Then there came a universal sitting down, to such shrieking of chair-legs over the oaken parquet floor, and such shuffling of heavy shoes, as man could scarcely conceive. Then succeeded a universal bringing in and uncovering of dishes, the very best fare Monsieur Bontiquet's larder could compass. "Eat, drink, and be merry," said every glance of his honest face shooting down the long table. And, truly, it had been a banquet for such funny men as go forth pencil furnished, beating up for queer twists and shapes of human physiognomy. A fine avenue it was—two rows of healthy human trees. Fine handsome swains—generals of division, counsellors of state, and maires in posse—each beside his swainness. Corydon busy with Phyllis, Damon delighting Chloë. There were grim, grizzled fellows, with chins like flax-carders, sitting together and talking gravely: they were long past such nonsense. And there was the comic man, or clown of the party, with a face that would have stood him fifty francs a-night, at the least, in the provincial theatre, convulsing all who had even bare view of him, which was about the whole table. His name was Corbeau—and Corbeau must have been the funniest fellow breathing. He was Laughter-holding-both-his-sides,—out of the poem and in the flesh!

Marie and Jacques spoke to all round, and to each other with their eyes. Each look was a whole hour's talk.

"'Tis a sight," I said to Monsieur Bontiquet, "I would not have missed for a thousand francs. 'Twill do me good for the next twelvemonth."

"You do us honour," said he, with a bow, "but you have reason, Monsieur. My old heart has got young again within the last half-hour. Ah! Jacques," he added, turning to him, "thou must take care of her!"

Marie looked at her husband, and answered for him with her beaming eyes.

"Thou art in gentle hands, Marie," I said. "I will be his bail to thee."

"We shall not want you, Monsieur," said Marie, a little wickedly.

I whispered to Bontiquet. He shook his head. "But it must be—it shall be," quoth I. He gave way at last, a little reluctantly. With that he got up and tapped for silence on his table. "Our good stranger and guest here to-night, desires to present the company with some choice Burgundy."

"Send for it at once, Monsieur Bontiquet, without more ado," I said, standing up, "and let us drink the health of our bride in that noble fluid, à la mode Anglaise!"

Rapturous applause and satisfaction at this speech of the noble stranger. Corbeau positively turned a somersault with those grotesque cheeks and nose of his.

The fine old Burgundy was brought in, and we drank it à la mode Anglaise, to the bride's health, to the bridegroom's health, to my health, to everybody's health. That mode Anglaise grew so popular. More Burgundy—more healths and happiness.

"I would have walked," I said to Bontiquet, "again from Calais to Marseilles, for this."

"'Tis the happiest day of my life," said Bontiquet. "If we only had the poor canon here."

"He promised to come," said Monsieur le Curé. "He must have taken one of his long walks."

"He would have enjoyed this," said Bontiquet.

I thought of the strange Abbé I had met at the fountain.

"Messieurs," I said, "I fell in with an Abbé outside the town, at the fountain; who talked curiously concerning clock-work and wheels."

"Ah! the poor gentle soul!" said Bontiquet. "You must have touched on his weak point. He is all astray on such matters."

"'Tis his misfortune. Heaven help him!" said the good Curé. "He was for years inventing clocks, and it turned his brain at last. God keep us our wits, when so gentle a man has lost his!"

"'Tis the sweetest nature in the world," said the Flax-carding Chin.

"And so wise and sensible in all things but clocks," said Monsieur le Curé.

"Curious phenomenon," I struck in with.

"So it is," said the Curé; "but he is the most amiable and charitable soul alive. Gives all his little means away: for which Heaven reward him!"

"See how he stopped his niece's marriage with a rascally spendthrift cousin, which would have ruined her. There was wit in that, I fancy, and no madness."

"The match is off, then," said the Curé. "Well, I am glad of it; such stories as there were through his parish concerning him! An utter ne'er-do-well."

"A very desperate fellow, they say," added Bontiquet. "The good Abbé's money would have helped him prodigiously. He had sooner he had the fingering of it than the poor."

It had now got to be between nine and ten o'clock. Bontiquet hammered on the table. "Messieurs et mesdames! lads and lasses! out on the green with you! Vive la danse! Let each one fit himself with the partner he loves best, and lead out on the grass. Under the vine-trees there shall be plenty of cooling drinks; I will look to that! So go forth—and vive la joie!"

That cry was in every one's heart, if not upon their lips. Handsome Corydons were all a-foot in an instant, and trooped out, holding Phyllis' fingers in theirs. Such a pretty procession as it defiled past Bontiquet and me!

There was the music all ready; a fiddle and a tambourine, played with delightful vigour! The little cymbals of the tambourine rattled musically. Shut your eyes, and it seemed to be the Spanish dance, bolero, or fandango. Such circling round and round again; such motion of many twinkling feet; such flashing of colours; such fall of leaves from roses under daintiest caps. This night Sir John Suckling had seen a whole legion of those mice (full-grown ones, though) to which he had so fancifully likened his mistress's feet when dancing, running in and out. The green was alive with skittering mice. Thrum the tambourine lustily; join hands, and round and round in a ring; scatter again, like a shower of falling leaves, and be mated in pairs!

I had walked thirty miles that day; enough to stiffen the limbs of any stout man. Said Bontiquet to me: "Here is a lively demoiselle that will give you her hand for a dance. Yet, Monsieur, rather, may go about and choose for himself; the stranger is as his majesty the king." There was the most roguish cap yonder I had ever seen; the neatest, daintiest thing in the world. "I will have Cap," I said; and Mademoiselle Rosalie was fetched for me at once. Corydon stood by a little jealously. "Why trouble so much as one honest heart on this glad night?" I said to myself. (The ghost of

Mr. Sterne was at my elbow. He had once had such a dance on the road between Nismes and Lunel, where is the best Muscatto wine in all France.) So we went one merry round, offered her a short compliment, and brought her back to the side of Corydon. That youth looked grateful. What did Rosalie think of the stranger? *Si bête!* I daresay she told Corydon.

What was the significance of this sudden lull; this sudden dropping away of dancers? Tambourine thrumming grows halting, and nearly dies off altogether. The dancers are looking uneasily to the gate.

There are three horsemen in cloaks and slouched hats drawn up, looking in. Three mysterious, ugly-looking fellows, on tall strong horses. They are at the gate, looking in silently and scornfully. The taum-taum had now stopped altogether; the fiddle had found rest; Corydons, with Phyllises, are looking suspiciously and with awe at the silent horsemen. Bontiquet walks down slowly to accost them. We hear them laughing loudly and discordantly—shaking in their very saddles.

"Pretty inn-keeping!" says one, a low-browed, villainous fellow, with a scar on his cheek, the shortest of the three besides. "Pretty inn-keeping this! you must be laying by money at this rate?"

"*Sacré!*" says a second; "but here are pretty wenches—my soul! what if we rode in among them, and each picked for himself?"

Bontiquet was not to be put out that festive night. He was clearly inviting the horsemen to dismount and refresh themselves, which only set them laughing the louder.

"Come! let us go forward," said the third, who had not spoken as yet. "*Mordieu!* what do we stand prating here for? Are we children? Come! en avant!" And he clapped spurs to his horse and set forward, the other two following close behind, swearing and contending with their horses.

"Lord deliver us!" said Bontiquet, returning; "what strange persons! What can bring them along our peaceful roads? But let us forget them, my children! Come! to the dance once more! Lead out your partners again, my brave Messieurs!"

Thrum, thrum, went tambourine again, with jingle jangle most musical. Ply your fiddle, village musician; here is fellow with pipe come to aid you. And so they took it up again until it began to darken. Then little pink and blue lamps began to twinkle among the trees—Bontiquet was improvising an illumination of his gardens. Up in the branches, along the borders of the walks, they were shining out.

III. THE CLOCK.

It was past ten o'clock, and time to have done with festivity. So the light cars and wagons were being got ready and horses put to. Time, surely, to be gone. The bride was

to go, too; to be seen home with an escort; to be waited on to her own door with torchlight and a handsome following; much noise and obstreperous laughter; much confusion in finding garments. But they are gone at last, out by the white gate! May they all be happier for that night's happiness furnished to the stranger.

It seemed lonely now, after all that hum of voices. "They are gone," said good Bontiquet, with a sigh, "and I have a daughter the less. She was a good girl! Marie! Monsieur would like to see his room, doubtless; and no wonder, for he must be heartily tired! This way, Monsieur, please!"

He went on before, up a broad state staircase—to his *Seigneurie*, in the old days—with a balustrade up which one might have walked conveniently. It went to the right and to the left with grandest sweep, and landed us in a grand picture corridor, where there were no pictures now. The corridor was a grand room in itself, and off it were other stately apartments.

"*O mon Dieu!*" said Bontiquet, stopping, as his foot touched the top step. "I had quite forgot the poor canon. Where is he? Our fiddling and dancing swept him clean away from my head! He ought to have returned long since."

"'Tis rather late," I said, "for the good man to be abroad."

"He has some little ways of his own," said Bontiquet, thoughtfully, "like all poor folk affected as he is. He is most likely gone up to the town, and will stay there the night."

"It is likely enough," I said. "What a pity so gentle a soul should be so visited!"

"*Ay!*" said Bontiquet; "and yet but for that one little crookedness, he is as the rest of us. O, so good, so noble, so full of sweetness and charity: giving to the poor almost every sou, of that large fortune Providence has given him. But if you touch on that one subject! *Mordieu!* I wish there were no clocks in the world!"

All this was spoken when Monsieur Bontiquet's foot was on the last step of his oaken stair. He was shading his candle all the time with his hand, scattering about him a cloud of black dancing shadows. We passed on down the broad gallery.

"This," Bontiquet said, touching a door with his hand, "is his room when he stays with us—when he comes this road—sometimes for a fortnight, for a month even at a time. For you must know, Monsieur, he roams in this way about the country the whole year round. This is his room," he said, opening the door softly; "and here he keeps that famous clock, the making of which, 'tis said, turned his poor brain. A wonderful work!"

We entered; a fine spacious apartment, lofty, and glistening all round with oak panelling. It was divided by a broad arch-

way and tapestry hangings (drawn back, however) from another room as spacious, where could be made out the dusky outline of a huge bed. And on the chimney-piece, in front of a huge mirror, was this famous clock which had cost a man's wits.

"See," said Bontiquet, holding the candle close, "what a wonderful thing it is! Every night, towards twelve o'clock, he sits up to wind it; which he does with such tenderness! it might be a child he was putting to bed."

It was one of those curious horological toys that used to be the fashion in the early days of clock-making. The poor Abbé with marvellous ingenuity had peopled his clock with all manner of strange actors. There was the cook on the top, that came out and crowed for the quarter and half-hours. There was the door that opened, and the procession of men and women that came forth for the striking of the hour. There was a bell-ringer that pulled the bell, and rung out the time. There were the changes of the moon and seasons; the movement of the stars, and innumerable other devices very pleasing to contemplate. No wonder they had set a man's wits awry. As we stood looking, the cock flapped his wings, and crowed, the figures came trooping solemnly, and drew up with a quaint gravity, and the bell-ringer tolled out eleven o'clock.

"It has this convenience—the absence of our Abbé," Bontiquet said, "that it gives you choice of rooms. Our house is full, and you would have to ascend to a little apartment up-stairs. Will you choose this room?"

"With all my heart," I answered. I love these great chambers. I shall be the departed Seigneur for a night at least. Still I hankered to learn more concerning the poor wandering priest.

"One word," I said. Bontiquet was going to the door. "What was that spoken during dinner about the marriage of his niece?"

"Only this," said he, "that he has wit to save her from a wicked husband; the worst fellow, I am told, in the kingdom, and she has sense enough to hearken to her uncle. He has written and threatened him, but in vain. Dieu merci! He held firm. I will now wish Monsieur a very good night!" He closed the door softly behind him, and left me.

I was soon swimming, as it were, in the Great Sea of Napery, floating in an ocean of broad linen. In these great beds on the Ware model, a prodigious luxuriance—a sense of infinity: even of temporary nobility. Our poor Seigneur must have lain here, and extended his signiorial limbs to the right or to the left in those happy days before Samson had held up his head on the scaffold, or before his shoulder had got used to the kit fiddle as *maitre de danse*. Unhappy nobleman, tuning his kit fiddle and pointing his toes to one and sixpence the lesson. Playing

so merrily for Marie and Corydon, and Phyllis and Rosalie on the green. Join hands now, sweet demoiselle. Faster now—play up, marquis! Thrum, tambourine, more vigorously! Round again! Phyllis is my only joy! not in the least tired—not in the least. Bontiquet—ah!

To weary sleepers rude disturbance and cruel wakening are odious. There should be a law in all well-ordered parishes to protect them, and not allow horsemen to come clattering into inn yards at unholy hours. A monstrous grievance for tired men. I heard the fellow ride his beast in, in most unfeeling fashion, with spur and whip, up to the very door; and then halloo louder for some one to take his horse. Presently are heard steps in the gallery, and afterwards in the room separated from me by the tapestry half drawn aside. A sleepy waiter was making up a shakedown or impromptu bed. Bontiquet himself is fast bound in slumber, or he would not have tolerated this treatment. Eyes, however, which seem fitted with leaden rims, must have their way, and will look no more. "We must close up," they say, and so I let them close up.

I am fast slipping away into what may be called muddle-land, when the great posts of the bed began to take, indistinctly, the shapes of the trees I had passed by in the day, and I began my rambles over again through the open country, when I am brought back with a crash to the Seigneur's room. Somebody is tramping about the next room—speaking to himself. Wroth again at this second disturbance, I look out through the tapestry, and see that there is a light burning on the floor, and that a short man, with very disordered looks, is walking to and fro muttering to himself, and stripping off his clothes as he walks. I had seen his face before, but where?—a round cunning face with a scar. Ah! at the gate! One of the ill-looking horsemen. Now I put it to myself with gravity, Was this a discreet position to be in, with such company alongside of one, though even in a Seigneur's apartment? It was a monstrous feature in Bontiquet's ménage, that you were thus liable to be set cheek by jowl with fellows of this complexion—and so—and so—I would complain to—the clock! Rosalie—dance—fandango, thrum, thrum—join hands—all—all!

Profoundest, absorbing slumber. Floating in sweetest dreams, that bring me back home again. Soft waving meadows, happy trim hunting-grounds, found in the dream-country, and that placid dream sunlight blazing eternally over all; when there comes suddenly a piercing cry shooting through my brain, which makes me start up suddenly, and look round, not knowing whether that dream-country was still about me or no. There was a figure bending over me, a figure in shirt and trousers, a face with a scar across it, but pale, ghastly, and filled

with fright and terror. He held the candle in his hand.

"O!" he said, "pour l'amour de Dieu, don't leave me! Help me—aid me—stay with me!"

I rubbed my eyes. The candle was shaking in his hand, and bringing out his ghastly face with strange, Rembrandtish effects. "What is it, in Heaven's name?" I said. And curiously enough, what struck me more than anything about him, was a great rent down the front of his shirt.

"O, such a night! I would not stay by myself in that room for another instant—no, not for the wealth of a prince!"

"What is it?" I asked. "What has disturbed you?" (How did he come by that rent?)

"Such a terrible thing! It was enough to make one die on the spot! Ah," he went on, wiping away the drops from his forehead, "I knew something of the sort would come of this business! But I was not so bad as the rest!"

"What do you speak of?" I said again, impatiently. "Why have you disturbed me?"

"I thought I was above such womanish terrors. But to see him come in, and glide past me, just as I had seen him only a few hours before—him whom we thought was—" He stopped suddenly, and, seeing there was no explanation to be got from him, I threw myself back wearily.

Here I heard the flapping of the cock's wings, and presently my bell-ringer roars out two o'clock.

"Two o'clock!" continued this strange visitor. "I will go down and fetch out my horse, and go my way. The open road, the darkness, anything but that horrid spectre!" With that, I saw him thrust on his garments hurriedly, and leave the room. He left the candle behind him, burning on the table.

No more rest for me that night or morning. The sweet weariness was gone from my eyelids, utterly routed. Nightmare, or drunkenness, must have been on him. The hound! Could he not have slept off his debauch elsewhere? Now, on those dark roads and with an unsteady hand on the bridle, he will most likely come tumbling head foremost over his horse's neck, and be found in the morning on the hard stones, quite stiff and stark! Well, on his own head be it.

Whir-r-r! went the flapping wings of the cock. It was one quarter past two.

The candle was burning with a dull yellow light, on a little buhl table with twisted legs, not a yard from the tapestry. Thus it broke up the walls into great patches of black, sprinkling little dribblets of yellow light here and there on points projecting. A faint glimmer reached even as far as the next room, to the cock on the chimney-piece.

Click! click! click! Why, what could

that sound signify? Clock running down? No; rather winding up—positive winding of a clock—click! click! in the regular fashion—click! click again! Why this was to be a night of wonders and mysterious—Bah! my brains are astray. These complicated wheels must be busy inside. And, yet, it is like winding—very like. Two quarters past two now, by the flapping of the cock's wings.

The clock was now suddenly shut out from view by something that had stolen in between me and it! Something bending over the yellow light—a face—a figure close by the buhl table! A figure quite still and motionless—dark and solemn—and the face? Why, heavens! it was the poor canon's gentle face returned to us again. So gentle, so sweet, so benign, so angelic, bent over the yellow light; yet with a strange melancholy over it. I called to him in a low voice: "You have been a long way, Canon Dupin, and we have waited for you, but you have come at last." The gentle face moved round slowly, and looked full at me, but did not speak; that is moved into the shadow, but I knew it was looking towards me. "You must be weary," I went on—a curious feeling was creeping over me—"you must be weary with this long night-ramble—very weary?" Was it a light echo that seemed to repeat after me, "Very, very weary?"

"Where have you been wandering all this long night? Have you been sleeping?"

The face was now bending over the yellow light; but the eyes—the gentle eyes—were turned upward. Again, was it a sighing echo that seemed to whisper the words, "Sleeping behind the fountain—behind the fountain?"

A sense of something terrible began to weigh upon my heart. I got up suddenly, went to the window, and threw the shutters wide open. It was daylight; fresh and clear; it poured into the room like a flood. Then I looked to the candle, flaring wretchedly and sickly in that pure healthy light. No one in the room but myself. Whirr-r, flapping! Three o'clock by the canon's clock.

At breakfast next morning—a fine, sunny, inspiring morning, too—out under Monsieur Bontiquet's vines, at a dainty little table covered with wines and dainty fruits—I asked for Monsieur Bontiquet; I was told he had gone to the post-town early, had returned, and had gone away again.

"The truth is, Monsieur," said the person who officiated, "he is troubled in his mind on the score of the poor canon. He was not heard of at the town where we fancied he had passed the night."

"Passed the night?" I said. "Why, was he not here?"

"Here is Monsieur Bontiquet himself," said the youth.

And as he spoke, I saw Bontiquet dismounting from a horse at the door.

"Good morning, Monsieur!" he said. "Our poor canon is not to be heard of. They tell me that he left the town about nine o'clock to join our little festival. Heaven send he has come to no harm! Those three men on horseback ——"

"Ah! by the way," said the waiter stepping forward, "one of those gentlemen came here last night, but must have departed again before daylight."

"So he did," I said.

"Mordieu!" said Bontiquet, muttering.

"But," said I, starting, and thinking of what I had seen, "the canon must have been here last ——"

A peasant came running across the green, holding up something like a black rag all over mud.

"This was found," he said, "in the ditch by the roadside. It looks like the canon's skull-cap."

People gathered round from all sides.

"It is no other," they said.

There were hairs and clotted blood sticking to it, at the sight of which the gentle-hearted bystanders groaned and wept. All this while I was in a sort of dream, trying to bring back, one by one, the mysterious events of the night. They were coming—coming slowly.

"What can they have done with him?" said one.

"We should try the road both sides—all along to the fountain!"

To the fountain! That soft sighing echo came back at once. Sleeping behind the fountain! behind the fountain! Had it been a dream?

No; for within an hour they came back slowly, those good village souls, with downcast eyes and drooped heads, and brought news that behind the fountain, indeed, had been found their loved canon, quite cold and stiff; with which melancholy messengers came a train of weeping women and children.

"O, sirs," said one, "it was a devilish thing, with no reason in the wide world; for he never was enemy to so much as a fly! Who could have done it?"

"Mordieu!" Bontiquet said, through his closed teeth. "I know well. Too well."

"I saw," said an old peasant, stepping forward, "I saw Dupin the younger with these eyes ride through the village last night, with two other horsemen."

"Ah-h-h!" from all the crowd; and then a pause.

"The same that were at the gate during the dance," Bontiquet added. "Yes, the nephew."

The events of the night before, and its mysterious disturbances, began to take something like shape in my mind. "Had he not a scar across his face?" I asked, hurriedly; "a short, thick-set fellow?"

"Ay," said Bontiquet, "the same."

Here broke in some one: "He was here

last night, that man with the scar. I stabled his horse; but he was gone in the morning. He slept inside Monsieur's room."

"I heard some one ride away at dead of night," a guest put in.

"Mordieu! so did I," said another.

"Ha!" Bontiquet said, rubbing his hands; "this looks like business. We shall have him, yet. Fetch your best horses, and we will go forth together. Hi! Jacques! Bring round the grey horse."

Each man was soon mounted, and off; tearing away, belly to ground, as they say, in different directions.

It was a weary day. I should have been on my road, only I longed to see the end of this strange drama. It came to eleven o'clock; and then to mid-day; to one, to two o'clock. I wandered in and out restlessly; setting out at last on the road towards that fountain. There were groups at the house-doors, and leaning on gates, talking that one engrossing business over. The day was beautiful; the sun shining brightly, and a sweet scent abroad as of new-mown hay. Three o'clock now, by those tinkling church-bells whose music sounded from afar off,—as far, indeed, as Petit-Pont. For this was the very spot where, the evening before, I had parted with the poor canon, then on his errand of charity. There were the marks of that strange diagram he had drawn with his stick, still fresh. Here, a few steps on, was the fountain, christened Blandusian, clattering noisily as ever, but no longer the pure, fresh, innocent stream of the night before. And in the brake behind, was that rough, terrible gap, where he had lain for the long weary night; the rent briars and broken twigs telling plainly of what violence it had been the scene. The bells of Petit-Pont had to chime again and again before I left the place.

Six o'clock. A cloud of dust approaching; people from inns, from cottages, from fields all run out—run hastily to the cloud. They are coming, they are coming! See yonder! It is Bontiquet, it is Jacques; it is everybody that has gone forth in the morning. There is a procession; there is a buzz of many tongues; there are cocked-hats and drawn swords, many of them; and, as the dust, thickened by crowds pressing round, clears a little, I see the short, thick man in the centre mounted on his black steed. Terrible excitement! bitter execrations! Gendarmes with difficulty keeping the people off. Bontiquet rode at the head. It was his caption.

Said I to Bontiquet, when dismounting, "See, is his shirt torn in front?"

There was a great rent in the breast. It was blood-stained besides. In his pocket, too, a packet of his own letters taken from the Abbé, with ample proof besides. But the bold ruffian made show of denial—laughed the thing off. It was only when he saw me that he suddenly turned pale and trembled.

"You were in the room?" he said, in a

whisper. "You saw it; was it not terrible?"

"A thing never to be forgotten. If it comes to me again I shall kill myself."

"Would that night's work could be undone!"

This was the last scene of that little history—the last at least that I witnessed—for that night I was on the road again. But for the guilty there was another road, one more terrible but amply merited.

But the clock! was it a dream? The criminal and I could not both have dreamt alike. He, with his scar and his torn shirt-front, saw the canon wind it up. I saw him wind it up. Everybody saw in the morning that it was wound up. Every mystery was cleared but this.

MY UNCLE THE DEAN.

OUR family is Irish, and, it is scarcely necessary to add, of the rarest antiquity. As old as the Hill of Howth, and, in point of social position, much higher. Our original ancestors were kings in their own right and might when the Saxon was a slave. We were indeed a very superior sort of people—we O'Brallagans—from the earliest times.

There is a baunty in the family even now, if I make myself understood. I say this because when I once made that same observation to an Englishman, (my companion in a railway carriage), he replied, "How shocking!" and inquired with interest, whether I had ever seen it? The benighted foreigner understood me to mean a banshee. A baronetcy (as he called it), I repeat, flourishes in the family-tree even now; though it must be confessed that there are a good many living branches between myself and the title. We are partial to making allusions to him in railway carriages and in society generally. He is the best man whom Time has left us to be eloquent about; and perhaps the only good one, with the exception of my uncle the Dean. If this latter were a bishop, it is quite impossible (although it would be a thing, of course, more creditable to the family) that any dignity could be added to his manners or personal appearance, or that any greater reverence could be paid to him by his admiring relatives.

THE O'Brallagan himself, who would utter the shrill war-cry of his race whenever the hated name of the renegade baronet (he was a Unionic creation) was mentioned within hearing, spoke even respectfully of his venerable kinsman, although he, too, had accepted "the humiliating gifts of the invader" in the deanery of Ballygibbooney and other base preferments. It was a clear twelve hundred a year, if it was a penny; and after the appointment of the Dean, the chapel-clerk, and the beadle, and the cathedral pew-opener, beside a fair sprinkling of minor canons as opportunities arose, were very soon

O'Brallagans likewise. My uncle was as deaf as a post, unless when under great excitement; but his heart was in the right place at all times, and open to the cry of nature.

Of his mere physical deafness I remember a remarkable instance. He was up at our family residence—a fine edifice called The Castle, in the county Tipperary—one Christmas; and, upon the first evening of his arrival, was in the full enjoyment of his rubber at whist when prayers were announced below. It had been determined that we should have a general service out of compliment to the Dean; although, before his elevation, it had not been considered necessary, and at nine o'clock the two Protestant servants sent up word that they were ready entirely.

I waited until his reverence had done dealing, and then informed him, distinctly as I thought, of the state of the case.

"Thank ye all the same, my boy, but I'd rather not go," replied my uncle, taking up his cards.

"But," I cried, "they're waiting for you, Mr. Dean."

"Tell them to begin," says he.

"But I think they're expecting your riverence," I expostulated, "and it won't take ye five minutes if you're quick with it."

"Very well," said my uncle, good-naturedly, "to oblige them, and just for form's sake, mind ye, I'll go."

He thought it was supper, you see, to which I was inviting him instead of family prayers. Had it been anybody else who had so mistaken, we should have fairly screeched with laughter; but none of us, not even Cousin Phil, dared to laugh at the Dean. Phil was a regular dare-devil, too; and, when he accompanied the O'Brallagan in his first visit to England (irreverent young dog that he was!) had played The Chief tricks enough. On the head of our race remarking upon the singularity and rudeness of the English pronunciation, and on the difference between the spelling of their barbarous proper-names and the pronunciation—such as Featherstonehaugh for Featherstone, Cholmondeley for Chumley, and Cirencester for Cissiter—Phil answered, "Ah! that's nothing; you should hear how they pronounce their Shakespeare's birth-place. Stratford-on-Avon (as we see it on the map) they pronounce, in speaking, Henley-upon-Thames!"

But with the Dean, as I have said, even the scapegrace Phil was as delicate and cautious as though, in his own favourite metaphor, he were brushing flies off a sleeping Venus. It was your riverence, or my vine-rable cousin, or Mither Dane, at the very least with him; for he hoped to be made organist, in time, at Ballygibbooney. He was, when sober, a very tolerable musician—although he had never tried so big a thing as an organ—and, if not having altogether the appearance of a cathedral official, still, when once seated behind the red curtains, he

flattered himself that he should look as well as another. It would have been hard measure, too, to have kept poor Phil out of the situation; since, whether peculiarly adapted for it or no, he was certainly fit for nothing else. At all events, Phil got it at last; and, for some time, managed to retain it without any irredeemable disaster. If a note or two went a little wrong occasionally, it was of no consequence, at least to my uncle's ears; and that same infirmity of his prevented, I suppose, the whispers that were in circulation about Phil's letting out the organ by the hour on week days to young amateurs, who practised upon it Boyne Water and Croppies lie Down. Once, however—and, as ill-luck would have it, when the bishop himself was in the chair, and a very full congregation present—Misther Philip O'Brallagan, Doctor of Music (a degree which he had conferred upon himself without any expense or bother whatsoever), came to very decided grief during the anthem. His touch had been unusually vigorous and powerful up to a certain point; and, if a discordant thump or two did occur, the good bishop—who was, unhappily, musical—bore it with a meek and unruffled spirit out of love for the Dean; while the congregation durst not so much as smile, with the O'Brallagan minor canons frowning down upon them from their stalls, and the O'Brallagan beadle and pew-opener ready to turn them out of chapel upon the instant for the least contempt of their relative. On a sudden, however, when the voices of the choir were at highest pitch, and waiting there, at some inconvenience, for the music to let them down again, the organ was struck utterly dumb; its speech not dying away decently with a wail, but cut off incontinently like an unpaid-for water supply. The bellows worked away below with praiseworthy perseverance; but they might just as well have devoted their energies to an empty pea-shooter. A dull, sighing sound, like the wind among reeds, alone was heard, and the deep inspiration of the singers as they took in their fresh air upon compulsion, when they could hold on to the note no longer. The Dean, whose ears were affected by the cessation of the anthem, which always sounded in them like a chorus of enthusiastic bumble-bees, turned up his neck almost to dislocation towards the organ-loft. So did the bishop; so did the congregation; so their rivenances the O'Brallagans, but with a characteristic confidence that the explanation of the phenomenon would be presently afforded in the execution of some piece of the most exquisite and harmonious delicacy.

Presently, from between the red curtains which ordinarily veiled the organist of Ballygibbooney from view, there was put forth a booted leg; anon, after a little pause, as if the operation was a difficult one, a second; finally—while these legs attempted a sort of accompaniment with their heels, outside—

there was heard an unmelodious bumping, as though the musician were sitting upon the keys; which turned out, indeed, to be the true state of the case.

Poor Phil was obliged to be taken out of chapel at once by four of his sorrowing relatives. He was very much intoxicated, and was found in that reversed position to which I have alluded endeavouring in vain to perform the remainder of the anthem upon the organ-stool. All his subsequent protestations and apologies were of no avail, though backed by the whole O'Brallagan interest, in reconciling his august relative to his retaining the post of organist at Ballygibbooney. The Doctor of Music sank very rapidly in his profession from that moment, and it is even whispered, went about the country for a very considerable time with his eyes shut, and playing upon the accordion, with a faithful little dog, with a saucer in his mouth, to lead his faltering steps and collect the halfpence. Upon the office of valet-de-chambre in the Dean's household falling vacant, my revered uncle was induced to offer it to the wandering minstrel; and thenceforward, until that catastrophe happened to his master which I am about to describe, Phil occupied the post of confidential servant with apparent fidelity and submission.

When the Manchester Exhibition was opened, the Dean of Ballygibbooney, who was ever a patron of the arts and sciences, departed with his suite for the capital of cotton, intending to stay therein a week or two.

My uncle never moved without a considerable train of O'Brallagans, nor ever indeed took an undignified step in any direction. He would put on his shovel-hat and gaiters on the slightest provocation; even when he had better have gone without, and, so attired, would look every inch so like a dean that one might easily have imagined he was an actor, playing that rôle, rather than the very dignitary himself. His tastes, too, were especially aristocratic and magnificent, and he openly confessed that, admiring the Exhibition, as he did in all respects, the particular object therein which he himself desired to see, was that collection of jewels and gold ornaments lent for the present occasion by the Hastings family, but formerly belonging to the Maharajah Jamsetjee Singh. These treasures were, as may well be imagined, most religiously guarded; a small body of Manchester police being told off for their peculiar protection; although they otherwise lay as open as the rest of the objects of vertu, with nothing but a little plate-glass between them and the delighted sightseers.

On the morning after his arrival, the Dean of Ballygibbooney visited the Exhibition in all his usual pomp, with gaiters, shovel-hat, and semi-episcopal cast of countenance. In his hand he held a plan of the edifice, by which he was enabled, without inquiry,

to make straight for the sanctum sanctorum, the repository of the jewels which had been priggish from the unfortunate Maharajah. The sturdy O'Brallagans kept close to his very venerable heels, but Phil had been left at the hotel, at his own request, upon the plea of indisposition.

The general company seemed to regard the three visitors with an interest, if not respect. This touched my uncle. The public made way for them with delicacy as they approached; and left the little room, wherein the ornaments were disposed, almost entirely clear for their inspection. My revered relation was enraptured with the gorgeous appearance of the gems. He signed to his retainers to come nearer, and began, with his usual condescension to explain to them the nature and the value of the different stones. His own fingers were adorned with more than one costly diamond; and, motioning with his hand, in order to give effect to some eloquent description, his rings grated against the glass. At the same instant, his riverence found his arms fast pinioned by a couple of policemen, and his whole body impelled between them with considerable swiftness towards the principal entrance. He perceived, by one backward glance that the same attentions were being paid, by four others of the force, to his two followers, who nevertheless, resisted stoutly. The whole cavalcade, however, now swelled from three to nine, were soon in progress; and the interest of the spectators in the movements seemed at least to have increased in proportion.

It was now become impossible for my uncle to conceal from himself that he was actually in custody. He was, it was clear, the victim of some mistake, stupendous, almost beyond human conception.

"My good man," said he, to the right-hand policeman, for whose enormous error he positively felt a sort of pity, in spite of his own wretchedness, "you little know what you do; I am the Dean—"

"O, don't I," interrupted the official, sardonically; "the Dean of Ballygibbooney isn't it? I thought as much, and it was a very pretty plant, I must say."

"Good heavens!" thought my uncle, "then he really knows me! I must surely therefore be the object of some political persecution; but what does he mean by a pretty plant?"

Once in the police-office, and out of the concentrated gaze of the multitude, however, the prisoner's fortitude and good sense returned.

"Send to the Royal Hotel to my man Philip O'Brallagan!" said he, "and all will be explained."

The answer from the Royal Hotel arrived as follows:

"Mr. Philip O'Brallagan presents his best compliments to the inspector, and begs to say that he has never so much as set eyes on the Dean in question; from the description given to him by the policeman, he is led to believe that the impostor in custody was once concerned in the said town of Ballygibbooney in some disreputable transaction concerning the cathedral organ."

Cousin Phil, you see, had never forgiven my uncle for having dispossessed him of his musical situation, his Celtic heart had treasured up the wrong until this opportunity of repaying it. He had written, over night, to the inspector, anonymously, to warn him of a sharper dressed in the Dean's apparel, who, accompanied by two ruffianly associates, would make an attempt the following morning upon the Maharajah's jewels. Measures were therefore taken for the apprehension of the suspected malefactors, and my uncle's diamond ring in contact with the glass was the supposed commencement of the robbery, and the signal for his immediate apprehension.

A comparison of the hand-writings of these two communications was the first thing that caused the inspector to look less balefully upon his prisoners, and to guess at the hoax which had been played upon them; nor was it until my uncle the Dean and his company of martyrs to Phil's practical joke had been confined some hours that such explanations were entered into as effected their release. The confidential Phil had, of course, in the mean time decamped, and my uncle the Dean only stayed long enough in Manchester to pack up his semi-episcopal garments and exchange them for a less ostentatious suit.

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A SHOCKINGLY RUDE ARTICLE.

BEFORE I begin to write, I know that this will be an unpopular article in certain select quarters. I mean to proceed with it, however, in spite of that conviction, because when I have got something on my mind, I must positively speak. Is it necessary, after that, to confess that I am a woman? If it is, I make the confession—to my sorrow. I would much rather be a man.

I hope nobody will be misled by this beginning into looking for another among the many lectures recently delivered to the world in general on the rights of women. Ridiculous creatures! they have too many rights already; and if they don't hold their chattering tongues, one of these days the poor dear deluded men will find them out.

The poor dear men! Mentioning them, reminds me of what I have got to say. I have been staying at the seaside, and reading an immense quantity of novels and periodicals, and all that sort of thing, lately; and my idea is, that the men-writers (the only writers worth reading) are in the habit of using each other very unfairly in books and articles, and so on. Look where I may, I find, for instance, that the large proportion of the bad characters in their otherwise very charming stories, are always men. As if women were not a great deal worse! Then, again, most of the amusing fools in their books are, strangely and unaccountably, of their own sex, in spite of its being perfectly apparent that the vast majority of that sort of character is to be found in ours. On the other hand, while they make out their own half of humanity (as I have distinctly proved) so much too bad, they go to the contrary extreme the other way, and make out our half so much too good. What in the world do they mean by representing us as so much better, and so much prettier, than we really are! Upon my word, when I see what angels the dear nice good men make of their heroines, and when I think of myself, and of the whole circle of my female friends besides, I almost feel sick,—I do, indeed.

I should very much like to go into the whole of this subject at once, and speak my sentiments on it at the fullest length. But I suppose there is no room for me to do that in

one number of this paper, or periodical, or publication, or whatever it is you call it. No matter; I will go into a part of the subject instead; for, considering that I am a woman, and making immense allowances for me on that account, I am really not altogether unreasonable. Give me a page or two, and I will show in one particular, and, what is more, from real life, how absurdly partial the men-writers are to our sex, and how scandalously unjust they are to their own.

Bores.—Speaking as a woman of business, who knows what she is about when she descends to details, what I propose is, that we take for our present example characters of Bores alone. If we were only to read men's novels, articles, and so forth, I don't hesitate to say we should assume that all the Bores in the human creation were of the male sex. It is generally, if not always, a man, in men's books, who tells the long-winded story, and turns up at the wrong time, and makes himself altogether odious and intolerable to everybody he comes in contact with, without being in the least aware of it himself. How very unjust, and, I must be allowed to add, how extremely untrue! Women are quite as bad, or worse. Do, good gentlemen, look about you impartially, for once in a way, and own the truth. Good gracious! is not society full of Lady-Bores? Why not give them a turn when you write next?

Two instances: I will quote only two instances out of hundreds I could produce from my own acquaintance. Only two; because, as I said before, I am reasonable about not taking up room. I can put things into a very small space when I write, as well as when I travel. I should like the Conductor of this journal (which I should certainly not take in if it was edited by a woman) to see how very little luggage I travel with. At any rate, he shall see how little room I can cheerfully put up with in these columns.

My first Lady-Bore—see how quickly I get to the matter in hand, without wasting so much as a single line in prefatory phrases!—my first Lady-Bore is Miss Sticker. I don't in the least mind mentioning her name; because I know, if she got the chance, she would do just the same by me. It is of no use disguising the fact, so I may as well

confess at once that Miss Sticker is a fright. Far be it from me to give pain where the thing can by any means be avoided; but if I were to say that Miss Sticker would ever see forty again, I should be basely deceiving the public, and be consequently refused admission into the pages of this journal. I have the strongest imaginable objection to mentioning the word petticoats; but if that is the only possible description of Miss Sticker's figure which conveys a true notion of its nature and composition, what am I to do? Perhaps I had better give up describing the poor thing's personal appearance. I shall get into deeper and deeper difficulties, if I attempt to go on. The very last time I was in her company, we were strolling about Regent Street, with my sister's husband for escort. As we passed a hairdresser's shop, the dear, simple man, looked in, and asked me what those long tails of hair were for, that he saw hanging up in the windows. Miss Sticker, poor soul, was on his arm, and heard him put the question. I thought I should have dropped.

This is, I believe, what you call a digression. I shall let it stop in, however, because it will probably explain to the judicious reader why I carefully avoid the subject of Miss Sticker's hair. Suppose I pass on next to what is more importantly connected with the object of these pages—I mean, to her character? Some extremely sensible man has observed somewhere, that a Bore is a person with one idea. Exactly so, Miss Sticker is a person with one idea. Unhappily for society, her notion is, that she is bound by the laws of politeness to join in every conversation, no matter on what topic, which happens to be proceeding within the range of her ears. She has no ideas, no information, no flow of language, no tact, no power of ever saying the right word at the right time, even by chance. And yet, she will converse, as she calls it. "A gentlewoman, my dear, becomes a mere cipher in society unless she can converse." That is her way of putting it; and I deeply regret to add, she is one of the few people who preach what they practise. She first checks the conversation by making a remark which has no kind of relation to the topic under discussion. She next stops it altogether by being suddenly at a loss for some particular word which nobody can suggest. At last the word is given up; another subject is started in despair; and the company become warmly interested in it. Just at that moment, Miss Sticker finds the lost word, screams it out triumphantly in the middle of the talk, and so scatters the second subject to the winds, exactly as she has already scattered the first.

The last time I called at my aunt's—I merely mention this by way of example—I found Miss Sticker there, and three delightful men. One was a clergyman of the dear old purple-faced, pudsey, Port-wine school. The

other two would have looked military, if one of them had not been an engineer, and the other an editor of a newspaper. We should have had some delightful conversation if the Lady-Bore had not been present. In some way, I really forget how, we got to talking about giving credit and paying debts; and the dear old clergyman, with his twinkling eye and his jolly voice, treated us to a little anecdote on the subject.

"Talking about that," he began, "I married a man the other day for the third time. Man in my parish. Capital cricketer when he was young enough to run. 'What's your fee?' says he. 'Licensed marriage?' says I. 'Guinea, of course.'—'I've got to bring you your tithes in three weeks, sir,' says he. 'Give me tick till then.'—'All right,' says I, and married him. In three weeks he comes and pays his tithes like a man. 'Now, sir,' says he, 'about this marriage-fee, sir? I do hope you'll kindly let me off at half-price, for I've married a bitter bad 'un this time. I've got a half-a-guinea about me, sir, if you'll only please to take it. She isn't worth a farthing more—on the word of a man, she isn't, sir!' I looked hard in his face, and saw two scratches on it, and took the half-guinea, more out of pity than anything else. Lesson to me, however. Never marry a man on credit again, as long as I live. Ready money—eh? Ha! ha! ha! O, yes! ready money next time!"

While he was speaking, I had my eye on Miss Sticker. Thanks to the luncheon which was on the table, she was physically incapable of "conversing" while our reverend friend was telling his humorous little anecdote. Just as he had done, and just as the editor of the newspaper was taking up the subject, she finished her chicken, and turned round from the table.

"Ready money, my dear sir, as you say," continued the editor. "You exactly describe our great principle of action in the Press. Some of the most extraordinary and amusing things happen with subscribers to newspapers —"

"Ah, the Press!" burst in Miss Sticker, beginning to converse. "What a wonderful engine! and how grateful we ought to feel when we get the paper so regularly every morning at breakfast. The only question is—at least, many people think so—I mean with regard to the Press, the only question is whether it ought to be —"

Here Miss Sticker lost the next word, and all the company had to look for it.

"With regard to the Press, the only question, whether it ought to be— O, dear, dear, dear me!" cried Miss Sticker, lifting both her hands in despair, "what is the word?"

"Cheaper?" suggested our reverend friend. "Hang it, ma'am! it can hardly be that, when it is down to a penny already."

"O no; not cheaper," said Miss Sticker.

"More independent?" inquired the editor.

"If you mean that, I defy anybody to find more fearless exposures of corruption——"

"No, no!" cried Miss Sticker, in an agony of polite confusion. "I didn't mean that. Indeed more independent wasn't the word."

"Better printed?" suggested the engineer.

"On better paper?" added my aunt.

"It can't be done—if you refer to the cheap press—it can't be done for the money," interposed the editor, irritably.

"O, but that's not it!" continued Miss Sticker, wringing her bony fingers, with horrid black mittens on them. "I didn't mean to say better printed, or better paper. It was one word, not two.—With regard to the Press," pursued Miss Sticker, repeating her own ridiculous words carefully, as an aid to memory, "the only question is, whether it ought to be—— Bless my heart, how extraordinary! Well, well, never mind: I'm quite shocked, and ashamed of myself. Pray go on talking, and don't notice me."

It was all very well to say, Go on talking; but the editor's amusing story about subscribers to newspapers, had been, by this time, fatally interrupted. As usual, Miss Sticker had stopped us in full flow. The engineer considerably broke the silence by starting another subject.

"Here are some wedding-cards on your table," he said, to my aunt, "which I am very glad to see there. The bridegroom is an old friend of mine. His wife is quite a beauty. You know how he first became acquainted with her? No? It was quite an adventure, I assure you. One evening he was in the Brighton Railway; last down train. A lovely girl in the carriage; our friend Dilberry immensely struck with her. Got her to talk after a long time, with great difficulty. Within half an hour of Brighton, the lovely girl smiles, and says to our friend, 'Shall we be very long now, sir, before we get to Gravesend?' Case of confusion at that dreadful London Bridge Terminus. Dilberry explained that she would be at Brighton in half an hour, upon which the lovely girl instantly and properly burst into tears. 'O, what shall I do! O, what will my friends think!' Second flood of tears. (Dilberry, by the bye, curiously enough, dates his resolution to marry her from that second burst of sorrow.)—'Suppose you telegraph?' says he, soothingly.—'O, but I don't know how!' says the lovely girl. Out comes Dilberry's pocket-book. Sly dog! he saw his way now to finding out who her friends were. 'Pray let me write the necessary message for you,' says Dilberry. 'Who shall I direct to at Gravesend?'—'My father and mother are staying there with some friends,' says the lovely girl. 'I came up with a day-ticket, and I saw a crowd of people when I came back to the station, all going one way, and I was hurried and frightened, and nobody told me, and it was late in the evening, and the bell was ringing, and, O Heavens! what will

become of me!' Third burst of tears.—'We will telegraph to your father,' says Dilberry. 'Pray don't distress yourself. Only tell me who your father is.'—'Thank you a thousand times,' says the lovely girl, 'my father is——'

"Anonymous!" shouts Miss Sticker, producing her lost word with a perfect burst of triumph. "How glad I am I remembered it at last! Bless me," exclaims the Lady-Bore, quite unconscious that she has brought the engineer's story to an abrupt conclusion, by giving his distressed damsel an anonymous father; "Bless me! what are you all laughing at? I only meant to say that the question with regard to the Press was, whether it ought to be anonymous. What in the world is there to laugh at in that? I really don't see the joke."

And this woman escapes scot-free, while comparatively innocent men are held up to ridicule, in novel after novel, by dozens! When will the deluded male writers see my sex in its true colours, and describe it accordingly? When will Miss Sticker take her proper place in the literature of England?

My second Lady-Bore is that hateful creature, Mrs. Tinklepaw. Where, over the whole interesting surface of male humanity (including Cannibals)—where is the man to be found whom it would not be scandalous to mention in the same breath with Mrs. Tinklepaw? The great delight of this shocking woman's life, is to squabble with her husband (poor man, he has my warmest sympathy and best good wishes), and then to bring the quarrel away from home with her, and to let it off again at society in general, in a series of short spiteful hints. Mrs. Tinklepaw is the exact opposite of Miss Sticker. She is a very little woman; she is (and more shame for her, considering how she acts) young enough to be Miss Sticker's daughter; and she has a kind of snappish tact in worrying innocent people, under every possible turn of circumstances, which distinguishes her (disgracefully) from the poor feeble-minded Maid-Bore, to whom the reader has been already introduced. Here are some examples—all taken, be it observed, from my own personal observation—of the manner in which Mrs. Tinklepaw contrives to persecute her harmless fellow-creatures wherever she happens to meet with them:

Let us say I am out walking, and I happen to meet Mr. and Mrs. Tinklepaw. (By the bye, she never lets her husband out of her sight—he is too necessary to the execution of her schemes of petty torment. And such a noble creature, to be used for so base a purpose! He stands six feet two, and is additionally distinguished by a glorious and majestic stoutness, which has no sort of connection with the comparatively comic element of fat. His nature, considering what a wife he has got, is criminally meek and patient. Instead of answering her,

he smiles sweetly, strokes his magnificent flaxen whiskers, and looks up resignedly at the sky. I sometimes fancy that he stands too high to hear what his dwarf of a wife says. For his sake, poor man, I hope this view of the matter may be the true one.)

Where was I? O! out walking, and happening to meet with Mr. and Mrs. Tinklepaw: She has had a quarrel with her husband at home, and this is how she contrives to let me know it.

"Delightful weather, dear, is it not?" I say, as we shake hands.

"Charming, indeed," says Mrs. Tinklepaw. "Do you know, love, I am so glad you made that remark to me, and not to Mr. Tinklepaw?"

"Really?" I ask. "Pray tell me why?"

"Because," answers the malicious creature, "if you had said it was a fine day to Mr. Tinklepaw, I should have been so afraid of his frowning at you directly, and saying, 'Stuff! talk of something worth listening to, if you talk at all.' What a love of a bonnet you have got on! and how Mr. Tinklepaw would have liked to be staying in your house when you were getting ready to-day to go out. He would have waited for you so patiently, dear. He would not have stamped in the passage; and no such words as, 'Deuce take the woman! is she going to keep me here all day?' would by any possibility have escaped his lips. Don't, love! don't look at the shops, while Mr. Tinklepaw is with us. He might say, 'Oh, bother! you're always wanting to buy something!' I shouldn't like that to happen. Should you, dear?"

Once more. Say I meet Mr. and Mrs. Tinklepaw at a dinner-party, given in honour of a bride and bridegroom. From the instant, when she enters the house, Mrs. Tinklepaw never has her eye off the young couple. She looks at them with an expression of heart-broken curiosity. Whenever they happen to speak to each other, she instantly suspends any conversation in which she is engaged, and listens to them with a mournful eagerness. When the ladies retire, she gets the bride into a corner, appropriates her to herself for the rest of the evening, and persecutes the wretched young woman in this manner:—

"May I ask, is this your first dinner, since you came back?"

"O, no! we have been in town for some weeks."

"Indeed? I should really have thought, now, that this was your first dinner."

"Should you? I can't imagine why."

"How very odd, when the reason is as plain as possible! Why, I noticed you all dinner time, eating and drinking what you liked, without looking at your husband for orders. I saw nothing rebellious in your face when you eat all these nice sweet things at dessert. Dear! dear! don't you understand? Do you really mean to say that your husband has not begun yet? Did he not say, as you

drove here to day, 'Now, mind, I'm not going to have another night's rest broken, because you always choose to make yourself ill with stuffing creams and sweets, and all that sort of thing'? No!!! Mercy on me, what an odd man he must be! Perhaps he waits till he gets home again? O, come, come, you don't mean to tell me that he doesn't storm at you frightfully, for having every one of your glasses filled with wine, and then never touching a drop of it, but asking for cold water instead, at the very elbow of the master of the house? If he says, 'Cursed perversity, and want of proper tact' once, I know he says it a dozen times. And as for treading on your dress in the hall, and then bullying you before the servant, for not holding it up out of his way, it's too common a thing to be mentioned—isn't it? Did you notice Mr. Tinklepaw particularly? Ah, you did, and you thought he looked good-natured? No! no! don't say any more; don't say you know better than to trust to appearances. Please do take leave of all common sense and experience, and pray trust to appearances, without thinking of their invariable deceitfulness, this once. Do, dear, to oblige me."

I might fill pages with similar examples of the manners and conversation of this intolerable Lady-Bore. I might add other equally aggravating characters, to her character and to Miss Sticker's, without extending my researches an inch beyond the circle of my own acquaintance. But I am true to my unfeminine resolution to write as briefly as if I were a man; and I feel, moreover, that I have said enough, already, to show that I can prove my case. When a woman like me can produce, without the least hesitation, or the slightest difficulty, two such instances of Lady-Bores as I have just exhibited, the additional number which she might pick out of her list, after a little mature reflection, may be logically inferred by all impartial readers. In the meantime, I trust I have succeeded sufficiently well in my present purpose to induce our next great satirist to pause before he, too, attacks his harmless fellow-men, and to make him turn his withering glance in the direction of our sex. Let all rising young gentlemen who are racking their brains in search of originality, take the timely hint which I have given them in these pages. Let us have a new fictitious literature, in which not only the Bores shall be women, but the villains too. Look at Shakespeare—do, pray, look at Shakespeare. Who is most in fault, in that shocking business of the murder of King Duncan? Lady Macbeth, to be sure! Look at King Lear, with a small family of only three daughters, and two of the three, wretches; and even the third an aggravating girl, who can't be commonly civil to her own father in the first Act, out of sheer contradiction, because her elder sisters happen to have been civil before her. Look at Desdemona, who falls in love with a horrid copper-

coloured foreigner, and then, like a fool, instead of managing him, aggravates him into smothering her. Ah! Shakespeare was a great man, and knew our sex, and was not afraid to show he knew it. What a blessing it would be, if some of his literary brethren, in modern times, could muster courage enough to follow his example!

I have fifty different things to say, but I shall bring myself to a conclusion by only mentioning one of them. If it would at all contribute towards forwarding the literary reform that I advocate, to make a present of the characters of Miss Sticker and Mrs. Tinklepaw, to the writers in this journal, I shall be delighted to abandon all right of proprietorship in those two odious women. At the same time, I think it fair to explain that when I speak of the writers in Household Words, I mean the gentlemen-writers only. I wish to say nothing uncivil to the lady-contributors (whose effusions may, by the rule of contraries, be exceedingly agreeable to male readers); but I positively forbid them to lay hands upon my two characters. I am charmed to be of use to the men, in a literary point of view, but I decline altogether to mix myself up with the women. There need be no fear of offending them by printing this candid expression of my intentions. Depend on it, they will all declare, on their sides, that they would much rather have nothing to do with *me*.

NAMES.

I HAVE been bred up in a very respectable and genteel manner, with a boarding-school education, a fair share of accomplishments, a respect for dignities, a horror of low company, a proper admiration for my superiors, and a decent contempt of my inferiors. I do not like the lower orders—the working-classes, or whatever you choose to call them; I consider them very bad examples to place before my children: very dirty, very much inclined to tobacco, and very encroaching; in fact, to use a vulgar but very expressive term, they are persons, in my private opinion, who when given an inch, will take an ell. I certainly think that the literature of the present day has done a great and irreparable injury, in contributing to foster in the minds of these persons an overweening sense of their own importance. Books are not now written in the style that I approve of: the language is clear and understandable to the meanest capacity—a very poor and vulgar quality—and the characters are drawn from certain classes of society that ought to be ignored by genteel people, instead of being paraded in the alluring pages of the novelist. They are encouraged to set up a cry for equal rights, whatever that may mean; and I fully expect some day to be turned out of my house, and to have my goods and chattels divided by a pack of hungry socialists in the gutter.

To have one's property and one's personal comfort endangered, is bad enough; but what shall we say to an organised attack upon our names—an attempt to deprive our most cherished and aristocratic appellations of the nobility and antiquity which are their ornament and their right, and to raise in their place a number of low, common, and vulgar titles? Names that I have been often chastised for using when a child, are now pretended to be traced to ancient Scandinavian sources—far beyond our own Conqueror, of whom we are all so justly proud—up amongst remote Angles, Saxons, Jutes, and Frisians. Mr. Kemble contributed his share towards this desecration; also Mr. Lower, and Mr. Arthur, an American; but another and a later author, Mr. Ferguson, has gone beyond all these in the process of heaping ridicule upon dignities.

The first absurd association that I find is the identity of Manfred with Mangles (both compounds of Man); the solemn, gloomy Byronic creation placed in juxtaposition with a very useful but a very common domestic instrument. Next, I am unblushingly told, that those very coarse, vulgar names of Betty, Sall, and Moll, are not properly women's titles, but very ancient men's names. Brown, I am told (the very numerous and common-place Brown) is the same as the Scandinavian Odin, the father of the Gods. Veal, Wilkes (and liberty), Willikins or Villikins (and his Dinah), have all the same meaning, and all spring from one root, Fancy a political cry of Veal and liberty! Thoroughgood and Turpin, although seemingly very wide asunder, are both the same; Homer is reduced to Hammer; and Balder, the wisest of the Northern gods, is identical with Fooley. Sibthorp is from Sif, the wife of Thor, and the same as Sieveking; Anne is an ancient man's name; Bill (the name of our old gardener, though I was never allowed to call him by it) turns out to be the title of a minor goddess of the Scandinavian mythology,—a child fabled to have been snatched up and placed in the moon. People must be in a very low social condition indeed, who can bring themselves to worship a goddess with such a name. It is the same as Billiard, Pill, and Pillow; but is not, of course, on any account, to be considered as a reduction of William. Eaton, ETTY, and Hannibal, may be called Rice, Thirst, Tosswell, Troll, and Rum, without violating any of the proprieties of the accommodating Northern languages. Bacchus is reduced to Backhouse—perhaps a back-garden; and Potts and Kettles are stated in this very dangerous book to be more ancient than the proudest Norman names!

King, Connell, Coney, Coningsby, and a host of others, are hashed up together, as springing from the same root; and the last in the list, Kinchin, which I am told, upon very good authority, is utter thieves' slang

of the present day, Mr. Ferguson states to be Anglo-Saxon for royal offspring! I certainly should not like to ask her Majesty how the Kinchin was. Dreadful! Holborn is the same as Holloway, or Holstein; the same as Bernal, the same as Osborne; so that this last well-known parliamentary name may be rendered in several ways with the same meaning,—Osborne-Osborne, Bernal-Bernal, Holborn-Holborn, and with other possible variations. Case, Chase, Cheese, and Kiss, are all exchangeable terms, to the utter confusion of the song, which may be now sung, without making nonsense, as, Bread and kiss and balmey cheeses. Crusoe and Locke are twin brothers; Oswald, Osmond, and Osbaldiston, are reduced to Ass! Rudiger is Roger, and Roger is Ledger; Sugden is Hogg, Pigg, or Grissell; Meer (a downright provincialism) is the proper pronunciation of Mare; there is no difference between Cow and Sherry; and Buckingham is the same as Box, or Tarbox. Fancy the Duke of Tarbox. Horrible!

Bug, the name of that odious insect, is a title of ancient reverence, rather than disgust; and Oak is the same as Axe; the destroyer and the destroyed being in the closest relationship. Akenside and Acroyd spring from this; and Ax used in place of Ask, for which I have often reproved my servants, has the sanction of a remote antiquity to keep it in countenance. Gold glides through Goulburn and Gullet into Gulliver; Stone changes to Stain, Stainsby, Freestone, and Hastings; and Amber is the most uncommon name in the whole of a number of London Directories. I could never see any aristocracy about it. Gun may be Good, Good may be Guthrie, and they all may be Gumbol! Shade—the solemn and mysterious shade—is reduced to Haddock, that vulgar fish; and Cadwalha, King of Wessex, may be called Headache. Fancy King Haddock, or King Headache! It's worse than those burlesques. Brandy means one having a sword, and is soon exchanged for Hildebrand; while Cord is Card, and Card is Cardwell.

Springing from words signifying a spear, is a most fruitful list of well-known names, amongst many others, Gore, Goring, Garrison, Garrick, German, Jerrold, Garment, Garland, Garraway, Whittaker, Garden, Jerdan, and Danger. Harold, Luther, Theodore, Hereward, Herod, may be Harry or Herring; while Home and Omega are both the same thing, and mean uncle. The venerable name of Canute is reduced Knut or Nutt; and, to make it more vulgar and common-place, it is traced to a wen or tumour on the side of the head. Bob, I am told, is not a corruption of Robert, but an ancient word signifying a boy, from which comes Pope, Poppy, and Pupplet; meaning, perhaps, Puppy! Dandy seems to mean an eminent man; and Trowel, a Christian.

Times is a name derived from mildness, modesty, affability, and liberality; and Marley (notwithstanding the character in the Christmas Carol) has the same signification. Blood stands for timidity and bashfulness; and Hogg, Hodge, Higgins, and Huggins, mean cogitation. Booker means an author, and Bookless stands for book-learned, or one able to read. Fogie (a very rude term) is the same as foggy, a stupid fellow, a simpleton; and Spooney (another excessively rude term) means enticer, or allurer. Cant is a song; Gall is pleasant; Gale is a singer; Wesley is miserable; Gratton is tearful; and Swears is heavy and sorrowful. Names equivalent to Oaf were borne by several of a royal line; and Dodda, which may mean blockhead, was a very common title for a prime-minister. Coster is a tempter, and Monger is a compound of man; consequently Costermonger must be a very fascinating individual. Sewer is a very unpleasant name for a wise man; and Vicar very improperly means a pirate. It is some comfort in all this turning of everything upside down, to find that Pagan and Payne have the same meaning: an unbaptized person. Sunday stands for a sailor, or a swimmer; Pharaoh means a traveller; Furnace is the same as Furness; and Swift's satire falls harmless upon that citizen whom he ridiculed for changing his name from Furnace to Furnice, Furnise, Furnesse, and Furness. Bradshaw means Broadwood; and Ale, Goodale, Beer, Wine, Portwine, Sherry, Negus, Rum, Goodrum, Gin, Brandy, Cream, Custard, and Coffee, are all proper names from different sources, having nothing whatever to do with beverages. Rain, Frost, Snow, Snowball, Hail, Hailstone, Storm, Thunder, Cold, Fog, Mist, are mostly derived from a mythological origin, and do not refer in any way to the weather. Supposed contractions, such as Benn, Will, Sams, Sim, Timms, Tom, Dick, and Harry (sternly forbidden to be used in genteel academies), are not, I am told, vulgar abbreviations of well-known names, but Teutonic titles of antiquity, far higher even than the full unclipped Scriptural appellations from which they are popularly held to be derived.

The rude and popular Villikins is again the putative parent of the aristocratic Villiers, Wilmot, Willis, and a host of others. Fancy Villiers and his Dinah! The principle that lies at the bottom of all Teutonic names must be a very vulgar and dangerous principle; for when a child is given to scream, it is proper and in analogy with the language, to call it Screamy; to call a man with a large nose Nosey, and so on, through a long list of qualities turned into proper, or, what I should call, very improper names; especially when taught to the rising generation.

In the demolition of ridiculous and common farcical titles, Mr. Ferguson's book is very active. Firkin is shown to mean the

race of man. Huggins and Muggins are Odin's two ravens; Waddilove is Watts, or Watling; Dubbins, Dobbins, Tubby, and Dobbs, are the same as Thurtell, and they are all doves; Wiggins and Wiggles, that I have often laughed at on the comic stage, are in reality terrible warriors; the meek Toots and Totman are properly emblems of gentle affection. Nutkins is suggestive of everything but what it is—a diminutive of the ancient King Canute; Popkins means a small boy; Timmins is personified mildness and affability; and Higgins and Huggins are the names of thoughtful philosophers.

It may be well for me to know that Sonnick (as Jeames calls it) is as correct, and more ancient, than Sonnet; that one-third of our surnames have a local origin, and the rest belong to Angles, Saxons, Jutes, or Frisians—old Saxon, rather than to Anglo-Saxon; but I lay down this book with a feeling that dignities can never be to me as dignified as they were before; that comic names will be always floating in my eyes upon a Northern under-current, carrying them up into the dim regions of a remote and venerable antiquity; and that Bethnal-Green is now more determined than ever to measure heraldic swords with Belgravia and Mayfair.

MY LADY LUDLOW.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

THE next morning Miss Galindo made her appearance, and, by some mistake, unusual in my lady's well-trained servants, was shown into the room where I was trying to walk; for a certain amount of exercise was prescribed for me, painful although the exertion had become.

She brought a little basket along with her; and while the footman was gone to inquire my lady's wishes (for, indeed, I don't think that Lady Ludlow expected Miss Galindo so soon to assume her clerkship; nor, indeed, had Mr. Horner any work of any kind ready for his new assistant to do), she launched out into conversation with me.

"It was a sudden summons, my dear! However, as I have often said to myself, ever since an occasion long ago, if Lady Ludlow ever honours me by asking for my right hand, I'll cut it off, and wrap the stump up so tidily she shall never find out it bleeds. But if I had had a little more time I could have mended my pens better. You see I have had to sit up pretty late to get these sleeves made"—and she took out of her basket a pair of brown-holland over-sleeves, very much such as a grocer's apprentice wears—"and I had only time to make seven or eight pens out of some quills Farmer Thomson gave me last autumn. As for ink, I'm thankful to say that's always ready; an ounce of steel filings, an ounce of nut-gall, and a pint of water (tea, if you're extrava-

gant, which, thank Heaven! I'm not), put all in a bottle, and hang it up behind the house door, so that the whole gets a good shaking every time you slam it to, and, even if you are in a passion and bang it, as Sally and I often do, it is all the better for it, and there's my ink ready for use; ready to write my lady's will with, if need be."

"O, Miss Galindo!" said I, "don't talk so; my lady's will! and she not dead yet."

"And if she were, what would be the use of talking of making her will? Now, if you were Sally, I should say, 'Answer me that, you goose!' But, as you're a relation of my lady's, I must be civil, and only say, 'I can't think how you can talk so like a fool!' To be sure, poor thing, you're lame!"

I do not know how long she would have gone on; but my lady came in, and I, released from my duty of entertaining Miss Galindo, made my limping way into the next room. To tell the truth, I was rather afraid of Miss Galindo's tongue, for I never knew what she would say next.

Presently my lady came in. She began to look in the bureau for something, and as she looked she spoke to me.

"I think Mr. Horner must have made some mistake when he said he had so much work that he almost required a clerk, for this morning he cannot find anything for Miss Galindo to do, and there she is, sitting with her pen behind her ear, waiting for something to write. I am come to find her my mother's letters, for I should like to have a fair copy made of them. O, here they are! don't trouble yourself, my dear child."

When my lady returned, she sat down and began to talk of Mr. Gray.

"Miss Galindo says she saw him going to hold a prayer-meeting in a cottage. Now, that really makes me unhappy, it is so like what Mr. Wesley used to do in my younger days; and since then we have had rebellion in the American colonies and the French revolution. You may depend upon it, my dear, making religion and education common—vulgarising them, as it were—is a bad thing for a nation. A man who hears prayers read in the cottage where he has just supped on bread and bacon forgets the respect due to a church; he begins to think that one place is as good as another, and, by-and-by, that one person is as good as another; and after that I always find that people begin to talk of their rights, instead of thinking of their duties. I wish Mr. Gray had been more tractable, and had left well alone. What do you think I heard this morning? Why, that the Home Hill estate, which niches into the Hanbury property, was bought by a Baptist baker from Birmingham!"

"A Baptist baker!" I exclaimed. I had never seen a Dissenter to my knowledge; but, having always heard them spoken of with horror, I looked upon them almost as if

they were rhinoceroses. I wanted to see a live Dissenter, I believe, and yet I wished it were over. I was almost surprised when I heard that any of them were engaged in such peaceful occupations as baking.

"Yes! so Mr. Horner tells me. A Mr. Lambe, I believe. But, at any rate, he is a Baptist, and has been in trade. What with his schismatism and Mr. Gray's methodism, I am afraid all the primitive character of this place will vanish."

From what I could hear, Mr. Gray sounded to be taking his own way; at any rate, more than he had done when he first came to the village, when his natural timidity had made him defer to my lady, and seek her consent and sanction before embarking in any new plan. But newness was a quality Lady Ludlow especially disliked. Even in the fashions of dress and furniture she clung to the old, to the modes which had prevailed when she was young; and, though she had a deep personal regard to Queen Charlotte (to whom, as I have perhaps already said, she had been maid-of-honour), yet there was a tinge of Jacobitism about her, such as made her extremely dislike to hear Prince Charles Edward called the Young Pretender, as many loyal people did in those days, and made her fond of telling of the thorn-tree in my lord's park in Scotland, which had been planted by bonny Queen Mary herself, and before which every guest in the Castle of Monkshaven were expected to stand bare-headed, out of respect to the memory and misfortunes of the royal planter.

We might play at cards, if we so chose, on a Sunday; at least I suppose we might, for my lady and Mr. Mountford used to do so often when I first went. But we must neither play cards nor read nor sew on the fifth of November and on the thirtieth of January, but must go to church, and meditate all the rest of the day—and very hard work meditating was. I would far rather have scoured a room. That was the reason, I suppose, why a passive life was seen to be better discipline for me than an active one.

But I am wandering away from my lady, and her dislike to all innovation. Now, it seemed to me, as far as I heard, that Mr. Gray was full of nothing but new things, and that what he first did was to attack all our established institutions, both in the village and the parish and also in the nation. To be sure, I heard of his ways of going on principally from Miss Galindo, who was apt to speak more strongly than accurately.

"There he goes," she said, "clucking up the children just like an old hen, and trying to teach them about their salvation and their souls, and I don't know what—things that it is just blasphemy to speak about out of church. And he potters old people about reading their Bibles. I am sure I don't want to speak disrespectfully about the Holy Scrip-

tures, but I found old Job Horton busy reading his Bible yesterday. Says I, 'What are you reading, and where did you get it, and who gave it you?' So he made answer 'That he was reading Susannah and the Elders, for that he had read Bel and the Dragon till he could pretty near say it off by heart, and they were two as pretty stories as ever he had read, and that it was a caution to him what bad old chaps there were in the world.' Now, as Job is bed-ridden, I don't think he is likely to meet with the Elders, and I say that I think repeating his Creed, the Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer, and, maybe, throwing in a verse of the Psalms, if he wanted a bit of a change, would have done him far more good than his pretty stories, as he called them. And what's the next thing our young parson does? Why he tries to make us all feel pitiful for the black slaves, and leaves little pictures of negroes about, with the question printed below, Am I not a man and a brother? just as if I was to be hail-fellow-well-met with every negro footman. They do say he takes no sugar in his tea, because he thinks he sees spots of blood in it. Now I call that superstition."

The next day it was a still worse story.

"Well, my dear! and how are you? My lady sent me in to sit a bit with you, while Mr. Horner looks out some papers for me to copy. Between ourselves, Mr. Steward Horner does not like having me for a clerk. It is all very well, he does not; for, if he were decently civil to me, I might want a chaperone, you know, now poor Mrs. Horner is dead." This was one of Miss Galindo's grim jokes. "As it is, I try to make him forget I'm a woman. I do everything as ship-shape as a masculine man-clerk. I see he can't find a fault—writing good, spelling correct, sums all right. And then he squints up at me with the tail of his eye, and looks glummer than ever, just because I'm a woman—as if I could help that. I have gone good lengths to set his mind at ease. I have stuck my pen behind my ear, I have made him a bow instead of a curtsy, I have whistled—not a tune, I can't pipe up that—nay, if you won't tell my lady, I don't mind telling you that I have said Confound it! and Zounds! I can't get any farther. For all that, Mr. Horner won't forget I am a lady, and so I am not half the use I might be, and if it were not to please my Lady Ludlow, Mr. Horner and his books might go hang (see how natural that came out!). And there is an order for a dozen nightcaps for a bride, and I am so afraid I shan't have time to do them. Worst of all, there's Mr. Gray taking advantage of my absence to seduce Sally!"

"To seduce Sally! Mr. Gray!"

"Pooh, pooh, child! There's many a kind of seduction. Mr. Gray is seducing Sally to want to go to church. There has been twice at my house, while I have been away in

the mornings, talking to Sally about the state of her soul and that sort of thing. But when I found the meat all roasted to a cinder, I said, 'Come, Sally, let's have no more praying when beef is down at the fire. Pray at six o'clock in the morning and nine at night, and I won't hinder you.' So she sauced me, and said something about Martha and Mary, implying that, because she had let the beef get so overdone that I declare I could hardly find a bit fit for Nancy Pole's sick grandchild, she had chosen the better part. I was very much put about, I own, and perhaps you'll be shocked at what I said—indeed, I don't know if it was right myself—but I told her I had a soul as well as she, and if it was to be saved by my sitting still and thinking about salvation and never doing my duty, I thought I had as good a right as she had to be Mary, and save my soul. So that afternoon I sate quite still, and it was really a comfort, for I am often too busy, I know, to pray as I ought. There is first one person wanting me, and then another, and the house and the food and the neighbours to see after. So, when tea-time comes, there enters my maid with her hump on her back, and her soul to be saved. 'Please, ma'am, did you order the pound of butter?'—'No, Sally,' I said, shaking my head, 'this morning I did not go round by Hale's farm, and this afternoon I have been employed in spiritual things.'

"Now our Sally likes tea and bread and butter above everything, and dry bread was not to her taste.

"'I'm thankful,' said the impudent hussy, 'that you have taken a turn towards godliness. It will be my prayers, I trust, that's given it you.'

"I was determined not to give her an opening towards the carnal subject of butter, so she lingered still, longing to ask leave to run for it. But I gave her none, and munched my dry bread myself, thinking what a famous cake I could make for little Ben Pole with the bit of butter we were saving; and when Sally had had her butterless tea, and was in none of the best of tempers because Martha had not bethought herself of the butter, I just quietly said:

"'Now, Sally, to-morrow we'll try to hash that beef well, and to remember the butter, and to work out our salvation all at the same time, for I don't see why it can't all be done, as God has set us to do it all.' But I heard her at it again about Mary and Martha, and I have no doubt that Mr. Gray will teach her to consider me a lost sheep."

I had heard so many little speeches about Mr. Gray from one person or another, all speaking against him, as a mischief-maker, a setter-up of new doctrines, and of a fanciful standard of life (and you may be sure that, where Lady Ludlow led, Mrs. Medlicott and Adams were certain to follow, each in their different ways showing the influence my lady

had over them), that I believe I had grown to consider him as a very instrument of evil, and to expect to perceive in his face marks of his presumption, and arrogance, and impertinent interference. It was now many weeks since I had seen him, and when he was one morning shown into the blue drawing-room (into which I had been removed for a change), I was quite surprised to see how innocent and awkward a young man he appeared, confused even more than I was at our unexpected tête-à-tête. He looked thinner, his eyes more eager, his expression more anxious, and his colour came and went more than it had done when I had seen him last. I tried to make a little conversation, as I was, to my own surprise, more at my ease than he was; but his thoughts were evidently too much pre-occupied for him to do more than answer me with monosyllables.

Presently my lady came in. Mr. Gray twitched and coloured more than ever; but plunged into the middle of his subject at once.

"My lady, I cannot answer it to my conscience if I allow the children of this village to go on any longer the little heathens that they are. I must do something to alter their condition. I am quite aware that your ladyship disapproves of many of the plans which have suggested themselves to me; but nevertheless I must do something, and I am come now to your ladyship to ask respectfully, but firmly, what you would advise me to do."

His eyes were dilated, and I could almost have said they were full of tears with his eagerness. But I am sure it is a bad plan to remind people of decided opinions which they have once expressed, if you wish them to modify those opinions. Now Mr. Gray had done this with my lady; and though I do not mean to say she was obstinate, yet she was not one to retract.

She was silent for a moment or two before she replied.

"You ask me to suggest a remedy for an evil of the existence of which I am not conscious," was her answer—very coldly, very gently given. "In Mr. Mountford's time I heard no such complaints; whenever I see the village children (and they are not unfrequent visitors at this house, on one pretext or another), they are well and decently behaved."

"O, madam, you cannot judge," he broke in. "They are trained to respect you in word and deed; you are the highest they ever look up to; they have no notion of a higher."

"Nay, Mr. Gray," said my lady, smiling, "they are as loyally disposed as any children can be. They come up here every fourth of June, and drink his Majesty's health, and have buns, and (as Margaret Dawson can testify) they take a great and respectful

interest in all the pictures I can show them of the Royal family."

"But, madam, I think of something higher than any earthly dignities."

My lady coloured at the mistake she had made; for she herself was truly pious. Yet when she resumed the subject, it seemed to me as if her tone was a little sharper than before.

"Such want of reverence is, I should say, the clergyman's fault. You must excuse me, Mr. Gray, if I speak plainly."

"My lady, I want plain-speaking. I myself am not accustomed to those ceremonies and forms which are, I suppose, the etiquette in your ladyship's rank of life, and which seem to hedge you in from any power of mine to touch you. Among those with whom I have passed my life hitherto it has been the custom to speak plainly out what we have felt earnestly. So, instead of needing any apology from your ladyship for straightforward speaking, I will meet what you say at once, and say that it is the clergyman's fault in a great measure when the children of his parish swear, and curse, and are brutal and ignorant of all saving grace; nay, some of them of the very name of God. And because this guilt of mine, as the clergyman of this parish, lies heavy on my soul, and every day leads but from bad to worse, till I am utterly bewildered how to do good to children who escape from me as if I were a monster, and who are growing up to be men fit for and capable of any crime, but those requiring wit or sense, I come to you, who seem to me all-powerful as far as material power goes—for your ladyship only knows the surface of things, and barely that, that pass in your village—to help me with advice, and such outward help as you can give."

Mr. Gray had stood up and sate down once or twice while he had been speaking, in an agitated, nervous kind of way, and now he was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing, after which he trembled all over.

My lady rang for a glass of water, and looked much distressed.

"Mr. Gray," said she, "I am sure you are not well; and that makes you exaggerate childish faults into positive evils. It is always the case with us when we are not strong in health. I hear of you exerting yourself in every direction: you over-work yourself, and the consequence is, that you imagine us all worse people than we are."

And my lady smiled very kindly and pleasantly at him, as he sate, a little panting, a little flushed, trying to recover his breath. I am sure that now they were brought face to face, she had quite forgotten all the offence she had taken at his doings when she heard of them from others; and, indeed, it was enough to soften any one's heart to see that young, almost boyish face, looking in such anxiety and distress.

"O, my lady, what shall I do?" he asked,

as soon as he could recover breath, and with such an air of humility that I am sure no one who had seen it could have ever thought him conceited again. "The evil of this world is too strong for me. I can do so little. It is all in vain. It was only to-day——" And again the cough and agitation returned.

"My dear Mr. Gray," said my lady (the day before, I could never have believed she could have called him My dear), "you must take the advice of an old woman about yourself. You are not fit to do anything just now but attend to your own health: rest, and see a doctor (but, indeed, I will take care of that), and when you are pretty strong again, you will find that you have been magnifying evils to yourself."

"But, my lady, I cannot rest. The evils do exist, and the burden of their continuance lies on my shoulders. I have no place to gather the children together in, that I may teach them the things necessary to salvation. The rooms in my own house are too small; but I have tried them. I have money of my own; and, as your ladyship knows, I tried to get a piece of leasehold property on which to build a school-house at my own expense. Your ladyship's lawyer comes forward at your instructions to enforce some old feudal right, by which no building is allowed on leasehold property without the sanction of the Lady of the Manor. It may be all very true; but it was a cruel thing to do,—that is, if your ladyship had known (which I am sure you do not) the real spiritual and moral state of my poor parishioners. And now I come to you to know what I am to do? Rest! I cannot rest, while children whom I could possibly save are being left in their ignorance, their blasphemy, their uncleanness, their cruelty. It is known through the village that your ladyship disapproves of my efforts, and opposes all my plans. If you think them wrong, foolish, ill-digested (I have been a student, living in a college, and eschewing all society but that of pious men, until now: I may not judge for the best, in my ignorance of this sinful human nature), tell me of better plans and wiser projects for accomplishing my end; but do not bid me rest, with Satan compassing me round, and stealing souls away."

"Mr. Gray," said my lady, "there may be some truth in what you have said. I do not deny it, though I think, in your present state of indisposition and excitement, you exaggerate it much. I believe—nay, the experience of a pretty long life has convinced me—that education is a bad thing, if given indiscriminately. It unfits the lower orders for their duties, the duties to which they are called by God, of submission to those placed in authority over them, of contentment with that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them, and of ordering themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters. I have made this conviction of mine tolerably

evident to you ; and have expressed distinctly my disapprobation of some of your ideas. You may imagine, then, that I was not well pleased when I found that you had taken a rood or more of Farmer Hale's land, and were laying the foundations of a school-house. You had done this without asking for my permission, which, as Farmer Hale's liege lady, ought to have been obtained legally, as well as asked for out of courtesy. I put a stop to what I believed to be calculated to do harm to a village, to a population in which, to say the least of it, I may be supposed to take as much interest as you can do. How can reading and writing, and the multiplication-table (if you choose to go so far) prevent blasphemy, and uncleanness and cruelty ? Really, Mr. Gray, I hardly like to express myself so strongly on the subject in your present state of health as I should do at any other time. It seems to me that books do little ; character much ; and character is not formed from books."

"I do not think of character: I think of souls, I must get some hold upon these children, or what will become of them in the next world ? I must be found to have some power beyond what they have, and what they are rendered capable of appreciating before they will listen to me. At present, physical force is all they look up to ; and I have none."

"Nay, Mr. Gray, by your own admission, they look up to me."

"They would not do anything your ladyship disliked if it was likely to come to your knowledge ; but if they could conceal it from you, the knowledge of your dislike to such or such a line of conduct would never make them cease from pursuing it."

"Mr. Gray," surprise in her air, and some little indignation, "they and their fathers have lived on the Hanbury lands for generations !"

"I cannot help it, madam. I am telling you the truth, whether you believe me or not." There was a pause ; my lady looking perplexed, and somewhat ruffled ; Mr. Gray as though hopeless and wearied out. "Then, my lady," said he, at last, rising as he spoke, "you can suggest nothing to ameliorate the state of things which, I do assure you, does exist on your lands, and among your tenants. Surely, you will not object to my using Farmer Hale's great barn every Sabbath. He will allow me the use of it, if your ladyship will grant your permission."

"You are not fit for any extra work at present" (and indeed he had been coughing very much all through the conversation). "Give me time to consider of it. Tell me what you wish to teach. You will be able to take care of your health and grow stronger while I consider. It shall not be the worse for you, if you leave it in my hands for a time."

My lady spoke very kindly ; but he was in

too excited a state to recognise the kindness, while the idea of delay was evidently a sore irritation. I heard him say : "And I have so little time in which to do my work. Lord ! lay not this sin to my charge."

But my lady was speaking to the old butler, for whom, at her sign, I had rung the bell some little time before. Now she turned round.

"Mr. Gray, I find I have some bottles of Malmsey, of the vintage of seventeen hundred and seventy-eight, yet left. Malmsey, as perhaps you know, used to be considered a specific for coughs arising from weakness. You must permit me to send you half-a-dozen bottles, and depend upon it you will take a more cheerful view of life and its duties before you have finished them, especially if you will be so kind as to see Doctor Trevor, who is coming to see me in the course of the week. By the time you are strong enough to work I will try and find some means of preventing the children from using such bad language, and otherwise annoying you."

"My lady, it is the sin, and not the annoyance. I wish I could make you understand." He spoke with some impatience ; poor fellow, he was too weak, exhausted, and nervous. "I am perfectly well ; I can set to work to-morrow ; I will do anything not to be oppressed with the thought of how little I am doing. I do not want your wine. Liberty to act in the manner I think right, will do me far more good. But it is of no use. It is pre-ordained that I am to be nothing but a cumberer of the ground. I beg your ladyship's pardon for this call."

He stood up, and then turned dizzy. My lady looked on, deeply hurt, and not a little offended. He held out his hand to her, and I could see that she had a little hesitation before she took it. He then saw me, I almost think, for the first time ; and put out his hand once more, drew it back, as if undecided, put it out again, and finally took hold of mine for an instant in his damp, listless hand, and was gone.

Lady Ludlow was dissatisfied with both him and herself, I was sure. Indeed I was dissatisfied with the result of the interview myself. But my lady was not one to speak out her feelings on the subject ; nor was I one to forget myself, and begin on a topic which she did not begin. She came to me, and was very tender with me ; so tender, that that, and the thoughts of Mr. Gray's sick, hopeless, disappointed look, nearly made me cry.

"You are tired, little one," said my lady. "Go and lie down in my room, and hear what Medlicott and I can decide upon in the way of strengthening dainties for that poor young man, who is killing himself with his over-sensitive conscientiousness."

"O, my lady !" said I, and then I stopped. "Well. What ?" asked she.

"If you would but let him have Farmer Hales' barn at once, it would do him more good than all."

"Pooh, pooh, child!" though I don't think she was displeased, "he is not fit for more work just now. I shall go and write for Doctor Trevor."

And for the next half-hour we did nothing but arrange physical comforts and cures for poor Mr. Gray. At the end of the time Mrs. Medlicott said:

"Has your ladyship heard that Harry Gregson has fallen from a tree, and broken his thigh-bone, and is like for to be a cripple for life?"

"Harry Gregson! That black-eyed lad who read my letter? It all comes from over-education!"

AN IDEAL.

WHILE the grey mists of early dawn
Were lingering round the hill,
And the dew was still upon the flowers,
And the earth lay calm and still,
A winged Spirit came to me;
Noble, and radiant, and free.

Folding his blue and shining wings,
He laid his hand on mine,
I know not if I felt, or heard
The mystic word divine,
Which woke the trembling air to sighs,
And shone from out his starry eyes.

The word he spoke, within my heart
Stir'd life unknown before,
And cast a spell upon my soul
To chain it evermore;
Making the cold dull earth look bright,
And skies flame out in sapphire light.

When noon reel'd from the heavens, and man
Through busy day toil'd on,
My Spirit droop'd his shining wings;
His radiant smile was gone;
His voice had ceas'd, his grace had flown,
His hand grew cold within my own.

Bitter, O bitter tears, I wept,
Yet still I held his hand,
Hoping with vague unreasoning hope:
I would not understand
That this pale Spirit never more
Could be what he had been before.

Could it be so? My heart stood still.
Yet he was by my side.
I strove; but my despair was vain;
Vain, too, was love and pride.
Could he have changed to me so soon?
My day was only at its noon.

Now stars are rising one by one,
And evening shades are here;
Near me a household spirit waits,
With tender loving care;
He speaks and smiles, but never sings,
Long since he lost his shining wings.

With thankful true content, I know
This is the better way.

Is not a faithful spirit mine—

Mine still—at close of day?

Yet will my foolish heart repine

For that bright morning dream of mine.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

FAR away, under English rule, an English climate with its drawbacks gone; a rich soil that will grow in abundance any English crop; upon which currants and gooseberries, raspberries and strawberries run wild, and where cattle multiply: a country with coal seams and good harbours; ought to have drawn years ago many an English colonist towards Vancouver's Island. The island was granted to the Hudson's Bay Company for a short term, that will expire next year. It was granted with the stipulation, that the Company should promote colonisation; but with the foreknowledge that the Hudson's Bay monopolists have from the outset not only discouraged colonisation, but have, in some instances, put it down with a strong hand. Their desire ever is, to keep third parties from interference with their commerce among the Indians, and to prevent the cultivation of a soil on which now roam at large the animals it is their business to skin. In Vancouver's Island itself the work that can be done by trappers is perhaps not worth fifty pounds a-year; but principles must be upheld. It is only a step from the island to the mainland of that western shore of British America which was called New Caledonia until within the last few weeks, but which Her Majesty has now named British Columbia.

Two years ago there first came obscure tidings of gold found in this region. Now, all the world hears of the great wealth of gold contained in it; and, even from California,—where gardeners and grooms earn a hundred and twenty pounds a year and their keep; where a competent shepherd earns two hundred and forty pounds a year and his keep; and where bricklayers may earn ten pounds a week,—it is calculated that during the first six months of the fever for a change to the new Tom Tiddler's ground, not less than forty thousand people will have emigrated to Vancouver's Island and the mainland opposite.

Great things are now anticipated. Vancouver's Island, in the North Pacific, is to become the seat of a noble British colony, and of a naval arsenal complete in every detail. If England pleases, she may build among the many islands in the sea between Vancouver's Island and the mainland a Cronstadt of the Pacific, and fasten with a mighty padlock—if such security be needed—her possessions on the western coast of North America, now regarded as of inestimable value.

At the end of the fifteenth century, one Pope having granted to Portugal all she

could find by sailing east, and another Pope having granted to Spain all she could find by sailing west, the sovereigns of those countries—then the two chief maritime powers—concluded between each other the Treaty of Partition of the Ocean. They were to go forth, to discover and possess, eastward and westward of a meridian line passing three hundred and seventy leagues west of the Cape Verd Islands. The Portuguese, continuing their efforts on the coast of Africa, got round the Cape of Good Hope to the Indian seas; and, to the surprise and annoyance of the Spaniards, found in Brazil a territory west of the Atlantic, that was east of the line nominated in the bond. The Spaniards made their way through the straits named after Magellan, a Portuguese captain in their employment; who found the great southern sea so little disturbed by storms, that he called it the Pacific Ocean. Reaching India by their long western route, they came into conflict with the Portuguese. Hoping to find a nearer passage through the mainland of America than that through the distant southern straits, the Spaniards proceeded not only to occupy ground, but also to explore, as they reached them, those inlets of the sea on the west coast of America which might perchance connect the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. Such an inlet the Straits of De Fuca, dividing the southern part of the land—now known as Vancouver's Island—from the main coast, was at one time supposed to be.

In the year seventeen hundred and eighty-eight, Lieutenant John Meares entering the strait through which now emigrants are sailing to the stockaded settlement of Victoria upon Vancouver's Island (hereafter to be our future capital in the Pacific), found a solitary rock projecting from the sea, and natives dressed in otter-skins, over-estimated the run of the strait eastward, and considered that what he saw tallied well with De Fuca's narrative. Therefore, while he took possession of soil for the king of Great Britain, he gave to the inlet the name of Juan de Fuca, a Greek pilot who first discovered it.

Ten years before that date, Captain Cook had discovered one of the islands of a group which he named after the First Lord of the Admiralty, Sandwich Islands, and had passed thence to the north-west coast of America, which he proceeded to examine. After a difficult northerly passage he reached the cape forming the southern point of land at the entrance to De Fuca Straits, when an improvement in the weather promised him much better speed. He, therefore, called that point which is to be rounded by so many adventurers to whom Hope tells her tale, Cape Flattery. Cook, sailing northward, put into the bay, which he called Nootka Sound, on the south-west coast of the great island, which he believed to be part of the main continent.

The natives crowded to him, and he found them friendly, they traded in their own produce, displayed a firm sense of property in what their land produced, and an eagerness to possess what the strangers brought,—especially iron, brass, or any kind of metal,—that made thieves of them all. Captain Cook considered them to be in other respects a kindly people, courteous and docile, but liable to sudden gusts of passion. Others have since declared them to be sly, fierce, and revengeful. After Cook's time, Nootka Sound was used as the chief harbour in those waters.

We return to Lieutenant Meares. Sundry observations had revived the stories of the voyages of De Fuca, and of an Admiral Fuente, who had sailed two hundred and sixty leagues through a collection of islands, called the Archipelago of Saint Lazarus, which was supposed to occupy the whole of the north-western region of America. Captain Berkeley, an Englishman in the service of the Austrian East India Company, observed in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-seven, the inland sea—passage, north of Cape Flattery, which Captain Cook had overlooked, and sent a boat ashore to the mainland south of the Cape. Its crew, however, was murdered by the savages. To John Meares, a lieutenant in the British navy, Berkeley mentioned at Canton what he had noticed, and Mr. Meares, journeying soon afterwards to Nootka on a trading expedition, bought there a piece of ground from the chief, Maquinna, and built on it within a large fortified enclosure, a house of sufficient size to contain all his men. He left a party of them occupied in the construction of a small vessel, while he himself went on a trip of exploration to the southern strait, named by him, as we have already said, after De Fuca.

Very soon afterwards there arose a dispute between the governments of Spain and England on the subject of affairs at Nootka Sound. Spain, grounding mainly upon papal grant, and upon rights of prior discovery a claim of sovereignty on the north-west coast of America, seized at Nootka British vessels, and also took possession of the building or buildings that had been erected by Mr. Meares. Mr. Meares addressed a memorial to parliament. England assumed high ground, an armament was equipped, and in the Spanish convention consequent upon that armament, restitution was offered to England for the captures and aggressions made by the subjects of His Catholic Majesty, together with an acknowledgment of equal right with Spain to the prosecution of commerce in those seas, reputed before to belong only to the Spanish crown.

The fisheries and the fur-trade to China being regarded as important to this country, it was resolved to send an officer to Nootka to receive back, in form, a restitution of the territories on which the Spaniards had seized;

to make an accurate survey of the coast, and to collect all possible information. The officer charged with that expedition was Captain George Vancouver, a brave and generous sailor, whose whole life, from his thirteenth year, was spent in the naval service of his country, except only one period of fifteen months and the last three years of shattered health, during which he compiled the narrative of his discoveries. He did not live to see the narrative in print. Vancouver began service under Captain Cook with a voyage round the world; he served in Lord Rodney's fleet in the West Indies, and came from a West Indian station to perform the service at Nootka Sound, to which he had been recommended by his association with the voyages of Captain Cook and by his high naval character. He died, a post-captain, two years before the end of the last century.

Along a high coast, bordered by detached rocky islets and sunken rocks, Vancouver passed, during thick rainy weather, to the entrance of De Fuca Straits. Thousands of detached rocks of every shape bordered the coast. Eight miles within the strait Vancouver saw upon each side shores moderately high. On the southern shore beaches of sand or stones ran under low sandy cliffs, from whose summit the land still swelled upwards, covered with pine-forest, until it came to a range of craggy mountains capped with snow that rose abruptly from the woodland, and had but a few trees on their sterile sides. The northern shore rose by a gentler ascent towards a compacter range of mountains infinitely more uniform and much less covered with snow. The sea was smooth, and the sky clear, the wind rose and sped the vessel on. High land rose from the horizon. A long, low sandy point projected from cliffy shores into the sea; behind this there appeared to be a sheltered bay, and at about the same time a very high and craggy mountain was seen towering above the clouds. As low down as they allowed it to be visible it was covered with snow; and south of it was a long ridge of very rugged snowy mountains, much less elevated, stretching away into the distance. A new region was before the explorers. It was then that Englishmen first saw the rocks of the gold country that—with aid of many advantages in position, climate, and soil—may rise Vancouver's Island to a first rank among colonies.

At this stage of his voyage, on a May-day morning, "of the most delightfully pleasant weather," a party landed with Captain Vancouver on an island across the straits, and nearly opposite the site of our new colonial capital, where, on ascending its eminence, the Captain writes: "Our attention was immediately called to a landscape, almost as enchantingly beautiful as the most elegantly finished pleasure-grounds in Europe. The summit of this island presented nearly a horizontal

surface, interspersed with some inequalities of ground, which produced a beautiful variety on an extensive lawn covered with luxuriant grass, and diversified with an abundance of flowers. To the north-westward was a coppice of pine-trees and shrubs of various sorts, that seemed as if it had been planted for the sole purpose of protecting from the north-west winds this delightful meadow, over which were promiscuously scattered a few clumps of trees, that would have puzzled a most ingenious designer of pleasure-grounds to have arranged more agreeably. While we stopped to contemplate these several beauties of nature, in a prospect no less pleasing than unexpected, we gathered some gooseberries and roses in a state of considerable forwardness."

Presently the explorers ascertained that this island protected "one of the finest harbours in the world," and that, on the shores of the harbour was an excellent stream of fine water. Captain Vancouver's enthusiasm grew as he proceeded. He was simply recording his impressions; there was no thought in his mind of the swarm of industrious Englishmen that hereafter might settle in those places. On the day following, fine weather and a smooth sea again enhanced the beauty of the scenery. As he could not conceive that the land had been adorned by the hand of man, the Captain "could not possibly believe that any uncultivated country had ever been discovered exhibiting so rich a picture." "A picture so pleasing," he adds, presently, "could not fail to call to our remembrance certain delightful and beloved situations in Old England." He found, in luxuriant growth, strawberriea, roses, sweetbriar, gooseberries, raspberries, and currants. They pursued their way, exploring inlets, and discovering more ports. Of man, they saw trace in two poles on a sandy spit, about fifteen feet high and rudely carved. On the top of each was stuck a human head, recently placed there.

Having explored carefully this part of the coast of the mainland, Vancouver kept the king's birthday, the fourth of June, by taking formal possession of the soil and of the islands in the strait, giving to the region the name of New Georgia. Resuming, then, their search, the English explorers ran up several blind channels until they found a way into the gulf, named by them the Gulf of Georgia, which parts Vancouver's Island from the continent, and there met with two Spanish schooners, under Lieutenants Galiano and Valdes, which, departing from Nootka, had advanced thus far along the northern shore of the strait, and had lost no time in exact definition of the coast line. Neither Englishman nor Spaniards, therefore, could claim the sole honour of determining the insular character of the great district two hundred and seventy-six miles long, by fifty or sixty broad, to which, after they had finished the exploration toge-

ther in most friendly concert, they gave the Spanish-English name of Quadra and Vancouver Island. Signor Quadra was the representative of Spain at Nootka with whom Captain Vancouver was to treat upon the subject of the restitution and surrender.

It is not on Vancouver's Island that gold has been found; but, except a little upon Charlotte's Island, to the north of it, the yield is beside the rivers of the mainland opposite. The formation of the mountain chains is probably throughout similar to that of the gold-producing rocks of California. The new diggings are, in fact, only on a more northern part of the same grand range on which the Californians depend for treasure. The ports of the new gold country, and the homes of those miners who settle on the spot and invest earnings in trade and agriculture, will be on Vancouver's Island. The shore of the mainland in the Gulf of Georgia is rugged and dangerous, and of the country in the interior, not much is known. It was first approached by the British fur-traders over the Rocky Mountains, when Mr. Simon Frazer, partner in the north-west company, established a trading-fort on Frazer Lake, and gave his name to Frazer River. This is the gold-bearing river, now sought by adventurers. It falls into the sea opposite the southern or colonised end of Vancouver's Island, and only a few miles short of the boundary of our American possessions.

The Thompson River, flowing from the Rocky Mountains, joins the Frazer about a hundred and fifty miles before it reaches the coast. Along the course of this river also gold is to be found, and it is said to be most abundant on each river above the point of confluence. The district on the Thompson River is said to be one of the finest countries in the world.

Vancouver's Island was granted to the Hudson's Bay Company in eighteen hundred and forty-nine, and certain conditions of colonisation were laid down. The grant was revocable at the end of eleven years, now soon to expire, and it is already officially announced that it will be revoked. Under the present constitution, the governor of the island is appointed by the Crown. He has a council of seven members, and is authorised to call assemblies, and to form electoral districts for the securing to the island of a representative government upon the English system. The governor, Mr. Douglas, who is also the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and in honour of whom a great coal-seam has been named, is declared by every report from the new gold district, to perform his duty with a wise discretion, and the Hudson's Bay Company is also reported to be making to itself friends of Mammon by accepting liberally, and with a good grace, the new situation in which it is placed. But it is not to be forgotten that, after nine years possession of a colony, that apart from its

newly-discovered source of wealth is full of promise to the settler, the whole settlement consisted, till a few months since, of a palisaded enclosure for the stores within which the chief clerks and traders live, fifty or sixty log huts, and a few farms in their vicinity scattered across seven square miles of open land and ten of woodland. The trade hitherto has been with San Francisco in coal, timber, and the produce of the fisheries. On the west-coast there is little to invite the settler, and the mountainous interior is almost unknown, but on the west and south coast there is plenty of good land. The native population is supposed to consist of about seventeen thousand Indians, of many of whom the lands have been bought by the Hudson's Bay Company for the British government, on payment of a blanket to each head of a family: in all, about one thousand blankets for two thousand square miles of soil.

An interesting description of Vancouver's Island, communicated by Colonel Colquhoun Grant to the Geographical Society, contains this suggestion of the general aspect of the natives, whom he declares to be cruel, blood-thirsty, treacherous, and cowardly. "Whatever difference there may be in the languages of the various tribes of Vancouver's Island, and however great their hostility one towards another, in one characteristic they almost universally agree, and that is in the general filthiness of their habits. No pigsty could present a more filthy aspect than that afforded by the exterior of an Indian village. They are always situated close to the water-side, either on a harbour or some sheltered nook of the sea-coast, or, as in the case of the Cowichins, on the banks of a river. They are generally placed on a high bank, so as to be difficult of access to an attacking party; and their position is not unfrequently chosen, whether by chance or from taste, in the most picturesque sites. A few round holes, or sometimes low oblong holes or apertures in the palisades, generally not above three feet high, constitute their means of egress and ingress. They seldom move about much on terra firma, but, after creeping out of their holes, at once launch their canoes and embark therein. A pile of cockle-shells, oyster-shells, fish-bones, pieces of putrid meat, old mats, pieces of rag, and dirt and filth of every description, the accumulation of generations, is seen in the front of every village; half-starved curs, cowardly and snappish, prowling about, occasionally howling; and the savage himself, notwithstanding his constant exposure to the weather, is but a moving mass covered with vermin of every description. Generally speaking, when not engaged in fishing, they pass the greater portion of their time in a sort of torpid state, lying inside beside their fires. The only people to be seen outside are a few old women, cleaning their wool or making baskets. Sometimes a group

of determined gamblers is visible, rattling their sticks; and occasionally some industrious old fellow mending his canoe, all the canoes being invariably hauled up on the beach in front of the village. The firing of a shot, or any unusual sound, will bring the whole crew out to gaze at you. They first wrap their blankets round them, and then sit down on their trunks in a position peculiar to themselves—they are doubled up into the smallest possible compass, with their chin resting on their knees, and they look precisely like so many frogs crouched on the dunghill aforesaid."

Such are the men to whose country Englishmen, Frenchmen, Americans, Germans, Chinese (the Chinese have already established an export trade to their own country of sea-slugs), now flock; from whose shores regular steamboats already begin to ply; and to whom it is considered, even by shrewd men of business, that the Great Leviathan's first voyage should be made.

Of the reports from the new gold districts that now periodically fill our papers, we say nothing. Report meets expectation; expectation then outbids report. Legislation in the last days of the last parliament already began to provide for the mounting of the new jewel in England's crown. Imagination is excited. Many hasten to their ruin by that coast of the far west; many deliberately and with forethought go to be the founders of what shall, perhaps, become the great metropolis of the Pacific.

BUYING IN THE CHEAPEST MARKET.

I WAS born and nourished under the wing of political economy: not the theory, but the science reduced to practice. I have known many men in my time whose principles were without a flaw that the keenest logician could detect,—who had Smith, Bentham and Mill supply, demand, at their fingers' ends,—who could discourse most eloquent music about markets, population, capital, rent, profits, but who in themselves were imprudent members of society, improvident centres of enormous families, borrowers of money at usurious interest, and strugglers up to their necks in seas of debt. My principles may not have been as sound, my reasoning powers not as perfect as those of my friends, but I floated harmlessly over the ocean of debt,—I was a lender, and not a borrower of money at usurious interest, and I did not enter upon a matrimonial engagement until I had carefully examined the ratio which capital at that period bore to population.

One of the earliest pieces of practical wisdom drawn from the science of political economy, and instilled into me by a thoughtful and far-seeing parent, was the well-known maxim about buying in the cheapest market. I say well-known, but I am sorry to have also

to state, that it is better known than trusted. Of all who hear it, and comprehend what it means, how many have the moral courage and industry to act up to it? Who amongst those who have the ability to find, will take the trouble to find, the cheapest market? I would address my present observations to persons about to marry; but I know that it is useless to do so. They are too young, too ill-taught, too gushing, too generous, too believing, too romantic, too imprudent, too much wanting in that cold but very valuable quality of calculation, to listen to my words, and to benefit by the utterances of my experience. I turn from them with hopeless contempt to that other class comprised under the general title of parents and guardians; people who, if they have not learned wisdom, have at least lived long enough to test the emptiness of the wild romance of life.

When the preliminaries for my wedding were fixed, the first necessity of my position was to furnish a house; and the first duty of my position was to find the cheapest market for doing so. This important undertaking rarely falls to the lot of a man more than once in the course of his natural life, and it is incumbent upon him, therefore, to be careful how he performs it. There are two modes of setting about the task which naturally suggest themselves to the minds of the unthinking. The first is to contract with a fashionable upholsterer, who will supply all the regular elegancies of life, give you no trouble about selection, even in the number and subjects of the volumes for your library, and by the time you find you have got everything together very pretty and correct, like some thousands of your neighbours in the same position in society, he will send in a heavy bill, which you will duly pay, as your neighbours have done before you.

The second mode of furnishing a house is the one usually considered economical, and is performed by attending sales and dépôts for second-hand furniture, in the hope of finding bargains. People buy at such places articles of inferior workmanship, manufactured expressly for the peculiar market, showy to the eye, weak in structure, with every fault carefully varnished over. They are proud of their purchases for a few weeks—after which time the articles disappear, and the song of triumph is heard no more.

I need scarcely say, that neither of these plans was my plan. I had a certain sum of money at my disposal, and I knew that amongst the tradesmen to whom I must apply for the articles I required, there must be a large number to whom that money would be more than ordinarily welcome. I knew that in the ranks of trade there is always a large number of shopkeepers struggling to maintain a position without capital—embarrassed with writs, judges' orders, bills of sale, and county court judgments; and exposed to all the temptations which such a

state of things must necessarily produce. The first step was to discover the names and addresses of these people: possessing which, I should then be on the high road to the cheapest market.

In the City of London, conducted by a gentleman of the name of Perry, is an organisation established, I believe, for the protection of trade, called the Bankrupt and Insolvent Registry Office. One part of Mr. Perry's system is to send to subscribers of a small annual sum a printed list, about once each week, of the names and addresses of all persons whose trading difficulties have compelled them to give either a judge's order, a bill of sale, or to sign a county court judgment.* The date of the execution of these instruments is carefully given, and every information that will enable you to form a judgment as to the pecuniary position and struggles of a large number of the traders of the country. I became a subscriber to Mr. Perry's office, and received my lists every week, which told me all, and more than I required to know. In about two months, with a little trouble and diplomatic skill, aided by the all-powerful money that I had at my command—I furnished a large house from top to bottom in a style above the average, and at less than one-fourth of the usual cost. A couple of examples will explain sufficiently how this was done.

Looking down my Trade Protection List one morning carelessly over the breakfast-table, my eye rested, amongst other things, upon the following record of commercial distress;

JUDGE'S ORDERS.

Enoch Baxter, Cabinet-maker, 58, Great Carcass Street, Sussex Town; Judge's Order for 22*l.* to Robert Dunham and Co.; dated April 14th, 1857.

After breakfast, I walked out, and a Sussex Town omnibus passing me at the moment, I took my place outside, and in half an hour's time I found myself walking leisurely up Great Carcass Street. I stopped before the window of Number Fifty-eight, a small, unpretending shop, with no appearance of abundance in the interior, and no appearance of scarcity. There was a small display of fire-screens, couches, card-tables, easy-chairs, loo-tables, and a splendid marble-topped sideboard, which particularly struck my taste, and which I have now in my possession, placed in the post of honour in my luxurious dining-room. I opened the door which clicked a small bell, and entered the shop, when I was immediately waited upon by a tall, quiet-looking, timid man, who turned out to be the proprietor, Mr. Enoch Baxter. It is impossible for me to explain why I did so, but at the moment when he advanced towards me, by a kind of impulse, I rattled loudly some loose gold that I had in my trousers' pocket, and the sound seemed

to have an electrical effect upon Mr. Baxter's nerves. I asked to look at his Post Office London Directory, and as he informed me that he did not possess one, I observed his countenance assume a desponding expression of extreme disappointment. I asked the price of a music-stool, and his face brightened instantaneously with the hopeful expectation of a customer. These little surface indications taught me that Mr. Baxter was an easily-managed, impressive man, and I proceeded to manage him accordingly.

"Noble piece of furniture," I observed, alluding to the marble-topped sideboard.

"Yes, sir," he replied quickly, with great animation, "one of the most finished things we ever turned out, and only sixty guineas."

"Ah," I returned in a desponding tone, "such sums are rarely spent upon single articles of furniture now, especially in these days of commercial distress." The proprietor gave vent to a heavy sigh.

"I should think," I continued in a sympathising tone, "that the neighbourhood you find yourself in, is scarcely adapted to the class of articles you seem to produce?"

"It is not, sir," replied the proprietor; "there is no local gentry, and our trade is cut up by the cheap, advertising, rubbishish shops in other parts of the town."

"Walnut?" I inquired, again directing my attention to the sideboard.

"No, sir; Pollard oak."

"Several large failures in the City again this morning," I remarked, "and the Bank rate of discount, I am told, is likely to go up to twelve per cent." The gold, somehow, again clinked in my pocket.

"Where will it all end?" sighed the proprietor.

"Where?" I responded, walking round the sideboard.

"Sir," said the proprietor, in an almost affectionate manner, "if you would really like that splendid article, I will knock off ten guineas, and put it in to you at fifty."

"These things," I replied, "are all regulated by the law of supply and demand, and the state of the money-market; if I offered you twenty-two pounds——"

The mention of that peculiar sum (the amount of the judge's order) seemed to strike him with a sudden pang; and I think he staggered as he gasped out faintly—

"No, sir, no; it would not pay the cost of the raw material."

The time, I considered, had now arrived for me to take the decisive step. I calmly took one of my address-cards from my pocket-book, and wrote upon it my maximum amount, five-and-twenty pounds.

"There," said I, as I placed it in the open hand of the hesitating proprietor, "five-and-twenty pounds; send the article home to that address, and there is your money, cash on delivery."

Late at night I found the sideboard

* See Household Words, Volume vii. page 391.

standing in my dining-room, and a receipt for twenty-five pounds lying on the table, signed in a somewhat tremulous hand, "Enoch Baxter."

Encouraged by my success with the embarrassed cabinet-maker, I next experimented upon a pianoforte merchant, who I found from my list was suffering from a County Court judgment for fifteen pounds, eighteen shillings. He was a common, cunning-looking man, with a good deal of the mechanic in his appearance; and he gave me the idea of a working carpenter, dressed in a pianoforte-tuner's clothes. He was fetched, I presume, from a public-house to attend upon me; for he came in, smelling very strongly of tobacco-smoke.

There was an instrument, noble in exterior, with all the latest improvements, delicacy of touch, metallic sounding-board, &c., upon which I fixed my attention, while the proprietor rattled over the keys with short, thick, grubby fingers, performing one of those brilliant flourishes peculiar to people who undertake to exhibit the capabilities of a piano for the purpose of effecting a sale.

I quietly inquired the price.

"Well, sir," said he, discontinuing his harmony, and looking up at me with his small, sharp eyes, "we couldn't make a hinstument of that kind to horder under seventy pund; but we bought it on the quiet from a man who shut up his shop and bolted to Hosterlia, and we can say fifty pund for it."

I saw the kind of man I had to deal with, and I did not indulge in any unnecessary negotiation.

"Eighteen pounds," I said, after examining the instrument, "is what I can give for that piano."

"Make more for firewood," returned the proprietor, shortly, closing the lid of the case.

"That's my card," I replied, giving him my address, "eighteen pounds; at home any evening this week after eight."

I was right in my calculations. The next night, about half-past ten, I received a visit from the pianoforte merchant, who had a cart with the instrument waiting at the door.

"Say twenty pund," said he, "and I'm your man."

"You have my bidding," I replied, with dignity.

"You warn't born yesterday," he returned, with a wink; and, coming closer to me in a confidential manner, he continued, "keep it dark, you know; keep it dark."

Whether he paid off the County Court Judgment with the money I cannot tell, but I saw his name in the list of bankrupts a few weeks after this transaction; and at the examination before the Commissioner, there was a judicial rebuke about reckless trading and making away with stock; which I, of course, could not help, as I was only

carrying out the law of supply and demand, and acting upon the maxim of buying in the cheapest market.

HER FACE.

'Twas the sweetest face imaginable—and the most feminine. I could read in it—for by our faces, our gestures, our attitudes, our manner of dressing, and fifty other external indications that we have not the least idea of, we divulge continually all sorts of mental characteristics that we think our neighbours know nothing about, nay, that we ourselves perhaps know nothing about;—I could read in the face before me, I say, an ignorance of evil, a good sense and kindness of heart, that made me long to know the possessor of such a countenance.

That look of cheerfulness, too,—was it given by the eyes, or do all the features combine, when an expression is to be produced?

At any rate, there it was. You could see, with half an eye, that she was neither discontented, nor listless, nor a grumbler. About the whole face there was a great, but at the same time an indescribable, charm. One glance at the evenness of her braided hair, at the tying of her bonnet strings, and at the arrangement of her dress, told of an almost excessive cleanliness and neatness.

Is it possible that I have absolutely forgotten, till this moment, to mention that I am talking all this time about a photograph? About a cheap photograph, too, in a street-door case, with a touter lying in ambush, who was down upon me with a pressing invitation to sit, just as I was concluding the above analysis.

It is unnecessary to say, that by this request I was, as everybody always is, driven from the spot. Not, however, before I had observed that the little lady whose portrait had first caught my attention, certainly owed nothing to surrounding circumstances; seeing that she was bounded on the north by an Ethiopian singer, in the costume of his country; on the south by a clown, also in canonicals; on the east by an itinerant pastry-vendor (the tarts were exquisitely rendered); and on the west by a member of the Metropolitan Police Force, in whom the artist had caught with singular felicity that expression of slow and unresisting, nay, satisfied strangulation peculiar to that body.

It was "the breathing time of the day with me," and, driven by the touter from the contemplation of the photographic studies, I wandered on.

Haunted, though, by that face,—I could not get rid of it. I saw it through everything I looked at. Thus, when I got opposite the Economical Shoe Mart, and found that,—Yes, this was the cheap shop, and no mistake,—that this was Tommy Peacock's, and that the public were adjured with affecting earnestness to "try T. P.'s nobby

side-laced," I was mixing up my beauty with T. P.'s advertisements, and wondering whether her boots were buttoned or Balmorals; or whether Tommy Peacock had ensnared her as she came away from the photographic studio, and encased her dear little ankles in the "nobby side-laced."

Her face was on the lids of the snuff-boxes in the tobacconists' windows; on the headings of the songs at the music-sellers'; on the shoulders of the dummies at the hair-dressers'; and finally, it hovered before the columns of my penny newspaper when I got home, and prevented me from giving my full attention to the philanthropic announcements of the "retired physician whose sands of life are nearly run out," and who insists on curing us of consumption for nothing; or to the eager, but somewhat impertinent questionings of those mechanicians who are perpetually inquiring if we double up our perambulators, and whether or not we bruise our oats.

The restlessness engendered by this state of things was not to be borne; so I wandered forth again, turning over in my mind all sorts of extravagant schemes, having for their object the discovery of the original of this remarkable portrait. This could only be done in one way. I must face the touter, —walk into the studio, and get all the information that was to be got, out of the proprietor of the establishment.

I felt that reflection would not do, and that if I hesitated I should lose all the courage necessary for the exploit. So I treated my body as a piece of machinery, —worked it past the touter, and into the operating room, and there compelled the muscles of the tongue to fulfil their function, and to inquire of the scientific character who presided, and who presented an appearance something between a strolling actor and a druggist, whether he could inform me who was the original of the portrait in the very centre of his street-door case, expressing at the same time, as a means of conciliating him, my readiness to purchase the likeness.

The result of my interview with this functionary was far from satisfactory. He stared at me long and fixedly, pulled his moustache with a finger and thumb deeply stained with chemicals, and finally stated, that he knew nothing whatever about the party; that she merely came in promiscuous to have her portrait taken; and, having got it, took it away with her, having first, at the artist's request, sat for another likeness for the benefit of the door-case. He had no wish to disturb the arrangement of the portraits outside, and therefore would decline to part with the specimen.

This inhuman person stood and sulkily watched me the whole way down a long covered passage which led from the studio to the street, causing my back to feel so uncomfortable that I had vague inclinations

to put up my umbrella as a shelter from the glare which I felt consuming the very marrow of my spine.

This was a bad beginning; but, as there seemed to be no help for it, the only thing to be done was to endeavour to forget all about it.

My faith is large in time, in these cases; and, though that pleasant face still kept for sometime recurring to my memory; yet gradually the proprietor of the scythe and hour-glass did his work, and I thought of it less and less.

My occupation (that of a reporter to a cheap newspaper) while it keeps me at times fiercely busy, leaves me now and then fitful intervals of leisure. Of these I always take advantage to get as much exercise as I possibly can. Whenever I get away from those mystic hieroglyphics of short-hand—in the formation of which my principal duties consist—my first object is to get the sky over my head. As long as my legs will carry me I eschew a roof. I become a nomade or Arab of the desert in my habits; and, after snatching a meal as I go along, eat my morsel, as the French phrase it, on the thumb. I believe I should pass my night in a tent, if I might put one up in the Tottenham Court Road.

It was, then, in one of these intervals of exercise, in the busy thoroughfare which I have just named, that I met her!

Met her! I almost ran against her; for I was looking in another direction, and she came upon me suddenly. She was carrying a parcel, and was accompanied by a little girl who looked like her younger sister.

She was past me in a moment, and I was left a fixture on the pavement,—bewildered, undecided, stupified. In this state I remained for half a minute, much buffeted and knocked about by the passers-by. But in that half minute I had at least come to the conclusion that she must not be lost sight of.

I turned and cast myself upon her track.

Then came a stage of doubt. Was it she?

In order to resolve this question, it became necessary that I should get in front of her, walk pretty rapidly to the next turning, and leaning against the lamp-post, as if waiting for some one, examine her carefully as she approached and passed me.

These things were done, and resulted in a conviction that the original of the portrait, which had so powerfully impressed me, was hastening along in front of me.

There is this great difference between a photograph and a picture; with regard to the latter we are often disappointed when we see the original, while with the former this is never the case. The centre compartment of the street-door case, which plays so important a part in this drama, was infinitely less satisfactory than the charming little figure I was in pursuit of.

Following any one in this way is not so

easy a thing as you might suppose. If you keep too far off you are in danger of losing the object of your pursuit altogether, for people have wonderful ways, in these cases of suddenly disappearing, as it seems, into the very bowels of the earth.

Let us take an instance. You are a boy of sixteen—you have been taken for the first time to the opera—you have seen Carlotta Grisi, and are, as any right-minded youth of that age would be, madly in love with her. You linger at stage-doors, and one day you see her come out from rehearsal. It is by no means an uncommon occurrence that she walks home very plainly dressed, and accompanied by a shabby female servant. You determine to find out where she lives, that you may go and worship outside the house—a common practice at the age I have mentioned, and one fraught with tremendous gratification. It doesn't do later in life somehow. You determine to follow her, and soon get into a crowded thoroughfare. You come to a turning—she was in front of you a moment ago, but you don't see her. You look wildly round—you are losing a little time, but what are you to do? You will go a little way down that turning. But you don't see her, and you rush back to the main line, running on madly ahead, and trying to see over the people's heads. Still that straw bonnet with the brown ribbons is not to be discerned. Is it possible you have passed her? Well, it is barely possible; so you think you will go back a little. And, as all hope is at an end, I give you up, leaving you with a blank expression of face, standing at the original corner where the loss occurred.

I think that, by the time we had got to a small house, in a quiet, little street, in the vicinity of the New Road, I had been found out, but I am not sure.

There was a stationer's shop on the ground-floor, and a private door on which was a brass plate, with the name of Barker on it—Barker—only Barker—nothing more.

This door she opened with a key, and entering, closed it after her. In a minute it re-opened, a servant looked out, examined me with a scowl, and closed it once more, and finally.

I had to hasten back to my work, and was for some days so closely occupied that I had no opportunity of continuing my adventure. But as soon as I could get a couple of hours clear, I was off, with no definite object in view, it is true; but simply resolved to get opposite that interesting little house as speedily as possible.

It is astonishing what a very little way I perceived I had got in having found out where she lived. I was so absurdly little nearer to knowing her. It was such a very small matter at my comparatively mature age of nine and twenty, to be standing, staring at those inexorable bricks.

Observed, too, observed by the general dealer

whose station was at his shop-door; observed by the lady who retailed oysters at the corner; observed by the policeman who came to the other corner, and took up a position there apparently with the sole object of observing me. Observed—why even the milk-woman had her eye upon me, and she spent a good deal of time in that street when she had evidently a large practice. The wretched little urchins, playing at something with bits of lead, left off to whisper and point at me. In short, I could stand it no longer, and was obliged to take myself off, and leave my observers masters of the field.

Under these painful circumstances, I resolved, as a pis aller, to return in the evening, and see if I could get a little information out of the scowling servant. Uncommonly little information it was.

"Did Mrs. Williams live there?" I asked, politely, when my knock was answered by the apparition of the ill-favoured servant. I thought this as good a way of beginning as any other.

"No!" was the answer, with a scowl and a tendency to close the door.

"Was she quite sure?" was my next inquiry.

"Yes!" with a sniff, and an increased tendency to close the door.

"Didn't a lady with a little girl lodge there?"

"No; nobody lodged there at all." With a scowl and a sniff, and so increased a tendency to close the door, that that inclination appeared to obtain a complete mastery over her, and she did close it in my face.

I lost no time in hastening to a neighbouring tavern in whose window I had observed an announcement that the Post Office Directory was taken in there. I turned to the street, and to the number: "Amphlett, Thomas, stationer; Barker, Miss, pianist." I closed the volume, and, putting down twopence for the bitter-beer which had entitled me to my information, proceeded slowly and meditatively on my way.

"If," said I, with a very strong emphasis on that conjunction, "if, as she of the scowl hath deposed, there are no lodgers in the house, it followeth that my photographic beauty must be either of the family of Amphlett, Thomas, stationer, or that she must be herself Barker, Miss, pianist. Now, had she been an Amphlett, she would have entered by the shop door, which stood invitingly open. Since then, I argued with a logical clearness which astonished me myself, she is not a lodger any more than she is an Amphlett, there remaineth but one conclusion which can be rationally arrived at.

Yes; I see it all, sweet girl! She is, doubtless, by her industry and talents, supporting her aged parents in the country, and the little girl is her younger sister whom she has taken to live with her as a companion, and, to a certain extent, a protection.

More enraptured than ever at the picture I had drawn, I was more than ever puzzled how to proceed. To annoy her by following her about was not to be thought of; to speak to her in the street was equally detestable.

A letter—a carefully worded letter—seemed my only chance. And very soon after my return home I had composed, with infinite effort, an address, in which I implored an interview, an opportunity of expressing the admiration which had consumed me ever since I had seen her portrait in the street. "It would shock me more than words could tell," I said, "if the thought ever suggested itself to her that I could be so base as to write to insult one in so defenceless a position. Far from it; the ardour of my feelings was only equalled by the honourable and respectful nature of them." The letter concluded with a suggestion of the time and place best suited for the meeting which I so eagerly desired.

Do I get there before the time? Of course I get there before the time. My head feeling very warm, my fingers very cold, and my mouth very dry. It is evening. As the appointed hour draws near and passes, all these symptoms become aggravated. Aggravated so much that when that figure which, at a little distance, in the darkness, I thought might be the subject of my hopes and fears, gets under the lamp, it is a positive relief to me to find that it is not she; but, on the contrary, a small female with a large head, dressed in outrageous taste, middle-aged, and ringleted.

But why does she of the middle age and the ringlets—she of the large head and odious costume, arrest her steps when she has just got past me? Why does she go a little farther and then hesitate again? Why does she return? And why—O why—with a mincing gesture and an affectation of maiden bashfulness, terrible to behold, does she draw forth a letter, and holding it towards me inquire if I am the writer of it!

Because—because I am an ill-starred miscreant—because I was born on a Friday—because I am a fool and an idiot, and a rash, misguided, misinformed, mistaken wretch, destined to expiate my follies by tortures too horrible to reflect on; because, as she informs me when a faint gurgling rattle at the back of my throat conveys to her, I suppose, the plea of Guilty to the letter; because, I say, she is Barker, Miss, pianist, who, though deeply conscious of the imprudent step she is taking in thus according an interview to a stranger, is yet impelled to do so by reason of the loneliness of her heart, which longs for sympathy, and by a strange presentiment (engendered by the nature of that accursed document which I wrote in an accursed hour) a presentiment that in its author she should find at length a human being capable of filling up the void within.

I ran away! Ran away fast; for the first

half mile very fast; for the next quarter of a mile not so fast; then I stopped, looked behind, and listened; then for a quarter of a mile I trotted gently; then I stopped again, and (if I may use the expression), looked myself in the face.

Reflecting over this unhappy mistake, I could only conclude that the domestic with the scowl had deceived me as to there being no lodgers in the house; that the young lady, or the little girl who was with her, had observed me following them, and had directed the servant to give me no information. I remembered that the door opened just after the two had got inside, and that the hand-maiden of the ill-favoured visage took note of me as if she had been told that the person waiting outside was to be thwarted in every conceivable way.

I must own that I thought all the better of her for this. It showed a modesty and difficulty of access, which was a good sign. But how completely I was foiled. I did not dare to go near the house for fear of meeting with the susceptible Barker. The only sustenance left for my passion consisted in occasionally passing the photographic establishment which had originated it, and gazing at the portrait as long as the touter would allow me; and this official began soon to look at me so suspiciously that even that gratification had to be given up by degrees.

A considerable interval elapses, and again, time and occupation are at work fulfilling their noble mission, and producing oblivion.

I had not got fifty yards from the photograph-shop, where I had been taking a surreptitious look at this strangely irresistible portrait by the light of the gas-lamp (for it was evening) when I came upon her again. I had not followed her fifty yards more when she turned into a poorish square, knocked at the door of one of the houses, and was instantly admitted.

They—the little girl was with her again—they had not seen me this time, I was sure. It was night. The time of my following them was short, and the moment we got into the square, I had darted over to the enclosure side of it, which was very dark, and from thence had watched them.

"No more mistakes, Charles Robert," I said, "this time. Lean thee against the railings, my son, and keep thine eyes upon the house."

I follow my own advice, and am speedily rewarded. In a very few minutes the door opens, and a servant emerges. Quite another type of domestic though, from my last terrible experience: a nice, stumpy little article this, and smiling, with a good black smear upon her nose, and every other element calculated to impair her dignity, and deprive her of the power of impressing me with awe. With a jug in her hand, too, bless her,—an empty jug, and a large door key. Who's afraid? Not I.

I wanted her to tell me, I said, coming up with her rapidly, and dropping a shilling into the empty jug, where it revolved with a jingling sound before it settled down;—I wanted her to tell me who that young lady was whom she had let into that house a minute ago?

She didn't know whether she ought to tell me, it seemed.

Of course she ought, I said—an unanswerable argument.

Well, she supposed there was no harm in it. "Well, it was Miss——" Hurrah, no beast of a husband in the case! She's mine! Where's the licence?—"Miss Fenton, and her little sister."

"Who is she? Does she live with her father and mother? What is her father?"

"Yes; she lives with her pa and ma, and he's a professor of dancing, Mr. Fenton is."

"Where does he teach? There?" pointing to the house.

"No; he have a class at the rooms in Hangel Street."

I should like to have kissed her. Perhaps I might without offence. Perhaps if it hadn't been for the black upon her nose—but we will not go too deeply into motives. It is the unwise course in the world. It is enough that I didn't. I squeezed her hand heartily; thanked her, and as soon as I got out of hearing, sung the whole of *Non piu mesta* with all the variations, right to a note.

I believe I am an accomplished dancer. It is my happy privilege to believe that I am an accomplished dancer. I have been told so by my partners before now. I have tried to waltz opposite my chamber looking-glass, that I might see; and though I could not see, either when it stood on the table, or when I had lowered it to a chair, or even when I had placed it on the floor, I yet feel convinced that I am an accomplished dancer.

Be that as it might, to begin learning to dance again, even under Miss Fenton's papa, was not to be thought of, or at any rate must be kept for a last resource. But I remembered that it is a common practice with Professors of dancing, to give weekly assemblies to which the public is admitted by tickets, and on consulting the placards outside the rooms in Angel Street, I found, sure enough, that every Wednesday was a Grand Quadrille Night, admission, one shilling.

Of course she would be there—you know—O, of course.

Large are the Rooms in Angel Street, and the Rooms in Angel Street are dark, and a little bare-looking withal; and it happens that when rooms are large and dark, and a little bare-looking, and not over full of company, they are apt to strike a casual observer with gloom, and with gloom was I stricken, of a surety, and with a deadly chill, when I entered them on the very next Wednesday after I had read the announce-

ment. My hat was taken from me, too, down-stairs, and my paletôt, and I was sent up, feeling bare and shelterless. Even if I had brought a stick, it would have been a melancholy consolation. But, doubtless, that would have been taken away, too, so it's just as well.

Why a harp, and a violin, and a violoncello, and a clarinet, and a fife, should not make merry music, I don't know; but they didn't. They were playing the English Quadrilles, but I distinctly assert that it was not merry music.

Why Thames mud-coloured merino should have been selected as the favourite material for the ladies' dresses, I don't know either, but it was, and when any of them had a bit of colour about them, it was commonly in the shape of a light blue neck-ribbon; and you must by no means say that light blue and Thames mud-colour is a cheerful mixture, on a cold night, with drizzling rain falling. Well, I suppose they were very poor, and had only their working dresses to come in, so we must not be hard upon them. Howbeit, there are plenty of better colours as cheap as the greyish brown tint I have alluded to.

One appalling feature of the assembly remains to be mentioned:—they all knew each other. I knew nobody. And four young ladies, whom, by their appearance, I should take to be Pantheon stall-proprietors, —three in Thames mud trimmed with gray and the fourth in slate-colour, with blue decorations, —these young ladies, I say, seated on a form near the door—took note of me, with covert whisperings and giggles, to my soul's confusion.

Pervading all parts of the room with a fixed smile, but yet with an undefinable suggestion of the schoolmaster about his expression, which I have noticed that teaching anything always imparts, was Miss Fenton's papa. The only individual present in evening costume, tall, erect, and with a blessed belief in Fenton.

I have now to relate a very strange optical delusion. Perhaps some of the readers of this paper may at some time have experienced something similar. Perhaps not. Standing in the room, then, as I have said, just by the door, and examining the company one by one, I at last, as it seemed to me, detected my photographic idol dancing in a quadrille at the other end of the room. I didn't admit it to myself that I felt a little disappointed in her, but I think I was. However, there she was evidently: there was a little look of the father about her, too—eh?—just a little about the eyes or somewhere? Now, I must own that to these questionings addressed to myself, a very guarded and hesitating assent was given by that other part of me which I consulted. So I went up into a gallery at one end of the room, and looked down upon her. Well, of

course it's she—feeble assent from the voice within. Why who else, I should like to know, has that compact little figure, that charming turn of the head? But I'll go down, I thought, and get close up to her, and very soon settle all this. The flavour of the clarinet got fearfully strong as I worked my way nearer to her, for she was dancing close to the music; but I persevered, and sat down upon a bench a few paces from her. Will it be believed that I was getting more confused about this question of identity every moment? Will it be believed that, the dance over, when I went up to the end of the room where the refreshments were served, when I sat down and drank my ginger-beer, and when she came and sat down with her partner close by me, and also drank ginger-beer, that I was still uncertain? Will it be believed, that when her partner got up and left her, and when she had turned to me and asked me, in a hesitating manner and calling me Sir, "if I did not intend to dance," that I had only got so far as to admit that it might be faintly and remotely possible that she might be Miss Fenton's sister? Indeed, it was only when the young lady, having now broken the ice, proceeded to inform me that she should be very happy to provide me with a ticket for a ball which she was going to give at the rooms we were in on the following Tuesday,—it was only when she handed me the card in question, (by glancing at which I learnt that I was in conversation with Miss Lisetta Scrope), that I began to perceive that she was not even, except in the feeblest degree, like Miss Fenton, and that any one disposed to take the most charitable view of her personal appearance, would not be able to pronounce her more than nice-looking.

And now I found what a sagacious voice that was within me which had objected to Miss Lisetta from the first, and protested against her, and that that protester, who had continually said, "Don't be in a hurry—don't espouse that opinion too hastily; keep your judgment cool, my boy," was, as he always is, completely in the right.

I attribute this delusion partly to a certain resemblance in height and figure which Miss Lisetta certainly bore to my unattainable beauty, but much more to a pre-determination on my part that Miss Fenton was to be, and must be, at those rooms that night.

One thing, at any rate, I learnt from the professoress, (for such she turned out to be), in return for my ticket; this was, that Mr. Fenton was extremely particular about his daughter, kept her wonderfully in the back-ground, and seldom or never allowed her to appear at the rooms in Angel Street.

"So much the better," I thought: and indeed everything I heard about the young lady increased my admiration, and confirmed my resolution to pursue the adventure; but how the deuce was I to get at her?

There was nothing left now but what I had kept for the last resource. "Six private lessons for a guinea," was at the foot of the professor's advertisements. 'Twas a large sum for a poor devil of a newspaper reporter; but I was determined to manage it somehow. The treacherous villain that I felt, and the arch impostor, when walking up to Professor F., I said, that I wished to have some private lessons in waltzing, if he could tell me at what time it would suit him to initiate me! I knew pretty well what my engagements would be next week, and managed to dovetail them into the professor's arrangement.

My scheme was a simple one, but immensely deep. I intended to appear very stupid and ignorant in all matters connected with dancing, at first,—but suddenly, under the professor's tuition, to improve; and, having thus gratified his vanity by showing what an able professor he was, I proposed that at the last lesson or two there should be little left for me to learn, and that I should express my wish to practise with a partner. Then it was my hope that he would propose (seeing me to be a well-conducted young man, and a pupil who did him credit) that I should have an hour devoted to revolving round the angel in Room Street—I mean the room in Angel Street—with his daughter, who should come there for that purpose by his permission. I knew that this was not a wholly absurd hope, having once before been provided with a partner on a similar occasion by a similar professor.

"Well," you ask, "and, this done, are you any nearer your object? The lesson over, will not Miss Fenton retire, and leave you where you were? It is a pretty plan," you add, "as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough." To all which carping and offensive remarks, I respond, that human foresight doth not extend beyond a certain point; that I leave the rest to chance, and that, at least, in the event of my project succeeding, I shall see her; and that see her I must, and will.

My artfulness, in this case, does me yeoman's service. I am at first ignorant, but of an inquiring and teachable character. The Professor shows me the step again and again before I can make anything of it,—twisting himself round and round the room, with a kit in his hand, and looking (if he had not been Miss Fenton's papa) uncommonly like an ass. Then I twist myself round the room, without the kit, but also looking like an ass. She is not there to see me, so I don't care. I make plenty of mistakes at first, and the Professor is even a little disposed to be irritable. In the second lesson, however, I improve, and then get on so rapidly, that at the termination of the fourth interview, there seems really little left for me to learn, and, with a quickened pulse, I put in my momentous remark about the immense

advantage it would be to me if I could have a little practice with a partner.

The Professor eyes me attentively for some time. Perhaps he feels that in my state of proficiency, two more lessons would be a hollow mockery, unless with some new feature thrown into them. Perhaps he really wishes to perfectionate me. Perhaps—perhaps, it was to be. There is no end to conjectures. All I know is, that after walking once up and once down the room, and looking out of one of the windows for a minute or two, thoughtfully, while he played in an abstracted manner the college-hornpipe in a soft falsetto on the kit, he advanced towards me, and nearly drove me mad with joy by saying, that, though entirely opposed to his practice, he was so pleased with my rapid progress, that he would, in this case, depart from his usual rule, and would allow his eldest daughter to be at the rooms in time for my next lesson, and that he was happy to be able in this way to meet the views of a pupil who (with a bow) did him so much credit.

Up all night at my work, and at the office. Not that that mattered much, for I should not have slept a wink if I had had the great bed of Ware to sprawl upon. Still, the condition of my nerves was not what it might have been, and I found myself in an apprehensive and excited state, picturing to myself all sorts of unpleasant things which might occur. Of these, what I most dreaded was, that Miss Fenton should recognise in me the person who had followed her on the occasion that led to the great Barker failure.

I was received by the kit, which was the only occupant of the room in Angel Street when I arrived there. The Professor was not long, however, in appearing, when desultory conversation ensued, during which I contradicted myself, and distorted the English language, in a manner which, to a bystander, would have been a curious and interesting study. Mr. Fenton remarked that his daughter would join us in a few minutes. I was speechless, and paid a visit to the shirt-button: threads much longer; button sportively loose and easy. The Professor had just stated his opinion that the air felt very close that morning; and I had just replied that I thought a button (I meant a storm) would clear the atmosphere, when the door opened, and—Miss Fenton and I were in the same room.

O, wealth of charm in that delicious figure; sustenance for a life's affection in that pleasant face. O, well-chosen subject for a pursuit more hedged with difficulties a thousand-fold than mine has been! O, well-spent time, that has brought her before me as she stands, if it is only for a minute's space! Nay—'tis not so much. It does not take a

minute scarcely, for this young lady to raise her eyes to mine, to recognise me, and to leave the room.

I rushed to the door, and set my back against it; for I was fearful lest her father should follow her. I was desperate, feeling my last chance to have arrived. The agony I was in inspired me with a maniacal strength and eloquence, and I burst into a torrent of words, which I could no more control than I could the Falls of Niagara. Her father was before me, and I told him all. Told him what the reader knows already,—and what more? This: that, though far from well off, or able to secure his daughter from the chances which the future might have in store, I had that to offer which, as I believed, did surely entitle me, or any man, to marry,—a profession by which, with strict but not painful economy, I should be able to maintain a wife, and which offered, as most callings do, the means of rising higher to men who choose to work and think. As long as health and strength should last—and I had no reason, humanly speaking, to doubt the continuance of both—I could give his daughter a home, and all things necessary to her happiness, and, above all, a mind made up to work for her, to protect her, and—O how ardently!—to love her.

I concluded by imploring Mr. Fenton very urgently to consider well my request; and if he found the inquiries about me, which it was only right he should make, satisfactorily answered, to admit me as an acknowledged suitor for his daughter's hand. I then gave him my address, and left him. I met her on the stairs as I went away; but I only raised my hat as I passed her, though I longed to throw myself at her feet.

What remains may be briefly and happily told.

The result of Mr. Fenton's researches into my history were so far to his taste, that the entrée of his house was not denied me, and the entrée of Mr. Fenton's house was so far to my taste, that I was never, when I could help it, out of it. And I am of opinion, that that acceleration of the wedding-day which I so eagerly urged, was consented to the more readily by the family, from its being obviously the only way to get rid of me.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read at DUBLIN on the 23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th of August; at BELFAST on the 27th and 28th; at CORK on the 30th and 31st of August; at LIMERICK on the 1st and 2nd of September; at HUDDERSFIELD on the 8th; at WAKEFIELD on the 9th; at YORK on the 10th; at HARROWGATE on the 11th; at SCARBOROUGH on the 13th; at HULL on the 14th; at LEEDS on the 15th; at HALIFAX on the 16th; at SHEFFIELD on the 17th; and at MANCHESTER on the 18th of September.

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BRISTLES AND FLINT.

WHEN the Direct Burygold Railway was opened, nothing met the eye but clean, new masses of brickwork; gravelled roads, bright rails, iron girders, lines of brilliant carriages, vast stations, solid bridges, armies of porters, luxurious waiting-rooms, palatial entrance-halls, endless corridors, encaustic pavements, and Grecian porticos. What could be grander? What could be more imposing? Every director of the Burygold Railway was a monarch, and the chairman was the monarch of them all. No troublesome accounts and balance sheets were there to damp the joy of a splendid inauguration. Contractors had not sent in their supplementary charges; lawyers' bills for parliamentary conflicts and the purchase of land, were not even copied out, much less delivered. Great George Street was waiting to gather strength for a more effective spring; and Park Street, for the present, was perfectly tranquil.

Burygold was one of the most important manufacturing towns in the country. Its increase of population, and industrial development during the last ten years, had astonished even its most sanguine inhabitants. Old statist stared, and could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw the report of the last census. No equal example of rapid growth and apparent prosperity was recorded in the national annals. Its consumption of raw material was something fabulous; and its productions were known and appreciated in every corner of the globe. No one could see it,—or rather visit it, and try to see it,—without being at once impressed with an overwhelming sense of its importance. People upon provincial and metropolitan platforms got up and descanted loudly upon its "mission," and were received with the respect due to inspired unveilers of the future. No town could number so many factory chimneys; no factory chimneys were so lofty; no chimneys sent forth such volumes of smoke. You might pass near to it on a sunny day, and, great as it was, be unaware of its existence, because of the self-created cloud that enveloped it. From a quiet country road, a few miles distant, you might observe a

black, dense mass of vapour in the air above the trees, which any one would tell you was Burygold. Walking through its streets you would be struck with the hard, dry, anxious expression of the men, the absence of women, and the want of everything that betokened amusement and recreation. It was work: nothing but work—one ceaseless round of ever-beginning, never-ending work. Masters and men shared the same lot together. Men had homes; but they were never in them, except for dull, weary, heavy sleep: masters had carriages and mansions, but they only used the first to save the precious minutes, and they were never at ease or happy at home. What was all this unceasing labour for?

No one could see any solid product springing from this world of labour. Capital was absorbed, and the cry was still for more. More capital not being forthcoming the moment the cry was uttered, the Burygold financiers found fault with the currency system. The whole thing was out of order. The bank charter was a worn out measure, useful in its time, but not adapted to the wants of a more enterprising age; it was time to create a new coinage, with paper and a few strokes of the pen. Some individuals looked calmly on at Burygold during her struggle; watched her galvanic industry; accused her, in company with every town of her kind in the kingdom, of preferring extension to soundness of operations, and were stigmatised as croakers, and men of the past generation. Her manufacturers strove against each other individually for quantity without regard to quality of business; and collectively they strove against every rival town of a similar kind.

Many people wondered there had never been a railroad to Burygold before, and they were not at all surprised when, in a few years, the opening of a second line was announced—the Great Deadlock Railway. The estimates upon which this new line was based were very favourable: perhaps, a trifle more favourable than those which had triumphantly placed the Direct Burygold Railway at the head of its fellow-undertakings in the stock-markets of this country.

The directors of both companies—the Direct Burygold and the Great Deadlock—

were sound, experienced men, with no nonsense or imagination about them. They were practical men: men who had never had a single dream in their lives; men who made their mark in actions; not in words: men fully up to the level of their time, if not a little in advance of it: men whose names were a guarantee for the plain, common-sense character of what they did: kindred men to those who had promoted Thames Tunnels, Waterloo Bridges, and structures, that had created in the country a disappointed and disaffected band of dividendless shareholders, but had increased the number of the recognised wonders of the world.

Such were the men into whose experienced hands the Great Deadlock and Burygold Railway enterprises had fallen; and it cannot be wondered at, that capital flowed in streams of abundance at their feet. Shareholders who were happy in their unbounded faith in names, and their belief in exceptional profits, offered their support even before it was asked.

Two of the greatest men at their respective boards; in fact, we may go further, and say two of the greatest men in the whole trading country, were Mr. Jupiter Bristles, and Mr. Mercator Flint. Mr. Bristles was the chairman of the Direct London and Burygold Railway, and Mr. Flint was the chairman of the Great Deadlock Railway. They were, undoubtedly, the right men in the right places.

Mr. Jupiter Bristles was a man who was fully impressed with the importance of his position. He was always at his post; in fact, as Mrs. Bristles observed, in her lonely mansion in one of the squares, "he seemed to live at the railway." He was never happy as when in the board-room, or puffing along the platform of the London terminus, with guards and porters touching their caps to him on every side. He was always upon the spot to be consulted on any emergency, and was never so indignant as when no emergency arose for him to be consulted upon. Traffic-managers and secretaries were all very well—clever, able, and attentive men; but they fully understood that not even the most trifling step was to be taken without the sanction of Mr. Bristles. Far from being annoyed when summoned at what many men would consider untimely seasons, it was his pride that he knew of no such seasons; and his particular instructions were that, at any time; at any hour of the day or night; on any day in the week; in the midst of a dinner-party; on Sunday, and even in church, if wanted, he was, without a moment's hesitation, to be called.

Mr. Bristles's reward for all this activity, and attention to the interests of the shareholders, was the gratification of his sense of self-importance. He had influence; he had authority; and, without these things, he would have withered away. He was a stout man; fifty; and dressed scrupulously after

the fashion of the late Sir Robert Peel. In his own dining-room he was represented in oil at full length, with a board-room background; holding a roll of paper in one hand, and with the fore-finger of his other hand pointing to a spot upon a map lying on the table. In his drawing-room he was again represented in oil, at full length, with a background of engines, bales of merchandise, a bridge, and a tunnel; while by his side was a large globe on which his fore-finger was pointing in much the same manner as it did on the map. The day, he hoped, was not far distant when he should see his statue standing in the great hall of the railway. When he took a party of friends along the line—a right or privilege of which he was very fond of availing himself—he considered Watt a great man, and Stephenson not (to be despised; but he knew of a greater than either of these two—Mr. Jupiter Bristles.

Such attention at all hours, and all seasons, "such a mastery of details, and such power of rapid generalisation," as his particular disciple and supporter at the board delighted to say of him, were not without their effect upon his brother directors. With the exception of the preponderating influence of the great contractors, Messrs. Brimstone, Treacle, and Company, over the affairs of the Direct London and Burygold Railway, Mr. Jupiter Bristles reigned supreme, and there was every chance of his statue being voted by the board.

Mr. Mercator Flint, the chairman of the Great Deadlock Railway, was a thin, severe man, with a crane-like neck, always enveloped, night and day, in a stiff Brummel tie. He had his weaknesses (he wanted to get into Parliament); but he was careful enough never to show them; and, without any commanding power of intellect, he impressed people with a notion of inexhaustible ability, because of his extreme caution and reservation. He had the masterly talent of silence.

Being connected with the Stock Exchange, he passed much of his time at the London terminus; but he was far above any vulgar gratification arising from the servility of the servants of the company. They touched their caps to him or bowed, as the case might be; but he took no notice of such useless marks of respect, and passed on. His undoubted application and his presumed abilities gave him a large degree of influence over his brother directors; and, with the exception of that retained by the great contractors, Messrs. Fiery, Furness and Company, Mr. Mercator Flint's power was absolute.

The Direct Burygold, and the Great Deadlock railways could not exist together, running to the same highly important town, without active rivalry. Indeed a silent encounter had been going on for some time, the knowledge of which had not yet reached the general public; for its injurious results had not appeared in the annual accounts.

This encounter took the form of what may be termed the absorption of villages.

On each side of any main line of railway, will be found a number of small places boasting a church, a single street, a post-office, and a population of about two hundred feeble villagers. These villages may be five miles, or ten miles distant from the line the railway may take; but there they will be, as sure as rivers or Roman roads. Now, the Direct Burygold and the Great Deadlock lines, both going to Burygold, ran nearly parallel, at about twenty miles distance from each other all the way; the villages lying between them. Who made the first step towards absorbing a village,—whether Mr. Jupiter Bristles, aided by Messrs. Brimstone, Treacle, and Company, or Mr. Mercator Flint, assisted by Messrs. Fiery, Furness, and Company,—it is impossible to say; but there was the fact, that both lines always reached one of these favoured outlying spots about the same time. The effect of so much costly branch communication was to impoverish the main lines, without developing the small resources of the hopelessly stagnant places.

When a village was annexed, the three inhabitants, who went once a week to London, were much obliged to the two eminent chairmen for their kind attention and annexation. Sometimes a single passenger of not very powerful intellect, was rendered so undecided by the equal advantages of the timetables and fares of the two rival railroads, that he sank down in a helpless condition, unable to choose either.

Not content with the almost simultaneous absorption of humble villages, the antagonistic feeling of the two great railway chairmen showed itself in no less a struggle than a fight for the sole traffic to and from Burygold. Fares were gradually reduced, day after day, and manifestos covered the walls of their respective railways, signed Jupiter Bristles, and Mercator Flint. The public looked on with wonder and delight at so much directorial spirit; and the time came when the two hundred miles to Burygold and back could be travelled over for the absurd price of eighteen-pence. Strange people came out of metropolitan hiding-places—people who had never heard of Burygold before—treating themselves, first to eighteenpennyworth of the Jupiter Bristles' novelty and instruction, and then to eighteenpennyworth from Mr. Mercator Flint. In return, uncouth strangers from Burygold wandered about the fashionable streets of the metropolis, dressed in an unknown garb, and speaking an unknown tongue. Engine-drivers and guards of the eighteenpenny trains were nothing more than men, and conducted their charges with a trifle less caution than usual, when they thought of the absurdity of such minimised fares. The result was that, once or twice, they ran off the line, or into coal-trucks, and both Mr. Jupiter Bristles and Mr. Mercator Flint

discovered, to the cost of their respective companies, that eighteenpenny passengers knew more about Lord Campbell's Compensation Act, and the value of a bruised head, or a broken limb, than aristocratic and regular travellers.

How long this gigantic struggle, as Mr. Bristles loved to term it, would have lasted, it is impossible to say, if it had not been abruptly brought to a close by the commercial collapse of the important town of Burygold. This produced something like a truce between the two great chairmen; a reasonable tariff of fares was again resorted to; and the warriors rested, for the present, upon their laurels and their losses.

Burygold had over-traded itself. It had been a Burygold boast that a retail trader could not be found within its precincts: everybody was so extremely wholesale that every form of currency was too restricted for Burygold's vast operations. Capital could not be made fast enough. It was time for Burygold to put her shoulder to the wheel, and re-model the whole financial system of the country; for, its productions had been shipped to every part of the globe, but it had not been paid for them.

It was a sad thing to see so much energy, so much smoke, so many factory chimneys utterly thrown away. The town looked highly practical. In fact what was it, if it was not practical? It had no beauty to recommend it; it did not look like a land of dreams. Mention Bagdad or Constantinople at Burygold, and everybody laughed. They knew exactly what those places meant;—oriental indolence, oriental superstition, oriental weakness of mind and body, oriental indifference to gas, main-sewers, water-companies, and railroads. But Burygold was the type of Anglo-Saxon energy; and its mission was to build iron bridges for insolvent States; to construct docks for countries that could not pay for them; to supply foreign armies with swords and fire-arms in exchange for drafts upon tottering treasuries; to tunnel foreign mountains, and to drain foreign bogs, with a very misty prospect of remuneration; and even to take its share in the cost and anxiety of conducting a gigantic war for those oriental dreamers, who were too indolent and incapable to conduct it themselves. This was the practical mission which Burygold had claimed for itself; and, while straining undoubted powers to fulfil it to the utmost, it was in danger of perishing almost hopelessly in the attempt. Its chimneys towered upward as they did before, but with no crown of smoky glory round their lofty heads. Its broken-down contractors wandered listlessly through the mazes of their silent and motionless machinery, cursing the stillness produced by an arbitrary law that limited the issue of paper-money, by fixing the convertibility of the bank-note. A little more time, and a few more banking

facilities, and Burygold would have been as active as ever. Now, her barges were lying still and empty upon her inky canals; her waggons were reposing quietly in her stables; her workmen were standing in idle whispering groups at the corners of her black and smoky streets, and in growling mobs opposite to her workhouse. Her capitalists were biting their nails over melancholy balance-sheets in her dingy counting-houses. They had been practical men;—men who had not dreamed dreams, but men who had acted them. It was a pity they had failed: but their principle—extension rather than soundness—led to ruin; and their time had come.

Six months—twelve months—passed, and Burygold, instead of “righting herself,” as Mr. Bristles, and also Mr. Flint, had confidently predicted it would, only seemed to sink more helplessly and irredeemably into the mire. It became evident that something New must be struck out, to give the Great Deadlock and the Direct Burygold enterprises a lift in the market;—to preserve the chance of Mr. Bristles’ statue being voted, and the prospect of the parliamentary membership of Mr. Flint. This something new, after much deliberation, turned out to be nothing more than a plan very familiar to both Messrs. Brimstone and Treacle, and Messrs. Fiery, Furness, and Company, the eminent contractors: It was spontaneously discovered, one morning, by Mr. Bristles and Mr. Flint, that of whatever peculiar advantages their respective railways could boast (and it was not necessary—to quote a parenthesis from the new prospectus—to enlarge upon what must be self-evident to the meanest capacity), they both languished for want of marine attractions. They went through an agricultural country, a grazing country, an historical country, a coal country, and a manufacturing country; but they commanded no seaport, no coast town, and it was not surprising that their dividends languished. A Direct Burygold and Great Deadlock Branch to the delightful and salubrious coast town of Hookham-in-the-Marsh, was a public and politic demand that was not to be resisted.

Hookham-in-the-Marsh was about fifty miles across the country from Burygold; and, until discovered by the railway surveyors, its sands were almost strangers to the foot-prints of civilised man. A flag-staff, a few huts, two fishing smacks, a boat turned upside down, a wide expanse of mud, sand, stones, and sea-weed, composed Hookham-in-the-Marsh. A little out of the mud and water, about two miles inland, was the parent town; sometimes called Great Hookham; sometimes, from the almost imperceptible slope upward from the coast, called Hookham-on-the-Hill.

Hookham-on-the-Hill had been a village in the time of William the Conqueror, and a village it yet remained in the middle of the nineteenth century. Its few inhabitants were unambitious and easy-going, passing much of

their time upon a bridge chewing straw, and dropping stones into a small river that ran down to the sea. Their staple manufacture was a celebrated, but indigestible cheese, which caused the town to have a faint smell, as if suffering from defective sewerage; and their only pride was in a hard cannon-ball kind of dumping, which had been made at the principal and only hotel—according to a stringent proviso in the lease—uninterruptedly, every day, for a period of two hundred years. There was also a small ruin in the neighbourhood;—the remains of Saint Nettlerash’s Abbey, looking very like a large Gothic dust-bin; and, up a certain stable-yard was a spring, dropping into a stone basin from a rudely carved lion’s head in the wall. Whoever tasted the waters of this spring, to the extent of half a pint, was immediately confined to his bed with symptoms of aggravated cholera, and excited unholy hopes in the minds of expectant legatees.

Such were the chief features of Hookham-on-the-Hill; which, added to the large semi-circular coast of mud, stones, sand, and seaweed, that distinguished the port of Hookham-in-the-Marsh, formed, in the opinion of Mr. Bristles and Messrs. Brimstone, Treacle, and Company, on the one hand, Mr. Flint and Messrs. Fiery, Furness, and Company, on the other, a more than usually favourable basis for the extension of railway enterprise. A deputation of influential local individuals from Hookham-on-the-Hill, waited privately on Mr. Mercator Flint (under the advice of Messrs. Fiery, Furness, and Company), and as good as told him that his election for that ancient town might be considered as secured, on the very day that the proposed station was opened in the Great Hookham High Street. Messrs. Brimstone, Treacle, and Company went even further in influencing Mr. Bristles; for, aided by two faithful disciples of that gentleman, they moved and carried at a full meeting of the Direct Burygold Board: “That in consideration of Mr. Bristles’s talent and energy, his undeviating attention to business details, and his praiseworthy devotion to the best interests of the Direct London and Burygold Railway, a sum of one thousand pounds be set aside as a testimonial to be presented to him in the form of a full-length statue in stone, to be erected upon a pedestal in the centre of the great entrance-hall at the London terminus: such stone statue to be executed by the eminent sculptor, Mr. Atticus Mallett.”

These movements had the desired effect. The Great Deadlock Company took a long lease of the stable-yard and spring, obtained a highly scientific and incomprehensible medical certificate of the beneficial saline properties of the water, and built a Corinthian pump-room. The Direct Burygold turned its attention to the antiquarian history of Saint Nettlerash’s Abbey, and to looking-up several natural advantages in the outskirts

of Hookham-on-the-Hill. Both Mr. Bristles and Mr. Flint, to all outward appearance, sank their individual and official animosities, and worked together for the proper and speedy development of Hookham-in-the-Marsh. Mr. Bristles, at every possible opportunity, threw himself into his favourite statuesque attitude, with his finger pointing upon the map, and held forth enthusiastically upon the glowing future of the now obscure fishing-station.

"No one," he said, "with any commercial discernment, could look at that vast natural bay—semicircular, and only open to favourable winds—and hesitate to predict that, when brought by railroad within four hours of the metropolis, its inevitable destiny would be not only to ruin Scarborough, Brighton, and other watering-places, but to command at least fifty per cent. of the shipping business of Great Britain."

Mr. Flint, in his own peculiar manner, and in his own proper sphere, worked, like Mr. Bristles, for the furtherance of the same object; but, notwithstanding the energy and ability of the two great chairmen, they were unable to prevail upon any independent capitalists to build upon the bleak and muddy shore of their hopeful watering-place. In the course of time, a certain number of monotonous white houses, with green-shaded bow-windows, a bath-house, a railed enclosure, and six floating baths, were placed upon the beach of Hookham-in-the-Marsh; but placed with the capital of the two railways. Yet the two extensions were looked upon with a large degree of public interest; and, when news came that the Great Deadlock would require a lofty viaduct, and the Direct Burygold a long tunnel, these things were only regarded as two more great engineering difficulties which nature had raised for Anglo-Saxon energy and capital to overcome. So popular were the Great Hookham viaduct, and the Great Hookham tunnel, that pictures of them were drawn, engraved, and largely purchased by an admiring public. Mr. Jupiter Bristles' statue was immediately put in hand, and the parliamentary membership of Mr. Mercator Flint began to assume the appearance of an accomplished fact.

Things went on in this way for some months, without any material change. Mr. Jupiter Bristles called very often at the studio of Mr. Atticus Mallett, to watch the progress of his statue, which seemed to him very slow,—a fact that he accounted for from the dreamy character of artists, who were not practical men. Mr. Mercator Flint was very busy on the Stock Exchange, and patiently awaited the time when he should be entitled to write M.P. after his name.

Some profound writer has written, "Alas, for the vanity of human wishes!" One morning intelligence came of the downfall of the Great Hookham Viaduct; and close upon it, came a report that the engineer of the tunnel

could not, in Burygold fashion, make both ends meet, and that the Great Hookham Tunnel would have to be entirely reconstructed.

There was nothing very remarkable in this: at the worst, the result would only be some months' delay, as the loss would fall upon the contractors, Messrs. Fiery, Furness, and Company, and Messrs. Brimstone and Treacle. But, at this period, a large and important class of persons—perhaps the most important—whom we have scarcely alluded to, because they always persisted in keeping entirely in the background: the people who found the money for all this Anglo-Saxon energy on the part of directors; the shareholders—the silent, contented, believing, suffering shareholders—began to stand forward for a personal investigation of the condition of their property; and it was evident that a long-gathering storm was about to break. Great events have received a wonderful stimulus, if not their origin, from very trifling causes. A French revolution was started by a half-crazy woman tattooing a child's drum in the streets of old Paris; and a great railway reform movement originated with the fall of the Hookham Viaduct, and the misdirection of the Hookham Tunnel.

Mr. Mercator Flint anticipated the investigation; operated to his own advantage on the Stock Exchange, resigned his chairmanship, and disappeared. Some years afterwards he came forward as one of the most energetic of the railway reformers, and his services were gladly accepted, upon the well-known principle that governs the choice of thief-catchers.

Mr. Jupiter Bristles, more confident, or less clear-headed, stood his ground, and was formally expelled from the Board-room throne by a committee of investigation. His statue was ruthlessly and unfeelingly countermanded when more than half-way finished. It was left a mass of ungainly stone, with one blank sightless eye; the whole looking like a gigantic wen.

The two railways were carried sulkily and sullenly through Hookham-on-the-Hill, to Hookham-in-the-Marsh, as there appeared to be nothing better left to do. This watering-place still exists for those who are curious to see it; but it does not thrive. Some people pretend they like its romantic solitude; but their opinion is not to be relied on. It does very well for young married couples who wish to spend an undisturbed honeymoon; but, even for these, it is not altogether cheerful, as a melancholy memory clings to it, beyond the power of the muddy waves to wash away,—the memory of one visitor-suicide and two visitor-idiot. As a port, it is still inaccessible to a Dutch lugger.

One investigation followed upon another, and it was found that there were other sores, in the body-politic of the Direct Burygold, and the Great Deadlock, besides the Hook-

ham-in-the-Marsh extensions; and that other railways had also sores, and chairmen like the practical Mr. Jupiter Bristles and Mr. Mercator Flint. The great and blessed legacy left by the Watts and Stephenson of the past had been made the dice-box of sharpers and knaves, and the football of fools and beadies incarnate. Faded widows and helpless orphans came with their withered shares to the gate, and were sent empty away; weeping in the present, desponding for the future.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

THERE are two kinds of electricity; the one vitreous or positive, the other resinous or negative; and both kinds are produced in the atmosphere by various causes; chiefly by evaporation. We may form a slight idea of the extent of evaporation carried on over the whole globe—over all the rivers and lakes and seas, the stagnant pools and latent moisture, the hidden springs and boundless oceans—when we remember that three hundred millions of hogheads of water rise daily into vapour over the Mediterranean alone. By condensation, or the change which that evaporated vapour undergoes when returning to a fluid state through decrease of temperature; by vegetation, by combustion, and by friction. This last arises when masses of air, moving in contrary directions, encounter each other. The friction of their surfaces develops electricity, which is especially active when these masses differ in degrees of moisture and temperature; the cold developing negative, and the warm positive, electricity. The friction of the wind, as it passes over trees, houses, mountains, and other high objects, is also held to set free the electricity of the atmosphere; so that we can understand why thunderstorms should be almost always accompanied by strong winds, and should rarely or never occur in perfectly still weather.

Clouds charged with electricity of one kind meet and coalesce in good fellowship enough; but, when those which bear a different kind meet together, a violent shock is the consequence. Rains are formed by the meeting of different winds, as thunder-storms by the contact of opposing electricities. A warm soft air, charged with moisture, meets with a cold wind direct from the polar regions. The cold north wind condenses and globulates the vapour, which falls to earth in the form of Scotch mists or showers.

First, before a storm arises, is seen the cirrus; that light fibrous curl-like cloud, which stretches in undulating waves or long lines over the sky, sometimes curling out like the lightest and most graceful feathers, or like the sweeping grain of knotted woods. This broadens out into the cirro-cumulus, or sonder cloud; those little round masses which lie near together but yet sepa-

rate, and give the mottled or speckled skies which are so beautiful in summer afternoons when they bode no mischief and contain no evil. Then the cirro-cumulus gathers itself into the cumulus proper, or strachen-cloud—large heaped-up masses that look like carved marble or sun-covered boulders in the deep blue sky—those dazzling white day clouds which children gaze at wonderingly as if they were solid masses built up in the heavens, and which even older brains can scarcely credit to be mere imponderable vapour. These are the forerunners of the storm cloud; that dark, grey, rugged mass, with its sharp and jagged edges, from which stream down both health and destruction to the world below; that cloud, darker and more threatening than the nimbus or rain-cloud, with which people, who are not good observers, so often confound it.

Storms never come from the perfectly uniform and regular clouds which sometimes cover all the sky. Storm clouds have always torn and angry edges, as one would expect from them, fierce and riving as they are—instruments of death, and among Nature's earliest embodiments of rage and devastation. Storms are many patterned. Franklin says that a thunder-storm never comes from one cloud only, and Saussure agrees with him; but other meteorologists (notably, Bergman and Duchamel de Moncean, good names enough) assert the contrary; and Marcovelle states, that on the twelfth of September, seventeen hundred and forty-seven, the sky at Toulouse was perfectly clear, except for one little cloud, from which suddenly burst a thunderbolt that killed a woman named Bordenave as she stood before the house. If that unhappy femme Bordenave bore but an indifferent character—if sorcery and the black art were included among her gifts—we may be sure how the occasion was improved by all the anti-witchcraft world; and how an inevitable natural law was translated into a signalact of Divine vengeance, calculated to strike terror into the hearts of all the sabbat-haunters, loup-garous, broomstick-riders, black cat keepers, and familiar nourishers in Toulouse.

As storms always commence with the accumulation of the cirrus-cloud, and as the cirrus-cloud floats very high, it follows that storms are generally very high above the earth. Kaemtz, one of the greatest meteorologists, doubts all the travellers' tales which set forth how they, the travellers, journeying over the Alps and the Brocken have seen storms forming below them. Yet Monsieur Abbadie found in Ethiopia that an October storm was only about two hundred and thirty-three yards above the earth; but the highest which he noted was one in February, at about two thousand two hundred and forty yards, or about a mile and a quarter. As sound travels three hundred and seventy-five yards per second, the distance of time elapsing

between the flash and the report may be taken as a basis for calculation by any one with nerve sufficient to time a thunderstorm by the minute hand of his watch.

Pliny says it never thunders in Egypt. Plutarch that it never thunders in Abyssinia. We know now that both of these assertions are mistakes, though indeed Egypt is singularly exempt from frequency of storm; for storms are correspondent with rains, and, as it seldom rains in Egypt, thunders and lightnings are equally rare. It never rains in Lower Peru, or so rarely as to be outside all meteorological consideration; consequently, say at Lima, storms of thunder and lightning are as little known as hurricanes of wind and rain. Storms are also rare at the North Pole, and never occur in mid-seas, at a certain distance from land. The rainy days at Cairo are only three or four in the year, the storm days are about the same number. At Calcutta the average of storm days is sixty, and everywhere a broad parallel is kept; so that, where there is most rain, there is also most thunder and lightning. Storms come at the same times and seasons, and with striking regularity. In the tropics they accompany the wet seasons and the change of the monsoons: at Calcutta, with its sixty days of storm, not one occurs in November, December, or January: at Martinique and Guadaloupe none are known in December, January, February, or March. In mean latitudes very few storms occur in winter, and only a few in the hottest days of spring and autumn: more than one half come in summer, and generally in the day—rarely at night, either in the tropics or in the temperate zones. But the rule of summer storms does not hold absolutely for all places; for, on the western coast of America, and the eastern shores of the Adriatic, more occur in winter than in summer; in Greece more in autumn and spring; in Rome there is no difference between summer and autumn; at Bergen and at the Azores, where there are winter rains, they are most frequent in the cold and rainy weather; at Kingston in Jamaica it thunders every day for five consecutive months, though the adjacent islands are tranquil; also at Popayan in Columbia, during a certain season, there is thunder every day.

Woods, mountains, and broken land cause and attract storms; but their frequency is not always referable to the configuration of a district. At Paris, for instance, the average number of thunder-days is fourteen; and Paris is not on a dead level; while at Denainvilliers, between Orleans and Pithiviers, one of the flattest districts possible, the average is raised to twenty-one. Other atmospheric causes, then, must be in operation which are not yet made fully manifest, and which remain to be investigated.

There are three kinds of lightning, says Monsieur Arago: forked, sheet, and spherical.

Forked lightning comes in very slender flashes, generally white, but is sometimes blue or violet coloured. Fine as these flashes are, they often divide into three or more branches: as, when in seventeen hundred and eighteen, twenty-four churches were struck in the environs of Saint Pol de Léon, but only three peals of thunder were heard. The flashes of forked lightning are most destructive. They are nowhere seen to more terrible perfection than when lighting up the dark ravines and black precipices of a mountainous district. Even in England, among the Cumberland mountains, the thunder-storms have a majesty and awful sublimity which no dweller on the plains can understand. Sheet lightning is comparatively harmless. Some of those thunderless summer lightnings are distant sheet lightnings, too distant to allow of the thunder, which yet exists, being heard. Dark red, blue, or violet are the principal colours of this form of electricity, which has neither the whiteness nor the swiftness of the forked. Spherical lightnings are what are called vulgarly, thunderbolts; luminous masses, or fiery globes, which descend slowly to the earth, and make lightning conductors useless. On the night of the fourteenth of April, seventeen hundred and eighteen, Deslandes saw three globes of fire fall on the church of Conesnon near Brest, and destroy it utterly; and, on the third of July, seventeen hundred and twenty-five, during the height of a thunder tempest, an enormous globe of fire fell, and killed a shepherd and five sheep. This was not so terrible, though, as the Ethiopian storm, reported by Abbadie, which destroyed two thousand goats and the goatherd by one single flash. We quote these assertions modestly, if somewhat doubtfully; not presuming to place a limit to the wonderful forces of nature, of which the more we learn the less we seem to know, yet expressing ourselves humbly on the uncertainty of testimony, and the proneness to exaggeration common to humanity. The balance between scepticism and credulity is the most difficult of all balances to hold evenly.

Those summer lightnings, of which we have spoken, have been taken by some to mean essentially harmless interchanges of electricity; the atmosphere seeking its own electrical equilibrium. But it will generally (not always) be found that, during their appearance, there has been a storm somewhere on earth, where, what was but lambent summer lightning to the far-off spectator, has proved to be deadly destructive fire to some hapless dweller underneath. In a July night of seventeen hundred and eighty-three, De Saussure, at the Hôpital de Grimsel, under a calm clear sky, saw, in the direction of Geneva, a thick band of clouds, which gave out thunderless lightnings. This was but summer lightning to him; but the Genevese were suffering all the horrors and ravages of a storm such as the oldest inhabitant

had never witnessed. And in eighteen hundred and thirteen, Howard, at Tottenham, saw, on the south-east horizon, and under a clear starry sky, some pale summer lightnings, which proved afterwards to be a violent storm raging between Calais and Dunkerque. The question of distant storms, and how far the reflection of them could be possibly visible, and whether this sheet or summer lightning necessarily always argued a distant storm, was being once discussed at the philosophical society of Geneva. When the meeting broke up, the southern horizon was illuminated with the very form of lightning under dispute. Some days after, the newspapers spoke of a violent storm in the Pays de Vaud, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria; which seemed conclusive enough as to how far reflection could be carried, if not as to the universally uniform character of distant sheet lightning. For there are, in truth, such things as thunderless summer lightnings; lightnings without storms and without dangers; and as frequent under the tropics as in our own temperate latitudes. There is probably, and more than probably, thunder with these flashes, but at too great a height from us to be heard. Besides, the higher the atmosphere, the more rarified it becomes, and the more rarified the medium, the less intensity there is of sound; but we can scarcely imagine that lightnings can be interchanged without any accompanying report, or that a certain law of nature can be contravened, without the intervention of any higher agency, or the interruption of an opposing law.

There being lightnings without thunder, so there are thunders without lightning. Volney, among many other witnesses of similar phenomena, speaks of violent thunderings one morning at Pontchartrain, under a clear sky, and without lightning; but, in a quarter of an hour the heavens clouded thickly over, and a heavy hailstorm fell, the stones, as big as his fist. The longest thunder-roll (which seems so interminable to those who are nervous during storms) lasts only from thirty-five to fifty seconds; and the space of time between the roll and the flash varies, according to distance, from five, four, three, and even half a second, to forty-two, forty-seven, forty-nine, and seventy-two seconds. But the half-second interval is very rare, and only found in storms of the closest and most violent character. We need scarcely add, that the nearer a storm, the more dangerous. Also, the higher the body the more likely it is to be struck; as, for instance, all mountains, trees, high buildings, and, in the midst of a plain, men and animals. Trees, bushes, and buildings are peculiarly lightning conductors, and specially liable to be struck. For this reason it is wise to avoid the neighbourhood of trees during a storm; not even trusting to the old poetic legend of the exemption of all the laurel tribe, for love

of one fair Daphne; nor to Hugh Maxwell's assertion that the beech, maple, and birch are anticonductors, like that classic laurel; nor to Captain Dibdin's belief in pines; nor, in fact, to any private or personal favourite among forest-trees or shrubs; for they are all equally dangerous to human neighbours during a storm, and equally powerful conductors; their power varying only as they are taller or more humid than their fellows.

Thunderbolts have special attraction to certain places as well as to certain objects. No one in New Granada, says Monsieur Arago, willingly inhabits El Sitio de Tumba Barreto, near the gold mine of the Vega de Supia, because of the frequency of thunderbolts there. Even while Monsieur Boussingault was crossing El Sitio, the black who guided him was struck by lightning. La Loma de Pitago, near Popayan, is another locality of doubtful electric fame. A young botanist, Monsieur Plancheman, was determined to cross La Loma on a stormy day, in spite of all remonstrances, and was struck dead by a thunderbolt. On the twenty-ninth of June, seventeen hundred and sixty-three, a thunderbolt struck the bell-tower of a certain church near Laval, and, entering the church, caused great damage; on the twentieth of June, seventeen hundred and sixty-four, a thunderbolt struck the same bell-tower, entered the church, and melted the same gilding, blackened the same holy vessels, and in the very same spot as the preceding year, made anew two holes which had been filled up. There is no more striking instance on record of the uniform action of natural laws than this. We believe, too, that any inhabitant of a mountainous district could bear out our own assertion and observation, that where once a thunderbolt had been seen to fall, or forked lightning to strike, there surely would the same accidents occur during the worst storms of succeeding years. We may be certain that there is no such thing as chance in nature. Chance is simply our ignorance which cannot foresee necessary consequences, because it does not understand the foregoing laws; there is no such thing as blind unmeaning hazard, without necessity, or without law.

Chemical, mechanical, and physical effects, follow on electrical phenomena; which, any one may see repeated, on a minute scale, by an electrical machine. Lightning melts and vitrifies masses of rock, sometimes covering them with a yellowish-green enamel, studded with opaque or semi-transparent lumps. But it has never been known to melt any metallic substance of a certain thickness. Watch-springs, small chains, points, and parts of swords and daggers, fine lines or threads of metal, or thin layers and washes, these have been known to have been thoroughly melted by a lightning stroke. Larger masses, heavy chains,

and the like, have been softened, and bent, and twisted, but not melted.

Beyond the thunderbolts of ordinary talk—which mean simply lightning flashes that strike the earth—there are real and actual thunderbolts found in several parts of the globe; ponderable and tangible bodies; masses filled inside with a smooth and brilliant glass, something like vitreous opal, which cuts glass and strikes fire by a steel. These bodies having been subjected to an ignominious disclaimer, Monsieur Hagen, of Königsberg, came forward as their demonstrator. During a storm at Rauschen, a thunderbolt fell on a birch-tree, leaving two narrow and deep cavities in the ground near the tree. Monsieur Hagen, digging very carefully round one of these cavities, came upon a perfect thunderbolt: a pearly-grey, vitreous mass, covered with small black spots. The wonderful chemical changes and decompositions which electricity makes in all organic bodies are too technical and too numerous for description here.

The mechanical effects of electricity are tremendous. Trees torn up by their roots, large masses of rock hurled great distances, houses flung to the ground like packs of children's cards, roofs and walls and furniture strewn in a helpless medley together, are a few of the ordinary mechanical effects of lightning, when it strikes anything on earth. Under the physical effects are ranged the carbonisation or burning of combustible bodies; the wonderful manner in which trees are sometimes barked, and the wood rendered friable, and like dust; in animals, the loss of sight and hearing; paralysis, and apoplexy; though this last group ought rightly to be ranked under vital or pathological effects.

The most terrible storm on record is, perhaps, one which occurred at the small village of Châteauneuf les Moustiers, in the department of the Basses-Alpes. During service, the village church was struck by three masses of fire, falling in succession. Nine people were killed, eighty-two were wounded; all had paralysed limbs, as well as other maladies. The curé of Moustiers, who had come over to assist at mass, was found, after the first confusion had subsided, lifeless, scarred with numerous surface wounds, and paralysed. His garments were torn, the gold lace of his stole melted, and the silver buckles of his shoes broken and thrown to the other end of the church. It was with great difficulty that he was recovered, but he suffered from his wounds for two long months, during which time he never slept; and his arms were paralysed for ever. The church was filled with a thick black smoke through which the only light to be seen was from the flaming of the burning clothes of the poor creatures struck. A young child was torn from its mother's arms, and flung about six paces from her; a youth,

at that moment chanting the epistle, felt as if seized by the throat, and then was flung outside the church door; the missal was torn from his hands, and riven to pieces. All the dogs in the church were killed as they lay or stood; and the officiating priest alone, clothed in silk, received no hurt. The dogs were all killed, as we said, for lightning strikes animals in preference to men; and numberless instances are to be met with of animals which have been struck, and human beings left harmless, in a storm, though, perhaps, the horse has had a rider, the ox a driver, the cow a milker, and the dog a master in the act of caressing him, as the lightning fell. Nothing, indeed, is so inexplicable to us as the choice which the lightning seems to make. Among a crowd of persons perhaps one or two will be struck and the rest saved; between two, one will lie dead not five feet from the other, left unharmed. In a stable where there were thirty-two horses in a line, those at the two extremities only were touched. The lightning passed innocuous over the intervening thirty. This was at Rambouillet, in seventeen hundred and eighty-five; and, in eighteen hundred and eight, at Kronan in Switzerland, five children were sitting in a row on a bench, when a thunderstorm broke out, and a flash of lightning killed the first and the last, leaving the centre three unhurt, beyond a somewhat rough shaking. And of five horses in a line, the first and last two were killed, while the middle one, an old blind Dobbin, ate his hay without molestation. But this is a well-known electric law, if not a well-understood one; the first and last in a chain always feeling the shock the most powerfully, while in a metallic tube there is always most damage and most impression where the lightning or electric current has made its ingress and egress.

A thunderbolt falling in a powder magazine, sometimes simply scatters the powder about, without setting it on fire, as happened at Rouen on November the fifth, seventeen hundred and fifty-five, and at Venice on the eleventh of June, seventeen hundred and seventy-five. But this is as rare as it is incredible. Most frequently the powder is set alight, and the whole place is blown into the air. There was a fearful instance of this at Brescia, in seventeen hundred and sixty-nine, when lightning, falling on a powder magazine, containing above two millions of pounds of gunpowder, belonging to Venice, the magazine exploded, and the sixth part of Brescia was destroyed by the shock; the rest of the city being much shaken and damaged; and above three thousand people killed.

Photographers may recognise in the following anecdotes a greater graphic power in the violent action of lightning than in that of still light. In September, eighteen hundred and twenty-five, the brigantine *Il Buon Servo*,

anchored in the bay of Armiro, in the Adriatic, was struck by lightning. Ionian-like, a horseshoe was nailed to the mizen-mast; and at the foot of this mast sat Antonio Teodoro, patching his shirt. The lightning fell, and the man was killed on the spot; killed without wound or burning, only his needle found stuck into his thigh, and down his back a light black and blue mark, ending in the figure of the horseshoe nailed to the mast.

A brigantine belonging to a Doctor Micapulo was struck in the Zantian roads. Five sailors were at the prow; two asleep, three awake. The clothes of two of the men were set on fire; a third lost every hair on his body, save on his head; and a fourth was killed as he lay sleeping. He was lying on his back, and when stripped, they found on his left side the number forty-four distinctly marked,—a mark not there previously; and which was of the size and likeness as the same number in metal marked on the rigging of the ship, and which the lightning had touched in its course.

In the archives of the Académie des Sciences for eighteen hundred and forty-seven, where the preceding anecdote is also preserved, it is related how a certain Dame Morosa de Laguna was seated at her window during a heavy storm. She felt a sudden shock, as a flash more vivid than the rest blinded her; but she soon recovered, and no ill effect followed. The image of a flower, which had been passed over by the electric current, was perfectly and distinctly printed on her leg; and she never lost the mark to the last day of her life.

SEA-BREEZES WITH THE LONDON SMACK.

THROW up the window; come into the balcony—here we are, my dear, at the sea-side.

Yes! we have actually got away from town. I survey the ocean instead of the opposite houses, I smell sea-weed and salt water instead of smoke. Looking in the glass, I see myself reflected in a costume which would be the ruin of my character for respectability if I wore it in my own street. Turning affectionately towards my wife, I behold a saucy-looking hat on her head instead of her usual quiet bonnet. Thirty years ago, when she was a young girl, the hat would have set off her youth and beauty becomingly. Now, it makes her look, singularly enough, many years older than she really is. I dare not acknowledge it to her, I hardly venture to confess it to myself, but a middle-aged woman in a girl's hat is scarcely a less anomalous sight, to my eyes, than a middle-aged woman would be in a girl's short frock and frilled trousers. However, as no English woman appears to consider herself too old for a hat at the sea-side—not, as I

observe in some instances, even when she wears a wig—I have no right to remonstrate with my wife, who is still on the right side of fifty. Let us keep to our national peculiarities, and let no antics in costume be too ridiculous for us when we are away from home.

Well, as I said before, we have actually got away from town. What induces me to repeat that extremely common-place phrase? What sinister influence is making me begin to doubt, in defiance of the view from the window, in defiance of our conjugal change of costume, in defiance of the salt-water smell in my very nostrils, whether we have absolutely left London behind us, after all? Surely it must be the organ playing before the next house? Yes! A London organ has followed us to our refuge on the coast, playing the well-known London tunes; bringing us back by the force of the most disagreeable of all its associations, to our street at home. Can I order the dirty, leering Italian vagabond to take himself out of hearing? No; for here, at the sea-side, I am not a housekeeper. The merciful consideration of the English law for all men who live by the perpetration of nuisances, necessarily protects the organ and abandons *me*. There was a case in point, the other day, in the paper: A gentleman occupied in making some elaborate calculations connected with important public works, charges an organ-grinder with interrupting his employment, and with refusing to move out of hearing. The magistrate looks at the Act, finds that nobody but a housekeeper has any legal right to protection from organs, ascertains that the gentleman whose occupation has been fatally interrupted is a lodger only, and, as a matter of technical necessity, dismisses the application. Evidently I can hope for no chance of peace and quiet in my new abode unless I can get my landlady to complain for me. She has a family of eight small children, and no one to look after them but herself. Can I expect her to find time to appeal to the local magistrate perpetually, on my behalf, even supposing (which is not at all probable) that the Police Act extends to this place? Certainly not. This is a pleasant prospect, if I look to the future. I shall do better, however, if I occupy myself with the present only, and make my escape from those hateful London tunes which are taking me back to town faster than the express train itself brought me away from it. Let me forget that I am a tax-paying citizen who helps to support his country, and let me leave the musical foreign invader who helps to burden it, master of the field.

I take my hat and fly. I hurry down the lane; through the short-cut at the back of the stables; along the dusty little street where the post-office is; round the corner by the chemist's shop; past the blank wall with the lettered board and plump pointing hand in

white paint on it, which obligingly informs me that I am on my way to The Esplanade. I am out of hearing of the organ at last, and the happy result follows—London takes its proper place, invisible and inaudible in the far distance, and the joyous excursionist who writes these lines feels gratefully that he is at the sea-side again.

The Esplanade is long, and the Marine Buildings beyond it are longer. The two lead me on, as I dawdle forward mechanically, to the Pier. What sounds are borne towards me by the sea-breezes? The notes of a brass band. What do I see as I advance? As I live, London again! London, under another musical form, following me to the sea-side! There they are; the gentlemanly German instrumentalists; the classical, orchestral, strictly professional street band, which carries its long-legged music-desks about with it, and plays elaborate works by great masters, and indulges in the luxury of a conductor to keep it in perfect order. Only last week these accomplished sons of Orpheus drove me from my desk in London; and here they are now, taking the free air itself into custody, and making the atmosphere metropolitan even by the sea-side!

Again I turn my back on the enemy; again I fly from the sea-breeze with the London smack. Retracing my steps, I get out of the town altogether, ascend the cliff, and walk on till I find a lonely gully descending steeply to the beach. I follow the downward path, and come out on the sands. The tide is at the ebb; and the flat rocks near at hand are richly brown and green with seaweed. The long pools of water lie out beyond them under the high sun, as still in their blue brightness as if they were fragments of the sky set for gems in the bosom of the earth. Farther yet, the faint, idle sea shows its white wave-edges thinly and wearily on the moist brownness of the sand. Over the low horizon hangs a mist of heat which veils the hulls of distant ships, and lets the sails above shine through softly, hanging cloud-like on the sky. The sultry silence is so intense that in the intervals of the sea-whispering along the margin of the beach, I can hear the hum of insects on a sunny spot of the cliff above my head. Where the first shade offers, I lie down on the dry sand, and give myself up gratefully to the stillness of the hour and the beauty of the scene.

My mind wanders insensibly towards a certain train of familiar and favourite thoughts, which may one day take form and place, and go out from me into the world to ask such welcome as they may deserve from the minds of others. My stick traces strange figures on the sand; my eyes look absently out to sea; my attention to external things dwindles and dwindles till nothing is left of it. Although I am physically wide awake, I am mentally fast asleep and dreaming—dreaming happily, but not for long. Sudden

as a flash of lightning, a strange sound darts into my ears, and startles me in one cruel moment from my trance. Powers above! What spectre appears before me as if it had risen out of the sand? Have I taken leave of my senses, or is this vagrant stranger who has stolen on me suddenly, the sturdy old Frenchman with the husky voice, the guitar, and the dancing dog—the very same individual who sang before my area railings in town not three days since? It is—it is the man. London again! London in the loneliest sea-shore nook that I can find a hundred miles away from the sound of Bow bells!

Thus far, the town element has presented itself to me in the character of a visitor like myself. A very few days' experience, however, of my new abode suffices to reveal it in another form—in an unmistakeably settled and resident aspect.

The shops, for example, are not the characteristic offspring of the country and the sea-side—they are the poor relations and abject imitators of the shops in London. What business has my marine butcher to be a copy in miniature of my metropolitan butcher? Why does he display nothing in the least degree suggestive of his own peculiar locality? I am disgusted with the man for not wearing a Guernsey frock, for not having salt provisions in his shop, for not chopping his meat on a ship's barrel. I object to his London awning when the sun shines—why is it not a sail? How dare his young man who comes for orders take me back to town by being just as greasy of head and just as blue in costume as the young man who comes in London? Only yesterday, I distinctly saw him bring us our joint in the usual wooden tray. What does he mean by not reminding me that I am at the sea-side by carrying it in a net?

Last Wednesday, we had a cold dinner. I sent for pickles—the local pickles, I said distinctly, expecting to receive and eager to relish, something brinily characteristic of the coast. There arrived instead, the familiar London bottle from Soho Square, with the familiar London label, informing me that what my pickles had lost in attractiveness of colour they had gained in genuineness of composition. Vainly the waves murmured, vainly the salt breeze blew. Soho Square asserted itself against both, in the middle of the table; and made our dinner a London meal. Our first breakfast was spoilt in a similar manner. I came down-stairs in high spirits, characteristically dressed in a monkey jacket, characteristically humming *The Bay of Biscay*. The very first object that met my view on the breakfast table was a half-quartern loaf that might have come out of Saint Giles's.

The postman again—I am so angry with the postman that I feel inclined to hit him every time he hands me a letter. I put it to

any moderate reader, whether a marine post man is not bound to give us a hail instead of a knock? "House, ahoy!"—surely he ought to say, "House, a-hoy!"? Instead of doing anything of the sort, he, too, sets up the London element at the sea-side, by knocking like a London postman. Nay more, he carries the base imitation a point farther, by being violently angry with the servant if he is kept waiting an instant at the door. How am I to derive benefit from the sea-side when this licensed tyrant comes twice a day to take me back to town again?

There are some walks about our neighbourhood here, some exceedingly pretty inland walks, which I am given to understand are in the country. I certainly do see cornfields and lanes, trees, ditches, stiles, cottages, windmills, and so on. And yet, I really don't know. The other day, when I thought I was walking, in pastoral solitude, along a lonely road, I was overtaken by an Omnibus. I could hardly believe my eyes. I said to myself, incredulously, "No, no; this is either a waggon or a bathing machine." I looked again, and a Conductor, an active, all-observing Cockney Conductor, hopped up on a London foot-board, and "plied" me with uplifted hand as if I had been in Holborn.

This afternoon, the rain has come at last; and we have been obliged to stop in-doors and amuse ourselves by looking out of window. What goes by in the street, as dinner-time approaches? A fly—one of the London sort, which tries to look like a private brougham—carrying a gentleman inside, in formal evening costume, with that look of mournful expectation and suffering self-importance, peculiar to Englishmen on their way to festive assemblies. This is a very bad sign; the worst I have seen yet. Here are the visitors themselves conspiring to poison the fresh sea-side with the unwholesome metropolitan atmosphere. Why go to London dinner-parties, in London costume, here? Why not get away from town customs and town amusements, and establish something which is characteristic in a social way of the free ocean on whose borders we live? "Mr. and Mrs. Jones request the company of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, to box the compass. Small and early. Bathing-gowns and slippers. Grog and shrimps." Why not establish some such marine form of invitation as this? Why not strengthen the conviction even in our most festive moments, that we are still at the sea-side?

I am sorry to observe it, but my own servant-girl, my once trustworthy and attached housemaid, whom I have brought here for the benefit of her health, has rewarded her master's kindness by using his marine residence as if it was his London house. One night I come back late from my walk, and I find her enjoying the cool air of the evening at the area gate here, just as I see her enjoy-

ing it at the area gate in town. Nay, more, as I approach nearer in the dusk, I find that she has got a follower on the other side of the rails. As a man, I have learnt philosophy; as a master, I am proverbially indulgent towards the little frailties of my domestics. Abstractedly speaking, the discovery of the housemaid's new sweetheart does not discompose me. My anger is solely aroused by the entire absence of characteristic local peculiarity in the reigning follower. The area Lothario of the sea-side is a base repetition of the area Lothario in town. He has the same mysterious slouch in his walk; the same sinister compromise in his apparel, between the dress of a broken down gentleman and a prosperous artisan. He has also the one singularly dreary method of courting the opposite sex, which obtains among all his class. He stands mutely staring at the beloved object, first on one leg, then on the other: he varies the proceeding by looking first over one shoulder, then over the other; he occasionally whistles, he occasionally scratches his head, he occasionally says, "Well, I must be off." Exactly like the man in London—in the smallest particulars, the very image of the man in London. No smell of shrimps about him, a stick in his hand instead of a boathook, a long-tailed coat in place of a blue jacket. What do I hear my servant saying to him? Just what she says under similar circumstances in town,—“Fine evening, ain't it?” Wretched girl! why not be characteristic, and say “How's the wind?” Why not offer his trousers to wash, and his grog, too, to make? Think of the sea breezes, Mary, and be a tight lass, a trim little craft, a bumboat-woman—anything, anything but a London housemaid.

And yet, what right have I to expect a marine course of conduct from my servant, when her betters set her the example of importing the London element? Here are the “swells” on the pier, surveying the sea through their opera-glasses, exactly as they survey the audience at the theatre in London. There are the ladies on the Esplanade, with nothing that is not metropolitan about them, except their hats. The same spread of petticoat, the same circumambient hoops, the same critical intensity of expression when they look at each other as they pass—just like Regent Street. Regent Street, did I say? here is a shabby man, doing his best to complete the disastrous analogy by thrusting a bill into my hand as I walk by him. What is it? Concert at the Assembly Rooms. Ha! Something appropriate to the locality here, surely? Madrigals of the fore-castle? Fishermen's choruses? The song of the stroke-oar, and the coxswain's catch? Let me repair to the Assembly Room. London again—stop my grog, if here is not London again! The charming young vocalist in pink satin, the youthful tenor with the wavy

hair, the fatherly-looking bass with the dingy gloves. Selection from the *Trovatore*, airs from *La Traviata*. Ball later in the evening, under the direction of Mr. Whitt, from London. No chance, no change, no local character. The sound of Bow-bells and the sound of the waves always together, go where I may.

It is of no use, I suppose, to complain of this anomalous condition of things at the sea-side, or to offer any suggestions towards banishing the intrusive London element from the region of the coast. So far as I can see, the artificial taste of the present day appears to relish the sea-breeze with the London smack. One observation, however, I must positively take leave to make before I conclude. It is inconceivable to me how such a phrase as "going out of town," continues to exist in the language. The sooner we study correctness of expression, and banish such an absurd form of words from our vocabulary the better. Instead of telling each other that we are going out of town, let us henceforth approach nearer to the truth, and say that we are going to remove from Metropolitan to Marine London. That phrase is, I submit, strictly descriptive of what we all do now, when we leave the city for the coast—excepting, of course, the case of any enterprising individual who may be fortunate enough to make a watering-place for himself on a desert island. At present I can only call to mind one British visitor to the sea-side who is entitled to assert that he has really been out of town. That visitor is Robinson Crusoe.

GONE FORTH.

THE old, old house behind its silver trees,
Resounded with a concourse indistinct
Of many voices, like the hum of bees :
Laughter, and long-forgotten outcries, link'd
With voice of weeping sore, and loud lament
Confined within that ancient teneament.

Then, all at once I heard, as in a dream,
The sound of a familiar voice, that spoke
The word "Ilicit;" * and as the bold stream
Bounds into life abruptly from its rock,
The babbling stream of erring youth broke forth,
To water the waste places of the earth.

And some went down among the jungle red,
With vigorous blood; some in the sea that scorns
To render up the census of its dead;
And some sank lifeless at the very horns
Of pious altars; some at the dull shrine,
By sordid human nature deem'd divine;

And some, through evil, made themselves a name;
And some, through good, disclaim'd the names
they made;
And some received their recompense of shame;
And some put on the purple that makes glad
Successful souls; and some put on the dress
That renders men invisible in nothingness.

* You may go.

Then, last, the reverend master of the flock,
In pastoral offices grown old and grey,
Obey'd the word for forty years he spoke,
And left his fold, and slowly pass'd away :
His work was done, Ilicit, he has gone,
And o'er the old school-house silence its spell has
thrown!

MY LADY LUDLOW.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

BUT I don't see how my lady could think it was over-education that made Harry Gregson break his thigh, for the manner in which he met with the accident was this :

Mr. Horner, who had fallen sadly out of health since his wife's death, had attached himself greatly to Harry Gregson. Now, Mr. Horner had a cold manner to everyone, and never spoke more than was necessary at the best of times. And, latterly, it had not been the best of times with him. I daresay he had had some causes for anxiety (of which I knew nothing) about my lady's affairs; and he was evidently annoyed by my lady's whim (as he once inadvertently called it) of placing Miss Galindo under him in the position of a clerk. Yet he had always been friends, in his quiet way, with Miss Galindo, and she devoted herself to her new occupation with diligence and punctuality, although more than once she had moaned to me over the orders for needlework which had been sent to her, and which, owing to her occupation in the service of Lady Ludlow, she had been unable to fulfil.

The only living creature to whom the staid Mr. Horner could be said to be attached was Harry Gregson. To my lady he was a faithful and devoted servant, looking keenly after her interests, and anxious to forward them at any cost of trouble to himself. But the more shrewd Mr. Horner was, the more probability was there of his being annoyed at certain peculiarities of opinion which my lady held with a quiet, gentle pertinacity; against which no arguments, based on mere worldly and business calculations, made any way. This frequent opposition to views which Mr. Horner entertained, although it did not interfere with the sincere respect which the lady and the steward felt for each other, yet prevented any warmer feeling of affection from coming in. It seems strange to say it, but I must repeat it; the only person for whom, since his wife's death, Mr. Horner seemed to feel any love, was the little imp Harry Gregson, with his bright, watchful eyes, his tangled hair hanging right down to his eyebrows, for all the world like a Skye terrier. This lad, half gipsy, and whole poacher, as many people esteemed him, hung about the silent, respectable, staid Mr. Horner, and followed his steps with something of the affectionate fidelity of the dog whom he resembled. I suspect this demonstration of attachment to his person on Harry Gregson's part was

what won Mr. Horner's regard. In the first instance, the steward had only chosen the lad out as the cleverest instrument he could find for his purpose; and I don't mean to say that, if Harry had not been almost as shrewd as Mr. Horner himself was, both by original disposition and subsequent experience, the steward would have taken to him as he did, let the lad have shown ever so much affection for him.

But even to Harry Mr. Horner was silent. Still it was pleasant to find himself in many ways so readily understood; to perceive that the crumbs of knowledge he let fall were picked up by his little follower, and hoarded like gold; that here was one to hate the persons and things whom Mr. Horner coldly disliked, and to reverence and admire all those for whom he had any regard. Mr. Horner had never had a child, and unconsciously, I suppose, something of the paternal feeling had begun to develop itself in him towards Harry Gregson. I heard one or two things from different people which have always made me fancy that Mr. Horner secretly and almost unconsciously hoped that Harry Gregson might be trained so as to be first his clerk, and next his assistant, and finally his successor in his stewardship to the Hanbury estates.

Harry's disgrace with my lady, in consequence of his reading the letter, was a deeper blow to Mr. Horner than his quiet manner would ever have led any one to suppose, or than Lady Ludlow ever dreamed of inflicting, I am sure.

Probably Harry had a short, stern rebuke from Mr. Horner at the time, for his manner was always hard even to those he cared for the most. But Harry's love was not to be daunted or quelled by a few sharp words. I daresay, from what I heard of them afterwards, that Harry accompanied Mr. Horner in his walk over the farm the very day of the rebuke; his presence apparently unnoticed by the agent, by whom his absence would have been painfully felt nevertheless. That was the way of it, as I have been told. Mr. Horner never bade Harry go with him; never thanked him for going, or being at his heels ready to run on any errands, straight as the crow flies to his point, and back to heel in as short a time as possible. Yet, if Harry were away, Mr. Horner never inquired the reason from any of the men who might be supposed to know if he were detained by his father, or otherwise engaged; he never asked Harry himself where he had been. But Miss Galindo said that those labourers who knew Mr. Horner well told her that he was always more quick-eyed to short-comings, more savage-like in fault-finding on those days when the lad was absent.

Miss Galindo, indeed, was my great authority for most of the village news which I heard. She it was who gave me the particulars of poor Harry's accident.

"You see, my dear," she said, "the little poacher has taken some unaccountable fancy to my master." (This was the name by which Miss Galindo always spoke of Mr. Horner to me, ever since she had been, as she called it, appointed his clerk.)

"Now if I had twenty hearts to lose, I never could spare a bit of one of them for that good, grey, square, severe man. But different people have different tastes, and here is that little imp of a gipsy-tinker ready to turn slave for my master; and, odd enough, my master,—who, I should have said beforehand, would have made short work of imp, and imp's family, and have sent Hall, the Bang-Beggar after them in no time—my master, as they tell me, is in his way quite fond of the lad, and if he could, without vexing my lady too much, he would have made him what the folks here call a *Latiner*. However, last night it seems that there was a letter of some importance forgotten (I can't tell you what it was about, my dear, though I know perfectly well, but 'service oblige,' as well as 'noblesse,' and you must take my word for it that it was important, and one that I'm surprised my master could forget), till too late for the post. (The poor, good, orderly man is not what he was before his wife's death. Well, it seems that he was sore annoyed by his forgetfulness, and well he might be. And it was all the more vexatious as he had no one to blame but himself. As for that matter, I always scold somebody else when I'm in fault; but I suppose my master would never think of doing that, else it's a mighty relief. However, he could eat no tea, and was altogether put out and gloomy. And the little faithful imp-lad, perceiving all this I suppose, got up like a page in an old ballad, and said he would run for his life across country to Comberford, and see if he could not get there before the bags were made up. So my master gave him the letter, and nothing more was heard of the poor fellow till this morning, for the father thought his son was sleeping in Mr. Horner's barn, as he does occasionally it seems, and my master as was very natural, that he had gone to his father's."

"And he had fallen down the old stone quarry, had he not?"

"Yes, sure enough. Mr. Gray had been up here, fretting my lady with some of his new-fangled schemes, and because the young man could not have it all his own way, from what I understand, he was put out, and thought he would go home by the back lane, instead of through the village, where the folks would notice if the parson looked glum. But, however, it was a mercy, and I don't mind saying so, ay, and meaning it too, though it may be like methodism, for as Mr. Gray walked by the quarry he heard a groan, and at first he thought it was a lamb fallen down; and he stood still, and then he heard

it again; and then I suppose he looked down and saw Harry. So he let himself down by the boughs of the trees to the ledge where Harry lay half dead, and with his poor thigh broken. There he had lain ever since the night before; he had been returning to tell the master that he had safely posted the letter, and the first words he said when they recovered him from the exhausted state he was in, were" (Miss Galindo tried hard not to whimper as she said it), "'It was in time, sir. I see'd it put in the bag with my own eyes.'"

"But where is he?" asked I. "How did Mr. Gray get him out?"

"Ay! there it is, you see. Why the old gentleman (I daren't say Devil in Lady Ludlow's house), is not so black as he is painted; and Mr. Gray must have a deal of good in him, as I say at times; and then at others, when he has gone against me, I can't bear him, and think hanging too good for him. But he lifted the poor lad, as if he had been a baby, I suppose, and carried him up the great ledges that were formerly used for steps; and laid him soft and easy on the wayside grass, and ran home and got help and a door, and had him carried to his house, and laid on his bed; and then somehow, for the first time either he or any one else perceived it, he himself was all over blood—his own blood—he had broken a blood-vessel; and there he lies in the little dressing-room, as white and as still as if he were dead; and the little imp in Mr. Gray's own bed, sound asleep, now his leg is set, just as if linen sheets and a feather bed were his native element, as one may say. Really now he is doing so well, I've no patience with him lying there where Mr. Gray ought to be. It is just what my lady always prophesied would come to pass, if there was any confusion of ranks."

"Poor Mr. Gray!" said I, thinking of his flushed face, and his feverish, restless ways when he had been calling on my lady not an hour before his exertions on Harry's behalf. And I told Miss Galindo how ill I had thought him.

"Yes," said she. "And that was the reason my lady had sent for Doctor Trevor: Well, it has fallen out admirably, for he looked well after that old donkey of a Prince, and saw that he made no blunders."

Now "that old donkey of a Prince" meant the village surgeon, Mr. Prince, between whom and Miss Galindo there was war to the knife, as they often met in the cottages, when there was illness, and she had her queer, odd recipes, which he, with his grand pharmacopœia, held in infinite contempt, and the consequence of their squabbling had been, not long before this very time, that he had established a kind of rule; that into whatever sick room Miss Galindo was admitted, there he refused to visit. But Miss Galindo's prescriptions and visits cost nothing, and were often backed by kitchen-physic; so, though

it was true that she never came but she scolded about something or other, she was generally preferred as medical attendant to Mr. Prince.

"Yes, the old donkey is obliged to tolerate me, and be civil to me; for you see I got there first, and had possession as it were, and yet my lord the donkey likes the credit of attending the parson, and being in consultation with as grand a county-town doctor as Doctor Trevor. And Doctor Trevor is an old friend of mine" (she sighed a little, some time I may tell you why), "and treats me with infinite bowing and respect; so the donkey, not to be out of medical fashion, bows too, though it is sadly against the grain: and he pulled a face as if he had heard a slate-pencil gritting against a slate, when I told Doctor Trevor I meant to sit up with the two lads, for I call Mr. Gray little more than a lad, and a pretty conceited one, too, at times."

"But why should you sit up, Miss Galindo? It will tire you sadly."

"Not it. You see there is Gregson's mother to keep quiet; for she sits by her lad, fretting and sobbing, so that I'm afraid of her disturbing Mr. Gray; and there's Mr. Gray to keep quiet, for Doctor Trevor says his life depends on it; and there is medicine to be given to the one, and bandages to be attended to for the other; and the wild horde of gypsy brothers and sisters to be turned out, and the father to be held in from showing too much gratitude to Mr. Gray, who can't bear it,—and who is to do it all, but me? The only servant is old lame Betty, who once lived with me, and would leave me because she said I was always bothering—(there was a good deal of truth in what she said, I grant, but she need not have said it; a good deal of truth is best let alone at the bottom of the well), and what can she do,—deaf as ever she can be, too?"

So Miss Galindo went her ways; but not the less was she at her post in the morning; a little crosser and more silent than usual; but the first was not to be wondered at, and the last was rather a blessing.

Lady Ludlow had been extremely anxious both about Mr. Gray and Harry Gregson. Kind and thoughtful in any case of illness and accident, she always was; but somehow, in this, the feeling that she was not quite—what shall I call it?—"friends" seems hardly the right word to use as to the possible feeling between the Countess Ludlow and the little vagabond messenger, who had only once been in her presence,—that she had hardly parted from either as she could have wished to do, had death been near, made her more than usually anxious. Doctor Trevor was not to spare obtaining the best medical advice the county could afford; whatever he ordered in the way of diet was to be prepared under Mrs. Medicott's own eye, and sent down from the Hall to the Parsonage. As

Mr. Horner had given somewhat similar directions, in the case of Harry Gregson at least, there was rather a multiplicity of counsellors and dainties, than any lack of them. And the second night Mr. Horner insisted on taking the superintendence of the nursing himself, and sate and snored by Harry's bedside, while the poor, exhausted mother lay by her child,—thinking that she watched him, but in reality fast asleep, as Miss Galindo told us; for, distrusting any one's powers of watching and nursing but her own, she had stolen across the quiet village street in cloak and dressing-gown, and found Mr. Gray in vain trying to reach the cup of barley-water which Mr. Horner had placed just beyond his reach.

In consequence of Mr. Gray's illness, we had to have a strange curate to do duty; a man who dropped his h's, and hurried through the service, and yet had time enough to stand in my lady's way, bowing to her as she came out of church, and so subservient in manner, that I believe that sooner than remain unnoticed by a countess, he would have preferred being scolded, or even cuffed. Now I found out, that great as was my lady's liking and approval of respect, nay, even reverence, being paid to her as a person of quality,—a sort of tribute to her Order, which she had no individual right to remit, or, indeed, not to exact,—yet she, being personally simple, sincere, and holding herself in low esteem, could not endure anything like the servility of Mr. Crosse, the temporary curate. She grew absolutely to loathe his perpetual smiling and bowing; his instant agreement with the slightest opinion she uttered; his veering round as she blew the wind. I have often said that my lady did not talk much, as she might have done had she lived among her equals. But we all loved her so much, that we had learnt to interpret all her little ways pretty truly; and I knew what particular turns of her head, and contractions of her delicate fingers meant, as well as if she had expressed herself in words. I began to suspect that my lady would be very thankful to have Mr. Gray about again, and doing his duty even with a conscientiousness that might amount to worrying himself, and fidgeting others; and, although Mr. Gray might hold her opinions in as little esteem as those of any simple gentlewoman, she was too sensible not to feel how much flavour there was in his conversation, compared to that of Mr. Crosse, who was only her tasteless echo.

As for Miss Galindo, she was utterly and entirely a partisan of Mr. Gray's, almost ever since she had begun to nurse him during his illness.

"You know I never set up for reasonableness, my lady. So I don't pretend to say, as I might do if I were a sensible woman and all that,—that I am convinced by Mr. Gray's

arguments of this thing or t'other. For one thing, you see, poor fellow! he has never been able to argue, or hardly indeed to speak, for Doctor Trevor has been very peremptory. So there's been no scope for arguing! But what I mean is this:—When I see a sick man thinking always of others, and never of himself; patient, humble—a trifle too much at times, for I've caught him praying to be forgiven for having neglected his work as a parish priest," (Miss Galindo was making horrible faces, to keep back tears, squeezing up her eyes in a way which would have amused me at any other time, but when she was speaking of Mr. Gray); "when I see a downright, good, religious man, I'm apt to think he's got hold of the right clue, and that I can do no better than hold on by the tails of his coat and shut my eyes, if we've got to go over doubtful places on our road to Heaven. So, my lady, you must excuse me, if, when he gets about again, he is all agog about a Sunday school, for if he is, I shall be agog too, and perhaps twice as bad as him, for, you see, I've a strong constitution compared to his, and strong ways of speaking and acting. And I tell your ladyship this now, because I think from your rank—and still more, if I may say so, for all your kindness to me long ago, down to this very day—you've a right to be first told of anything about me. Change of opinion I can't exactly call it, for I don't see the good of schools and teaching A B C, any more than I did before, only Mr. Gray does, so I'm to shut my eyes, and leap over the ditch to the side of education. I've told Sally already, that if she does not mind her work, but stands gossiping with Nelly Mather, I'll teach her her lessons; and I've never caught her with old Nelly since."

I think Miss Galindo's desertion to Mr. Gray's opinions in this matter hurt my lady just a little bit; but she only said:

"Of course, if the parishioners wish for it, Mr. Gray must have his Sunday-school. I shall, in that case, withdraw my opposition. I am sorry I cannot change my opinions as easily as you."

My lady made herself smile as she said this. Miss Galindo saw it was an effort to do so. She thought a minute before she spoke again.

"Your ladyship has not seen Mr. Gray as intimately as I have done. That's one thing. But, as for the parishioners, they will follow your ladyship's lead in everything; so there is no chance of their wishing for a Sunday-school."

"I have never done anything to make them follow my lead, as you call it, Miss Galindo," said my lady, gravely.

"Yes, you have," replied Miss Galindo, bluntly; and then, correcting herself, she said, "Begging your ladyship's pardon, you have. Your ancestors have lived here time out of mind, and have owned the land on which their forefathers have lived ever since

there were forefathers. You yourself were born amongst them, and have been like a little queen to them ever since. I might say, and they've never known your ladyship do anything but what was kind and gentle; but I'll leave fine speeches about your ladyship to Mr. Crosse. Only you, my lady, lead the thoughts of the parish; and save some of them a world of trouble, for they could never tell what was right if they had to think for themselves. It's all quite right that they should be guided by you, my lady,—if only you would agree with Mr. Gray."

"Well," said my lady, "I told him only the last day that he was here, that I would think about it. I do believe I could make up my mind on certain subjects better if I were left alone, than while being constantly talked to about them."

My lady said this in her usual soft tones; but the words had a tinge of impatience about them; indeed, she was more ruffled than I had often seen her; but, checking herself in an instant, she said:

"You don't know how Mr. Horner drags in this subject of education apropos of everything. Not that he says much about it at any time: it is not his way. But he cannot let the thing alone."

"I know why, my lady," said Miss Galindo. "That poor lad, Harry Gregson, will never be able to earn his livelihood in any active way, but will be lame for life. Now, Mr. Horner thinks more of Harry than of any one else in the world,—except, perhaps, your ladyship." Was it not a pretty companionship for my lady? "And he has schemes of his own for teaching Harry; and if Mr. Gray could but have his school, Mr. Horner and he think Harry might be school-master, as your ladyship would not like to have him coming to you as steward's clerk. I wish your ladyship would fall into this plan; Mr. Gray has it so at heart."

Miss Galindo looked wistfully at my lady as she said this. But my lady only said, drily, and rising at the same time, as if to end the conversation:

"So! Mr. Horner and Mr. Gray seem to have gone a long way in advance of my consent to their plans."

"There!" exclaimed Miss Galindo, as my lady left the room, with an apology for going away; "I have gone and done mischief with my long, stupid tongue. To be sure, people plan a long way a-head of to-day; more especially when one is a sick man, lying all through the weary day on a sofa."

"My lady will soon get over her annoyance," said I, as it were apologetically. I only stopped Miss Galindo's self-reproaches to draw down her wrath upon myself.

"And has not she a right to be annoyed with me, if she likes, and to keep annoyed as long as she likes? Am I complaining of her, that you need tell me that? Let me tell you, I have known my lady this thirty

years; and if she were to take me by the shoulders, and turn me out of the house, I should only love her the more. So don't you think to come between us with any little mincing, peace-making speeches. I have been a mischief-making parrot, and I like her the better for being vexed with me. So goodbye to you, Miss; and wait till you know Lady Ludlow as well as I do, before you next think of telling me she will soon get over her annoyance!" And off Miss Galindo went.

I could not exactly tell what I had done wrong; but I took care never again to come in between my lady and her by any remark about the one to the other; for I saw that some most powerful bond of grateful affection made Miss Galindo almost worship my lady.

Meanwhile, Harry Gregson was limping a little about in the village, still finding his home in Mr. Gray's house; for there he could most conveniently be kept under the doctor's eye, and receive the requisite care, and enjoy the requisite nourishment. As soon as he was a little better, he was to go to Mr. Horner's house; but, as the steward lived some distance out of the way, and was much from home, he had agreed to leave Harry at the house to which he had first been taken, until he was quite strong again; and the more willingly, I suspect, from what I heard afterwards, because Mr. Gray gave up all the little strength of speaking which he had, to teaching Harry in the very manner which Mr. Horner most desired.

As for Gregson the father—he—wild man of the woods, poacher, tinker, jack-of-all-trades—was getting tamed by this kindness to his child. Hitherto his hand had been against every man, as every man's had been against him. That affair before the justice, which I told you about, when Mr. Gray and even my lady had interested themselves to get him released from unjust imprisonment, was the first bit of justice he had ever met with; it attracted him to the people, and attached him to the spot on which he had but squatted for a time. I am not sure if any of the villagers were grateful to him for remaining in their neighbourhood, instead of decamping as he had often done before, for good reasons, doubtless, of personal safety. Harry was only one out of a brood of ten or twelve children, some of whom had earned for themselves no good character in service: one, indeed, had been actually transported for a robbery committed in a distant part of the county; and the tale was yet told in the village of how Gregson the father came back from the trial in a state of wild rage, striding through the place, and uttering oaths of vengeance to himself, his great black eyes gleaming out of his matted hair, and his arms working by his side, and now and then tossed up in his impotent despair. As I heard the account, his wife followed him, child-laden and weeping. After this they had vanished

from the country for a time, leaving their mud hovel locked up, and the door-key, as the neighbours said, buried in a hedge bank. The Gregsons had re-appeared much about the same time that Mr. Gray came to Hanbury. He had either never heard of their evil character, or considered that it gave them all the more claims upon his Christian care, and the end of it was that this rough, untamed, strong giant of a heathen was loyal slave to the weak, hectic, nervous, self-distrustful person. Gregson had also a kind of grumbling respect for Mr. Horner; he did not quite like the steward's monopoly of his Harry; the mother submitted to that with a better grace, swallowing down her maternal jealousy in the prospect of her child's advancement to a better and more respectable position than that in which his parents had struggled through life. But Mr. Horner, the steward, and Gregson, the poacher and squatter, had come into disagreeable contact too often in former days for them to be perfectly cordial at any future time. Even now, when there was no immediate cause for anything but gratitude for his child's sake on Gregson's part, he would skulk out of Mr. Horner's way, if he saw him coming; and it took all Mr. Horner's natural reserve and acquired self-restraint to keep him from occasionally holding up his father's life as a warning to Harry. Now Gregson had nothing of this desire for avoidance with regard to Mr. Gray. The poacher had a feeling of physical protection towards the parson; while the latter had shown the moral courage, without which Gregson would never have respected him, in coming right down upon him more than once in the exercise of unlawful pursuits, and simply and boldly telling him he was doing wrong, with such a quiet reliance upon Gregson's better feeling, at the same time, that the strong poacher could not have lifted a finger against Mr. Gray, though it had been to save himself from being apprehended and taken to the lock-ups the very next hour. He had rather listened to the parson's bold words with an approving smile, much as Mr. Gulliver might have hearkened to a lecture from a Lilliputian. But when brave words passed into kind deeds, Gregson's heart mutely acknowledged its master and keeper. And the beauty of it all was, that Mr. Gray knew nothing of the good work he had done, or recognised himself as the instrument which God had employed. He thanked God, it is true, fervently and often, that the work was done; and loved the wild man for his rough gratitude; but it never occurred to the poor young clergyman, lying on his sick-bed, and praying, as Miss Galindo had told us he did, to be forgiven for his unprofitable life, to think of Gregson's reclaimed soul as anything with which he had to do. It was now more than three months since Mr. Gray had been at Hanbury Court. During all that time he

had been confined to his house, if not to his sick-bed, and he and my lady had never met since their last discussion and difference about Farmer Hale's barn.

This was not my dear lady's fault; no one could have been more attentive in every way to the slightest possible want of either of the invalids, especially of Mr. Gray. And she would have gone to see him at his own house, as she sent him word, but that her foot had slipped upon the polished oak staircase, and her ankle had been sprained.

So we had never seen Mr. Gray since his illness, when one November day he was announced as wishing to speak to my lady. She was sitting in her room—the room in which I lay now pretty constantly—and I remember she looked startled when word was brought to her of Mr. Gray's being at the Hall.

She could not go to him, she was too lame for that, so she bade him be shown into where she sat.

"Such a day for him to go out!" she exclaimed, looking at the fog which had crept up to the windows, and was mopping the little remaining life in the brilliant Virginian creeper leaves that draped the house on the terrace side.

He came in white, trembling, his large eyes wild and dilated. He hastened up to Lady Ludlow's chair, and, to my surprise, took one of her hands and kissed it, without speaking, yet shaking all over.

"Mr. Gray!" said she quickly, with sharp, tremulous apprehension of some unknown evil. "What is it? There is something unusual about you."

"Something unusual has occurred," replied he, forcing his words to be calm, as with a great effort. "A gentleman came to my house, not half-an-hour ago—a Mr. Howard. He came straight from Vienna."

"My son!" said my dear lady, stretching out her arms in dumb questioning attitude.

"The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

But my poor lady could not echo the words. He was the last remaining child. And once she had been the joyful mother of nine.

GERTRUDE'S WYOMING.

THERE is a coal-mine where once upon a time, if Thomas Campbell's poetry be fact,

The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities.

In the matter of vegetation it is true that Wyoming has always been a happy valley. It is twenty-one miles long and three miles broad. Possibly there is no especial guarantee of happiness in those dimensions; But it is a valley of rich plains, here level, and here rolling, between two lines of hill or mountain; one a luxuriant upland slope,

the other a steep range, picturesque with the wildness of cliff, forest, and ravine. There is a pretty lake; there is the river winding through the vale, receiving mountain torrents by creeks named after the Indian chiefs who once dwelt on their banks; and the river is sometimes glittering in the sun, reflecting hill and sky in its clear water; sometimes buried under green bowers of willow, sycamore, and maple.

Delaware Indians were masters of this valley when the white men found it. For a little time, on opposite banks of the Susquehanna, Delawares and Shawanese lived under shelter of the same hills; but one day, when the men of the tribes were away hunting, their women and children were together by the stream, gathering wild fruits. A Shawanese child caught a grasshopper, and a Delaware child quarrelled with him for it; the quarrel spread among the children, and from them to the mothers. There was a fight, with some loss of life. When the braves came home, there was war; and the end of the war was the driving of the Shawanese out of the valley; where, at some time known only to the poet,

With timbrel underneath the forests brown,
The lovely maidens would the dance renew;
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town.

The first white man who came into the valley, one hundred and sixteen years ago, was Count Zinzendorf, the Moravian Missionary. Warriors who had agreed to slay him crept one night into his tent, and saw him writing quietly, unconscious of peril, while a huge rattlesnake crawled over his feet. They supposed him to be under the protection of the Great Spirit, and retired to tell what they had seen. To this incident the good Moravian was indebted for the influence he soon obtained over the Delawares.

Eight years later, a few adventurers from New England crossing the mountains, saw the beautiful valley garnished with wild fruits and flowers, and the vines heavy with grapes, waving about the trees to which they clung. The travellers went home and said that they had found a paradise upon the Susquehanna. Plans were immediately formed for early emigration. The offended Indians during the next year came occasionally upon a sharp Yankee who was mapping out their lands and streams; and presently they found themselves between two parties of white men, who were contesting with each other for possession of the Indian soil. The Delawares had, therefore, to put themselves out of the question, and to regard only the rival claims of Pennsylvania and Connecticut. Under the Yankee government most occupants were freeholders; under the Pennsylvanian they were leaseholders; and the difference between the two tenures was great

enough to cause one Connecticut soldier who begged for an army of freeholders when he had men to lead into battle, to tell to a Pennsylvanian the story of the dying slave, by whose bed the master stood and asked whether he was not sorry to die. "Not I," he replied. "The loss is yours." Finally the men of Connecticut prevailed; although three times driven from the valley, and obliged to wander back to their old homes with their wives and children, through two hundred miles of an unbroken wilderness. They had possession of the soil when all domestic strife was lost in, or made part of, the great struggle of the War of Independence. Wyoming, containing about two thousand inhabitants, then became the town of Westmoreland, and was attached to Litchfield county.

The members of the Johnson family, at Johnson Hall, near Johnstown in Tryon county, were the chief representatives of King George, and they had unbounded influence over the Indians. The founder of the family in the Mohawk valley, Sir William Johnson, had been fascinated by a beautiful young Indian squaw, named Molly Brant, whose power over him was great; she was the mother of his children, and became, at last, his wife. Joseph Brant,

The mammoth comes—the foe—the monster Brandt—

With all his howling, desolating band;
These eyes have seen their blade, and burning pine
Awake at once, and silence half your land.
Red is the cup they drink; but not with wine;
Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine.

the accursed Brandt of English tradition, and of Campbell's verse, was a younger brother to Molly, and he was bound by more than this tie to the Johnson family. Sir William Johnson sent him, when young, to a school at Connecticut for Indian boys, where he was found to be very clever, served as interpreter, and even assisted in translating Saint Mark's Gospel into Mohawk. Molly procured his recal from school, and he soon afterwards, at the head of a band of Mohawks, became a powerful combatant with the Johnsons in the cause called loyal. Doctor Peck, who has heaped together for us all the recollections of the district, drawn from men and women who have suffered terribly from Indian war, and who have no love whatever for the Indian, shows that the English tory chief is more remembered for his cruelty than the Mohawk; shows, also, that Brandt took no part in the worst scenes of massacre, that he himself made no war upon women and children, and that sometimes the Indian temper showed in him more generosity than belonged to the tory prejudice of his companions. The cruelty of the Indians as a mass against the men with whom they combated, was terrible indeed; but beyond plundering them of all, even of their little ones, they seldom harmed the white women,

and they used tenderly the little children whom they stole. A settler's cabin was being plundered by Indians, who brandished tomahawks over the heads of the women in it to compel them to yield all. An Indian squaw began to tear the clothes from the stout-hearted mother of the house, who, resenting so much freedom, dealt the squaw a blow in the face that knocked her down. Would the uplifted tomahawk descend? Certainly not. The Indian men shouted with laughter, and cried, "Very good, white squaw." A mother in a dismantled house had in the oven one loaf of bread, when a stalwart Indian was seen approaching. She hid the bread under a coverlet as he entered. He said, "Me want bread." "I have none," she answered. "Ah! me smell 'em," he replied, and at once drew the loaf from where it lay. "You shan't have that bread," said the mother, struggling to wrest it from him; "I want it to keep the children from starving." The loaf broke between them, and the Indian, grinning, went away, contented with his half.

A worthy Pennsylvanian quaker, expecting the Indians, and, as a non-combatant, sure of his life, but supposing that all would be taken from him and his household except the clothes they wore, put on his wedding-suit of the best Quaker's cloth. His wife locked her best clothes in a box, and covered it with rubbish. The wife's fine raiment escaped; but the first act of the Indians was to compel the man in drab to strip, and pass his clothes over to a Mohawk chief. This chief then marched away, glorious in a full costume of Quaker's broadcloth, festooned with a belt of recent scalps. Another non-combatant quaker, warned of an attack upon his granary, entrusted the defence to his two buxom daughters; who, when the plunderers were on the threshold, fired into their faces boiling water from a gun-squirt, and so put them to instant rout. But in this case the foemen were the Pennsylvanian boys. Of course, the recollections of the strife at Wyoming are not free from incidents of direct cruelty by the Indians to women. One old lady used to tell of her own capture in the days of horror, with a beautiful girl of her acquaintance, whom she saw mangled cruelly, and killed on the road. When they came to the first camping-place, she was herself ordered to dress a large belt of scalps, being instructed by the squaws. She was compelled for her life to stretch them, beat them between her hands, and lay them out to dry. They were the scalps of her friends and neighbours. Some she knew; and upon one she thought she recognised the grey hairs of her mother. She broke into tears, but by the lifted tomahawk, and the significant movement of the scalping knife near her own head, she was compelled to end her task. She found afterwards that her mother had not been killed.

One Daniel McAllum was stolen by the Mohawks when he was two years and a half old. In days of peace, an old squaw had been in the habit of coming to play with him, and pet him. When the war broke out she stole him. At the close of the war he was a stout lad, and a perfect Indian. When the prisoners were required to be given up, Daniel said that his old Indian mother cried bitterly. She filled a little bag with parched corn, and dried venison, and, putting it into his hand, went with him to the place of rendezvous; but her heart failed her before she reached it: pointing out the way to him, she flung her blanket over her head, and turned about and ran. He paused, looked after her, then set off in pursuit. He could not bear the separation. She eluded him, and he was found sobbing by the roadside. His own mother joyfully received him, but to the last his Indian mother was the one who had his heart.

The Indians descended on the house of Jonathan Slocum, killed at the door a boy who wore a soldier's coat, and scalped him with a knife that he was grinding. They then seized a little lame boy, Mrs. Slocum's son, and the mother rushed out of hiding to protect him. At the same time they espied her little daughter Frances, five years old, and carried her off, screaming to mamma for help, holding the locks of hair from her eyes with one hand, and stretching out the other. So the poor mother remembered her. She was barefoot when she was seized, her little shoes having been put by for winter use, and the sleepless mother, picturing to herself cruel marches, dwelt painfully upon her child's bare feet, and to the last,—for to the end of her days no search brought tidings of her,—grieved about the shoes. In the course of years, her brothers became thriving men, and never—never even when they grew to be old—abated in their search for the lost sister. At last, by a strange chance, she was discovered, when she was an old woman living with her daughter, her son-in-law, and her grandchildren, the honoured chief of an Indian village, bound to the Indians by two marriages and by a long life that she declared to have been a most happy one. Her brothers and their children made a long journey to see her, and to win her back to them if they could; but she abided where she was fast rooted and died an Indian. When the white frontier over-ran her village, the Slocum family had interest to secure for her and her heirs an assured permanent title to the lands about her dwelling, and she died in them known only as a favoured Indian to the surrounding settlers. Her feet had not been bruised in the march when she was stolen. She had been carried over all rough places; a little birch cup had been made for her to drink from; at all meals the choicest food had been selected for her; she had been dressed in gay beads, and

given to an Indian mother who had lost her child, and who, according to the usage of those tribes, adopted her and cherished her.

The chief event in the War of Independence waged in the valley of Wyoming was a disastrous battle in which the small band of patriots was routed and massacred. In that battle there were two brothers, Henry and John Pencil engaged on opposite sides. Henry Pencil fled with the patriots, swam a river, having thrown away his arms, and hid with others in a covert on an island. John Pencil was among those in pursuit who swam to the island with their guns, and when they had landed, wiped and loaded them. John, when the covert was searched, found his brother, stopped suddenly, and said :

"So it is you, is it?"

The brother fell upon his knees, promising to be John's slave for life if he would spare him.

"All this is mighty good," was the loyal answer; "but, you are a rebel." And, deliberately shot him dead on the spot.

When the national war ended, civil war was resumed in the Happy Valley, between the Yankees and Pennamites. Pennsylvania, obtaining an arbitration in her favour, proceeded to take possession of the soil upon her own principle of tenure by ejecting the freeholders from their estates. Against this hard measure the tenants contended. Even women threatened to knock down with their hoes any officer of injustice who attempted to make forcible entry. Once, five hundred men, women, and children, with scarce provisions to sustain life, were turned adrift; most of them on foot, the road being impassable for waggons. Mothers carrying infants waded streams in which the water rose up to their armpits, and at night slept on the naked earth with scarcely clothes to cover them. Afterwards, Pennsylvania receded from the rigid working out of her one sovereign principle, and the feud, though still hot, was less mortal—John Franklin being chief of the Yankee party, and Timothy Pickering the advocate of Pennsylvania. At a great meeting, held seventy years ago, it was rather informally agreed to sustain the laws of Pennsylvania and to accept a proposed compromise; but not until the dispute had grown so warm that the debaters, having no sticks with them, adjourned to a grove hard by for clubs to fight with. At last, the Yankee leader being apprehended and imprisoned, sued for pardon and conceded his allegiance. Strife was at an end; and, under the established rule, Wyoming began to prosper.

The valley has been found to form part of one of the richest basins of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania. Its traders thrive. Its Indians are gone. The steam engine shrieks between its hills, and this important place of business

is but a few hours' journey from New York or Philadelphia. Hills, lake, and river make it also a fit place of summer pleasure; to which the daughter of the New York merchant may betake herself, and where she may, like Gertrude—

Delight, in fancifully wild costume,
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume.

A TRAVELLING ACQUAINTANCE.

IT is highly important to those who travel from London to Edinburgh in a day, and who cannot read or go to sleep in a railway carriage, to secure for themselves an agreeable travelling companion.

Having to take this journey very often, and labouring under the above disadvantages as I do, the practice of looking out for eligible fellow passengers, at King's Cross or Euston Square, has made me pretty perfect in my judgments. The most cursory of glances suffices to convince me of Who's Who, in the nine, a.m., in the case of four-fifths of its live stock, whose rank and situation I can approximate to with the fidelity of a collector of income-tax, and whose very opinions I can often predicate without giving them the trouble of opening their lips.

Four-fifths of the human race—or, at all events, of so much of it as travels in the first-class by railway—can be assorted in about half-a-dozen pigeon-holes, and when you have seen a specimen of each description, you have seen all, the rest being but duplicates.

Club foggy, army swell, man of business, country gentleman, parson, and individual with a grievance; very nice people all, without doubt, and may they live a thousand years at the very least, but just conceive an eleven hours' journey in the same carriage with any one of them! Of the gentler sex I say nothing, save Bless their hearts, and may they never grow a day older! For as to being shut up for eleven hours with the same female, I am very sure that the honour would be altogether too much for me.

My sphere of choice, then, being thus narrowed to one-fifth of the human race (male) who travel in first-class carriages, and my eye being, as I have said, unerring, I generally choose the carriage which is occupied by the most intelligent man in the train. I never indeed made a mistake, that I can remember, but once, when, at the same instant in which I deposited myself and my carpet-bag in a carriage, the individual whose appearance had captivated me, walked straight out of it with his hands in his pockets.

On Tuesday, the twentieth of July last, I had occasion to set out northward, as usual, from Euston Square. I was a little late and hurried, and there was not a very varied collection of passengers to choose from. As I walked hastily by the side of the already

occupied carriages, the unthinking guard would, in his impatience, have twice consigned me to durance vile—once in company with a whole juvenile family, who had already commenced eating and smelling of ham sandwiches, and once with no less than five Caledonians, only waiting for an Englishman that they might begin to dilate upon the perfections of their native land. I cast myself into the last through-carriage in despair, and without so much as looking before me. It was probable that my luck would be better; it could hardly, as may be imagined, at all events, be very much worse.

Beside myself, the carriage had but one other occupant; a young man of an altogether gentlemanly appearance, except, perhaps, that his clothes looked suspiciously new, and his hat somewhat too glossy. He was not reading the Times so intently but that he could spare a scrutinising glance at the new arrival, as I rammed my carpet-bag under the seat with my hands, and kept a pretty sharp look-out, under my right arm, on him. When I rose, he was again buried in—yes!—in the advertisement sheet. The gentleman, then, had probably some good reason for concealing his talent for observation. Nobody who is not in want of a situation gets wrapped up in an advertisement sheet; and my companion, I felt sure, was in want of no such thing. His profession, whatever that might be, had been settled long ago, and the fishing-rod and guide-book which reposed over his head disclosed a young gentleman with money to spare, who was about to take a summer holiday among the trout streams of the north. One circumstance which occurred just after we started, persuaded me that he must needs be a lawyer (and, indeed, as afterwards turned out, his pursuits did somewhat partake of the nature of that calling) so much did it smack of ready reasoning and practised acuteness. Leaning out of the window as the train began to move, the wind carried away his glossy hat, whereupon, instead of sitting down forlornly, and muttering Good gracious! or Confound it! the young man seized upon his hat-box and launched that after the missing property.

"My hat-box," he explained, in answer to my stare of amazement, "has got my Edinburgh address in it, but my hat has not. The one is of little use without the other, and it is probable, since we have barely left the station, that they will both be found and forwarded to me by the next train."

Here was an original! Here was a grand exception to five-fifths of the human race who travel in first-class carriages! I hugged myself at the notion of having secured so promising a companion, and that, too, after such a couple of previous escapes.

"But how do you know?" I urged, because I had nothing better to say, and was determined, at all risks, not to suffer the conver-

sation to drop; "how do you know that somebody won't steal them?"

"I don't know," replied the other, with a contemptuous dryness, "but I do not think it probable; the articles would fetch so small a price that the reward would be likely to be quite as remunerative as the swag itself, and, of course, without the risk."

The swag! Did anybody who travels first-class ever hear such an expression? I was a good deal piqued, also, at the tone of annoyance in which he spoke, and I replied, tartly:

"I don't understand thieves' logic, nor the language either."

"Ah, I do;" responded my companion, carelessly. And he resumed his paper.

We had passed Rugby, and were flying through the dark dominions of King Coal, before either of us again broke silence.

"Come," cried my bare-headed acquaintance, suddenly, "there is no occasion for us two to quarrel; only nothing puts me so out of temper as to see a man proud of his ignorance. Now, you are a keen, long-headed, fellow enough, I can see, but you don't know anything."

"Perhaps not," I replied, still annoyed by the man's manner, and at the unaccustomed position of second fiddle, in which I found myself; "but I have really no ambition to learn thieves' logic."

"What a type of the respectable classes of this country you do afford," mused the other coolly, "in this your excessive obstinacy and conceit. You have no ambition to learn, and yet, I dare say, that you, yourself, are concerned, either directly or indirectly, in endeavouring to diminish crime, and to put down the profession of roguery. You help to elect a member of parliament who votes upon social subjects; you subscribe to benevolent associations, for the moral rescue of criminals; you consider the convict question to be an exceedingly important one, and yet you—" Here this irreverent individual absolutely burst out laughing. "What would you think of a doctor, now, who had prescribed for a patient into the particular feature of whose case he had really no ambition to inquire?"

"I am not a doctor!" I roared, out of all patience; "and I wish all the thieves in England were to be hung to-morrow."

"The country would be very sadly depopulated," replied the other, impassively: "you and I would certainly never meet again."

"This is downright insult," I exclaimed, with indignation; "I shall take care to change carriages and company at the very next station."

"Nay, sir, I meant no offence," responded my companion, gravely; "I referred only to myself as being doomed to be cut off in the flower of my days, if your wishes should be carried into effect. I have been a pickpocket

from my very cradle; and," added he, after a pause, "I am thankful to say that I have not been altogether unsuccessful in my vocation."

I was startled for an instant by the man's seriousness, and instinctively—although he was at the other end of the compartment—looked for his wicked hands. They were lying in his lap before him, neatly gloved, one of them still holding the paper.

"Ah," he said, smiling, and at once comprehending my glance, "these are nothing. They are merely my whitened walls, my outside respectabilities, my ostentatious charities, my prayers before my business proceedings. We have our little hypocrisies, like the commercial world. See here," he rose up to his full height, and the two lemon-coloured aristocratic hands fell on the floor with a third. "Here are my natural digits," he continued, producing another set of digits ungloved, and not particularly clean; "nobody can suspect a man of picking pockets who always keeps his hands before him, and reads the City Article in the Times."

"You were reading the advertisement sheet," I said, intensely interested, but still inclined for contradiction.

"Yes, sir," he retorted, "because I saw that pretence of that kind to a person of your intelligence would be futile. I always change my tactics with my company."

I began to feel very tenderly for this poor fellow, whom doubtless circumstances had driven to his present dreadful calling, but whose mental endowments had evidently fitted for far better things.

"But why," I urged, "not have picked my pocket, my good young man?"

"Because, sir," he answered, "I am now bent on pleasure, and not on business, unless something very enticing should come in my way; open and unreserved conversation, too, such as I felt I could indulge in with you, is to one in my situation" (the poor fellow sighed) "too rare a happiness to be easily forgone; besides," he added, reassuming his natural tone, "you don't carry your bank-notes in your pocket at all."

I felt myself glowing all over as red as beetroot or boiled lobster, but I managed to articulate as calmly as I could, "Bank-notes! ah, that's a good joke. I very seldom have anything of that kind to carry, I'm sorry to say."

"Yes, but when you have?" interrogated the other, slyly.

"Well, sir, when I have, what then?" I retorted, with assumed carelessness.

"Why, what a very strange place," remarked he, very slowly and impressively; "your neckcloth seems to be for keeping them safe!"

"How the devil did you come to know that?" I cried, in astonishment.

"What does it signify? What can be the value of thieves' logic?" he answered, deri-

sively. "I am sure you can have no ambition to be informed."

"Pray tell," I entreated, "pray tell; I humbly apologise;" I had very nearly robbed myself of a most interesting conversation through my own ill-humour. "It is very true that I have a number of Scotch notes in the place you mention, which my purse would not hold; but what on earth made you discover it?"

"It was very simple reasoning," he replied, "and scarcely needs explanation; stiffeners are seldom worn now, and yet your neckerchief had something in it; you were anxious about that something, and put your fingers to it involuntarily a dozen times; it was not through solicitude for your neat appearance, for you never touched the bow of it; nor did the thing misfit you, or tickle your neck, because instead of scratching, you simply tapped it, as a man taps his fob to be assured—there, you're doing it now—of the safety of his watch."

"What a fool I am!" I exclaimed, testily.

"Nay," said he, "it would be more civil to compliment me upon my powers of observation."

"I do compliment you," I replied, with candour. "I think you an exceedingly clever fellow."

"Well," said he, "it is not for me to speak about that; I know a thing or two doubtless that may be out of your respectable beat, and I daresay I could put you up to the time of day in several matters."

"Put me up to it," I cried, with enthusiasm, and parting with my last ray of superciliousness; "I am as ignorant as a peacock, I feel; do, I entreat you, put me up to it."

Whereupon, I am bound to say that my companion communicated to me such an array of interesting facts regarding his calling as would have shamed a parliamentary blue book, and beguiled the way for hours with conversation, or rather monologue, of the most exciting kind. Lord Byron states that one of the pleasantest persons he ever met in his life was a pickpocket, and I hasten to endorse his lordship's opinion with my own. I felt all that satisfaction in listening to my nefarious acquaintance which belongs to an intercourse with an enemy during a temporary truce; the delight which a schoolboy feels in playing at cricket with his pedagogue; or the pleasure which is experienced when a bishop happens to join, for once, in the choros of one's own comic song. So affable, so almost friendly, an air pervaded his remarks that the most perfect sense of security was engendered within me. I could scarcely imagine that my agreeable companion could have ever been in reality concerned in a fraudulent transaction, and far less in any deed of violence.

We had just left Preston, and he was concluding a highly interesting account of how bad money was circulated in the provinces,

when a sudden thought struck me, to which nevertheless I scarcely liked to give utterance. I felt exceedingly desirous to know exactly how garrotting was effected, yet how was I to put such a question to so inoffensive and gentlemanlike a scoundrel? At last I mustered resolution enough. Did he happen to have heard from any acquaintance who, through misfortune or otherwise, had failed in the intellectual branches of his profession, how the garotte was effected. I trembled for his answer, and half repented of having said anything so rude as soon as the question had left my lips. He, however, did but blush slightly and becomingly, smiled with the confidence of a master in some art who is ignorantly interrogated as to his knowledge of its first principles, pulled up his false collar with his real hands, and thus delivered himself:

"Why, singularly enough, sir, the garotte is my particular line."

My satisfaction at this avowal was, as may be imagined, complete. It was like the question about Hugoumont mooted among the omnibus passengers, being referred to the strange gentleman in the corner with the Roman nose, who turned out to be the Duke of Wellington.

How eloquent did my fraudulent friend become about this his favourite topic! What spirit he threw into his descriptions! What hair-breadth escapes from the police and other intrusive persons interrupting him in the pursuit of his vocation, he had at various times experienced! Left alone with his man he had rarely indeed been unsuccessful. Once, however, with a gymnastic gentleman—a harlequin, in plain clothes, returning home from the theatre—who had thrown a summersault clean over his head; and once with a stout party from a city dinner, who had no neck—positively none—to afford the operator a chance, and who bit my poor friend's arm in such a manner that it was useless for weeks afterwards.

"And you did these feats of yourself and without any assistance?" I inquired, with some incredulity.

"Quite alone, sir," replied he, "but, in all cases, the garottes were several inches shorter than myself; with a man of your size, for instance," and he laughed good-humouredly, "it would be almost an impossibility."

I laughed very heartily at this notion, too. Would he be so good as to show me, just to give me an example how the thing was done?

"I throw my arm from the back of your neck, like this," said he, suiting the action to the word, but with the very greatest delicacy of touch. "You are sure I am not inconveniencing you?"

"Not at all," said I. "Go on."

"I then close the fore arm tightly. Stoop a little lower, please; thank you, and compress the windpipe with . . ."

Where was I? Why was I lying on the floor of the carriage instead of sitting on the corner seat? Why was my neckcloth unfastened, and where were the bank-notes which it had contained? These questions, in company with many others, presented themselves to my mind as the train glided into Carlisle station. Above all, where was my agreeable companion? I knew by the unerring Bradshaw that the train stopped nowhere between Preston and—Yes, but it did though, just for one minute, at the junction of the Windermere line, to drop passengers, although not to take them up.

"Guard, guard!"

"Yes, sir; Carlisle, sir. A quarter of an hour allowed for refreshments."

"Don't talk to me of refreshments," I cried hoarsely. "Did a man from this carriage get out at Oxenholme?"

"Yes, sir; very gentlemanly young man with fishing-rod and a landing-net. A lake tourist. Asked whether there was a trout stream in that neighbourhood."

I have not quite settled yet, in my own mind, whether the thing was planned from the very first, and the lost hat itself—which was not claimed—a portion of the diabolical plot; or whether the intentions of my companion had been really honourable until I was fool enough to put a temptation in his way, which he could not resist. It was like placing the Bloomer suit of armour in the chamber of Joan of Arc, and expecting that she would keep to Crinoline and the small bonnet in preference to that martial costume to which she has been so long accustomed, and in which she looked so becoming. Previous to the outrage the man's conduct had been certainly quite irreproachable. He reasoned too, perhaps, that since he had so fully "put me up to the time of day," I should have no further occasion for my gold repeater. At all events, my travelling acquaintance had taken that away with him.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read at LIMERICK on the 1st and 2nd of September; at Huddersfield on the 8th; at Wakefield on the 9th; at York on the 10th; at Harrogate on the 11th; at Scarborough on the 13th; at Hull on the 14th; at Leeds on the 15th; at Halifax on the 16th; at Sheffield on the 17th; at Manchester on the 18th; at Darlington on the 21st; at Durham on the 22nd; at Sunderland on the 23rd; at Newcastle on the 24th and 25th; at Edinburgh on the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th of September.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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FIRST STAGE.

I have a perfect sympathy with this dead musical artist. I hate and dread the sea. Far from venturing across the Atlantic, I even

Like all persons of a circumscribed experience, I have a tendency to depreciate that which I know very little about. It is my habit to consider the Rhine a very much over-rated river, lined on each side, like a tea-garden, with mock picturesque ruins, such as Messrs. Cubitt would be glad to build along the Thames or the Severn at a very moderate contract price. I call Paris hot and wearying; Brussels a provincial Paris; Vienna immoral; Holland foggy; and Berlin dull. Above all, I endeavour to impress all tourists with a strong sense of the duty of becoming acquainted with the beauties of their own country, and the habits of their own countrymen. I set them an example by starting off with thick boots, a thick stick, scanty luggage strapped upon my back, and a very broad brimmed hat. I come back with wonderful stories of picturesque spots lying neglected almost under the very shadow of Saint Paul's Cathedral, and fabulous accounts of people and manners existing within a pistol-shot of Primrose Hill, or three hours' walk of Hyde Park Corner: less known to energetic travellers than the Kaffir races: more strange to cosmopolitan dandies than Aztec life. I have associated with gipsies to be grievously disappointed at finding them nothing like the bright and cheerful beings represented in the pages of story-books, and in the pictures of the music-sellers, but very dirty, wretched, miserable tramps; whose real way of life I found to be very unromantic and disagreeable, especially when the damp mists of the later autumn settled down upon the fields and woods, and they trod upon nothing better than the sere and yellow leaf. I have lived amongst railway navigators in a hut upon wheels, to be astonished at their wild and almost childlike simplicity of their nature, and the rude sense of order, justice, and honesty that existed in their strong bodies and feeble and uncultivated minds. Finally (as I am about to narrate), having nearly exhausted the land of my birth, I lately took to my natural enemy the water (but in its placidest condition), and, scorn-

to leave the country in which I was born and in which I hope to die, I glided for days and nights upon the silent byways of our inland canals; giving myself up without reserve to the unrestrained companionship of bargemen; accommodating my vast bulk to the confined space afforded by the crowded cabin of a Grand Junction Canal Company's fly-boat.

Having obtained the very readily accorded consent, advice, and assistance of the chairman of that company, with the active and valuable co-operation of its obliging manager; one excessively wet evening in the month of August of the present year, I placed myself in a cab by the side of a friend and a large meat pie, who were to attend me on the journey, and drove direct to the company's offices in the City Road. There was a pleasing novelty in the earliest commencement of the voyage. Ordinary tourists start from wharves near the Custom House, or Saint Katherine's Docks; old fashioned inn yards, or White Horse Cellars; large and noisy railway stations; and some from their own stables, with a dog-cart and a fast-trotting mare. I was an extraordinary tourist, and my point of starting was a Basin. The cabman who was hired for the occasion seemed to be greatly astonished at the direction of his drive. He knew I meant travelling by the portmanteau, the hamper, and the carpet-bag; and many as were the travellers whom he had driven in his time to meet conveyances, he had never been ordered before to a barge-wharf by the side of a basin, since he first had the pleasure of wearing a badge.

Goods, bales, boxes, casks, and cases were the uniform rule at the company's station, and passengers a startling, and once in half-a-century exception. As we entered the large gas-lighted, roof-covered yard, amongst a group of Warwickshire, Staffordshire, and Lancashire bargemen, dressed in their short fustian trousers, heavy boots, red plush jackets, waistcoats with pearl buttons and fustian sleeves, and gay silk handkerchiefs slung loosely round their necks, we were looked upon as unwarrantable intruders, until received and conducted to our bounding bark by the attentive manager. We threaded our way between waggons, horses, cranes, bales, and men, until we stood before the black pool of water that run up from the basin under the company's buildings. Here upon its inky bosom was the long thin form of the fly-boat Stourport, commanded by Captain Randle, in which it had been arranged we should make our journey on the canals as far as Birmingham, or even beyond that town if we felt so disposed. The captain and his crew, consisting of two men and a youth, were prepared for our arrival, and we found a good allowance of straw in the hold, and a very light cargo of goods on board—thanks to the vigilant care of the

manager. It was past midnight when we took our places in the straw—my travelling friend, whom I shall call Cuddy, myself, the slender luggage, and the great meat pie—and were poled out of the company's wharf into the broad basin by two of Captain Randle's boatmen, while the captain steered and the third member of the crew went overland with the horse to meet the Stourport on the towing path of the Regent's Canal, at the further side of the Islington Tunnel.

It will, perhaps, be proper at this point to describe our craft, not that she appeared anything but a shapeless mass by the slender light of a cloudy night (the rain had ceased), but our position and prospects will be rendered clearer by anticipating the knowledge that we gained in the morning.

The Stourport may be taken as a fair specimen of the fly-boats which are now employed in the carrying trade upon the canals that intersect England in every direction, joining each other, and covering a length of nearly two thousand five hundred miles. For the conveyance of heavy goods that do not require a rapid transit, these boats still maintain, and are always likely to maintain their position, unaffected by railway competition; and it has been demonstrated that with the application of equal forces, canal carriage will move at the rate of two and a half miles an hour—the average speed of the fly-boats—a weight nearly four times as great as railway carriage, and more than three times as great as turnpike-road carriage. These fly-boats belong to various individuals, firms, and companies scattered throughout the country; the largest owners being my worthy hosts, the Grand Junction Canal Company, who, in addition to being extensive canal proprietors, are also active carriers.

The length of the Stourport from stem to stern is about ten yards; its breadth eight feet; and its depth nearly five feet. At intervals, along the centre of the hold, are upright poles and wedges, rising to a height of full five feet above the side edge of the boat; being a little higher in the middle than near the stem and stern. Along the tops of these poles are laid several planks which join each other, forming a slightly bent bow over the whole length of the hold. This framework is covered with a thick black tarpaulin passed over the horizontal planks, fastened tightly near the edges of the boat, and kept down by ropes, running across, at intervals, like hoops, from one end to the other. An open space is left, near the centre of the hold, through which the boatmen descend and ascend when any goods require landing. Here it was, under cover of this gipsy-like tent, that our ample bed of straw was spread.

At the extreme head of the boat, beyond this timber and tarpaulin structure, is a heart-shaped platform, large enough to stand upon; and, like the boat generally,

strongly constructed, to be defended from the constant concussions against the lock-gates, and the constant wear and tear caused by friction against the lock-walls. At the stern of the boat is the smallest conceivable cabin, in which the four men—captain and crew—contrive to sleep, to live, and to cook. It runs up shelvingly from the sides of the boat to nearly the height of the tarpaulin's back-bone; and is covered with a flat deck; making it like a box. As you stand up in the little cabin doorway—which runs in a short distance, leaving part of this deck on each side of you—you can place your elbows comfortably upon the top, or drop a coal down into the cabin-fire through the chimney, which rises to the height of two feet, close to the left side of your nose. Between the cabin-door, and the small, raised fan-shaped platform, upon which stand the steersman and the tiller, there is a little passage, across the boat, so narrow that it looks like a plank ribbon. This completes the size and outline of the Stourport, Captain Randle, which, in every important respect, is a model of its sister fly-boats. Seen at some little distance, from a bridge, as they glide slowly and silently along the waters, these boats look very like the pictures of attenuated hippopotami floating down the African rivers.

We glide and bump, and bump and glide away from the lofty, hollow, buildings of the company, amidst the sound of echoing men's voices, and the splashing of poles in the water; slowly past the wharves, and factories, and tile and whitening stores that line the sides of the basin; plenty of time being allowed for observation, as our pace is very slow—as it will be all through the journey; for we have gone at one bound a century back in the history of conveyance, and must be satisfied with an uniform and almost imperceptible rate of from two to two and a-half miles an hour. Our progress is the result of the poling of the two boatmen who stand on the top of the tarpaulin structure; upon the ridge of the boards which continually oscillate over the water. Here—with a pole several yards long, and of the thickness of a child's arm, with a hook and spike at the end, which is planted in the bed of the canal, and with the other end fixed under the arm—the boatman leans over the water at a very dangerous angle, and impels the Stourport with its precious cargo, by a strong muscular walking-pressure of the feet upon the tarpaulin's back-bone.

About one o'clock in the morning we reached the Islington tunnel, and here we are enlightened as to another process of barge propulsion, called legging. A couple of strong thick boards, very like in shape to tailors' sleeve-boards, but twice the size, are hooked on to places formed on each side of the barge, near the head, from which they project like two raised oars. On these two narrow, insecure platforms, the two venture-

some boatmen lie on their backs, holding on by grasping the board underneath, and with their legs, up to the waist, hanging over the water. A lantern, placed at the head of the barge, serves to light the operation which consists in moving the Stourport through the black tunnel, by a measured side-step against the slimy, glistening walls; the right foot is first planted in a half-slanting direction, and the left foot is constantly brought over with a sweep to take the vacated place, until the right can recover its footing; like the operation known as "hands over" by young ladies who play upon the piano in a showy and gymnastic manner. The Stourport, steered by its commander, Captain Randle, walks through the tunnel in the dead of the night, by the aid of its four stout legs, and its four heavily hob-nailed boots, that make a full echoing sound upon the walls like the measured clapping of hands, but disturb not the sleeping inmates of houses and kitchens under which they pass; many of whom, perhaps, are utterly ignorant of the black and barge-loaded Styx that flows beneath them.

We emerge from the tunnel, at last, and tackle to our horse. Our progress is then slow and steady, between the silent houses of Camden Town; past the anything but silent railway carrying establishment of the Messrs. Pickford; round the outskirts of the Regent's Park; under the overhanging trees of the Zoological Gardens; and through Saint John's Wood, to the termination of the Regent's Canal, and the commencement of the Grand Junction Canal, near the Harrow Road, at Paddington. About this time my friend and companion, Cuddy, who is remarkable for an appetite that requires satisfying at the most extraordinary times and seasons, could be restrained no longer from attacking the great meat-pie. A large watchman's lantern was handed down the hold; and, by its rather dim light, at exactly two A.M., the frugal meal began. The picture formed was of a mixed character; the pie, a bottle, and the grouping being suggestive of Teniers, while the lantern-light, and its effects, were decidedly Rembrandtish. The picture struck the astonished gaze of a Paddington lock-keeper, who had been man and boy at that lock for five-and-twenty years, and who had never seen anything like it in the hold of a fly-barge—always devoted to bales, boxes, and casks—during the whole course of his long experience. He gazed in silence, and went away while the lock was filling with water, only to return, and to indulge in another gaze. No one connected with the boat volunteered to enlighten him as to the cause of the very unusual spectacle; and, after a time which the junction of two locks allowed him for rumination, he came up to the side of the boat, close to the opening in the tarpaulin, and delivered himself of a few words to myself and Cuddy. It

may be that he had been solacing the solitude of his hut with something of a comforting nature, and had issued with an over-developed sense of dignity and authority. It may be that his temper was a little soured by seeing the bottle, and receiving no invitation from the eccentric passengers and owners to partake of its contents. Anyway, his tone was thick, and his meaning unfriendly.

"I don't know who you may be," he began, "you may be all right, and you may not; but I'm here to do my duty."

Cuddy explained to him the very confined limits of that duty, which consisted in opening and shutting the lock-gates, and seeing that no one threw dead dogs or cats in the water, to obstruct the channel. This remark, had an irritating effect.

"Sir," he resumed, addressing himself particularly to Cuddy, who maddened him by drinking out of the bottle: "I don't know who you may be, but I know my duty; if I didn't, I hadn't ought to be here."

Something called him away at this point, for a moment; but he returned immediately to the attack.

"I see a party in the barge," he resumed, "and how do I know who they are?"

"How, indeed?" replied Cuddy.

"Very well; I know my duty. I don't know who you may be—"

Our barge had, by this time, cleared the locks, and the argumentative, but language-limited lock-keeper was left behind upon a brickwork promontory, struggling with his frozen eloquence, and with many conflicting emotions. He probably thought that Captain Randle was harbouring visitors without the knowledge of the Company; or that a secret mission of observance, a surveying expedition, or a pleasure-party of eccentric directors was floating on the canal; and, while, he was anxious to assert his official existence, and to show himself in the eyes of the great unknown as a highly vigilant and meritorious officer, he was mad with curiosity to know the meaning of the unusual group in the hold of the Stourport; and careful not to say anything that might be offensive to the ears of probable authority, travelling in disguise. No one had the charity to enlighten his ignorance, and he was left to pass the short remainder of the night, tossing uneasily upon his couch under the heavy load of a deep, dark mystery.

Before we leave the Regent's Canal, and join the Paddington branch of the Grand Junction Canal, to proceed in the direction of Brentford, we are received in the gauging-house of the Grand Junction Company, and the weight of luggage which we carry on board is measured by a barometer, which is dipped in the canal close to the sides of the vessel, fore and aft, and the results entered in a book, from which we are rated. This necessary examination is made in the interest of canal proprietors at every

junction where a barge passes from one property to another. The Grand Junction Company charge tolls to their own barges, the same as to others, the accounts of the carrying trade, and the canal trade, being kept distinct. This ordeal concluded, we are fairly launched upon the inland canals, and our regular round of canal life begins. In front of us is our butty-barge (butty being a Staffordshire term for foreman), destined to be our companion through the journey, and undertake the duty of sending a man in advance with a key, to get the water prepared in the locks. This is done by the driver of the horse, and is no inconsiderable task, when we know that there are nearly a hundred locks upon the Grand Junction property. The barges of all the large proprietors travel in tandem-pairs; and the task of lock-opening falls to the lot of the foremost barge. Each boat has a captain and three men, who work in lengths, or distances of from six to ten miles; one man steering while the other drives, and attends to the locks; the other two sleeping or resting until their turns came to work the boat. The captain is responsible to the company for the barge and the goods; and he receives a certain fixed payment in pounds sterling for the voyage. The crew of three men is employed, paid, and fed by the captain. The victualing of the vessel consists in shipping a sack of potatoes, a quantity of inferior tea, and about fifty pounds of meat at the beginning of the voyage; while large loaves of bread, weighing upwards of eight pounds, are got at certain places on the line of canal. If our pace is slow, it has the advantage of being incessant; for night or day we never stop, but keep on the even tenor of two and a-half miles an hour, except when, for about two minutes, we are delayed at each lock.

By degrees the novelty of our situation subsides a little, and we settle down for a few hours upon our straw bed. Cuddy is restless; and, having the weight of much historical information concerning canals upon his mind, which he has hastily crammed from cyclopædias, and such books, in anticipation of our journey, he suddenly finds it necessary that he should communicate to me an account of early Chinese, Assyrian, and Roman claims to the introduction and improvement of this very useful, agreeable, and economical mode of conveyance. Finding that I do not feel a proper and intelligent interest in the early origin and struggles of canals; that I do not care how the Chinese dug them; what the Egyptians thought of them, or what the early Greeks called them; knowing that I am familiar with every step in the noble history of the energetic, single-minded Duke of Bridgewater, and his worthy engineer and companion, Brindley, and all they did for canal extension in England,—Cuddy (who is not a bore, or he would

not have been invited to join me on this voyage) changes his ground. Leaving me to wallow in the ignorance which I seem to covet, he appeals with more chance of success to the weakest point about me,—my imagination. As a basis of operation, he explains in a popular manner the nature and construction of canal-locks. He tells me how our frail bark, the Stourport, will be admitted into a deep, narrow, oblong, brick well; and how, as soon as we are in the dreadful trap, two massive iron-bound timber gates will close behind us in such a manner that the more the pressure is increased from behind, the tighter will they bind themselves together. Then he draws a fearfully vivid picture of the two gates in front of us,—a single, slender barrier, that alone opposes the advance of an ocean—a hundred thousand tons of water forty feet above our heads, fretting to be at us, like a bear looking down from his pole upon the tender children outside his pit. Cuddy candidly admits that this barrier is secured by powerful and well-tried machinery; but qualifies the admission by his description of the persons who are supposed to regulate the action of this machinery. He puts it to me, whether I ought to feel secure in resting where I am, while a feeble old man from the lock-house totters out of his bed in the dead of night, with a glimmering lantern in one hand and the fatal lock-key in the other, groping his way to the awful barrier; or while the over-worked, drowsy, and perhaps headstrong boy, who travels the towing-path with the horse, rushes at the fearful flood-gates to play with the deluge. What can I expect, but to be dashed backward and forward in a savage maelstrom; or hurled, like a straw, with trees, haystacks, cows, and farm-houses, over the distant meadows?

Very true, indeed, Cuddy, very true, indeed—but do not, for mercy's sake—be so—shock—ing—ly—graph—ic. Sleep at last. A fitful, feverish sleep. A very inferior balm, and nothing like great Nature's second course.

It had lasted, perhaps, an hour, when it was abruptly broken by a violent bump, which caused the devoted Stourport to tremble from stem to stern. Cuddy awoke, and sat upright; while I started instantly upon my legs. Everything was pitch black. Not a gleam of light was visible. The rushing, hissing sound of bursting waters filled the ears with terror. I realised our position in a moment; we had settled down in the bed of a lock, and the canal-flood had already closed over our heads. I flew to the spot where there had been an opening in the tarpaulin before we went to sleep, and tore it open. The moon was shining dimly in the sky, for it was now near daybreak. Our bark was certainly in the bed of a lock, rising gradually to the upper level close to the brick wall. The water was pouring in at the lock-gates; and the bump that

had aroused us was the result of a more than usually violent concussion of the head of the boat against the upper gate timbers. The pitch-black darkness of the hold was caused by the fatherly tenderness of the boatman on duty; who, finding we were sleeping under the open tarpaulin, with a heavy dew coming down upon our unprotected heads, had drawn the rough and humble curtain without disturbing us, and had innocently added to the horrors of our nightmare.

"Cuddy," I said to my friend and companion, with something of severity in my tone, "let us have no more of these graphic descriptions, just upon the eve of slumber."

THE HARVEST MOON.

SEPTEMBER, the month of the Harvest Moon, is the beloved month of moonshine for the million. This month of bright English autumn weather, is the holiday month of many a fagged student and many a busy labourer in the world's work. In this month, of all others, the full moon rises so soon after sunset, that the short evening walk begun in sunshine may be closed in moonlight. After the twenty-first of this month, English moonlight walks, weather permitting, are to be enjoyed at reasonable hours in their perfection.

Simply because of its rising night after night, after the full, more closely upon the sunset than any other, the moon which is at its full on or nearest to the twenty-first of September, is called the Harvest Moon. Labourers who would make haste to gather in their harvests, may go on with their work by moonlight when the sunlight fails. On the twenty-first of September the sun sets due west, and the moon rises due east. Then it is that the orbit of the moon makes the least possible angle with the horizon.

Apropos not only of the harvest moon, I have certain vague convictions of my own, concerning moonshine in general. I am quite serious, am too judicious to believe in ghosts; but I believe that there is more in moonlight than philosophers have yet discovered. I am very far from content with the mere information that moonlight is sunlight in a mild form. A few years ago it contented men of science to find in the sunshine little more than light, in the sense of that which makes things visible. All the effects of sunlight were ascribed to light, and to nothing else. Sunlight differed from other lights only in its intensity, they said. Human art made intense light, and found that it would not do what sunlight does. It is true that a ball of ignited quicklime in the Drummond light, the most intense light we have ever made, appears only as a black spot when held before the bright disc of the sun; and the recent experiments of Messieurs Fizeau and Foucault show that the light at the surface of Drummond's lime-ball is a hundred and forty-six times

dimmer than light at the surface of the sun. As for the sun's heat,—that is to say, the heat which radiates from it, leaving wholly out of account the heat retained in its substance—Professor Thomson, of Glasgow, has expressed that vividly, by showing how much coal it would take to generate it: thirteen thousand five hundred pounds of coal must be consumed every hour on every individual square yard of the sun's surface. This allows nothing for the heating of the sun itself. If all this heat come out of a conflagration, how is it kept up? Professor Thomson ascribes it to friction, Sir John Herschel to electricity.

As moonshine is sunshine transformed, we must begin at the beginning. "May not," Sir John Herschel asks, "may not a continual current of electric matter be constantly circulating in the sun's immediate neighbourhood, or traversing the planetary spaces; and, exciting, in the upper regions of its atmosphere, those phenomena of which, on however diminutive a scale, we have yet an unequivocal manifestation in our aurora borealis? The possible analogy of the solar light to that of the aurora has been distinctly insisted on by the late Sir William Herschel." This harmonises better than the friction theory with what I have to say concerning moonshine. The ray of sunshine is now said to contain not only light and heat, but also actinism. The light, white and pure as it seems, has, since Newton's time, been known to be a compound of lights varying not only in colour, but refracting power. In these days, we ascribe other differences to these coloured lights than the mere obvious difference of their places in the rainbow. We ascribe light to the yellow rays; heat to the red and to invisible rays beyond the red. Electrical affinity and actinism, which is the main producer of photographic or chemical action (the power of decomposing salts of silver), we ascribe to the blue rays, and to certain rays beyond the blue, which are invisible to the unaided eye: of these Professor Stokes was the discoverer. The different heating powers of the different lights in the spectrum, or artificial rainbow, can be tried by the thermometer. Sir Henry Englefield found that when the thermometer, with its bulb in the blue ray, stood at fifty-six degrees, in the green ray it was two degrees warmer, in the yellow ray six degrees warmer, in the red ray sixteen degrees warmer, and beyond the red ray twenty-three degrees warmer. The mercury in the thermometer fell again when the bulb was brought back into the red, from the invisible light beyond it, which is a part of sunshine; yet is, in the ordinary sense, no light at all. All this is very wonderful; we detect certain effects, and profit by them; but we have not gone beyond a dim guess at their causes. We talk of the triumphs of our science; say that we compel the sun himself to trade with us in pictures; but we

don't know what the sun is. Where it is and how big it is we know, but what it is we do not know. We don't so much as know what sunshine is. It is almost the commonest thing on earth; but we do not know why it is light; why it is warm; why it is a complex thing; and why its yellow rays are light, its red rays warm, and its blue rays actinic. We don't know the cause of that chemical power which it pleases us to call actinism; nor do we know why the actinic ray turns nitrate of silver black. These blue rays are found to be those which determine plants to grow towards the light, but why do they so? If we nail against a wall loose shoots of honeysuckles so that their leaves show to the sun their lower sides, the sun will turn them round in a summer's day, and every leaf will show its upper surface to the sunlight. Everybody knows that to be so; but why, remains to the wisest an unpenetrated mystery.

Then we confess that there are mysteries in sunshine, we acknowledge many more than I have indicated here. My belief is, that there are as many mysteries in moonshine yet to be acknowledged and explored; and, in both, some mysteries upon the trace of which we are yet hardly come.

As to the moon's influence over the weather, I take Mr. Glaisher's word that, at the Greenwich Observatory, during the last eighteen years, changes of weather have been found to be as frequent at every age of the moon, as when she has been seven, fourteen, twenty-one, or twenty-eight days old; therefore she cannot have had the slightest influence over any of them. Monsieur Hagergues, taking the number of rainy days that occur on days of the moon's phases during nineteen years, found most rain coincident with the first quarter: least rain with the last. Monsieur Schubler kept a like record for eight-and-twenty years, and found most rain coincident with days of full moon, least at the last quarter. Doctor Marceet examined a register of weather kept for thirty-four years at Geneva, and found also most rain at the period of full moon, but least at the time, not of the last, but of the first quarter. Monsieur Arago, comparing registers that covered a long period, found least rain at the time of full moon, most when the moon was new. Doctor Marceet noted also changes of weather from rain to fair and from fair to rain at changes of the moon during his thirty-four years, and found, he says, some support to the vulgar opinion of the influence of new and full moon: none whatever to a belief in the influence of the two quarters. From such conflicting notes of trivial differences, science infers that the age of the moon makes no practical difference at all to the state of the weather. Obstinate still is the faith of shepherds on our hills, of fishermen upon our coasts, and of wives in our households. For myself, I accept the calculations made by

men of science as rough evidence that the moon's influence upon the weather is not such as to convert wet into dry seasons, or dry seasons into wet; that it may not influence the gross amount of rainfall or the average manner of its distribution through the months; but, without touching the averages, it may have an influence noticeable within the month by those who, like the shepherd or the fisherman, observe the manner of the daily changes in the weather. Sun and wind over-rule the moonshine; yet, perhaps, the moonshine is not powerless. A man's judgment and the bent of his character may determine the whole course of his life, may be the ruling influence from day to day, the sole determiner of his average behaviour, the only thing to be regarded by a scientific biographer; but those who know him intimately, and who, watching the development of all his actions in detail, find reason to lay stress on the influence of many a disturbing cause that would not be thought worthy of mention in a scheme of his career. We observe a friend as a sailor looks at the sea, or a shepherd at the sky, and we predict his behaviour in any case, not so much by a reference to his first principles, to the great currents and trade-winds of his character, as by a knowledge of the small things that affect him. We know, perhaps, that when the barrel-organ has been grinding outside his window, there is usually perturbation of his mind. Yet science, if it calculate his perturbations spread over a whole period of life, may find no reason to include street-organs among disturbing causes. It may show that he was as frequently put out when there were not street-organs as when there were, and that there was often a happiness in his household that the coming of a street-organ could not disturb. Days of exuberance may even be found, on which he gave a penny to the organist. And to all this we may say of our friend as the fisherman says of the weather. Nevertheless, we know what we know.

Of one thing, for example, let me speak from my own knowledge. I have often journeyed abroad with the moon for company, and have grown up familiar from the beginning with a fact known probably to all common out-of-door observers—the moon's power, under certain circumstances, of dispelling clouds. Yet there is, we believe, only one man of science in this country (Sir John Herschel), who publishes his faith in this peculiar property of moonshine. He speaks of "the tendency to disappearance of clouds under the full moon, as a meteorological fact for which it is necessary to seek a cause," and he mentions it, he says, from his own observations, made quite independently of any knowledge of such a tendency having been observed by others. To this note in the fifth edition, just published, of his *Outlines of Astronomy* (next to Sir Charles

Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, the best introduction to a science in our language), he adds of such power of the moon, "Humboldt, however, in his *Personal Narrative*, speaks of it as well known to the pilots and seamen of Spanish America." Because no other rational explanation seems to offer, Sir John suggests this reason for the fact: "Though the surface of the full moon exposed to us must necessarily be very much heated—possibly to a degree much exceeding that of boiling water—yet we feel no heat from it, and even in the focus of large reflectors, it fails to affect the thermometer. No doubt, therefore its heat (conformably to what is observed of that of bodies heated below the point of luminosity) is much more readily absorbed in traversing transparent media than direct solar heat, and is extinguished in the upper regions of our atmosphere, never reaching the earth at all." This possible and faint heat, it is suggested, melts clouds which the warmer rays of sunset could not dissipate.

The theory is not offered as a solution of the difficulty, nor is it a solution. I am, of course, incompetent to suggest a better; but, since it happens that I write this dissertation upon moonshine on the day of the full moon in August, and was moved to write it by the observation of some very suggestive changes in the clouding of the sky upon the previous evening, let me give an unscientific but, so far as it goes, trustworthy account of the peculiar way in which the moon then dealt with a cloudy sky. On the twenty-third of August last, the day had been hot, with an exceedingly brief shower in the middle of it. Towards sunset, the whole sky became overcast, and there were some dark clouds that suggested thunder and a sudden fall of rain. The moon rose behind a cloud, and presently peeped over it. It was, perhaps, an hour before I chanced again to look at the sky. It was then perfectly cloudless in the quarter through which the moon was advancing. But in the northern half of the vault of heaven, there were then still lines of rather heavy cloud radiating, not from the moon, but from a point in the sky north-east of her. Beyond that point a substantial line of cloud, heralded by a long pointed fragment, was floating slowly in the direction of the moon herself. When the advanced fragment of the cloud came before the moon it melted visibly, as sugar melts in water, very little of it travelled on, the rest was seen diffused for half a minute as a white vapour before it entirely disappeared. The rest of the cloud as it came under the moon, though its mass was considerable, melted as rapidly, first whitening the blue of the sky for a short time, and then entirely vanishing. While this was happening a new thing fixed attention. There was, as it were, a beam of brown darkness stretching through the blue sky from the point in which the lines of cloud concentrated. This was certainly not cloud; it was as

sharply defined as if it were a beam of light instead of shade, and of an amber-brown colour unlike the colouring of any cloud then in the sky. It ran—to speak without compass and roughly—in a line with the moon and the north-east corner of the heavens. Within one of the other lines of cloud, extending, as I imagined, west-north-west, there was a large patch of the same brown darkness. To such a patch the opposite beam contracted by the meeting of its two ends near its centre, and then for a little time the two fragments of brown night, patches of sky with the blue colour lost from it, both become intenser in their shade, remained opposite to each other. Finally, there remained in the sky only two lines of cloud, the one from the north-east, which was floating towards the moon and disappearing under it, the other stretching to the west-north-west. This latter began, when the opposite cloud had been wholly consumed, steadily to float in a straight line from the moon, melting along its whole substance as it went. One of the great mysteries of nature was at work before me, and perhaps demonstrating itself in vain to a too ignorant beholder. I only thought that if any wise gazer upon distant Sirius would not consider moonshine too much below the exalted circle of his acquaintance to be worth a look of recognition, moonshine might tell him secrets that would well repay his condescension.

Perhaps I had better not plunge out of sober fact into remote speculation; but the speculation points, remote as it is, in a practical direction. Some day we shall, perhaps, find out what is the influence of moonshine on the human body. Sunshine acts powerfully, as we know. I am privately convinced that the calming influence of moonlight on the spirit of man, is not due merely to its softness—we can moderate an artificial light to the same feebleness, without becoming sentimental under it—but to a physical action on the body. Professor Faraday suspends a man in the air, and the man swings into a given line, obedient to the unseen forces of the earth. We have to learn what are the unseen influences of the moon. No reasonably sensitive man or woman can have failed to recognise a quality in moonlight as inexplicable as the flavour of a peach,—a power to which the spirits are obedient. If no violent cause operate in a contrary direction, friends abroad under moonlight become friendlier; a restraint on mutual confidence commonly felt at other times, is strangely lifted from the heart; therefore is moonlight sought instinctively by lovers. Moonshine has melted away many a cloud of wrath, many a turmoil of wild jesting, has set many a man's aspirations free to float heavenward; and I say that it is not merely because it is soft light that it does this, any more than wine excites because it is a liquid. There is a direct action on

man's body; and at any rate in the year nine thousand, somebody shall be able to tell his neighbours what it is.

A CORNISH HUG.

It is generally admitted, I believe, that the lower orders of Cornwall are a shade more refined, more artistic, or, as some anti-patriots would express it, more continental, than is the rule with the labouring populations of this country. A slight, but significant illustration of this flattering theory (to Cornwall), may be found in the circumstance, that the official rank known among the matter-of-fact mechanics of the northern and midland counties by the bare, common-place definition of Foreman; in the Staffordshire regions by the name of Butty; amongst the nomad and lawless navvies by the alarming title of Ganger; and in the slow-going, hum-drum coal-pits and forges of Monmouthshire, by the homely appellation of Gaffer: the enjoyment of this dignity in the Cornish mines confers upon its holder the graceful and enviable distinction of Captain.

Several members of my family had resided in Cornwall, and numerous were the Cornish legends with which my youthful soirées were enlivened. The heroes of most of these were captains. I began life strongly prepossessed in favour of this distinguished order. I think I must have been a little dazzled by the splendour of the title itself; and, unquestionably, remote association with the achievements of the very Carlylian hero of Great Cornish Captains in the mining way; Captain Jack, in fact,—

the valiant Cornishman,
Who slew the Giant Cormoran,

by means of sinking a shaft on the property of that very extensive landowner (a masterpiece of engineering, and for which its projector was justly rewarded by hitting upon a rich vein of tin); this, I repeat, beyond all doubt, had a great deal to do with my admiration. At any rate, I was a thorough believer in the mining captains of Cornwall, and delighted in the abundant records of their deeds and sayings; the former usually belligerent, frequently naïve, the latter invariably humorous. There was the story of Captain Jimmy Penrose; the conscientious, the ambitious, but the singularly uncurious. This was a great favourite of mine, and I must briefly refer to it. The prevailing and chronic ambition of all the Great Cornish Captains of the age, from which my information dates, was once in a lifetime to enjoy the pleasure of seeing London Church Town. Captain Jimmy was no exception to this rule; or, rather, he may have been; for Jimmy's ambition was not so much to see London Church Town, as to enjoy the more enduring pleasure of saying that he had seen it. Being the antipodes of the late Brinsley

Sheridan in the matter of moral principle, as well as in a few other respects not worth attending to, the idea of indulging in the desired honour upon false pretences—if it ever suggested itself to Captain Jemmy's simple imagination—was too revolting to his upright nature to be for a moment entertained as a practical scheme.

Jemmy saved his money, got his holiday, and travelled all the way from Penzance to London Church Town by waggon. No joke of a journey in those days, and for a man who had, perhaps, spent nine-tenths of his life incalculable fathoms under ground, must have been rather oppressive from an excess of daylight, fresh air, and other unwonted inconveniences. However; waggons have tilts; and it is to be hoped Captain Jemmy had an opportunity of preserving his eye-sight.

Everything must have an end; and the waggon at length entered London Church Town; Captain Jemmy Penrose in it, of course. Arrived at their final destination, the waggoner naturally imagined that Captain Jemmy would like to get out. Captain Jemmy did not appear to have foreseen the necessity of such a proceeding. He inquired when the waggon was going back. He was informed early on the following morning. In that case, Captain Jemmy said, he would prefer remaining where he was, being rather fatigued, and in no need of refreshment. Captain Jemmy slept all night in the waggon, having thoughtfully secured his place for the return journey. He had seen London Church Town. His mission was accomplished; and he returned to Cornwall in a perfect state of contentment (his feet scarcely having touched the pavement of the great metropolis) to mention the ennobling circumstance.

But if I go on telling at this length all the stories of Cornish mining captains that crowd upon my memory, I shall have no space left for the surprising mail-coach adventure of Captain Billy Tregear, which I sat down expressly to chronicle, in the belief that it has not yet seen the colour of printing ink.

I must admit, by way of preface, that the story of Captain Billy Tregear is deficient in the rather essential element of probability. But, as it is considerably more strange than the majority of fictions, there is proverbial authority for assuming it to be true. I can assert one thing positively, that such a person as Captain Billy Tregear really had an existence. But this is weak evidence, and establishes the authenticity of the incidents to be related, ascribed by popular belief to his experience, about as clearly as Mrs. Quickly's story of her neighbour's dish of prawns made out a case of breach of promise of marriage against Sir John Falstaff, or as the existence of the horse block in front of Mr. Willet's establishment proved that Queen Elizabeth had once visited the Maypole.

However, I will tell the story as I used to hear it.

Captain Billy Tregear, like his compeer, and perhaps friend, Jemmy Penrose, was bound on the *visite de rigueur* to London Church Town. Captain Billy would seem to have been in more comfortable circumstances, or he may have been simply more luxurious and extravagant than the listless Jemmy. At any rate, Captain Billy travelled by mail, not by waggon, outside, of course.

Billy sat behind the coachman, in company with three rather unusual coach passengers. But as any kind of coach or passenger would have been unusual to Billy, he perhaps saw no more singularity in them than in the rest of his fellow-travellers. They were certainly not the kind of people one is in the habit of meeting even in mixed society. One of them was an Italian showman. His companions were a bear and a monkey.

Captain Billy accepted their companionship cheerfully, as a perfectly natural and legitimate incident in his aboveground experiences.

At the outset of my story I confess there is a sort of Alpine or Rubicon barrier of improbability, which the reader may perhaps find some difficulty in getting over. But he is requested to make an effort, with the assurance that this obstacle surmounted, he will find the rest of our mutual journey comparatively plain sailing. He must make an effort, then, to believe—as implicitly, if possible, as I myself did when I first heard the story—that Captain Billy Tregear, either from a defective knowledge of mankind or from an impaired vision, the result of having had the sun too much in his eyes, whether in the literal or the metaphorical sense (both cases being possible to a Cornish miner just come aboveground for a holiday) mistook the bear for a human being, outlandish perhaps and taciturn, but undeniably human.

You must bear continually in mind that Captain Billy had risen from the ranks to his present distinction in the depths of a tin mine. What could he know about man and beast in the upper sun-lit world? I could point out a score of gentlemen—either of whom, happening to be Billy's travelling companion on the occasion, might easily have been mistaken by Billy for a bear. Is it then a wonder that the simple untutored Cornishman should have mistaken a bear for a gentleman?

I fear in order to make my story at all probable (the difficulty enlarges as I approach it), I must fall back upon and cling to the hypothesis that Captain Billy had mounted the coach in a hazed and muzzy condition; and had come armed with a case-bottle after the manner of sagacious travellers; that he could not have been in a state to judge by ocular demonstration of the outlines of his fellow-passengers; that he was merely aware of a dark, huddled-up figure of some kind

sitting peaceably beside him, whose outer and tangible garment appeared to be of a furry texture, and that Billy—as a natural consequence of his assumed condition—was disposed to be sociable and communicative.

The legend proceeds to state, that Billy made several unsuccessful attempts to engage the bear in conversation.

We have hinted that the bear was taciturn. There was every excuse for his observing this apparently churlish demeanour. In the first place he was naturally ignorant of the English language. In the second, he laboured under the physical disadvantage of being muzzled. Billy, it may be fairly supposed, was not able to notice this physical inconvenience; or it is probable that he would have treated the bear with greater consideration than he did.

However, it took a long time to offend Billy. He wanted to talk. Having exhausted general topics—in which the stranger might be naturally indisposed to take an interest—the gallant but perhaps (well, yes, he must have been, so let us consider the matter settled) intoxicated captain, proceeded to more personal questions. It struck him that he would start a delicate compliment to his neighbour's taste and judgment in dress. Now, to withstand that kind of blandishment one must be a bear indeed!

"Famous top-coat that o' yours, sir," said Billy, admiringly smoothing the bear's left shoulder. "Beautiful top-coat, to be sure."

The bear may have thought so too; but, as has been shown, there were insurmountable obstacles to his expressing an opinion upon that or any other subject.

"Good sort of coat that for the pits," pursued the undaunted Billy. "Water'd trickle off it just the very thing like off a coat's* back. Wouldn't it, now?"

The bear was obstinately silent, and here, I think, he was to blame. He might have grunted, at least.

Billy was not yet beaten. He pursued:

"Excuse my freedom, sir, as a poor man and a perfect stranger; but might I ask what would be the cost of a top-coat like that, for I should like to have one, if within means?"

Still the bear didn't say a word.

Captain Billy was now fairly huffed. Human blood is apt to get warm down in those gaseous tin mines, and Billy felt this was a poor return for his persistent civility. He opened and shut his hands, loosened his biceps muscles, and clutched at the air as if meditating vengeance, in a Cornish manner, at the earliest opportunity. Having grasped and thrown a few imaginary foes over the back of the coach, and feeling himself in training for any encounter, Billy deliberately proceeded to provoke the bear by insult.

He spoke at that unoffending personage in the third person.

"Well! I ain't a judge of breeding, perhaps, but it ain't my idea of a gentleman!"

Billy was quite right. The bear was no gentleman.

The showman here interposed. He fully understood the state of the case, which he had watched from its commencement. Nursing his monkey affectionately in his lap (and winking at the coachman and passengers), he said to Captain Billy—in pretty fair English—with a mischievous Italian smile,—

"You must not be offended with him. He does not understand your language. He is a Russian."

"Rooshan, eh?" said Billy, rather exasperated than pacified by the explanation. "Bra-ave, ugly chap, sure he is, too. Can her wrussel?"

"O, yes; the Russians are very fine wrestlers," said the Italian.

"Well! there's wrusslers in Cornwall, too." The wrathful Captain again clutched the air as he spoke.

"You had better not try with him," the showman went on. "He has one terrible grip."

"So they said of the Westmoreland man last winter, but I throwed him over my head, and could have done it with my hat on."

"Ah! but the Russians have one hug of their own."

"So've we; and it's thought a good'un," said Billy, tartly.

And then I think Billy must have sought solace in the case-bottle, and fallen asleep, murmuring contemptuous defiance against the Rooshan nation collectively.

History at any rate insists upon the fact, that at the first halting place, Captain Billy on descending, staggering or tumbling from the roof of the coach, knocked against his late neighbour, the bear, lately assisted by his master in descending to terra firma, to the admiration of numerous bystanders, and became indignant at what he conceived to be a fresh insult to the British flag at the hands of perfidious Muscovy. Billy rushed blindly at his insulter, whom he seized by the shoulders, after the manner of his county, preparing to initiate him into the mysteries of the Cornish hug.

The bear, of course, didn't like this, and retaliated after the custom of his race and district. Equally, as a matter of course, Captain Billy Tregear didn't like that.

"Here, I say," Billy gasped, rapidly collapsing within the slowly closing hug of his adversary, "this ain't wrussling!"

The bear was impervious to argument as on former occasions. To his horror, Billy felt sharp fangs entering a fleshy portion of his torso. It was a pity he had not better studied the Russian character.

"Here, I say! You're a clau-ug me. This ain't fair! Help! Murder!"

Billy's eyes rolled wildly in search of pro-

* An oont, reader, in West-country dialect, means a mole.

bable rescue among the terror-stricken spectators. There was no help in sight. In the midst of his agony he looked upwards, and saw the Monkey, who had not yet been lifted from the seat on the coach to which his master had tied him. There was hope yet. Victory had already decided against Billy. The British flag was nowhere. Prompt capitulation was the only safety. With the remnant of breath left to him, he screamed out imperingly to the Monkey:—

"I say, young gentleman, speak to your father in his own language, and tell him if he'll loose go I'll ax his pardon."

The story always finished here. At the time of my first becoming acquainted with it, Captain Billy Tregear was reported to be still alive and prosperous. I never learnt how he got out of Mr. Bear's clutches, and conjecture fails to suggest a probable means of his extrication. But I never like to inquire too closely into the reality of good stories. They always come out from the fire of scrutiny, singed like Michaelmas geese, of their feathery glories. I have not yet got over the pain of discovering, a few months ago, that Rob Roy was not only a dirty sheep-stealer, but that he sold a fight to the English government in the great Scottish rebellion.

MY LADY LUDLOW.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

I AM ashamed to say what feeling became strongest in my mind about this time. Next to the sympathy we all of us felt for my dear lady in her deep sorrow, I mean. For that was greater and stronger than anything else, however contradictory you may think it, when you hear all.

It might arise from my being so far from well at the time, which produced a diseased mind in a diseased body; but I was absolutely jealous for my father's memory, when I saw how many signs of grief there were for my lord's death, he having done next to nothing for the village and parish, which now changed, as it were, its daily course of life, because his lordship died in a far-off city. My father had spent the best years of his manhood in labouring hard, body and soul, for the people amongst whom he lived. His family, of course, claimed the first place in his heart; he would have been good for little, even in the way of benevolence, if they had not. But close after them he cared for his parishioners and neighbours. And yet, when he died, though the church-bells tolled, and smote upon our hearts with hard, fresh pain at every beat; yet the sounds of every day life went on, close pressing around us,—carts and carriages, street-cries, distant barrel-organs (the kindly neighbours kept them out of our street):—life, active, noisy life, pressed on our acute consciousness of Death, and jarred upon it as on a quick nerve.

And when we went to church,—my father's

own church,—though the pulpit cushions were black, and many of the congregation had put on some humble symptom of mourning, yet it did not alter the whole material aspect of the place. And yet what was Lord Ludlow's relation to Hanbury, compared to my father's work and place in — ?

O! it was very wicked in me! I think if I had seen my lady,—if I had dared to ask to go to her, I should not have felt so miserable, so discontented. But she sat in her own room, hung with black, all, even over the shutters. She saw no light but that which was artificial; candles, lamps, and the like, for more than a month. Only Adams went near her. Mr. Gray was not admitted, though he called daily. Even Mrs. Medlicott did not see her for near a fortnight. The sight of my lady's griefs, or rather the recollection of it, made Mrs. Medlicott talk far more than was her wont. She told us, with many tears, and much gesticulation, even speaking German at times, when her English would not flow, that my lady sat there, a white figure in the middle of the darkened room; a shaded lamp near her, the light of which fell on an opened Bible,—the great family Bible. It was not opened at any chapter, nor consoling verse. It lay open at the page whereon was marked the births of her nine children. Five had died in infancy,—sacrificed to the cruel system which forbade the mother to suckle her babies. Four had lived longer; Urian had been the first to die, Ughtred-Mortimer, Earl Ludlow, the last.

My lady did not cry, Mrs. Medlicott said. She was quite composed; very still, very silent. She put aside everything that savoured of mere business; sent them to Mr. Horner, for that. But she was proudly alive to every possible form which might do honour to the last of her race.

In those days, expresses were slow things: and forms still slower. Before my lady's directions could reach Vienna, my lord was buried. There was some talk (so Mrs. Medlicott said) about taking the body up, and bringing him to Hanbury. But his executors,—connections on the Ludlow side,—demurred at this. If he were removed to England, he must be carried on to Scotland, and interred with his Monkshaven forefathers. My lady, deeply hurt, withdrew from the discussion before it degenerated to an unseemly contest. But all the more, for this understood mortification of my lady's, did the whole village and estate of Hanbury assume every outward sign of mourning. The church-bells tolled morning and evening. The church itself was draped in black inside. Hatchments were placed everywhere, where hatchments could be put. All the tenantry spoke in hushed voices for more than a week, scarcely daring to observe that all flesh, even that of an Earl Ludlow, and the last of the Hanburys, was but grass after all. The very Fighting

Lion closed its front door, front shutters it had none, and those who needed drink stole in at the back, and were silent and maudlin over their cups, instead of riotous and noisy. Miss Galindo's eyes were swollen up with crying, and she told me, with a fresh burst of tears, that even humpbacked Sally had been found sobbing over her Bible, and using a pocket-handkerchief for the first time in her life; her aprons having hitherto stood her in the necessary stead, but not being sufficiently in accordance with etiquette, to be used when mourning over an earl's premature decease.

If it was in this way out of the Hall, "you might work it by the rule of three," as Miss Galindo used to say, and judge what it was in the Hall. We none of us spoke but in a whisper; we tried not to eat, and indeed the shock had been so really great, and we did really care for my lady so much, that for some days we had but little appetite. But after that, I fear our sympathy grew weaker, while our flesh grew stronger. But we still spoke low, and our hearts ached whenever we thought of my lady sitting there alone in the darkened room, with the light ever falling on that one solemn page.

We wished,—O how I wished that she would see Mr. Gray! But Adams said she thought my lady ought to have a bishop come to see her. Still no one had authority enough to send for one.

Mr. Horner all this time was suffering as much as any one. He was too faithful a servant of the great Hanbury family, although now the family had dwindled down to a fragile old lady, not to mourn acutely over its probable extinction. He had, besides, a deeper sympathy and reverence with, and for, my lady in all things, than probably he ever cared to show, for his manners were always measured and cold. He suffered from sorrow. He also suffered from wrong. My lord's executors kept writing to him continually. My lady refused to listen to mere business, saying she entrusted all to him. But the all was more complicated than I ever thoroughly understood. As far as I comprehended the case, it was something of this kind. There had been a mortgage raised on my lady's property of Hanbury, to enable my lord, her husband, to spend money in cultivating his Scotch estates, after some new fashion that required capital. As long as my lord, her son, lived, who was to succeed to both the estates after her death, this did not signify; so she had said and felt; and she had refused to take any steps to secure the repayment of capital, or even the payment of the interest of the mortgage from the possible representatives and possessors of the Scotch estates, to the possible owner of the Hanbury property; saying it ill became her to calculate on the contingency of her son's death.

But he had died, childless, unmarried.

The heirs of both estates were, in the case of the Monkshaven property, an Edinburgh advocate, a far-away kinsman of my lord's: the Hanbury property would go to the descendants of a third son of the Squire Hanbury in the days of Queen Anne.

This complication of affairs was most grievous to Mr. Horner. He had always been opposed to the mortgage; had hated the payment of the interest, as obliging my lady to practise certain economies, which, though she took care to make them as personal as possible, he disliked as derogatory to the family. Poor Mr. Horner! He was so cold and hard in his manner, so curt and decisive in his speech, that I don't think we any of us did him justice: Miss Galindo was almost the first, at this time, to speak a kind word of him, or to take thought of him at all, any farther than to get out of his way when we saw him approaching.

"I don't think Mr. Horner is well," she said one day, about three weeks after we had heard of my lord's death. "He sits resting his head on his hand, and hardly hears me when I speak to him."

But I thought no more of it, as Miss Galindo did not name it again. My lady came amongst us once more. From elderly she had become old; a little, frail, old lady, in heavy black drapery, never speaking about nor alluding to her great sorrow; quieter, gentler, paler than ever before; and her eyes dim with much weeping, never witnessed by mortal.

She had seen Mr. Gray at the expiration of the month of deep retirement. But I do not think that even to him she had said one word of her own particular individual sorrow. All mention of it seemed buried deep for evermore. One day Mr. Horner sent word that he was too much indisposed to attend to his usual business at the Hall; but he wrote down some directions and requests to Miss Galindo, saying that he would be at his office early the next morning. The next morning he was dead!

Miss Galindo told my lady. Miss Galindo herself cried plentifully, but my lady, although very much distressed, could not cry. It seemed a physical impossibility, as if she had shed all the tears in her power. Moreover, I almost think her wonder was far greater that she herself lived than that Mr. Horner died. It was almost natural that so faithful a servant should break his heart when the family he belonged to lost their stay, their heir, and their last hope.

Yes! Mr. Horner was a faithful servant. I do not think there are many so faithful now; but, perhaps, that is an old woman's fancy of mine. When his will came to be examined, it was discovered that soon after Harry Gregson's accident Mr. Horner had left the few thousands (three, I think,) of which he was possessed, in trust for Harry's benefit, desiring his executors to see that the

lad was well educated in certain things, for which Mr. Horner had thought that he had shown especial aptitude; and there was a kind of implied apology to my lady in one sentence, where he stated that Harry's lameness would prevent his being ever able to gain his living by the exercise of any mere bodily faculties, "as had been wished by a lady whose wishes he, the testator, was bound to regard."

But there was a codicil to the will, dated since Lord Ludlow's death—feebly written by Mr. Horner himself, as if in preparation only for some more formal manner of bequest; or, perhaps, only as a mere temporary arrangement till he could see a lawyer, and have a fresh will made. In this he revoked his previous bequest to Harry Gregson. He only left two hundred pounds to Mr. Gray to be used, as that gentleman thought best, for Henry Gregson's benefit. With this one exception, he bequeathed all the rest of his savings to my lady, with a hope that they might form a nest-egg, as it were, towards the paying off of the mortgage which had been such a grief to him during his life. I may not repeat all this in lawyer's phrase; I heard it through Miss Galindo, and she might make mistakes. Though, indeed, she was very clear-headed, and soon earned the respect of Mr. Smithson, my lady's lawyer from Warwick. Mr. Smithson knew Miss Galindo a little before, both personally and by reputation; but I don't think he was prepared to find her installed as steward's clerk, and, at first, he was inclined to treat her, in this capacity, with polite contempt. But Miss Galindo was both a lady and a spirited, sensible woman, and she could put aside her self-indulgence in eccentricity of speech and manner whenever she chose. Nay more; she was usually so talkative, that if she had not been amusing and warm-hearted, one might have thought her wearisome occasionally. But, to meet Mr. Smithson, she came out daily in her Sunday gown; she said no more than was required in answer to his questions; her books and papers were in thorough order, and methodically kept; her statements of matters-of-fact accurate, and to be relied on. She was amusingly conscious of her victory over his contempt of a woman-clerk and his pre-conceived opinion of her unpractical eccentricity.

"Let me alone," said she, one day when she came in to sit awhile with me. "That man is a good man—a sensible man—and, I have no doubt, he is a good lawyer; but he can't fathom women yet. I make no doubt he'll go back to Warwick, and never give credit again to those people who made him think me half-cracked to begin with. O, my dear, he did! He showed it twenty times worse than my poor dear master ever did. It was a form to be gone through to please my lady, and, for her sake, he would hear my statements and see my books. It was

keeping a woman out of harm's way at any rate to let her fancy herself useful. I read the man. And, I am thankful to say, he cannot read me. At least, only one side of me. When I see an end to be gained, I can behave myself accordingly. Here was a man who thought that a woman in a black silk gown was a respectable, orderly kind of person; and I was a woman in a black silk gown. He believed that a woman could not write straight lines, and required a man to tell her that two and two made four. I was not above ruling my books, and had Cocker a little more at my fingers' ends than he had. But my greatest triumph has been holding my tongue. He would have thought nothing of my books, or my sums, or my black silk gown, if I had spoken unasked. So I have buried more sense in my bosom these ten days than ever I have uttered in the whole course of my life before. I have been so curt, so abrupt, so abominably dull, that I'll answer for it he thinks me worthy to be a man. But I must go back to him, my dear, so good-bye to conversation and you."

But though Mr. Smithson might be satisfied with Miss Galindo, I am afraid she was the only part of the affair with which he was content. Everything else went wrong. I could not say who told me so—but the conviction of this seemed to pervade the house. I never knew how much we had all looked up to the silent, gruff Mr. Horner for decisions until he was gone. My lady herself was a pretty good woman of business, as women of business go. Her father, seeing that she would be the heiress of the Hanbury property, had given her a training which was thought unusual in those days, and she liked to feel herself queen regnant, and to have to decide in all cases between herself and her tenantry. But, perhaps, Mr. Horner would have done it more wisely; not but what she always attended to him at last. She would begin by saying pretty clearly and promptly what she would have done, and what she would not have done. If Mr. Horner approved of it, he bowed, and set about obeying her directly; if he disapproved of it, he bowed, and lingered so long before he obeyed her, that she forced his opinion out of him with her "Well, Mr. Horner! and what have you to say against it?" For she always understood his silence as well as if he had spoken. But the estate was pressed for ready money, and Mr. Horner had grown gloomy and languid since the death of his wife, and even his own personal affairs were not in the order in which they had been a year or two before, for his old clerk had gradually become superannuated, or, at any rate, unable by the superfluity of his own energy and wit to supply the spirit that was wanting in Mr. Horner.

Day after day Mr. Smithson seemed to grow more fidgety, more annoyed at the

state of affairs. Like every one else employed by Lady Ludlow, as far as I could learn, he had an hereditary tie to the Hanbury family. As long as the Smithsons had been lawyers, they had been lawyers to the Hanburys; always coming in on all great family occasions, and better able to understand the characters, and connect the links of what had once been a large and scattered family, than any individual thereof had ever been.

As long as a man was at the head of the Hanburys, the lawyers had simply acted as servants, and had only given their advice when it was required. But they had assumed a different position on the memorable occasion of the mortgage: they had remonstrated against it. My lady had resented this remonstrance, and a slight, unspoken coolness had existed between her and the father of this Mr. Smithson ever since.

I was very sorry for my lady. Mr. Smithson was inclined to blame Mr. Horner for the disorderly state in which he found some of the outlying farms, and for the deficiencies in the annual payment of rents. Mr. Smithson had too much good feeling to put this blame into words; but my lady's quick instinct led her to reply to a thought, the existence of which she perceived; and she quietly told the truth, and explained how she had interfered repeatedly to prevent Mr. Horner from taking certain desirable steps, which were discordant to her hereditary sense of right and wrong between landlord and tenant. She also spoke of the want of ready money as a misfortune that could be remedied by more economical personal expenditure on her own part; by which individual saving it was possible that a reduction of fifty pounds a year might have been accomplished. But as soon as Mr. Smithson touched on larger economies, such as either affected the welfare of others, or the honour and standing of the great House of Hanbury, she was inflexible. Her establishment consisted of somewhere about forty servants, of whom nearly as many as twenty were unable to perform their work properly, and yet would have been hurt if they had been dismissed; so they had the credit of fulfilling duties, while my lady paid and kept their substitutes. Mr. Smithson made a calculation, and would have saved some hundreds a-year by pensioning these old servants off. But my lady would not hear of it. Then, again, I know privately that he urged her to allow some of us to return to our homes. Bitterly we should have regretted the separation from Lady Ludlow; but we would have gone back gladly, had we known at the time that her circumstances required it. But she would not listen to the proposal for a moment.

"If I cannot act justly towards everyone, I will give up a plan which has been a source of much satisfaction; at least, I will not carry it out to such an extent in future. But to these young ladies, who do me the favour

to live with me at present, I stand pledged. I cannot go back from my word, Mr. Smithson. We had better talk no more of this."

As she spoke, she entered the room where I lay. She and Mr. Smithson were coming for some papers contained in the bureau. They did not know I was there, and Mr. Smithson started a little when he saw me, as he must have been aware that I had overheard something. But my lady did not change a muscle of her face. All the world might overhear her kind, just, pure sayings, and she had no fear of their misconstruction. She came up to me, and kissed me on the forehead, and then went to search for the required papers.

"I rode over the Conington farms yesterday, my lady. I must say I was quite grieved to see the condition they are in; all the land that is not waste is utterly exhausted with working successive white crops. Not a pinch of manure laid on the ground for years. I must say that a greater contrast could never have been presented than that between Harding's farm and the next fields—fences in perfect order, rotation crops, sheep eating down the turnips on the waste lands—everything that could be desired."

"Whose farm is that?" asked my lady.

"Why, I am sorry to say, it was on none of your ladyship's that I saw such good methods adopted. I hoped it was. I stopped my horse to inquire. A queer-looking man, sitting on his horse like a tailor, watching his men with a couple of the sharpest eyes I ever saw, and dropping his h's at every word, answered my question, and told me it was his. I could not go on asking him who he was; but I fell into conversation with him, and I gathered that he had earned some money in trade in Birmingham, and had bought the estate (five hundred acres, I think he said,) on which he was born, and now was setting himself to cultivate it in downright earnest, going to Holkham and Woburn, and half the country over, to get himself up on the subject."

"It would be Brookes, that dissenting baker from Birmingham," said my lady, in her most icy tone. "Mr. Smithson, I am sorry I have been detaining you so long, but I think these are the letters you wished to see."

If her ladyship thought by this speech to quench Mr. Smithson she was mistaken. Mr. Smithson just looked at the letters, and went on with the old subject.

"Now, my lady, it struck me that if you had such a man to take poor Horner's place, he would work the rents and the land round most satisfactorily. I should not despair of inducing this very man to undertake the work. I should not mind speaking to him myself on the subject, for we got capital friends over a snack of luncheon that he asked me to share with him."

Lady Ludlow fixed her eyes on Mr. Smithson as he spoke, and never took them off his face until he had ended. She was silent a minute before she spoke.

"You are very good, Mr. Smithson, but I need not trouble you with any such arrangements. I am going to write this afternoon to Captain James, a friend of one of my sons, who has, I hear, been severely wounded at Trafalgar, to request him to honour me by accepting Mr. Horner's situation."

"A Captain James! A captain in the navy! going to manage your ladyship's estate!"

"If he will be so kind. I shall esteem it a condescension on his part; but I hear that he will have to resign his profession, his state of health is so bad, and a country life is especially prescribed for him. I am in some hopes of tempting him here, as I learn he has but little to depend on if he gives up his profession."

"A Captain James! an invalid captain!"

"You think I am asking too great a favour," continued my lady. (I never could tell how far it was simplicity, or how far a kind of innocent malice, that made her misinterpret Mr. Smithson's words and looks as she did.) "But he is not a post-captain, only a commander, and his pension will be but small. I may be able, by offering him country air and a healthy occupation, to restore him to health."

"Occupation! My lady, may I ask how a sailor is to manage land? Why, your tenants will laugh him to scorn."

"My tenants, I trust, will not behave so ill as to laugh at any one I choose to set over them. Captain James has had experience in managing men. He has remarkable practical talents, and great common sense, as I hear from everyone. But, whatever he may be, the affair rests between him and myself. I can only say I shall esteem myself fortunate if he comes."

There was no more to be said, after my lady spoke in this manner. I had heard her mention Captain James before, as a middy who had been very kind to her son Urian. I thought I remembered then, that she had mentioned that his family circumstances were not very prosperous. But, I confess, that little as I knew of the management of land, I quite sided with Mr. Smithson. He, silently prohibited from again speaking to my lady on the subject, opened his mind to Miss Galindo, from whom I was pretty sure to hear all the opinions and news of the household and village. She had taken a great fancy to me, because she said I talked so agreeably. I believe it was because I listened so well.

"Well, have you heard the news," she began, "about this Captain James? A sailor,—with a wooden leg, I have no doubt. What would the poor, dear, deceased master have said to it, if he had known who was to

be his successor? My dear, I have often thought of the postman's bringing me a letter as one of the pleasures I shall miss in heaven. But, really, I think Mr. Horner may be thankful he has got out of the reach of news; or else he would hear of Mr. Smithson's having made up to the Birmingham baker, and of this one-legged Captain, coming to dot-and-go-one over the estate. I suppose he will look after the labourers through a spy-glass. I only hope he won't stick in the mud with his wooden leg; for I, for one, won't help him out. Yes, I would," said she, correcting herself; "I would, for my lady's sake."

"But are you sure he has a wooden leg?" asked I. "I heard Lady Ludlow tell Mr. Smithson about him, and she only spoke of him as wounded."

"Well, sailors are almost always wounded in the leg. Look at Greenwich Hospital! I should say there were twenty one-legged pensioners to one without an arm there. But say he has got half-a-dozen legs, what is he to do with managing land? I shall think him very impudent if he comes, taking advantage of my lady's kind heart."

However, come he did. In a month from that time the carriage was sent to meet Captain James; just as three years before it had been sent to meet me. His coming had been so much talked about that we were all as curious as possible to see him, and to know how so unusual an experiment, as it seemed to us, would answer. But, before I tell you anything about our new agent, I must speak of something quite as interesting, and I really think quite as important. And this was my lady's making friends with Harry Gregson. I do believe she did it for Mr. Horner's sake; but of course I can only conjecture why my lady did anything. But I heard one day from Mary Legard that my lady had sent for Harry to come and see her, if he was well enough to walk so far; and the next day he was shown into the room he had been in once before under such unlucky circumstances.

The lad looked pale enough, as he stood propping himself up on his crutch, and the instant my lady saw him, she bade John Footman place a stool for him to sit down upon while she spoke to him. It might be his paleness that gave his whole face a more refined and gentle look; but I suspect it was that the boy was apt to take impressions, and that Mr. Horner's grave, dignified ways, and Mr. Gray's tender and quiet manners, had altered him; and then the thoughts of illness and death seem to turn many of us into gentlemen and gentlewomen, as long as such thoughts are in our minds. We cannot speak loudly or angrily at such times; we are not apt to be eager about mere worldly things, for our very awe at our quickened sense of the nearness of the invisible world, makes us calm and serene about the petty

trifles of to-day. At least, I know that was the explanation Mr. Gray once gave me of what we all thought the great improvement in Harry Gregson's way of behaving.

My lady hesitated so long about what she had best say, that Harry grew a little frightened at her silence. A few months ago it would have surprised me more than it did now; but since my lord her son's death, she had seemed altered in many ways,—more uncertain and distrustful of herself, as it were.

At last she said, and I think the tears were in her eyes: "My poor little fellow, you have had a narrow escape with your life since I saw you last."

To this there was nothing to be said but "Yes;" and again there was silence.

"And you have lost a good, kind friend, in Mr. Horner."

The boy's lips worked, and I think he said, "Please, don't." But I can't be sure; at any rate, my lady went on:

"And so have I,—a good, kind friend, he was to both of us; and to you he wished to show his kindness in even a more generous way than he has done. Mr. Gray has told you about his legacy to you, has he not?"

There was no sign of eager joy on the lad's face, as if he realised the power and pleasure of having what to him must have seemed like a fortune.

"Mr. Gray said as how he had left me a matter of money."

"Yes, he has left you two hundred pounds."

"But I would rather have had him alive, my lady," he broke out, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"My lad, I believe you. We would rather have had our dead alive, would we not; and there is nothing in money that can comfort us for their loss. But you know—Mr. Gray has told you—who has appointed us all our times to die. Mr. Horner was a good, just man; and has done well and kindly, both by me and you. You perhaps do not know" (and now I understood what my lady had been making up her mind to say to Harry, all the time she was hesitating how to begin) "that Mr. Horner, at one time, meant to leave you a great deal more; probably all he had, with the exception of a legacy to his old clerk, Morrison. But he knew that this estate—on which my forefathers had lived for six hundred years—was in debt, and that I had no immediate chance of paying off this debt; and yet he felt that it was a very sad thing for an old property like this to belong in part to those other men, who had lent the money. You understand me, I think, my little man?" said she, questioning Harry's face.

He had left off crying, and was trying to understand with all his might and main; and I think he had got a pretty good general idea of the state of affairs; though probably

he was puzzled by the term "the estate being in debt." But he was sufficiently interested to want my lady to go on; and he nodded his head at her, to signify this to her.

"So Mr. Horner took the money which he once meant to be yours, and has left the greater part of it to me, with the intention of helping me to pay off this debt I have told you about. It will go a long way, and I shall try hard to save the rest, and then I shall die happy in leaving the land free from debt." She paused. "But I shall not die happy in thinking of you. I do not know if having money, or even having a great estate and much honour, is a good thing for any of us. But God sees fit that some of us should be called to this condition, and it is our duty then to stand by our posts, like brave soldiers. Now, Mr. Horner intended you to have this money first. I shall only call it borrowing it from you, Harry Gregson, if I take it and use it to pay off the debt. I shall pay Mr. Gray interest on this money, because he is to stand as your guardian, as it were, till you come of age; and he must fix what ought to be done with it, so as to fit you for spending the principal rightly when the estate can repay it you. I suppose, now, it will be right for you to be educated. That will be another snare that will come with your money. But have courage, Harry. Both education and money may be used rightly, if we only pray against the temptations they bring with them."

Harry could make no answer, though I am sure he understood it all. My lady wanted to get him to talk to her a little, by way of becoming acquainted with what was passing in his mind; and she asked him what he would like to have done with his money, if he could have part of it now? To such a simple question, involving no talk about feelings, his answer came readily enough.

"Build a cottage for father, with stairs in it, and give Mr. Gray a school-house. O, father does so want Mr. Gray for to have his wish. Father saw all the stones lying quarried and hewn on Farmer Hale's land; Mr. Gray had paid for them all himself. And Father said he would work night and day, and little Tommy should carry mortar, if the parson would let him, sooner than that he should be fretted and frabbed as he was, with no one giving him a helping hand or a kind word."

Harry knew nothing of my lady's part in the affair; that was very clear. My lady kept silence.

"If I might have a piece of my money, I would buy land from Mr. Brookes, he has got a bit to sell just at the corner of Hendon Lane, and I would give it to Mr. Gray; and, perhaps, if your ladyship thinks I may be learned again, I might grow up into the schoolmaster."

"You are a good boy," said my lady. "But there are more things to be thought of

in carrying out such a plan than you are aware of. However, it shall be tried."

"The school, my lady?" I exclaimed, almost thinking she did not know what she was saying.

"Yes, the school. For Mr. Horner's sake, for Mr. Gray's sake, and last, not least, for this lad's sake, I will give the new plan a trial. Ask Mr. Gray to come up to me this afternoon about the land he wants. He need not go to a dissenter for it. And tell your father he shall have a good share in the building of it, and Tommy shall carry the mortar."

"And I may be schoolmaster?" asked Harry, eagerly.

"We'll see about that," said my lady, amused. "It will be some time before that plan comes to pass, my little fellow."

And now to return to Captain James. My first account of him was from Miss Galindo.

"He's not above thirty; and I must just pack up my pens and my paper, and be off; for it would be the height of impropriety for me to be staying here as his clerk. It was all very well in the old master's days. But here am I, not fifty till next May, and this young, unmarried man, who is not even a widower! O, there would be no end of gossip. Besides, he looks as askance at me as I do at him. My black silk gown had no effect. He's afraid I shall marry him. But I won't; he may feel himself quite safe from that. And Mr. Smithson has been recommending a clerk to my lady. She would far rather keep me on; but I can't stop. I really could not think it proper."

"What sort of a looking man is he?"

"O, nothing particular. Short, and brown, and sunburnt. I did not think it became me to look at him. Well, now for the night-caps. I should have grudged any one else doing them, for I have got such a pretty pattern!"

But, when it came to Miss Galindo's leaving, there was a great misunderstanding between her and my lady. Miss Galindo had imagined that my lady had asked her as a favour to copy the letters, and enter the accounts, and had agreed to do the work without a notion of being paid for so doing. She had now and then grieved over a very profitable order for needlework passing out of her hands without her having time to do it, because of her occupation at the Hall; but she had never hinted this to my lady, but gone on cheerfully at her writing as long as her clerkship was required. My lady was annoyed that she had not made her intention of paying Miss Galindo more clear in the first conversation she had had with her; but I suppose that she had been too delicate to be very explicit with regard to money matters; and now Miss Galindo was quite hurt at my lady's wanting to pay her for what she had done in such right-down good-will.

"No," Miss Galindo said; "my own dear lady, you may be as angry with me as you like, but don't offer me money. Think of six-and-twenty years ago, and poor Arthur, and as you were to me then! Besides, I wanted money—I don't disguise it—for a particular purpose; and when I found that (God bless you for asking me!) I could do you a service, I turned it over in my mind, and I gave up one plan and took up another, and it's all settled now. Bessy is to leave school and come and live with me. Don't, please, offer me money again. You don't know how glad I have been to do anything for you. Have not I, Margaret Dawson? Did you not hear me say, one day, I would cut off my hand for my lady; for am I a stock or a stone, that I should forget kindness? O, I have been so glad to work for you. And now Bessy is coming here; and no one knows anything about her, as if she had done anything wrong, poor child."

"Dear Miss Galindo," replied my lady, "I will never ask you to take money again. Only I thought it was quite understood between us. And, you know, you have taken money for a set of morning wrappers, before now."

"Yes, my lady; but that was not confidential. Now I was so proud to have something to do for you confidentially."

"But who is Bessy?" asked my lady. "I do not understand who she is, or why she is to come and live with you. Dear Miss Galindo, you must honour me by being confidential with me in your turn!"

CHIP.

THE TRADESCANTS.

REFERRING to the article on the Growth of Our Gardens,* a correspondent writes: "A very curious record of the Tradescant family is to be found in the Diary of Elias Ashmole, the founder of the museum which bears his name at Oxford; but which, I think, would have been with more justice called after that of the Tradescants, of whose collection of rarities Ashmole became possessed, and, as it would appear, not by the most honest means. Nothing seems to be certainly known of Tradescant's early life, or even of the place of his birth. He is supposed to have been a refugee from Holland; and, for this reason, to have assumed the name by which he was generally known in this his adopted country. At all events, Meopham, in Kent (the parish of which I am the incumbent), claims the honour of having been for some years his habitat. Here he married, and here a son was born to him, as the parish registers clearly testify. From hence he appears to have migrated to Lambeth; having been called into the service of King Charles the First, to whom he had probably been recom-

* In Number 430.

mended by the travels he had undertaken in many distant countries, in pursuit of his favourite study of natural history, and particularly of botany. He was employed by his royal patron in laying out the palace gardens at Lambeth and elsewhere. After his death—or, it may be, during his travels—the younger Tradescant appears to have held the office of royal gardener, as I have in my possession a warrant ‘to paye unto Mr. John Tradescant the sume of fortie pounds, to be issued upon accompte for worke to be don for amending the walks in the Vineyard Garden and for worke to be don in the gardens at Oatlands, and for repairing the bowling green there in.’ The signatures of Pembroke, Salisbury, W. Saynsell, and others, are appended to this original document, which is addressed ‘To our verie loving friend, Thomas Fauconbridge, Esq., Receiver-general, &c.’; and at the back is the receipt of John Tradescant, with his autograph, and the date, ‘vicesimo primo die April, 1648.’

“These few facts might prove interesting, and might meet the eye of some who may have it in their power to communicate more at large concerning two individuals who, in their day, laboured assiduously to advance those pursuits which have since become the delight of so many, and have served to enlarge the knowledge and increase the happiness of mankind.”

TRAINING FOR THE TROPICS.

It has been hot, for some time past, in London; it has been hotter still, elsewhere, in places about which we often read in the newspapers, and which interest us greatly as their fortunes rise and fall in the barometer of calm or tempest, insurrection or obedience, peace or war, plenty or famine. The present summer serves to insinuate a suspicion which we are not accustomed to entertain at home, that heat may have some connection with political power, and that temperature may modify the conduct of a colony, both before and after its settlement or its conquest.

Supposing that this sunny season were only the precursor of an equinoctial summer,—that September and October next, instead of breezy days and dewy nights, were to come laden with stifling siroccos and parching droughts,—what would be the best method of preparing ourselves to resist and endure them? How should we act, under such circumstances, if upon our healthy action depended the salvation of our lives, the protection of our homes and our territory, or even only the proper harvesting of the daily necessities of our subsistence and our trade? But, it comes to pretty much the same, whether certain special circumstances come down upon a man, or whether a man goes to meet and rush into the certain

special circumstances—he must accommodate himself to their requirements in either case. If an Indian atmosphere is not likely to descend and cover the United Kingdom with its burning breath, at least a portion of the life of the United Kingdom is certain to have to encounter an Indian climate; and no one will hesitate to allow that there may be two ways of passing the ordeal: one foolish and disastrous, the other prudent and comparatively safe.

When all went smoothly in India, public attention was rarely turned to the way in which our neighbours were subjugating a semi-barbarous and fanatic people, of non-Christian creed, with strong defences in the nature of their climate, and in an illimitable desert into which to retreat and wage a Parthian war. If these things were mentioned at all, it was almost always for the purpose of criticism and blame. This is not the occasion to speculate on what would have been the condition of the Mediterranean and the south of Europe during the last few years, if the Deys and Emperors of Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco, had been allowed to have their own way unchecked; but now that our Indian troubles have shown us that we, too, have treacherous and bloodthirsty pagans to deal with, it is impossible not to be struck with the parallelism of much that has occurred, and is occurring in Algeria and in India. The Algerian conquest is, in many respects, an abridged epitome and illustration of the Indian one (with no grand insurrection as yet); the area and the scale of conquest are both much smaller; the amount of population to be managed greatly inferior; the lapse of time from the outset of the enterprise is considerably shorter. The points of resemblance and analogy, however, are frequent and prominent. For one party, therefore, to note how the other has conducted his affairs, is merely the prudence of an observing man who takes a hint from the success of others, and receives a warning from their failure.

Of the many works published on Algeria by returned officers, one of the most interesting, because the most applicable to our own affairs, is that intitled *Souvenirs d'un Chef de Bureau Arabe*, by Ferdinand Hugonnet; whose very start in colonial life reminds us of the début of our own cadets. He was a plain lieutenant when he was called to the office of *Chef de Bureau* on one of the frontiers of Algeria, in a circle inhabited by restless mountain tribes, who were constantly at strife with their neighbours. He immediately set to work to master the people he had to govern, not only by force, but also by justice, by kindness, energy, and disinterested conduct. He resolved to employ his whole time and talents to make himself the universal centre in which all passions and all strength should converge, to receive his sole direction. To attain that object he had to

acquire a knowledge of the rude language of these mountaineers, to speak their patois, and, moreover, to give public proof of incontestable courage. Finally to show them, in public sittings, which he proposed to hold, that he was cognisant of all their social habits; of all the tales that affected their self-esteem, and of the previous history of the principal groups of the whole population. In a few months he had obtained success; and, five years afterwards, being called to fill other functions, he was sufficiently master of the spirit of his Arabs to induce them to undertake important industrial works.

Passing by the administrative system which the French apply to their Algerian possessions, and which is well worth at least the study of our Indian statesmen, we will confine ourselves to Monsieur Hugonnet's record of the way in which military men, both officers and soldiers, are obliged to be inured to fatigue. He personally witnessed what he describes; and he divides the career of the French army in Africa, from eighteen hundred and thirty to the present date, into three distinct phases. The first period (answering to the era of Clive in Hindostan), is especially the warlike epoch; during which there were the greatest number of partial combats; of dangers arising from the struggle with the indigenous inhabitants. The want of sufficient resources, and the ignorance of the generals—who had not yet discovered the mode of warfare most suitable to the situation—were the principal causes of the events which took place during the first nine or ten years. The annals of Algeria are filled with little else than detachments surprised, supplies carried off, posts planted too far apart, or defended by feeble garrisons becoming daily weaker from the active pressure of the enemy, from disease and from the want of provisions and regular communications with the principal towns. But, as soon as General Bugeaud, the commander-in-chief, had taught the African army what henceforward must be the constitution of the war in Algeria, the state of things, although retaining its distinctive character of an armed struggle, nevertheless changed its aspect in this respect;—that the conquering race definitely took the upper hand over the hostile natives of the country, and established incontestably its warlike superiority. We hope that we have arrived at exactly this very same point with the Indian insurrection. During the second period, of about five years, the French army in Africa had to endure very great fatigue. This epoch is characterised by extraordinary marches. The enemy, who offered no serious resistance hardly anywhere, had to be ceaselessly pursued; and their extremely rapid movements compelled the French to perform the most painful and difficult changes of place. From eighteen hundred and forty-

seven up to the present time, the army of Africa has been principally employed in the execution of great civil-engineering works, and in finishing the conquest of the Kabyle masses. The corresponding period, in India, is still before us.

But we cannot allow Monsieur Hugonnet to relate the superhuman efforts which his men were gradually trained to make, without first giving some idea of the resisting race, as sketched by General Daumas, who knew them thoroughly. The Arab of the Desert is the real warrior, and the last to be subdued; although even his existence depends on supplies of corn from the Tell or cultivated country, which Tell and its inhabitants he despises utterly. By the Arab of the Desert, the lord of the tent, is meant he who, leading a wandering life, is never more than a fortnight or three weeks without a change of dwelling-place, and who goes only once a year to the tiresome Tell to purchase corn. This cavalier, hunter, and warrior combined, is a man of dry and wiry constitution, with sunburnt countenance and well-proportioned limbs, tall, but nevertheless setting but little value on the advantages of lofty stature—"the skin of a lion on the back of a cow"—unless it be accompanied by address, agility, good health, vigour, and, above all, by courage. Still, while esteeming courage thus highly, he pities, but never despises or insults, those who have "no liver." It is not their fault. Allah has not willed it. The Desert Arab practises extreme sobriety; but, accommodating himself to all sorts of circumstances, he will not neglect any opportunity of feasting luxuriously and plentifully. His daily food is simple and unvaried; but he knows how to entertain his guests worthily when occasion requires. When el-ouda, or the annual fête of a friendly tribe arrives, he will not insult his acquaintance by neglecting to join them; and, were it eighty or a hundred miles off, go there he must, to fill his stomach and cheer his friends. On the other hand, they are well aware that he will cheerfully return the compliment, and that they have not to do with a rascally town-trader, the whole amount of whose hospitality consists in the offer of four feet square as a sitting place, a pipe of tobacco, and a cup of coffee, sugared or not, after abundance of preliminary speech.

With the Arab of the Desert everything concurs to a powerful manifestation of exterior life. He is sinewy, hardened, sober, although occasionally of vigorous appetite. His visual power is sure and piercing. At five or six miles' distance, he boasts that he can distinguish a man from a woman; at ten or twelve miles, a drove of camels from a flock of sheep. Nor is this empty brag; the extent and clearness of his sight are attained, as with sailors, by the incessant habit of looking over immense and naked areas. Nevertheless, diseases of the eyes are frequent; the reflection

of the sun's rays, the perspiration and dust, are the cause of many ophthalmic complaints, and blind and one-eyed people are numerous in many localities of the Desert. The veritable grand seigneur, the chief of importance, rarely quits the saddle, and scarcely ever goes on foot; he wears boots and clumsy shoes. The man of the common people is an indefatigable pedestrian; in a day's journey he will traverse incredible distances. His ordinary pace is the gymnastic step; he styles it himself the dog's trot. Generally, in a flat country, he takes off his shoes, in order to go more quickly and conveniently: also to spare them; consequently, all such individuals have the feet of antique statues, broad, well-planted on the ground, and with the great toe well set apart. Corns are unknown to them; and more than once, a Christian who had joined a caravan on pretence of being an Arab, has been expelled from it, betrayed by this infallible sign. The soles of an Arab's feet acquire such a degree of hardness as to resist all injury from sand or stones; a thorn will sometimes penetrate the horny skin without their being aware of it.

Notwithstanding, in the Desert proper, during the great heats of summer, the sand acquires so high a temperature that to walk barefoot is impossible, even for Arabs; and they are obliged to shoe the horses also, if they wish to avoid serious injury to their hoofs. The fear of the *lefâ*, a species of viper whose bite is mortal, likewise compels them to wear slippers which reach above the ankle. The most common foot complaints are the chagags, or cracks which are cured by anointing the part and cauterising it with a red-hot iron. Sometimes these cracks are so broad and deep that they have to be sown up, which is done with the sinews of the camel dried in the sun and divided into threads as fine as silk, or with camel's hair stretched to make it thinner. All the dwellers in the Desert employ these threads (which are called *el-âgueb*) to mend their saddles, their bridles, and their wooden trenchers; everybody carries about with him, by way of housewife, a bunch of these threads, a knife, and a darning-needle.

Some Arabs turn their pedestrian powers to good account as a profession; such are the runners, the bearers of messages, who gird themselves tightly with a runner's belt. Those called *rekass* undertake urgent affairs. In four days they will perform a journey which would take an ordinary runner ten days to accomplish. They scarcely ever stop; when they feel the want of repose, they count sixty breaths, and then start off again. A *rekass* who has run sixty leagues, or a hundred and twenty miles, and has been paid four francs or three shillings and fourpence for his trouble, considers that he has been handsomely rewarded. This arises from the scarcity and value of coin, the greater part of the necessities of life being

procurable, without buying or selling, by barter only. In the Desert, an extraordinary courier travels night and day; only sleeping two hours out of the four-and-twenty. When he lies down, he ties to his foot a piece of rope of a certain length, the end of which he sets on fire. When the rope is on the point of being completely consumed, the heat of the burning hemp awakes him.

If a Saharian is, ever so little, in easy circumstances, he does absolutely nothing. To work would be a disgrace. He goes to reunions, to meetings of the *djemâa*. He hunts, rides about, inspects his flocks, and says his prayers. His sole occupations are political, warlike, or religious in their nature. To plough, reap, or garden, is no business of his; such ignoble pursuits belong to chicken-breeders who live in ksours or fixed habitations. In a great and grand tent, the labours of the interior are confided to negro slaves, who are cheap and numerous. The negresses fetch wood and water, and prepare the meals. The proverb says: He who has no negress, and does not sleep on a bed, has a grudge borne against him by Misery. In a tent of moderate means, the work is left to the wives. They have to milk the ewes and camels, with the help of the herdsman, to make butter, to grind corn, to saddle and unsaddle the horse, to put on his horse-cloth, to give him drink and barley, to hold the stirrup when the lord and master gets on horseback or off. They weave beds, cushions, baggage-sacks, woollen stuffs dyed red, blue, and yellow; the curtains which separate the men from the women, camels' pack-saddles, bag-pipes, wallets, horse-cloths, shackles, nets to keep lambs from ewes whose milk is wanted, ropes of wool, of camels' and goats' hair, of palm-leaves, and of *aâlfâ*. They prepare the goat-skins in which milk, butter, and water are kept. They fabricate with clay, pottery, drinking-vessels, ovens, and dishes in which to cook bread, *kouskousou*, and meat. When the home is shifted, they strike the tent, roll it in a bundle, and put it on a camel's back. During the migration, they walk on foot, often leading a mare with a foal. They faggot the wood they find by the way, and pick up grass for the night's bivouac. On arriving at their destination, they pitch the tents.

But the Saharian, who has neither wife nor negress—who has nothing at all—is less wretched than a wretch of the Tell. He goes and serves some great family; he mends sacks and harness; he roasts sheep; and, when his holidays are longer than usual, he roams from tent to tent, wherever there are hosts to receive him, exchanging his services for remnants of food. A Saharian Arab, who thus depended on Providence, was asked how he managed to live:

"He who created this mill," he replied, showing his white teeth, "can easily supply it with materials to grind."

The Arab of the Desert is proud of leading such a life, which, although exempt from the monotonous labour to which the inhabitant of the Tell submits, is not the less active and agitated, full of variety and unexpected turns. If the beard bleaches quickly in the Desert, it is not from the heat, the fatigue, the journeyings, and the combats of the Desert; but through the effects of its anxieties, its cares, and its sorrows. He only whose beard does not bleach, "has a large heart," knows how to practise resignation, and says, "It is the will of Allah!" What a lesson to the worldling who is careful overmuch—who seems to act as if he thought he could take everything out of the world with him! And what an enemy to encounter, endowed with such moral as well as physical means of defence—a passive resistance which nothing can touch, after active hostilities have been tried in vain!

Against such an enemy Monsieur Hugonnet was called to serve, in the brigade of Tlemcen, as sub-lieutenant of rifle-infantry. The expeditionary troops of this brigade usually consisted of two battalions of these riflemen—an excellent troop just formed at Saint Omer out of the flower of the French infantry; of a battalion of Zouaves, Algerian veterans, whose name requires no commentary; of one or two squadrons of mounted African riflemen, and two mountain howitzers. The general—one of those who has acquired the most brilliant reputation on African ground—before he undertook any march which he expected would turn out extraordinarily rough, sometimes passed these battalions in review, man by man. He inspected every individual minutely, inquired how long he had been in Algeria, how often he had been ill, and then decided whether the soldier under examination, should join the expedition or remain where he was. By choosing in this way the best men out of even a select corps, a troop was formed capable of prodigious efforts.

A march towards the south is projected; and here follows the complement of the soldier's impedimenta, or the luggage he has to carry besides his arms and his knapsack:

A housewife containing thread, needles, buttons, and various little bits of linen and cloth fit for mending and patching his clothes; forty cartridges in his knapsack, twenty in his cartridge-box; the little tools and greasy matters needful to keep his arms in order; the piece of canvas which, joined to two or three other similar pieces borne by his comrades, will form a tent-shelter for three or four men; a blanket, or a half-blanket, according to the season; a little tin can, covered with cloth, holding about a quart, slung across his shoulders; a sort of tin cup, formerly containing only half-a-pint, but whose dimensions have since greatly increased, attached to the handle of the sabre-bayonette. At his departure from Tlemcen, the soldier

usually carried eight days' regulation provisions, consisting of biscuit, rice, salt, sugar, and coffee, and eight days' ordinary provisions, that is to say, that proceeding from the pay received by the troop for the purchase of articles in addition to those allowed by the government; these articles were rice, sugar, and coffee, white bread for soup, and fresh vegetables. Finally, for every escaoude, or party of from seven to ten men who eat together, there are three kitchen utensils to be carried in turn—the bidon, or can used also for water, the marmite or tin boiler, and the gamelle, which serves as the tureen or dish. One man takes charge of one of these utensils, which he fastens to his knapsack, so that every other day, or every two days, he has this to carry in addition to his regular burden. Fortunately, the meat carries itself; a drove of bullocks accompanies the column; the required quantity being butchered every day.

Besides this, the military administration caused to be transported, by the mules belonging to the equipage trains, or by beasts of burden hired from Arab tribes, provisions for ten or fifteen days at most. Hence it is clear, that a march towards an object far distant from the base of operations, could not, and even now cannot, be prolonged for any considerable time, without the brigade's being followed by a suite always difficult to drag after it. At the end of a few days, it would be necessary to return to seek provisions at the starting-point, or, at least, to keep close to a conquered region, in order to obtain supplies from it. Les harnois de gueule (mouth-harness), as it was called of old, is of great importance in the practice of African warfare, and is a consideration not to be neglected in accounting for the retreats and other movements of active columns.

The order is given. The little expeditionary column, composed as we have described, is to start to-morrow. The soldier knows that the march is to the south, and he makes a wry face, because it is the month of August, the heat is excessive, and the fatigue will be exhausting. Expeditions in the mountains, or to the south, are the two descriptions by which the trooper who does pique himself on geographical knowledge, classes the operations in which he takes part. The first day's march offers few incidents worthy of remark: they were off at the earliest break of day; every hour there is a five minutes' halt; about ten o'clock they halt an hour to breakfast. This is the grand halt, called by the brigade of Tlemcen, the coffee; because that was the only preparation which the soldiers have time to make with the aid of fire.

After the coffee, the march continues till four or five in the afternoon; the bivouac is fixed close to a stream of good water, near a wood; the men have travelled a dozen leagues. As yet, the troop wants for nothing;

the foot soldier is not too fatigued; he is gay, singing cheerful songs. The veterans exercise their wit at the expense of the less experienced. They do nothing but tell them to make the most they can of the pleasant water, the good fires, the soft grass which stuffs their mattresses at night—in short, of all the delights of the mountain; for that they are soon going to make the acquaintance of a region where they will find nothing but sun and sand. They go to sleep at an early hour. One man in each mess remains awake, preparing the soup which his comrades will eat before starting next morning.

The second day, the trees are scattered further apart, the hills are lower, the springs and watercourses more rare; the troop has suffered some fatigue; but there is no great difference between to-day's and yesterday's events; the bivouac is good; the soldier, refreshed and plentifully fed, resigns himself contentedly to sleep.

The third day they start an hour before the dawn. They must push forward, for they begin to enter the sphere of events which may necessitate great activity. There is no time to lose. When the departure thus takes place by night, it is not rare to see the officers shivering with cold, even in summer, and wrap themselves in their winter clothes; whilst, a few hours afterwards they are bathed in perspiration, and are almost exhausted and suffocated with heat.

The border of the Sahara is now approached; the ground is more sandy; nothing is to be seen, except a few wretched bushes at wide intervals. The party has great difficulty in finding water for the coffee, and none is met with till the evening, on the spot where the bivouac is installed. But, attention to the order given out! No tents are to be pitched; there is to be a three hours' rest, and then a night-march. There are hopes of surprising an enemy's camp the following morning. "That's it," murmurs the trooper; "the plot begins to thicken. We know what that means. We shall have to cut along like greyhounds; and, just as we think we are going to lay hands on something or other, we shall be nicely surprised to find there is nothing to surprise."

They march all night. What a long night it is! The foot-soldier, already fatigued when he recommenced his march, begins to try hard to bear up against it, and to make great efforts. The moment when he is completely overcome by sleep, is especially painful. In this somnolent condition, he slumbers, stumbles, wakes up, and slumbers again, several times in the course of a minute; and this torture lasts for several hours. Yet this first trial passes off tolerably well; nevertheless, several men, five or six only, have been obliged to be carried in panniers by mules belonging to the hospital service. Self-esteem is excessively excited; emulation and esprit-de-

corps is in all its energy; the Zouaves, the foot-rifles, the companies, and even the different messes, strive which shall produce the fewest weary men. In the morning, as usual, there is no enemy to be found; and yet, in spite of former repeated deceptions, they had been kept up by the hope of striking a decisive blow. One day's success, a victory, is a recompense for all previous suffering.

The camp is formed. The column will soon be able to take the repose of which it stands in great need. The aspect of the country is that of an immense plain, covered here and there with tufts of alfa, thyme, wormwood, and other scrubby plants. The scanty brushwood hardly furnishes enough fuel to feed the kitchen fires; the water is of moderate quality. The soldier has lost his gaiety, but the old hand still indulges in a little railleury. "Beggary country," he mutters, "with your two Bons Dieux: this week 'tis Mohammed's turn, and he means to play us some scurvy trick!"

The next day, the march continues; the men are warned that there will be neither wood nor water for the coffee; every man, therefore, makes a little faggot, which he adds to the load upon his knapsack; every mess, which we have seen consists of from seven to ten men, fills the great can and the boiler with water. Two men carry the latter by means of a tent-pole passed under the handle, and two others the can. What a task for these foot-soldiers, already so hampered and heavy laden! The day threatens to be hot; and, before they have travelled three hours, they are fatigued. The water, incessantly agitated in the vessels which contain it, exposed to a high temperature, and receiving every instant the dust from without, becomes muddy. The men, impatient at the restraint imposed on their march by the necessity of carrying a little water two by two, complain of their sufferings. The troop stops to make the grand halt, (the coffee,) which ought to divide the day's march in two, and it is scarcely seven o'clock in the morning. At eight, they are obliged to start again; the country becomes more and more wretched; the heat is very great; from time to time an old African may be heard to grumble, "Look out for squalls; I feel my rheumatism, or my wound; most certainly we are going to have the sirocco!" And in fact, before long the horizon is tinged with a reddish glare, similar to the light which gleams from a building on fire in the distance; the atmosphere is filled with burning dust; something is heard like the roar of the sea or the growling of thunder a great way off. There can be no mistake, it is it, the sirocco, the terror of the desert, which comes impetuous and scorching, licking up everything with its tongues of fire. Men's palates are dried up, salivation becomes impossible, the whole interior of the mouth is parched, and

causes surprisingly painful sensations; dust as fine as wood-ashes, raised by the march of the column and the wind, penetrates into the eyes and nostrils, which it chokes and clogs, as well as the ears.

Then begins a torture difficult to describe: what can be done? They are just as far off from the water they have left behind them, as they are from that before them; they must continue their march, happen what may. The soldier feels thirst instinctively; he goes on, and on, but in what a state! In the midst of sufferings such as these, when they are prolonged too far, men have been known to commit suicide; others become temporarily delirious; all are in a state of nervous excitement, of concentrated irritation, which gives to this troop of human beings the aspect of a band of maniacs. With distorted features, with fierce, wild eyes starting from their sockets, the wretched foot-soldier is subjected to a terrible ordeal. This is the time for deceptive and tantalising visions; every one has before his eyes the image of a cool spring at the foot of a shady tree. "O!" he says to himself, "if I can ever return to such or such a brook, I will pass my whole life beside it. What more can a man desire, when he is able to roll and revel in a cool stream, to make it trickle down his arms, to splash it with his hands, to drink it and enjoy it?"

But what is passing in the vanguard? It is not a rumour which spreads; not a word has been spoken since the sirocco came on; but there is a certain movement, a hurrying forward, which can only be the effect of the presence of water. In fact, the detachment at the head has caught sight of a cistern which ought to contain water; they approach. Deception. The little well is filled with the carcasses of sheep, come from a distance, probably driven by the south wind, to die upon a few drops of moisture. Nevertheless, there is still perhaps a little liquid; the first comers remove the dead sheep, to clear the spring, but all in vain; a little brackish mud is all they can obtain, and such as it is they swallow it greedily. Meanwhile, the second detachment of men are sucking the wool of the dead sheep, in the hope that it may retain a little moisture.

A sort of mechanical movement in advance continues. The only care is to preserve sufficient strength to reach the springs as soon as possible; the wind continues as high and as hot as ever; it forces its way into the mouth, it hinders respiration, it blinds, it deafens, and a relentless sun darts its burning rays incessantly. At last night comes on, bringing a slight relief. If the sirocco continues to blow, at least the burning sun has disappeared, and the men drag themselves as far as the water—the good and the beautiful water. How they caress it, how they plunge their arms and their heads into it, how they bless the Creator who made water! Water, at this

moment, is the first marvel of creation. But what a toil to reach it; how many comrades are still on the road, lying panting on the ground; how many will be a long, long time before they join the first arrivals!

The enemy is close by; and a fresh start must be made, in the hope of taking his camp, his detra. The column is apprised that it is perhaps on the point of deciding grave events, and of covering itself with glory. The general has appealed to the usual energy of his soldiers, and spoken of honour, of generous sentiments, and he can do what he likes with the worthy troopers. Once more they are informed that the country to be traversed produces absolutely nothing: they must carry water and wood; and that is not all, for they must take charge of the grass which is to feed the oxen which accompany the little army. Under extraordinary circumstances like these, foot-soldiers will carry, besides their usual burden, water, two by two, as described, a little faggot of wood, and a bunch of alfa for the beasts; this bunch, stuck on the top of the knapsack, rises higher than the men's heads, and forms a sort of mountain on their backs, which renders them invisible on three sides at least. From the beginning of the march the riflemen will grumble, mixing up their complaints with jokes all the while. "What will be the end of this? What will they expect us to carry next? Can't the lazy bullocks bear the weight of their own provisions on their backs, strapped with ropes? I say, Breton, or Bourguignon (the soldiers are fond of addressing each other according to their native provinces), one of these days they will fit us with panniers, and then we shall have to carry the mules!"

The troop is again obliged to have coffee early, in order to profit by the small supply of muddy liquid still remaining in the cans and the boilers. The march is resumed. We are completely in the Algerian Sahara, in one of its worst parts; nothing is to be seen but dust and sun. Starting at two in the morning, we have had coffee by seven; about five in the afternoon we come upon some wells. There is to be a halt for two or three hours; just time enough to prepare some rice. In the dismal region where we are, water is found only in little wells placed close to each other, like organ-pipes, or the cells in a honey-comb. And, what is extraordinary at first sight, some of these wells are salt, others not, without its being possible to remark any order in their disposition. Out of fifty wells, for instance, there will be thirty of one sort and twenty of the other, without any order in regard to their place on the ground.

As soon as the column is refreshed, the journey recommences. There is to be a night-march, as a matter of course. By the morning the fatigue is extreme: during the past four-and-twenty hours, there have

only been two grand halts. "Patience; we shall soon come to a stop," grumbles a rifleman.—"Ah, yes, stop, indeed!" replies his comrade. "Just look there, at the general. You see the two gipsies who are come to speak to him, and you know very well that whenever he listens to the dirty fellows' humbug, we have to suffer for it."

Meanwhile a halt is ordered; some wells have been found, and a meal must be prepared. "This is a good one!" they shout in all directions. "Every well is salt; not a single one contains good water." Still they refresh themselves a little with a wash, and they hope that the water will lose its taste by boiling. The hope is vain; the coffee and the rice are obliged to be thrown away; it is impossible to swallow them. They munch a little biscuit, and set off again; the rifleman's prophecy having come to pass. Soon after starting, the excess of the fatigue begins to declare itself; press forward they must notwithstanding. Messages from the general are constantly repeated that the enemy is there, close by, and that they may capture his camp. Once in sight of the *deïra*, one battalion will proceed to the right, another to the left, while the third will rush down upon him; the cavalry will cut off the enemy's retreat.

All this causes great excitement, and gives a little patience for a while; but by two or three o'clock in the afternoon of the second day, they have been more than six-and-thirty hours on foot, and there is not a word about encamping yet. "Decidedly, this is too much of a good thing," is remarked in the ranks. "We are going further than the South; we have left the famous South behind us. They are abusing and overworking our legs. A few days more like this, and we shall get back to France by the overland route."

Then begins a veritable march of suffering. The men unable to stand steadily on their crippled feet, limp onwards, supporting themselves mainly on the tips of their toes. It is difficult to describe the movements by which men, overwhelmed with fatigue, contrive to drag their aching limbs along, by the power of their energetic will. It is at once the gait of an idiot, of a paralytic, and of a drunken man. At every instant the general is obliged to stop the vanguard, to allow the body of the column to join them. It takes a long time to make a little way.

Still, examples of courage abound. A rifleman showed symptoms of great weakness. Several times he was near falling; he was advised to ask for the use of a pannier. "Not I," he answered, "I have never yet mounted the mules, and I hope I shall not have to make their acquaintance." And he continued to drag himself along. At last he

sunk, and fainted; he was carried to the hospital department. A few minutes afterwards, he was dead. The heroism of this simple rifleman, with no other motive than his soldierly reputation in the eyes of his comrades, made him struggle with fatigue to the death.

And thus the end of the day is reached, and the position approached which was indicated to the general as the site of the enemy's camp. At a final halt, the column is rallied as much as possible; every man prepares to make a supreme effort. They advance in silence; being at the foot of the rising ground which hides the *deïra* from view; they mount it, and behold—nothing. The vigilant and indefatigable Arabs have raised their camp, at the very first signal of their outpost. Only an hour ago they were here; witness the fires not yet extinguished, the skins of fresh-slain beasts, and numerous other recent traces. With what, and how, is it possible to pursue them? They are all in high vigour, and have already made a good start in advance. Their opponents, certainly, would sustain a conflict, and do honour to their flag; but another forced march, under present circumstances, is an utter impossibility.

The general decides to bivouac, after having kept his column on the march for two-and-forty hours. The excursion continues several days longer, in the same style, and then they return to the Tell, either re-entering Tlemcen itself; or, merely revictualling, to perform new peregrinations.

These sallies into the Desert are always paid for, after the return, by a great deal of sickness amongst the troops, mostly acute dysenteries or intractable fevers.

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THE POISONED MEAL.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST. THE POCKETS.

THE story takes us across the Channel to Normandy; and introduces us to a young French girl, named Marie-Françoise-Victoire Salmon.

Her father was a poor Norman labourer. Her mother died while she was a child. From an early age Marie had learnt to get her own living by going out to service. Three different mistresses tried her while she was a very young girl, and found every reason to be satisfied with her conduct. She entered her fourth place, in the family of one Monsieur Dumesnil, when she was twenty years of age. This was the turning-point in her career; and here the strange story of her life properly begins.

Among the persons who often visited Monsieur Dumesnil and his wife was a certain Monsieur Revel, a relation of Madame Dumesnil's. He was a man of some note in his part of the country, holding a responsible legal appointment at the town of Caen in Normandy; and he honoured Marie, when he first saw her at her master's house, with his special attention and approval. She had a fair innocent face, and a modest, winning manner; and Monsieur Revel became almost oppressively anxious, in a highly paternal way, that she should better her condition, by seeking service at Caen, where places were plentiful and wages higher than in the country; and where, it is also necessary to remember, Monsieur Revel himself happened to live.

Marie's own idea, however, of the best means of improving her condition was a little at variance with the idea of her disinterested adviser. Her ambition was to gain her living independently, if she could, by being a sempstress. She left the service of Monsieur Dumesnil of her own accord, and without so much as the shadow of a stain on her character, and went to the old town of Bayeux to try what she could do by taking in needlework. As a means of subsistence, needlework soon proved itself to be insufficient; and she found herself thrown back again on the old resource of going out to service. Most unfortunately, as events after-

wards turned out, she now called to mind Monsieur Revel's paternal advice, and resolved to seek employment as a maid-of-all-work at Caen.

She left Bayeux with the little bundle of clothes which represented all the property she had in the world, on the first of August, seventeen hundred and eighty-one. It will be well to notice this date particularly, and to remember—in case some of the events of Marie's story should seem almost incredible—that it marks the period, the wicked and tyrannical period, which immediately preceded the first outbreak of the French Revolution.

Among the few articles of the maid's apparel which the bundle contained, and to which it is necessary to attract attention at the outset, were two pairs of pockets, one of them being still in an unfinished condition. She had a third pair which she wore on her journey. In the last century a country girl's pockets were an important and prominent part of her costume. They hung on each side of her, ready to her hand. They were sometimes very prettily embroidered, and they were almost always large and of a bright colour.

On the first of August, seventeen hundred and eighty-one, Marie left Bayeux, and early on the same day she reached Caen. Her good manners, her excellent character, and the modesty of her demands in the matter of wages, rendered it easy for her to find a situation. On the very evening of her arrival she was suited with a place; and her first night at Caen was passed under the roof of her new employers.

The family consisted of Marie's master and mistress, Monsieur and Madame Huet Duparc (both highly respectable people); of two sons, aged respectively twenty-one and eleven years; of their sister, aged seventeen years; and of Monsieur and Madame de Beaulieu, the father and mother of Madame Duparc, one eighty-eight years old, the other eighty-six.

Madame Duparc explained to Marie the various duties which she was expected to perform, on the evening when she entered the house. She was to begin the day by fetching some milk, that being one of the ingredients used in preparing the hasty-pudding which

formed the favourite morning meal of the old gentleman, Monsieur de Beaulieu. The hasty-pudding was always to be got ready by seven o'clock exactly. When this had been done, Marie was next required to take the infirm old lady, Madame de Beaulieu, every morning to mass. She was then to go to market, and get all the provisions that were wanted for the daily use of the family; and she was, finally, to look to the cooking of the food, and to make herself additionally useful (with some occasional assistance from Madame Duparc and her daughter) in every other remaining branch of household work. The wages she was to receive for performing all these conflicting duties amounted to precisely two pounds sterling of English money.

She had entered her new place on a Wednesday. On Thursday she took her first lesson in preparing the old gentleman's morning meal. One point which her mistress then particularly impressed on her was, that she was *not* to put any salt in the hasty-pudding.

On the Saturday following, when she went out to buy milk, she made a little purchase on her own account. Of course the purchase was an article of dress—a piece of fine bright orange-coloured stuff, for which she paid nearly the whole price on the spot, out of her small savings. The sum of two sous six deniers (about a penny English) was all that Marie took credit for. On her return to the house, she showed the piece of stuff to Madame Duparc, and asked to be advised whether she should make an apron or a jacket of it.

The next day being Sunday, Marie marked the occasion by putting on all the little finery she had. Her pair of festive pockets, striped with blue and white, and wonderfully smart to look at, came out of her bundle along with other things. When she had put them on, she hung the old work-a-day pockets which she had worn on leaving Bayeux to the back of a chair in her bed-chamber. This was a little room on the ground-floor, situated close to the dining-room, and perfectly easy of access to everyone in the house. Long afterwards, Marie remembered how pleasantly and quietly that Sunday passed. It was the last day of happiness the poor creature was to enjoy in the house of Madame Duparc.

On the Monday morning, she went to fetch the milk as usual. But the milkwoman was not in the shop to serve her. After returning to the house, she proposed making a second attempt; but her mistress stopped her, saying that the milk would doubtless be sent before long. This turned out to be the case, and Marie, having cleaned the saucepan for Monsieur de Beaulieu's hasty-pudding, received from the hands of Madame Duparc, the earthen vessel containing the meal used in the house. She mixed this flour and put it into the saucepan, in the presence of Madame Duparc and her daughter. She

had just set the saucepan on the fire, when her mistress said, with a very remarkable abruptness:

"Have you put any salt in it?"

"Certainly not, ma'am," answered Marie, amazed by the question. "You told me yourself that I was never to put salt in it."

Upon this, Madame Duparc snatched up the saucepan without saying another word, turned to the dresser, stretched out her hand towards one of four salt-cellars which always stood there, and sprinkled salt into the saucepan—or (to speak with extreme correctness, the matter being important), if not salt, something which she took for salt.

The hasty-pudding made, Marie poured it from the saucepan into a soup-plate which her mistress held. Madame Duparc herself then took it to Monsieur de Beaulieu. She and her daughter, and one of her sons remained with the old man, while he was eating his breakfast. Marie, left in the kitchen, prepared to clean the saucepan; but, before she could do so, she was suddenly called in two different directions, by Madame de Beaulieu, and Madame Duparc. The old lady wished to be taken to mass; and her mistress wanted to send her on a number of errands. Marie did not stop even to pour some clean water, as usual into the saucepan. She went at once to get her instructions from Madame Duparc, and to attend on Madame de Beaulieu. Taking the old lady to church, and then running on her mistress's errands, which were much more numerous than usual, kept her so long away from the house, that it was half-past eleven in the forenoon, before she got back to the kitchen.

The first news that met her on her return was that Monsieur de Beaulieu had been suffering, ever since nine o'clock, from a violent attack of vomiting and colic. Madame Duparc ordered her to help the old man to bed immediately; and inquired, when these directions had been followed, whether Marie felt capable of looking after him herself, or whether she would prefer that a nurse should be sent for. Being a kind-hearted, willing girl, always anxious to make herself useful, Marie replied that she would gladly undertake the nursing of the old man; and, thereupon, her bed was moved at once into Monsieur de Beaulieu's room.

Meanwhile, Madame Duparc fetched from a neighbouring apothecary's, one of the apprentices of the shop, to see her father. The lad was quite unfit to meet the emergency of the case, which was certainly serious enough to require the attention of his master, if not of a regularly qualified physician. Instead of applying any internal remedies, the apprentice stupidly tried blistering. This course of treatment proved utterly useless; but no better advice was called in. After he had suffered for hours without relief, Monsieur de Beaulieu began to sink rapidly towards

the afternoon. At half-past five o'clock he had ceased to exist.

This shocking catastrophe, startling and suspicious as it was, did not appear to discompose the nerves of Madame Duparc. While her eldest son immediately left the house to inform his father, who had been absent in the country all day, of what had happened, she lost no time in sending for the nearest nurse to lay out the corpse of Monsieur de Beaulieu. On entering the chamber of death, the nurse found Marie there alone, praying by the old man's bedside.

"He died suddenly, did he not?" said the nurse.

"Very suddenly," answered Marie. "He was walking about only yesterday, in perfect health."

Soon afterwards the time came when it was customary to prepare supper. Marie went into the kitchen, mechanically, to get the meal ready. Madame Duparc, her daughter, and her youngest son, partook of it as usual. Madame de Beaulieu, overwhelmed by the dreadful death of her husband, was incapable of joining them.

When supper was over, Marie assisted the old lady to bed. Then, worn out though she was with fatigue, she went back to the nurse to keep her company in watching by the dead body. Monsieur de Beaulieu had been kind to Marie, and had spoken gratefully of the little attentions she had shown him. She remembered this tenderly now that he was no more; and she could not find it in her heart to leave a hired mourner to be the only watcher by his death-bed. All that night she remained in the room, entirely ignorant of what was passing the while in every other part of the house—her own little bed-room included, as a matter of course.

About seven o'clock the next morning, after sitting up all night, she went back again wearily to the kitchen to begin her day's work. Her mistress joined her there, and saluted her instantly with a scolding.

"You are the most careless, slovenly girl I ever met with," said Madame Duparc. "Look at your dress! How can you expect to be decent on a Sunday, if you wear your best pair of pockets on week-days!"

Surely Madame Duparc's grief for the loss of her father must have been slight enough if it did not prevent her from paying the strictest attention to her servant's pockets! Although Marie had only known the old man for a few days, she had been too deeply impressed by his illness and its fatal end, to be able to think of such a trifle as the condition of her dress. And now, of all the people in the world, it was Monsieur de Beaulieu's daughter who reminded her that she had never thought of changing her pockets, only the day after the old man's dreadful death.

"Put on your old pockets, directly, you untidy girl!" said Madame Duparc.

The old pockets were of course hanging

where Marie had left them, at the back of the chair in her own room—the room which was open to any one who chose to go into it—the room which she herself had not entered during the past night. She left the kitchen to obey her mistress; and taking the old pair of pockets off the chair, tied them on as quickly as possible. From that fatal moment the friendless maid-of-all-work was a ruined girl.

CHAPTER THE SECOND. THE ARSENIC.

ON returning to the kitchen to go on with her work, the exhaustion against which Marie had hitherto fought successfully, overpowered her the moment she sat down; her heavy head drooped, her eyes closed in spite of her, and she fell into a broken, uneasy slumber. Madame Duparc and her daughter, seeing the condition she was in, undertook the preparation of the day's dinner themselves. Among the dishes which they got ready, and which they salted from the cellars on the dresser, were two different kinds of soup—one kind, for themselves, made from fresh "stock"—the other, for Marie and the nurse, made from old "stock." While they were engaged over their cookery, Monsieur Duparc arrived from the country, and Marie was awakened to take the horse he had ridden to the stables, to unsaddle the animal, and to give him his feed of corn. While she was thus engaged, Madame Duparc and her daughter remained alone in the kitchen. When she left the stable it was time for her to lay the cloth. She was told to put plates for seven persons. Only six, however, sat down to dinner. These six were, Madame de Beaulieu, Monsieur and Madame Duparc, the youngest of their two sons, Madame Beauguillet (sister of Madame Duparc), and Monsieur Beauguillet (her son). Mademoiselle Duparc remained in the kitchen to help Marie in serving up the dinner, and only took her place at table after the soup had been put on. Her elder brother, after summoning his father home, had not returned to the house.

After the soup had been taken away, and while Marie was waiting at table, during the eating of the second course, young Duparc complained that he felt something gritty between his teeth. His mother made precisely the same remark. Nobody else, however, agreed with them, and the subject was allowed to drop. When the second course was done with, the dessert followed, consisting of a plate of cherries. With the dessert there arrived a visitor, Monsieur Fergant, a relation of Madame Duparc's. This gentleman sat down at table with the rest of the company.

Meanwhile, the nurse and Marie were making their dinner in the kitchen off the soup which had been specially provided for them—Marie having previously placed the dirty plates and the empty soup-tureen from the dining-

room, in the scullery, as usual, to be washed at the proper time. While she and her companion were still engaged over their soup, young Duparc and his mother suddenly burst into the kitchen, followed by the other persons who had partaken of dinner.

"We are all poisoned!" cried Madame Duparc, in the greatest terror. "Good heavens! I smell burnt arsenic in the kitchen!"

Monsieur Fergant, the visitor, hearing these last words, politely stepped forward to echo them.

"Burnt arsenic, beyond a doubt," said Monsieur Fergant. When this gentleman was subsequently questioned on the subject, it may not be amiss to mention, that he was quite unable to say what burnt arsenic smelt like. Neither is it altogether out of place to inquire how Madame Duparc happened to be so amazingly apt at discovering the smell of burnt arsenic? The answer to the question does not seem easy to discover.

Having settled that they were all poisoned, and having even found out (thanks to those two intelligent amateur chemists, Madame Duparc and Monsieur Fergant) the very nature of the deadly drug that had been used to destroy them, the next thing the company naturally thought of was the necessity of summoning medical help. Young Monsieur Beauguillot obligingly ran off (it was apparently a very mild case of poisoning, so far as he was concerned) to the apothecary's shop, and fetched, not the apprentice this time, but the master. The master, Monsieur Thierry, arrived in great haste, and found the dinner-eaters all complaining of nausea and pains in the stomach. He naturally asked, what they had eaten. The reply was, that they had eaten nothing but soup.

This was, to say the least of it, rather an unaccountable answer. The company had had for dinner, besides soup, a second course of boiled meat and ragout of beef, and a dessert of cherries. Why was this plain fact concealed? Why was the apothecary's attention to be fixed exclusively on the soup? Was it because the tureen was empty, and because the alleged smell of burnt arsenic might be accounted for on the theory that the remains of the soup brought from the dining-room had been thrown on the kitchen fire? But no remains of soup came down—it had been all consumed by the guests. And what is still more remarkable, the only person in the kitchen (excepting Marie and the nurse) who could not discover the smell of burnt arsenic, was the person of all others who was professionally qualified to find it out first—the apothecary himself.

After examining the tureen and the plates, and stirring up the wood ashes on the fire, and making no sort of discovery, Monsieur Thierry turned to Marie, and asked if she could account for what had happened. She simply replied, that she knew nothing at all

about it; and, thereupon, her mistress and the rest of the persons present all overwhelmed her together with a perfect torrent of questions. The poor girl, terrified by the hubbub, worn out by a sleepless night and by the hard work and agitation of the day preceding it, burst into an hysterical fit of tears, and was ordered out of the kitchen to lie down and recover herself. The only person who showed her the least pity and offered her the slightest attention was a servant-girl like herself, who lived next door, and who stole up to the room in which she was weeping alone, with a cup of warm milk and water to comfort her.

Meanwhile, the report had spread in the town that the old man, Monsieur de Beaulieu, and the whole Duparc family, had been poisoned by their servant. Madame Duparc did her best to give the rumour the widest possible circulation. Entirely forgetting, as it would seem, that she was on her own showing a poisoned woman, she roamed excitedly all over the house with an audience of agitated female friends at her heels; telling the burnt-arsenic story over and over again to every fresh detachment of visitors that arrived to hear it; and finally leading the whole troop of women into the room where Marie was trying to recover herself. The poor girl was surrounded in a moment; angry faces and shrill voices met her on every side; the most insolent questions, the most extravagant accusations assailed her; and not one word that she could say in her own defence was listened to for an instant. She had sprung up in the bed, on her knees, and was frantically entreating for permission to speak in her own defence, when a new personage appeared on the scene, and stilled the clamour by his presence. This individual was a surgeon named Hébert, a friend of Madame Duparc's, who announced that he had arrived to give the family the benefit of his assistance, and who proposed to commence operations in a calm business-like manner, by searching the servant's pockets without farther delay.

The instant Marie heard him make this proposal, she untied her pockets, and gave them to Surgeon Hébert with her own hands. He examined them on the spot. In one, he found some copper money and a thimble. In the other (to use his own words, given in evidence) he discovered "various fragments of bread, sprinkled over with some minute substance which was white and shining. He kept the fragments of bread, and left the room immediately without saying a word." By this course of proceeding he gave Marie no chance of stating at the outset whether she knew of the fragments of bread being in her pocket, or whether she was totally ignorant how they came there. Setting aside, for the present, the question, whether there was really any arsenic on the crumbs at all, it would clearly have been showing the unfortunate maid-of-all-work no more than

common justice to have allowed her the opportunity of speaking before the bread was carried away.

It was now seven o'clock in the evening. The next event was the arrival of another officious visitor. The new friend in need belonged to the legal profession—he was an advocate named Friley. Monsieur Friley's legal instincts led him straightway to a conclusion which advanced the progress of events seriously. Having heard the statement of Madame Duparc and her daughter, he decided that it was his duty to lodge an information against Marie before the Procurator of the King, at Caen.

The Procurator of the King is, by this time, no stranger to the reader. He was the same Monsieur Revel who had taken such an amazingly strong interest in Marie's fortunes, and who had strongly advised her to try her luck at Caen. Here then, surely, was a friend found at last for the forlorn maid-of-all-work? We shall see how Monsieur Revel acted after Friley's information had been duly lodged.

The French law of the period, and, it may be added, the commonest principles of justice also, required the Procurator to perform certain plain duties as soon as the accusation against Marie had reached his ears. He was, in the first place, bound to proceed immediately, accompanied by his official colleague, to the spot where the alleged crime of poisoning was supposed to have taken place. Arrived there, it was his business to ascertain for himself the condition of the persons attacked with illness; to hear their statements; to examine the rooms, the kitchen utensils, and the family medicine-chest, if there happened to be one in the house; to receive any statement the accused person might wish to make; to take down her answers to his questions; and, lastly, to keep anything found on the servant (the bread-crumbs, for instance, of which Surgeon Hébert had coolly taken possession), or anything found about the house, which it might be necessary to produce in evidence, in a position of absolute security, under the hand and seal of justice.

These were the plain duties which Monsieur Revel, the Procurator, was officially bound to fulfil. In the case of Marie, he not only neglected to perform any one of them, but actually sanctioned a scheme for entrapping her into prison, by sending a commissary of police to the house, in plain clothes, with an order to place her in solitary confinement. To what motive could this scandalous violation of his duties and of justice be attributed? The last we saw of Monsieur Revel, he was so benevolently disposed towards Marie that he condescended to advise her about her prospects in life, and even went the length of recommending her to seek for a situation in the very town in which he lived himself. And now, we find him so suddenly and bitterly hostile towards the former object of

his patronage, that he actually lends the assistance of his high official position to sanction an accusation against her, into the truth or falsehood of which he had not made a single inquiry! Can it be that Monsieur Revel's interest in Marie was, after all, not of the purest possible kind, and that the unfortunate girl proved too stubbornly virtuous to be taught what the real end was towards which the attentions of her over-benevolent adviser privately pointed? There is no evidence attaching to the case (as how should there be?) to prove this. But is there any other explanation of Monsieur Revel's conduct, which at all tends to account for the extraordinary inconsistency of it?

Having received his secret instructions, the commissary of police—a man named Bertot—proceeded to the house of Monsieur and Madame Duparc, disguised in plain clothes. His first proceeding was to order Marie to produce the various plates, dishes, and kitchen utensils which had been used at the dinner of Tuesday, the seventh of August (that being the day on which the poisoning of the company was alleged to have taken place). Marie produced a saucepan, an earthen vessel, a stewpan, and several plates piled on each other, in one of which there were the remains of some soup. These articles Bertot locked up in the kitchen cupboard, and took away the key with him. He ought to have taken the additional precaution of placing a seal on the cupboard, so as to prevent any tampering with the lock, or any treachery with a duplicate key. But this he neglected to do.

His next proceeding was to tell Marie that the Procurator Revel wished to speak to her, and to propose that she should accompany him to the presence of that gentleman forthwith. Not having the slightest suspicion of any treachery, she willingly consented, and left the house with the commissary. A friend of the Dupares, named Vassol, accompanied them.

Once out of the house, Bertot led his unsuspecting prisoner straight to the gaol. As soon as she was inside the gates, he informed her that she was arrested, and proceeded to search her person in the presence of Vassol, the gaoler of the prison, and a woman named Dujardin. The first thing found on her was a little linen bag, sewn to her petticoat, and containing a species of religious charm, in the shape of a morsel of the sacramental wafer. Her pockets came next under review (the pockets which surgeon Hébert had previously searched). A little dust was discovered at the bottom of them, which was shaken out on paper, wrapped up along with the linen bag, sealed in one packet, and taken to the Procurator's office. Finally, the woman Dujardin found in Marie's bosom a little key, which she readily admitted to be the key of her own cupboard.

The search over, one last act of cruelty and

injustice was all that remained to be committed for that day. The unfortunate girl was placed at once in solitary confinement.

ON THE CANAL.

STAGE THE SECOND.

FURTHER sleep that night or morning, sound or unsound, on board the Stourport was impossible. We had experienced the effect of passing through our first night-lock; and, while comparing notes, we passed through a second, and then a third, until we decided that a bargeman's life was one continual bump.

Cuddy was aloft at half-past four, A.M., standing outside the opening in the tarpaulin upon the edge of the boat, holding on to the side ropes, examining the slow moving panorama of country, exchanging salutations with Captain Randle at the tiller, chirping popular airs from the Barber of Seville, and glancing ravenously down at the great meat-pie. I arose, took my place at the opening on the other side, and found the morning fresh and cloudy; though giving promise of a fine day. Captain Randle's son was standing upon the narrow roof of the little cabin, beginning his toilet for the day, by combing his straw-coloured hair, turned to that colour by much exposure to the air and sun. He was a light-eyed, full-blooded, red-cheeked, good-tempered, clean-looking young man of twenty-three. Presently he dipped a mop into the canal; drawing it carefully round the edges of a pair of remarkably heavy boots, that had never known brush or blacking in this world, and never would. A bargeman's boot looks more as if it had been turned out of a blacksmith's forge, than a shoe-maker's stall. It differs from a navvy's boot in being very loose. The navy's boot is a laced-up article binding itself very close round the ankles—so close, in fact, that it seems a marvel how such powerful and gigantic bodies can be supported upon such frail props, without causing them to snap short off like pieces of tobacco-pipe. The bargeman's boot is an easy, full-sized blucher: with upper leather as thick as a moderate slice of bread and butter, and with soles like those worn by short performers who personate giants upon the stage. There is none of that finish, none of that rounding off, none of that dandy coarseness about them, which distinguishes the shooting-boots displayed for show in Regent Street windows, or which gentlemen drag after them when they go upon the moors. Rude, uncultivated strength is the main feature of the bargeman's boot. The sole absolutely bristles with a plantation of gooseberry-headed hob-nails; the toe and heel heavily strengthened with massive bandages of iron. Twelve shillings a pair is paid to makers, who reside upon the canal banks, for these boots, and they must be dirt-

cheap, if only to sell for old metal. The bargeman's stocking is another peculiar manufacture, worsted in material, bright, clear blue in colour, ribbed and knitted by village hands. It is twice the thickness of domestic worsted; serving perhaps as a shield to protect the foot from the attacks of the heavy boot. In other respects the bargeman dresses chiefly in fustian. His trousers are always loose, short, and Dutch built, and his jacket is a red or brown plush waistcoat with fustian sleeves. He wears a cap, a sailor's leather hat, or a brown hair structure, with a cloth top and a bright peak.

Captain Randle, who is still steering the Stourport, is a short man between fifty and sixty years of age, with brown hands, a brown honest-looking face, scanty light hair, small twinkling eyes, and a round lump of a nose. He looks fresh and clean, although he is yet unwashed, and has been up nearly all the night. Fifty years of his life have been spent upon the canals of his native land; and, fifty years of a boatman's life, means fifty years of boat. His land-home is in Stoke, in Staffordshire; and, although his chief line of route is now from London to Birmingham, and from Birmingham to Manchester, he does not leave his boat-home to pay it a visit above three times a year. When he arrives at his destination he unships one load of goods, and takes in another, to return without stopping, along the same road he came. Every tree, every bridge, every lock or house on the line of march is familiar to him as his own hands, and his reflections are not disturbed by the dangerous and troublesome gifts of reading and writing. His son, the straw-haired young man, has been taught to steer through a printed book; but the old man constantly laments the fact that he is not, "a scollard." Like many wiser and greater men, Captain Randle has a strong tendency to overrate that which he does not possess; and he fully believes that, grant him but the mysterious, and to him unknown arts of reading and writing, and there would have been nothing to prevent him, when he was a younger man, from becoming the Lord Mayor of London.

The other boatman, who is sleeping in the cabin, and the youth who is driving the horse, are hearty creatures, with cheerful dispositions, large appetites, and little else to distinguish them.

After making a rough toilet with a bowl of water, a piece of yellow soap, and a coarse towel, we manage, with some dexterity, much exertion, and a little danger of falling overboard, to reach the small deck of the little cabin. This limited platform, is the breakfast-table, dinner-table, tea-table, and sitting-room of the bargemen and their visitors during the summer months. If size is sometimes a luxury, smallness is sometimes a convenience; and as we take our breakfasts upon this Poop,—as Captain

Randle calls it in ambitious nautical phrase, —we seem to have everything within our reach, and to be in the midst of everything. The captain stands in the doorway of the little cabin, with the upper half of his body visible above the deck, and the lower half roasting in close contact with the cabin-fire. He makes tea in a large tin tea-pot standing on the poop, which holds two quarts; and it is no trouble for him to stoop down and bring up the steaming kettle from the cabin stove. We sit on the edge of the deck, with our feet dangling over the water; and, while I am patiently waiting for the brewing of the refreshing beverage, Cuddy is preparing for a ferocious attack upon the once great, but now rapidly diminishing, meat-pie. The whole crew is assembled upon the deck and the tiller platform, the horse being left to tow the boat unled, with his head deeply buried in a small tin milking-can full of provender,—a novel kind of nose-bag specially provided for barge-towing horses, that they may move and eat, and breathe, at one and the same time. The tea, a weak and curiously-flavoured drink, is served out in basins without saucers, and, above all, without milk, this luxury being unknown in the victualling department of an ordinary fly-boat. It is sweetened with light-coloured moist sugar, ladled out of a drawer in the cabin, and is stirred with some of the rudest spoons ever made. The knives and forks are worthy of their companions, the spoons, and they must have come from Sheffield, when that distinguished town was first struggling with the earliest rudiments of its staple manufacture. The knife that Cuddy holds in his right hand, wherewith to demolish the pie, is a slice of iron, not unlike a Dutch razor in shape, and about half the size of a stage scimitar. It is stuck or wedged into a dark square wooden handle, that is indebted for any polish and smoothness it possesses to half a century's use, and the friction of Captain Randle's hard and bronzed hands. The fork has two prongs, one shorter than the other, and both black with the action of many years' grease and rust. The handle is much chipped, and very discoloured, looking like a very dirty piece of dark yellow soap. These appearances must be taken as representing inherent defects in the cutlery, and not a want of cleanliness on the part of Captain Randle and his crew.

The boat, considering its limited space, and its four inhabitants (now swelled to six), is a model of tidiness; and in the intervals of sleep, or the pauses of work, the youth with the straw-coloured hair, is always dusting everything about with a short hair-broom. He takes a pride in the cabin department of the Stourport, as any one can easily see, even if the father did not constantly draw their attention to the fact; and if any brass knob could not have been kept bright; if the full-sized tea-pot would not have done for a

looking-glass; or, if any one by spilling oil, or dropping any other filthy fluid, had soiled the virgin purity of that spotless poop or deck, the young boatman with the straw-hair must have knocked somebody down, or broken his heart.

It was well for us that the deck was kept clean, for our bread and butter had to rest upon it, without the usual domestic conveniences of plates. Now as we were to our situation, we managed pretty well, although we occasionally suffered from a giddiness caused by the gliding motion of the boat, and a strong desire to drop over into the water. The hundred locks, which were destined to break our sleep, were also destined to disturb the even course of our meals. Every time we reached a gate—sometimes once in fifty yards—it was necessary to give up all considerations of eating and drinking, and to poise the basins of tea carefully in our hands, to prepare for the inevitable series of bumps and avoid a total spill. Curious as was the flavour, and mild as was the stimulus conveyed by this tea, it was the favourite and only drink, night and day,—except water,—not only of our own sturdy boatmen, but of all other sturdy boatmen, as far as my observation went. Beer and spirits were little used, and a pipe being a rare indulgence. Melancholy pictures of drunken brawls, improper language, constant fights, danger to life and property, hordes of licensed ruffians beyond the pale of law and order, which my cheerful friends had drawn the moment they heard of my intention to make an unprotected barge journey, all proved false before the experience of a few hours, and shamefully false before the further experience of a few days. We were inmates of a new home, and friends of a new family; whose members were honest, industrious, simple, and natural—too independent to stoop to the meanness of masquerading in adopted habits and manners with a view of misleading the judgment of their guests.

As the morning developed, the promise of a fine day was fulfilled; and, after we passed the brick-kiln country near Brentford, we proceeded in a zig-zag direction towards Uxbridge and Rickmansworth. The further we went, the more did our long-cherished notions of the dry, utilitarian character of canals disappear, to give place to a feeling of admiration for the picturesque beauty of the country, and the artificial river, lying and running unheeded so near the metropolis. Now we were floating on a low level, deeply embowered in trees, which, in some places, nearly closed over our heads; now we were on a high level, commanding a view of woods and meadows, stretching away for miles; now we came to long avenues of stately trees, the valued heir-looms of ancient families and the growth of centuries; now we came to smoothly-shaven lawns, to parks, and gardens running down to the water's

edge; now we came to long armies of tall, spear-shaped reeds, half-rising from the water, and bowing with slow dignity and reverence as we passed by; now we came to distant red-bricked mansions, playing at bo-peep amongst lofty trees; then, as the graceful windings of our river carried us further into the bosom of the parks, we saw them for a few minutes standing boldly out upon the brow of a hill, and then we lost them at another turn in the stream; now we came to little side brooks, which broke musically over small sparkling waterfalls, gliding into our silent byway, which carried them gently away; now we came to old rope-worn bridges that stood out against lofty background of rustling poplars whose tops were only familiar to the cloud-loving sky-larks; now we came to other bridges, the arches of which seemed half full of shady water, and closed in with banks of shrubs and flowers, through which it would be cruel to force a passage; and now we passed little Ophelia-loved pools, overhung with willows, tinted with weeds, and silent as roadside graves.

Reclining here and there upon the rich grass banks, or standing solitary, or in groups of three or four, upon the towing path, were patient anglers, all having the stamp of dwellers in the closest portions of the metropolis. They were common men to look at—unshaven, unwashed; with ragged clothes and with dirty shirts. The railway had brought them in an hour, and for a few pence, from Whitechapel or Bethnal Green; and whatever they may have been in their own lives, and their own homes, they could scarcely fail to gain a little improvement from the short communion with the country, to which they had been led by the allurements of their favourite sport. One man, who fished by himself, was a middle-aged Jew, bearing every appearance of days passed in some yellow back-parlour, behind a store of mouldy second-hand furniture up an Aldgate Court.

Our horses are as docile, intelligent, and well behaved as the trained steeds of the circus; and, for many miles, they are left to go on unled, chewing their provender in their milking-can nose-bags. When they are free from this encumbrance, and they stop too long at a broken part of the bank to drink out of the canal, they are urged on by a shouting of their names, and a cracking of the short whip by the steersman thirty yards behind them. At bridges, where the towing-path does not pass under the arch, the mere unhooking of the rope is sufficient, and the horse, freed from the weight of the barge, walks quickly up the incline, over the bridge, and down to the path, even when, as is frequently the case, it changes to the other side of the canal. There, he patiently waits, until his burden floats through, and the rope is again hooked on.

The Grand Junction Canal, passing in a

zig-zag direction through parts of Middlesex, Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, to Braunston, in Northamptonshire, is about forty-three feet in surface breadth, upwards of ninety miles in length, and, with one or two falls, is on a gradual rise from Paddington, where it ends in a branch to Braunston, where it begins in a gauging-house. The locks are expensive structures, costing, when double, two thousand pounds a piece; and many of them are so close together, that they form a series of steps in a waterfall staircase. These lock-stations furnish nearly the only examples of land-life that we come in close contact with; for the general course of canals is to avoid, where it is possible, passing through the large towns and villages, and wind round the extreme ends, and distant outskirts of such places. Many of the lock-houses are very pretty. All of them are neat and clean. In some of the most important lock-houses, the keeper is seated in a little counting-house amongst his books and papers; in some of the smaller ones, rude accounts are kept in mysterious chalk signs upon the doorway or the walls. This is a favourite mode of recording business in broad open barges, engaged in carrying bricks, or other cargoes requiring to be reckoned by numbers; which numbers appear, not in numerals but in broad chalk lines, marked on the sides of the hold. At all the lock-houses, coy little gardens peep out, and many of them are profusely decorated with flowers both inside and outside. One cottage on the canal-bank, connected with the canal-traffic, is such a complete nosegay, that the word Office, and the City arms painted over its doorway, are scarcely visible for roses.

While the Stourport is working slowly through the foaming, eddying locks, and we are reclining upon its poop, or sitting astride of its tarpaulin's back-bone, we are objects of interest and curiosity to the lock-keepers, who salute us with "Good morning," or remarks about the day, while their wives and daughters peep slyly at the two unusual strangers from behind the thin shelter of their cottage curtains.

For strangers we are, and very mysterious strangers, too, especially to the not over keen intellect of Captain Randle. Any idea that he may at one time have entertained about our being upon a scientific engineering expedition, having reference to the present condition of the canal, must have been entirely dispelled by our gross ignorance of practical details. Sometimes, I fancy, Captain Randle had a vague notion that I was a person of enormous capital, bent upon purchasing the whole plant and business of his masters, the Company; and, at these periods he must have had grave misgivings about the prudence of the worthy chairman and manager, who had sent us upon our tour of inspection in a lightly loaded barge.

Long before the shades of the first evening had fallen upon our journey, both the captain and the straw-haired young man, had thoroughly settled that Cuddy was my favourite, cherished, and faithful body servant, and he was accordingly addressed, after this, by the whole of the crew by the familiar title of William. To add to the mystery of our presence, a French classic belonging to Cuddy, was found upon the deck, and handed by the captain to the straw-coloured young man (the only one amongst the crew who could read) to decipher. Of course he failed to make anything of it, although we had not the pleasure of witnessing his attempt, and the book was placed carefully again upon the spot where it was found. Although I had heard the most wonderful distortion of language coming from the lips of the captain, such as saying, "useful matches," under the notion that he was calling for lucifers; and, although I felt certain that any conversation with Cuddy, without hearing of our commander was strictly private, incomprehensible, and confidential when carried on in words of two or more syllables, I could not resist the unamiable desire of accusing Captain Randle of a secret indulgence in the literary riddle belonging to my friend.

"Noa, Must'r Olly," he said, in a somewhat melancholy tone, slowly shaking his head (he called me Must'r Olly, although it bore only the faintest resemblance to my name, from the same cause that made him turn lucifer into useful). "Noa, I bean't a scollard; an' if I was, I ecldn't read that!"

"Why not?" I inquired.

"Why?" he replied, with a simple smile of wonder, slightly raising his voice, and pointing to his straw-haired son; "he can't make onythin' of that, an' he can read a'most onythin'! You see, Must'r Olly," continued the old man, following out a train of reflection he had fallen into; "I'm a Coompany's man, an' I can't be messed about. I've been on these canals now, man an' boy, nigh fifty year, most o' that time wi' Musrs. Pickford, an' I've lived long enough to know that England is noa place for a doonce."

"Well, but," interposed Cuddy, with a good-humoured intention, "you've worked hard, have done your duty, and are not very badly off, after all."

"Noa, William," returned Captain Randle, addressing himself to Cuddy. "Noa, I'm not; an' if I left the boat to-morrow, I shouldn't starve, for I've managed to put by a pund or two in my time."

This little property, to which the old man alluded, was, perhaps, about, two hundred pounds; and, like all persons who have saved money under difficult circumstances, he was proud of his small possessions, and hinted at them on many occasions during the voyage.

"Noa;" he continued, still running, with an amiable, and a characteristic weakness,

upon the same idea; "I be a doonce, an' I knows it; but, I made my boy larn to read an' write; an' if I could afford it, he shouldn't be 'ere now."

"You haven't lost much, Randle," I said, to comfort him, "by not knowing how to read. You're well and hearty, anyhow; although near sixty."

"Yes, Must'r Olly," he said, "I'm 'arty, thank Gawd; I eat an' sleep well, an' I can wurk well, though I'm goin' a little at the bottom of my feet."

I was not surprised to hear of a little tenderness at the sole of the foot, considering the weight and make of a bargeman's boot, and his proficiency and frequent practice of the art of "legging" under tunnels.

"This be a hard life, Must'r Olly, in winter time," continued the captain, "an' I'd be well out of it at my age, if I could see onythin' to do me any good. If I'd been a scollard when Musrs. Pickford broke up their boat-trade, ten year ago, I might a kep' on wi' 'em, and done somethin'; but I'm a Coompany's man, an' can't be messed about; an' when they wanted to make a porter of me at the railys, I was obleeged to be off; an' they sed, 'It's no use: he means boatin', he does, so give him his crakter, an' let him go.'"

Captain Randle fully believed that, by simply writing and reading, he might, at this moment, have been sitting in the manager's chair at Messrs. Pickford's offices; little knowing how very cheap, of late years, those accomplishments have become in the labour-market of his country. The tone in which he spoke of his intellectual deficiencies was affecting from its simple and honest depth of feeling; and it stopped any further attempts, on the part of Cuddy and myself, to play with this point in the old man's nature.

Man cannot be fed upon scenery and the outpourings of character, and in due course we find it necessary to take another meal. Dinner it ought to be called, according to the rotation in which it comes; but the meat-pie having been devoured (chiefly by Cuddy) the fifty pounds of beef taken in at London, and all boiled off at once to ensure its keeping fresh, not being to our taste, we are obliged to put up with a substantial tea—Cuddy officiating in the cabin as boiler of eggs and preparer of coffee. I go down to witness this interesting operation, paying my first visit to the small cabin, and gaining an opportunity of examining its fittings and dimensions. The kettle has boiled for some time, so the fire is low, and the heat is what the boatmen call moderate—like an oven about an hour after the bakings have been withdrawn. There can be no doubt that the cabin of the Stourport is the smallest place of its kind in the whole world; yet one half of it is divided off for the bed, which rests under a wooden arch at the end of the cabin,

immediately opposite the doorway. This bed, with close packing, accommodates two men during their short turns-in for sleep. It rests upon a large cupboard, while above the heads of the sleepers, under the arch, is another cupboard, and yet another over their feet. Even round the back there are more cupboards, and their doors are fitted with hooks that hold caps, brushes, and various small and necessary articles. The bed and clothes are very clean, and the painted decorations round the edge of the arch and on the doors were once gaudy but are now faded. From the foot of the steps, running up to the arch, on the right-hand side of the cabin as you enter, is a low seat, large enough for two persons, and, of course, constructed with a lid to form a box. Opposite this seat, also close to the arch, is a piece of furniture not unlike a compressed old-fashioned book-case. The upper part consists of crowded shelves placed in a gothic-arched framework which is closed with a door whose hinges are at the bottom, and which fastens at the top with a spring. When this door is closed, it displays upon its surface a small round looking-glass, in which a boatman may shave, or comb his hair; and, when it is opened, it turns down upon its hinges, standing out, self-supported, at right angles, and forming the only table of the cabin. Underneath this table are drawers running down to the floor. Close against the doorway of the cabin, comes the stove, a substantial structure, with a low grate, a deep blower, a round fender (part of the stove), and a narrow funnel passing upwards through the low roof. Against the wall, near this stove, is a small oil lamp; and over the cabin seat are more cupboards and shelves. Swinging from the roof is a water-can which strikes your head when you stand upright; and near your feet is a tub, into which it is almost impossible to prevent stepping. Hanging upon hooks all round the cabin, are pieces of rope, a whip, a scrubbing-brush, and other necessities. Underneath the bed-arch, in straps nailed on the roof over the bed, is an umbrella and a saw; and on the roof of the other part of the cabin, near the door, is a single strap, very small, containing papers. Every inch of space is carefully economised. Everything is scrupulously neat and clean, and wherever a piece of metal is visible, that metal is sure to shine. The Stourport is rather faded in its decorations, and is not a gay specimen of the fly-barge in all its glory of cabin paint and varnish; but still enough remains to show what it was in its younger days, and what it will be again when it gets a week in dock for repairs, at Birmingham. The boatman lavishes all his taste: all his rude, uncultivated love for the fine arts, upon the external and internal ornaments of his floating home. His chosen colours are red, yellow, and blue: all so bright that, when newly laid on and appearing under the rays of a mid-day

sun, they are too much for the unprotected eye of the unaccustomed stranger. The two sides of the cabin, seen from the bank, and the towing-path, present a couple of landscapes, in which there is a lake, a castle, a sailing-boat, and a range of mountains, painted after the style of the great teaboard school of art. If the Stourport cannot match many of its companions in the freshness of its cabin decorations, it can eclipse every other barge upon the canal in the brilliancy of a new two-gallon water-can, shipped from a bank-side painter's yard, at an early period of the journey. It displayed no fewer than six dazzling and fanciful composition landscapes, several gaudy wreaths of flowers, and the name of its proud proprietor, Thomas Randle, running round the centre upon a back-ground of blinding yellow.

Small as the Stourport cabin is for four full-grown boatmen (leaving out its two present visitors), cabins just as small, and furnished in most respects in the same manner, are made to accommodate large families that spring up amongst the river population.

The Grand Junction Canal Company do not allow any of their barges to be turned into what are called family-boats; but amongst the small proprietors there is no such restriction; while the slow-boats, or boats that only travel during the day, resting at night, because towed without a change of horses, belong, in most cases, to the men who conduct them, and who, of course, are free to act as they think proper. The way this freedom is exercised is shown by the pictures of family-barges, and their internal economy, which pass us at every turn. There is the boatman, and his wife, a stout, sunburnt woman; and children, varying in number from two to ten, and in ages from three weeks to twelve years. The youngest of these helpless little ones, dirty, ragged, and stunted in growth, are confined in the close recesses of the cabin (the tarpaulin-covered part of the boat is inaccessible to children), stuck round the bed, like images upon a shelf; sitting upon the cabin-seat; standing in pans and tubs; rolling helplessly upon the floor, within a few inches of a fierce fire, and a steaming kettle; leaning over the edge of the boat in the little passage between the cabin-doorway and the tiller-platform, with their bodies nearly in the water; lying upon the poop, with no barrier to protect them from being shaken into the canal; fretful for want of room, air, and amusement; always beneath the feet of the mother, and being cuffed and scolded for that which they cannot avoid; sickly, even under their sunburnt skins; waiting wearily for the time when their little limbs will be strong enough to trot along the towing-path; or dropping suddenly over the gaudy sides of the boat, quietly into the open, hungry arms of death. When these helpless creatures reach five or six years of age, they are entrusted with a

whip, and made useful to their thoughtless parents, by night and day, as drivers of the horse that tows the boat. There are little tender girls, in heavy boots, slouched sun-bonnets, and dusty clothes, running on either side of the rope, or under the horse's legs; tugging at the harness; maddening the animal with all a child's impatience; and imitating the coarseness and violence of a boatman's voice and gesture, with all a child's exaggeration and power of mimicry. Not a week passes, but what one of these canal-children is drowned in the silent by-way upon which they were born; and, painful as the incident is, it is too common to excite much observation.

Captain Randle shakes his head mournfully when we talk of these things.

CHIP.

THE MAN BEHIND MY CHAIR.

THE man behind my chair, the man in livery, the gaudy bondsman, the stiff, silent, watchful changer of plates and wine-glasses: footman, flunkey, lacquey, valet, call him by what name you will, to me he is an incubus in plush—a powdered Mephistopheles, a sword of Damocles, hanging by the frail silken cord of wages, food, and clothing at my side. I may command his bodily movements; he is bound to minister to my mechanical wants; he contracts to attend to the slightest manifestations of my alimentary desires; his every look and gesture are rendered as per agreement. I hold no conversation with him, nor he with me. I am instructed to ignore his intellectual existence. He conveys to me gently the delicacies of the season. He enlivens me with sparkling champagne. He tones me down to calmness with fine, old, crusted port. I thank him not by word or sign; and, so far, he appears to be my helpless, hopeless slave. But, if the thin veil that hides my mental sufferings is lifted off, it will be found that he is the master, and that I am the bondsman; that although I am allowed to direct his physical movements, I cannot touch that impalpable essence of his that is termed the mind; yet he possesses the power to influence my every thought, my every word, my every gesture. Train myself as I will, I cannot forget that a human (not very powerful it may be, but still human) intellect, is going deliberately over every word of my conversation, criticising to the best of its ability, my opinions, my prejudices, my selfishness, my frivolity, and even the very language in which I express them.

Perchance it may happen that the Kaleidoscope of society has, in its revolutions, deposited me next to one of those men at the dinner-table, whose names would look well in the prospectus of a public company, and whose capital would be useful in developing that company. It does not matter how, to

what extent, or in what manner I am interested in the progress of that company. I advocate its commercial and other advantages to the best of my ability, checked, as I am, by the stern, unbending guard kept over me by the liveried sentinel of fashion. There is a secret and painful understanding between the watchful footman and myself. He is familiar with all my arguments in favour of Welsh slate as a perfect *El Dorado* of remunerative enterprise; he has heard them so frequently in the pauses between the courses, that he could repeat them mechanically as glibly as I do, and probably with about an equal result. He knows how I regulate my remarks to suit the character, the experience, the supposed strength or weakness of my listener; he learns how one man is governed by the mere greed of quiet, unostentatious gain in the shape of excessive dividends; how another is led on by the pictures of unbounded patronage, social dignity, and power of command which I dangle before his eyes. Much there is that the observing flunkey cannot fail to learn from what he hears; more there would be if his presence did not act as a restraining influence, impairing my force, and limiting my means of persuasion.

It is not only in affairs that chiefly concern the pocket that the influence of the man behind my chair is felt. The social kaleidoscope may place me by the side of one of those fair, young, gentle creatures who seem like angelic beings of another world, condescending for a brief period to grace by their presence the festive boards of this. I may be emboldened by the absence of the legally constituted guardian of the lovely being—separated from us as she is, by a dozen intervening table-ornaments—to pour into her ear a conversation more tender than I should have done, had the eagle-eye of that guardian been fixed upon us from an opposite chair.

But what avails it that I am favoured by fortune in the front, when I am cursed by an adverse fate from behind? Every word that I utter has to be filtered through the listening ear of the man behind my chair; every word that I received in reply is modified by that maiden-modesty which shrinks from the rude contact of another and an uncongenial soul. Between me and the object of my heart's dearest affections stands the full-blooded bodily barrier of a pampered menial. He has eyes to see; he has ears to hear; but he has no tongue wherewith to speak. His silence is awful. I have no means of judging what thoughts are coursing each other through that busy, feeble brain. Such thoughts are secrets that we carry to the grave.

It may be that I am shuffled down beside a distant relative, whose property in the funds is something fabulous; whose tottering frame is nearly ready for the family vault—whose tremulous hand can scarcely perform

the necessary duties of the table. If left to the natural impulses of my character, I should do all in my power to make the most of my position ; to render myself agreeable by a thousand well-calculated, well-timed, attentions ; a thousand delicate, thoughtful, and sympathising inquiries. But even here, in the sacred precincts of my own family circle, the man behind my chair steps in ; robs me with his hireling legerdemain of my long-sought opportunity of assisting my helpless kindred, and freezes the fountain-spring of my over-gushing affection.

I may be seated next to one of the most influential members of the government. I may be fully aware of the benefit that would arise to that government, and to my beloved country, by my great, though long-hidden administrative talent ; but, while the accursed shadow is thrown across my plate, from behind my chair, my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. I lose the power of speech. The goblet of overflowing patronage bubbles up to my lips ; but, like the wretched Tantalus, I cannot drink.

Why should the conventional requirements of misguided splendour inflict these gilded incubi upon us ; who make more unendurable the dull talk, and who stimulate the natural indigestion of the dinner-table ? Is it not enough that every distinguished dining-room is filled with goggle-eyed family portraits, who glare upon every morsel of food which the unhappy visitor conveys to his lips ? Is it not enough that debateable works of art—supposed to be by some of the oldest of the old masters—are hung up full in the faces of the masticating victims, to excite the critical faculties, and to keep the judgment in an unwholesome state of ferment, at a time when the mental organisation should be at rest, and the attention devoted solely to what are mis-called, but which might really be made, the pleasures of the table ? Is it not enough that all these disturbing pictorial influences should be crowded upon the walls of luxury, making them more unendurable than the bare black stone barriers of a county jail ; but that, behind every man's chair, should be stationed a conversation monitor in silk stockings—a braided embodiment of accusing conscience—a sleek, oily, well-fed, easy-minded, fat-accumulating, non-tax-paying witness ; who, for some mysterious reason, receives a yearly stipend, and a yearly board, in return for taking up a position where the whole panorama of life passes gently before him ; where he can listen to wisdom out of the mouths of rakes and worldlings ; and where he can gather the rich results of hard-bought experience, gained by those who have boldly leaped into the ring and fought the battle of life, while he is always a calm and undisturbed spectator of the contest ? If it be absolutely necessary for the proper distribution of the feast that some attendance should be given to the assembled guests, let as much as possible

of this service be provided for by mechanical arrangements. Dumb waiters they all are ; but the genius who should invent an automaton footman, would deserve the honours of the Bath.

THE HERO OF A HUNDRED PLAYS.

THE tragedy we are about to represent in little, is the work of a Chinese Shakespeare ; being one of the Hundred Plays of Yuin. Its name may stand on the bill as HÁN KOONG TSEW ; or, Autumn in the Palace of HÁN. Autumn is the word always used to express sorrow or misfortune. Yuen, the hero of a hundred plays, came to the throne about forty-two years B.C.

The chief characters in the tragedy are : Yuen, Emperor of China, of the dynasty of HÁN ; Maou-en-show, his minister ; Han-chan-yu, the Tartar Khan ; and Chaou-keun, the heroine. There appear also the President of the imperial council, a Tartar Envoy, and officers in waiting. The scene varies between the Tartar camp on the northern frontier of China, and the Imperial palace of HÁN.

The first act opens in the Tartar encampment. The Khan thus soliloquises :

Wildly, wildly in its fury,
Blows the bleak autumnal gale,
'Gainst our woollen tents hard beating,
Bending low the rushes frail ;
And the moon, the queen of midnight,
Shining on the rude-built huts,
Hears all night the pipe lamenting,
Listens to its mournful notes.
All these countless hosts are warriors,
Powerful with the bended bow ;
Me, they honour as their leader :
Where I bid, they proudly go.

The Khan then states that he is Han-chan-yu, and narrates some of the most notable deeds of his ancestors, the distinguished friends of the family of HÁN, the old inhabitants of the sandy waste, the sole rulers of the northern region :

I command a hundred thousand warriors. The wild chase is our trade ; battle and conquest are our chief occupation. We have moved to the south, and claimed alliance with the imperial race ; for it has ever been the custom with our houses to seek such unions. Yesterday I despatched an envoy, with tributary presents, to demand a princess in alliance ; but I don't know whether the emperor will ratify the engagement with the customary oaths.

The scene then changes to the Chinese Emperor's palace. The chief minister of the brother of the moon, the stock villain of the tragedy, unfolds his plans and views in a soliloquy :

If a man would get on in the world, let him have the heart of a kite : let him have the talons of an eagle. Let him deceive all his superiors, and oppress all who are beneath him. Let him enlist profligacy and avarice, insinuation and flattery on his side ; and, if he uses these well, he will find them invaluable

through life. That is my doctrine, and I am no other than the great Maou-en-show. By a hundred arts of specious flattery and address, I have deceived the emperor until he trusts to me alone; he listens to all my words: he follows all my counsel. Who is there, within the precincts of the palace, who bows not before me, who does not tremble at my approach? And how have I managed it all? By persuading him to keep aloof from his wise counsellors, to follow only my advice, and to seek all his pleasure among women. Thus have I reached this pitch of power and greatness. But there he comes.

The Emperor enters, and discourses at tedious length about the grandeur of his empire; of the four hundred districts of the world which are possessed by his invincible race; the peace and prosperity prevailing everywhere; the happiness which all but himself enjoy. Alas, the apartments which should be occupied by a beloved princess are solitary and untenanted. How can this be endured? After discussing the subject, he settles with the minister that the empire shall be explored, and portraits brought to him of all the loveliest damsels in the land who are between the ages of fifteen and twenty; that he may choose one for his wife. The minister is himself appointed to perform this duty.

In the second act, Maou-en-show gives us some more of his reflections:

Grasp all you can, and keep it. That is my motto. Why should I heed the seas of blood which flow from violating the laws? During life, I am resolved to have as much wealth as I can get. What need I care if men send curses after me in death?

He has returned from his errand; having scoured all the country round, and collected ninety-nine portraits. The originals of these are all assembled at one end of the palace; there to abide the emperor's selection. But where is the hundredth charmer; "the brightness of whose charms is piercing as an arrow?" She is of very poor family—so poor that her parents were unable to give the minister the required bribe of a hundred ounces of gold; and even had relied so much upon their daughter's beauty, that they refused to pay him any premium at all, for praising her. Angry at this, the statesman first keeps the young lady's portrait-book; then disfigures it, in order that it may not meet with the emperor's approval.

He so far succeeds that the emperor is dissatisfied with all the pictures, and does not think it worth his while to see any of the ladies. Disconsolate, he roams about the palace, and so chances to pass near the room full of collected maidens. At this time Chaou-keun, the lady against whose success treason has been plotted, happens to be singing and playing upon the lute to these sentiments:

Ah, wherefore have they brought me here
To sit and weep alone,—
Never my monarch's voice to hear,
Never approach his throne?

You lovely moon, those stars so bright,
Afford me no relief:
For I must pass the livelong night
In solitude and grief,
Ah, wherefore have they brought me here,
And left me lone and mute,
No generous friend my heart to cheer,
No solace but my lute?

The Emperor, hearing the music, sends a messenger, and has her brought before him. He finds her to be "a perfect beauty." But, while he rejoices at the discovery, his anger is aroused at the treachery which has been practised upon him by Maou-en-show, and which is now disclosed. He orders the base minister to be executed, and makes the maid his wife.

But Maou-en-show manages to escape; and, in the third act, we see him presenting himself before the Tartar Khan. The Khan is angry because his envoy has returned from the Emperor without a princess for him to marry; both kings having been, it appears, of the same mind at the same time. His wrath is increased by the minister, who arrives bearing with him a correct likeness of Chaou-keun.

KHAN. Who and what are you?

MAOU-EN-SHOW. I am the minister of Hân. In the palace of the emperor is a lady of rare and surpassing charms. When your envoy, O, most mighty king! came to demand a princess, this lady would have answered your summons, but the emperor could not bring himself to part with her, and refused to give her up. Again and again I urged and expostulated, imploring him not, for the sake of a woman's beauty, to implicate the affairs of two mighty nations. But he only grew angry with me for my importunity, and commanded me to be beheaded. Whereupon I escaped with her portrait, which I present, O great king! to you. Should you send away an envoy with the picture to demand her, there is no doubt that she would be delivered up. Here is the portrait.

KHAN. O, how could so beautiful a female have appeared in the world? If I can only obtain her, my highest wishes are surpassed. Immediately a letter shall be written, demanding her in marriage as the only condition of peace.

The scene changes to the Chinese Court. The princess is arranging her toilette, when the Emperor enters; having returned from the hall of audience. Seeing her standing before a round brass mirror, he remarks: "Reflected in that round mirror she resembles the lady of the moon!" But the tender meeting is rudely interrupted by the entrance of the President of the Council, who comes to inform his master that Han-chan-yu, the Khan, and leader of the northern foreigners, has sent an envoy to demand Chaou-keun. If refused he will invade the south with a mighty army, and all the districts will be exposed to great rapine. The Emperor asks, not unreasonably, what is the use of his vast armies and numerous officers, if they cannot resist the barbarian's insolent demand? It would seem, he adds, that for the future, instead of men for ministers,

we shall need only fair women to keep the peace.

CHAOU. In return for your majesty's bounties, it is your handmaid's duty to brave death to serve you. I will cheerfully do this to preserve a peace, and in doing so shall leave behind me a name ever green in the garden of history. But my love for your majesty—how am I to lay that aside?

EMP. Alas! the thing is no easier for myself.

PRES. I entreat your majesty to sacrifice your own feelings of love, and consider the security of your dynasty. Hasten, sir, to send the princess on her way.

EMP. Let it be, then! To-morrow we will witness her departure, and then return home to hate that traitor Maou-en-show.

PRES. It is most unwillingly that we advise that the princess be sacrificed for the sake of peace; but from ancient times how often has a nation suffered from a woman's beauty!

CHAOU. Though I go into exile for the nation's good, how ill can I bear this parting from your majesty!

The cool manner in which this little transaction is managed is perfectly consistent with the Chinese character, which never varies. As it was a couple of thousand years ago, it remains to-day. Compromise is the traditional policy, whether dealing with Han-chan-yu or with Lord Elgin.

The fourth act opens with the parting. The princess, who alone displays a particle of heroism, is speaking when the weeping Emperor enters:

CHAOU. There is no remedy! I must yield myself to propitiate the invaders. Yet how shall I be able to bear the rigorous winds and biting frosts of that northern clime! It has been truly said of old, that perfect joy is coupled with an unhappy fate, and surpassing beauty often meets a cruel end. But, while I grieve at the sad effects of my own attractions, let it be without entertaining fruitless resentment towards others.

EMP. Let the attendants delay awhile, till we have partaken of the parting cup.

ENVOY [Enters.] Lady, I must urge you to proceed on your way. Already the sky darkens, and night is coming on.

CHAOU. Alas! when shall I again behold your majesty! I will take off these robes of honour, and leave them behind. To-day in the palace of Hân—to-morrow I shall be espoused to a stranger. Yes, I will cease to wear these splendid garments; no longer shall my beauty be adorned in the eyes of men.

ENVOY. Again, let me urge you, princess, to depart. We have delayed too long already!

EMP. 'Tis done! Princess, when you are gone, let your thoughts forbear to dwell on us with sorrow and resentment. [They part.] And am I indeed the great monarch of the line of Hân?

PAKS. Let your majesty cease to grieve on this subject.

EMP. She is gone! In vain have we maintained that mighty host on the frontier. Mention but swords and spears, and their hands quiver, their cheeks blanch; they tremble like a young deer. The princess has, this day, done the work which belonged to them, and yet they dare to call themselves men!

PRES. Your majesty is entreated to return to the palace. Dwell not so bitterly, sir, on her memory. Forget her!

EMP. If I were not to think of her I should have a heart of iron,—a heart harder than iron. My tears of grief for her stream down in a thousand channels. This evening shall her likeness be suspended in the palace; there will I burn incense before it, and tapers with their silver light shall illuminate her chamber.

PRES. Let your majesty return to the palace. The princess is already far distant!

The scene then changes to the frontier. The Envoy, accompanied by the Princess, has returned to the Khan; who, well satisfied, has broken up the camp, and is marching home. They have reached the river Amoor, when Cheou-keun asks, what place is this?

ENVOY. The river of the Black Dragon, the frontier of the Tartar and Chinese territories. All the south is the Emperor's. To the north are the Khan's dominions.

CHOU. Great king! suffer me to take one cup of wine, and pour a libation towards the south, as my last farewell to the Emperor. Emperor of the line of Hân, this life is finished! I await thee in the next!

Thus saying, she throws herself into the river. No effort to save her appears to be made; but great consternation ensues. The Khan laments her loss, and orders a memorial to be erected on the river's bank, to be called The Verdant Tomb,—a monument which exists, it is said, to this day, and is green all the year round, even in the most parching weather.

The lovely *casus belli* having been thus removed, the Tartar resolves to join again in alliance with the Emperor of China, and to give up Maou-en-show; who, he considers, "can only prove a root of misfortune."

In the last act we find the Emperor in great grief—not at the death of Chaoou-keun; for he has not yet heard of it,—but at her departure. He is watching her portrait, and paying all possible honours to it. It is evening. He drops off to sleep; and, in a dream, sees the princess approaching him. As she begins to speak, a Tartar soldier rushes in, and carries her off to the ghost-region allotted to the Tartars. The Emperor starts up, and resumes his cogitations.

Presently he hears the voice of the wild goose. This bird is regarded by the Chinese as the emblem of love and fidelity: it is worshipped by newly married couples. It is said that it never pairs again after losing its mate, but ever afterwards wanders about alone. The Emperor laments again.

ATTENDANT. Let your majesty desist from this sorrow, and have some regard to your sacred person.

But the Emperor grows only the more eloquent in grief.

Finally, an envoy comes from the Khan, to offer terms of peace; to tell of the death of Chaoou-keun, and to render up the traitor Maou-en-show, whose head the Emperor not only orders to be forthwith cut off, but, this time, sees that it is done, that the shades of

the lady may be in some measure appeased. These are his closing words :

'Mid autumn-grief, when through the palace halls
Was heard the wild fowl's piteous cry,
Sad, troublous dreams our lonely pillow throng'd,
And brought her to our fancy nigh.
Now she is dead! Her Verdant Tomb remains :
But whither has the spirit flown?

The extent of the Chinese dramatic repertoire may be judged of by this unhappy Emperor alone being the hero of a hundred plays. The Chinese drama abounds with genuine pathos and humour. How it is performed, we have already given some idea.*

MY LADY LUDLOW.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

I HAD always understood that Miss Galindo had once been in much better circumstances, but I had never liked to ask any questions respecting her. But about this time, many things came out respecting her former life, which I will try and arrange ; not, however, in the order in which I heard them, but rather as they occurred.

Miss Galindo was the daughter of a clergyman in Westmoreland. Her father was the younger brother of a baronet, his ancestor having been one of those of James the First's creation. This baronet-uncle of Miss Galindo was one of the queer out-of-the-way people who were bred at that time, and in that northern district of England. I never heard much of him from any one, besides this one great fact : that he had early disappeared from his family, which indeed only consisted of a brother and sister who died unmarried, and lived no one knew where,—somewhere on the Continent it was supposed, for he had never returned from the grand tour which he had been sent to make, according to the general fashion of the day, as soon as he had left Oxford. He corresponded occasionally with his brother the clergyman ; but the letters passed through a banker's hands ; the banker being pledged to secrecy, and, as he told Mr. Galindo, having the penalty, if he broke his pledge, of losing the whole profitable business, and of having the management of the baronet's affairs taken out of his hands, without any advantage accruing to the inquirer, for Sir Lawrence had told Messrs. Graham that, in case his place of residence was revealed by them, not only would he cease to bank with them, but instantly take measures to baffle any future inquiries as to his whereabouts, by removing to some distant country.

Sir Lawrence paid a certain sum of money to his brother's account every year ; but the time of this payment varied, and it was sometimes eighteen or nineteen months between the deposits ; then, again, it would not be above a quarter of the time, showing that

he intended it to be annual, but as this intention was never expressed in words it was impossible to rely upon it, and a great deal of this money was swallowed up by the necessity Mr. Galindo felt himself under of living in the large, old, rambling family mansion, which had been one of Sir Lawrence's rarely expressed desires. Mr. and Mrs. Galindo often planned to live upon their own small fortune and the income derived from the living (a vicarage, of which the great tithes went to Sir Lawrence as lay impropriator), so as to put-by the payments made by the baronet for the benefit of *Laurentia*—our Miss Galindo. But I suppose they found it difficult to live economically in a large house, even though they had it rent-free. They had to keep up with hereditary neighbours and friends, and could hardly help doing it in the hereditary manner.

One of these neighbours, a Mr. Gibson, had a son a few years older than *Laurentia*. The families were sufficiently intimate for the young people to see a good deal of each other : and I was told that this young Mr. Mark Gibson was an unusually prepossessing man (he seemed to have impressed every one who spoke of him to me as being a handsome, manly, kind-hearted fellow), just what a girl would be sure to find most agreeable. The parents either forgot that their children were growing up to man's and woman's estate, or thought that the intimacy and probable attachment would be no bad thing, even if it did lead to a marriage. Still, nothing was ever said by young Gibson till later on, when it was too late, as it turned out. He went to and from Oxford ; he shot and fished with Mr. Galindo, or came to the Mere to skate in winter-time ; was asked to accompany Mr. Galindo to the Hall, as the latter returned to the quiet dinner with his wife and daughter ; and so, and so, it went on, nobody much knew how, until one day, when Mr. Galindo received a formal letter from his brother's bankers, announcing Sir Lawrence's death, of malaria fever, at Albano, and congratulating Sir Hubert on his accession to the estates and the baronetcy. The king is dead. Long live the king ! as I have since heard that the French express it.

Sir Hubert and his wife were greatly surprised. Sir Lawrence was but two years older than his brother ; and they had never heard of any illness till they heard of his death. They were very sorry ; very much shocked ; but still a little elated at the succession to the baronetcy and estates. The London bankers had managed everything well. There was a large sum of ready money in their hands at Sir Hubert's service, until he should touch his rents, the rent-roll being eight thousand a-year. And only *Laurentia* to inherit it all ! Her mother, a poor clergyman's daughter, began to plan all sorts of fine

* See Household Words, volume viii. page 281.

marriages for her; nor was her father much behind his wife in his ambition. They took her up to London, when they went to buy new carriages, and dresses, and furniture. And it was then and there she made my lady's acquaintance. How it was that they came to take a fancy to each other, I cannot say. My lady was of the old nobility,—grand, composed, gentle, and stately in her ways. Miss Galindo must always have been hurried in her manner, and her energy must have shown itself in inquisitiveness and oddness even in her youth. But I don't pretend to account for things: I only narrate them. And the fact was this:—that the elegant, fastidious Countess was attracted to the country girl, who on her part almost worshipped my lady. My lady's notice of their daughter made her parents think, I suppose, that there was no match that she might not command; she, the heiress of eight thousand a-year, and visiting about among earls and dukes. So, when they came back to their old Westmoreland Hall, and Mark Gibson rode over to offer his hand and heart, and prospective estate of nine hundred a-year to his old companion and playfellow, Laurentia, Sir Hubert and Lady Galindo made very short work of it. They refused him plumply themselves, and when he begged to be allowed to speak to Laurentia, they found some excuse for refusing him the opportunity of so doing, until they had talked to her themselves, and brought up every argument and fact in their power to convince her—a plain girl, and conscious of her own plainness—that Mr. Mark Gibson had never thought of her in the way of marriage till after her father's accession to his fortune; and that it was the estate—not the young lady—that he was in love with. I suppose it will never be known in this world how far this supposition of theirs was true. My Lady Ludlow had always spoken as if it was; but perhaps events, which came to her knowledge about this time, altered her opinion. At any rate, the end of it was, Laurentia refused Mark, and almost broke her heart in doing so. He discovered the suspicions of Sir Hubert and Lady Galindo, and that they had persuaded their daughter to share in them. So he flung off with high words, saying that they did not know a true heart when they met with one; and that, although he had never offered till after Sir Lawrence's death, yet that his father knew all along that he had been attached to Laurentia, only that he, being the eldest of five children, and having as yet no profession, had had to conceal, rather than to express, an attachment, which, in those days, he had believed was reciprocated. He had always meant to study for the bar, and the end of all he had hoped for had been to earn a moderate income, which he might ask Laurentia to share. This, or something like it, was what he said. But his reference to his

father cut two ways. Old Mr. Gibson was known to be very keen about money. It was just as likely that he would urge Mark to make love to the heiress, now she was an heiress, as that he would have restrained him previously, as Mark said he had done. When this was repeated to Mark, he became proudly reserved, or sullen, and said that Laurentia, at any rate might have known him better. He left the country, and went up to London to study law soon afterwards; and Sir Hubert and Lady Galindo thought they were well-rid of him. But Laurentia never ceased reproaching herself, and never did to her dying day, as I believe. The words, "she might have known me better," told to her by some kind friend or other, rankled in her mind, and were never forgotten. Her father and mother took her up to London the next year; but she did not care to visit, dreaded going out even for a drive, lest she should see Mark Gibson's reproachful eyes, pined and lost her health. Lady Ludlow saw this change with regret, and was told the cause by Lady Galindo, who, of course, gave her own version of Mark's conduct and motives. My lady never spoke to Miss Galindo about it, but tried constantly to interest and please her. It was at this time that my lady told Miss Galindo so much about her own early life, and about Hanbury, that Miss Galindo resolved, if ever she could, she would go and see the old place which her friend loved so well. The end of it all was, that she came to live there, as we know.

But a great change was to come first. Before Sir Hubert and Lady Galindo had left London on this, their second visit, they had a letter from the lawyer, whom they employed, saying that Sir Lawrence had left an heir, his legitimate child by an Italian woman of low rank; at least legal claims to the title and property had been sent in to him on the boy's behalf. Sir Lawrence had always been a man of adventurous and artistic, rather than of luxurious tastes; and it was supposed, when all came to be proved at the trial, that he was captivated by the free, beautiful life they lead in Italy, and had married this Neapolitan fisherman's daughter, who had people about her shrewd enough to see that the ceremony was legally performed. She and her husband had wandered about the shores of the Mediterranean for years, leading a happy, careless, irresponsible life, unencumbered by any duties except those connected with a rather numerous family. It was enough for her that they never wanted money, and that her husband's love was always continued to her. She hated the name of England—wicked, cold, heretic England—and avoided the mention of any subjects connected with her husband's early life. So that, when he died at Albano, she was almost roused out of her vehement grief to anger with the Italian doctor, who declared

that he must write to a certain address to announce the death of Lawrence Galindo. For some time she feared lest English barbarians might come down upon her, making a claim upon the children. She hid herself and them in the Abruzzi, living upon the sale of what furniture and jewels Sir Lawrence had died possessed of. When these failed, she returned to Naples, which she had not visited since her marriage. Her father was dead; but her brother inherited some of his keenness. He interested the priests, who made inquiries and found that the Galindo succession was worth securing to an heir of the true faith. They stirred about it, obtained advice at the English Embassy; and hence that letter to the lawyers, calling upon Sir Hubert to relinquish title and property, and to refund what money he had expended. He was vehement in his opposition to this claim. He could not bear to think of his brother having married a foreigner—a papist, a fisherman's daughter; nay, of his having become a papist himself. He was in despair at the thought of his ancestral property going to the issue of such a marriage. He fought tooth and nail, making enemies of his relations, and losing almost all his own private property; for he would go on against the lawyer's advice, long after every one was convinced except himself and his wife. At last he was conquered. He gave up his living in gloomy despair. He would have changed his name if he could, so desirous was he to obliterate all tie between himself and the mongrel papist baronet and his Italian mother, and all the succession of children and nurses who came to take possession of the hall soon after Mr. Hubert Galindo's departure, staid there one winter, and then flitted back to Naples with gladness and delight. Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Galindo lived in London. He had obtained a curacy somewhere in the city. They would have been thankful now if Mr. Mark Gibson had renewed his offer. No one could accuse him of mercenary motives if he had done so. Because he did not come forward, as they wished, they brought his silence up as a justification of what they had previously attributed to him. I don't know what Miss Galindo thought herself; but Lady Ludlow has told me how she shrank from hearing her parents abuse him. Lady Ludlow supposed that he was aware that they were living in London. His father must have known the fact, and it was curious if he had never named it to his son. Besides, the name was very uncommon; and it was unlikely that it should never come across him, in the advertisements of charity-sermons which the new and rather eloquent curate of Saint Mark's East was asked to preach. All this time Lady Ludlow never lost sight of them for Miss Galindo's sake. And when the father and mother died, it was my lady

who upheld Miss Galindo in her determination not to apply for any provision to her cousin, the Italian baronet, but rather to live on the hundred a-year which had been settled on her mother and the children of his son Hubert's marriage by the old grandfather, Sir Lawrence.

Mr. Mark Gibson had risen to some eminence as a barrister on the Northern Circuit; but had died unmarried in the lifetime of his father, a victim (so people said) to intemperance. Doctor Trevor, the physician who had been called in to Mr. Gray and Harry Gregson, had married a sister of his. And that was all my lady knew about the Gibson family. But who was Bessy?

That mystery and secret came out, too, in process of time. Miss Galindo had been to Warwick some years before I arrived at Hanbury; on some kind of business or shopping, which can only be transacted in a county-town. There was an old Westmoreland connection between her and Mrs. Trevor, though I believe the latter was too young to have been made aware of her brother's offer to Miss Galindo, at the time when it took place; and such affairs, if they are unsuccessful, are seldom spoken about in the gentleman's family afterwards. But the Gibsons and Galindos had been county neighbours too long, for the connection not to be kept up between two members settled far away from their early homes. Miss Galindo always desired her parcels to be sent to Doctor Trevor's, when she went to Warwick for shopping purchases. If she were going any journey, and the coach did not come through Warwick as soon as she arrived (in my lady's coach or otherwise) from Hanbury, she went to Doctor Trevor's to wait. She was as much expected to sit down to the household meals as if she had been one of the family; and in after years it was Mrs. Trevor who managed her repository business for her.

So, on the day I spoke of, she had gone to Doctor Trevor's to rest, and possibly to dine. The post in those times came in at all hours of the morning; and Doctor Trevor's letters had not arrived until after his departure on his morning round. Miss Galindo was sitting down to dinner with Mrs. Trevor and her seven children, when the Doctor came in. He was flurried and uncomfortable, and hurried the children away as soon as he decently could. Then (rather feeling Miss Galindo's presence an advantage, both as a present restraint on the violence of his wife's grief, and as a consoler when he was absent on his afternoon round), he told Mrs. Trevor of her brother's death. He had been taken ill on circuit, and had hurried back to his chambers in London, only to die. She cried terribly; but Doctor Trevor said afterwards, he never noticed that Miss Galindo cared much about it one way or another. She helped him to soothe his wife, promised

to stay with her all the afternoon instead of returning to Hanbury, and afterwards offered to remain with her while the Doctor went to attend the funeral. When they heard of the old love-story between the dead man and Miss Galindo,—brought up by mutual friends in Westmoreland, in the review which we are all inclined to take of the events of a man's life, when he comes to die,—they tried to remember Miss Galindo's speeches and ways of going on during this visit. She was a little pale, a little silent; her eyes were sometimes swollen, and her nose red; but she was at an age when such appearances are generally attributed to a bad cold in the head, rather than to any more sentimental reason. They felt towards her as towards an old friend, a kindly, useful, eccentric, old maid. She did not expect more, or wish them to remember that she might once have had other hopes, and more youthful feelings. Doctor Trevor thanked her very warmly for staying with his wife, when he returned home from London (where the funeral had taken place). He begged Miss Galindo to stay with them, when the children were gone to bed, and she was preparing to leave the husband and wife by themselves. He told her and his wife many particulars—then paused—then went on—

"And Mark has left a child—a little girl—"

"But he never was married," exclaimed Mrs. Trevor.

"A little girl," continued her husband, "whose mother, I conclude, is dead. At any rate, the child was in possession of his chambers; she and an old nurse, who seemed to have the charge of everything, and has cheated poor Mark, I should fancy, not a little."

"But the child!" asked Mrs. Trevor, still almost breathless with astonishment. "How do you know it is his?"

"The nurse told me it was, with great appearance of indignation at my doubting it. I asked the little thing her name, and all I could get was 'Bessy!' and a cry of 'Me wants papa!' The nurse said the mother was dead, and she knew no more about it than that Mr. Gibson had engaged her to take care of the little girl, calling it his child. One or two of his lawyer friends, whom I met with at the funeral, told me they were aware of the existence of this child."

"What is to be done with her?" asked Mrs. Gibson.

"Nay, I don't know," replied he. "Mark has hardly left assets enough to pay his debts, and your father is not inclined to come forward."

That night, as Doctor Trevor sate in his study, after his wife had gone to bed, Miss Galindo knocked at his door. She and he had a long conversation. The result was that he accompanied Miss Galindo up to

town the next day; that they took possession of the little Bessy, and she was brought down, and placed at nurse at a farm in the country near Warwick, Miss Galindo undertaking to pay one-half the expense, and to furnish her with clothes, and Doctor Trevor undertaking that the remaining half should be furnished by the Gibson family, or by himself in their default.

Miss Galindo was not fond of children, and I daresay she dreaded taking this child to live with her for more reasons than one. My Lady Ludlow could not endure any mention of illegitimate children. It was a principle of hers that society ought to ignore them. And I believe Miss Galindo had always agreed with her until now, when the thing came home to her womanly heart. Still she shrank from having this child of some strange woman under her roof. She went over to see it from time to time; she worked at its clothes long after every one thought she was in bed; and, when the time came for Bessy to be sent to school, Miss Galindo laboured away more diligently than ever, in order to pay for the increased expense. For the Gibson family had, at first, paid their part of the compact, but with unwillingness and grudging hearts; then they had left it off altogether, and it fell hard on Doctor Trevor with his twelve children; and, latterly, Miss Galindo had taken upon herself almost all the burden. One can hardly live and labour, and plan and make sacrifices, for any human creature without learning to love it. And Bessy loved Miss Galindo, too, for all the poor girl's scanty pleasures came from her, and Miss Galindo had always a kind word, and, latterly, many a kind caress, for Mark Gibson's child; whereas, if she went to Doctor Trevor's for her holiday, she was overlooked and neglected in that bustling family, who seemed to think that if she had comfortable board and lodging under their roof, it was enough.

I am sure, now, that Miss Galindo had often longed to have Bessy to live with her; but, as long as she could pay for her being at school, she did not like to take so bold a step as bringing her home, knowing what the effect of the consequent explanation would be on my lady. And as the girl was now more than seventeen, and past the age when young ladies are usually kept at school, and as there was no great demand for governesses in those days, and as Bessy had never been taught any trade by which to earn her own living, why I don't exactly see what could be done but for Miss Galindo to plan to bring her to her own home in Hanbury. For, although the child had grown up lately, in a kind of unexpected manner, into a young woman, Miss Galindo might have kept her at school for a year longer if she could have afforded it; but this was impossible when she became Mr. Horner's clerk, and relinquished all the payment of her repository

work; and, perhaps after all, she was not sorry to be compelled to take the step she was longing for. At any rate, Bessy came to live with Miss Galindo in a very few weeks from the time when Captain James set Miss Galindo free to superintend her own domestic economy again.

For a long time, I knew nothing about this new inhabitant of Hanbury. My lady never mentioned her in any way. This was in accordance with Lady Ludlow's well-known principles. She neither saw, nor heard, nor was in any way cognisant of the existence of those who had no legal right to exist at all. If Miss Galindo had hoped to have an exception made in Bessy's favour, she was mistaken. My lady sent a note inviting Miss Galindo herself to tea one evening about a month after Bessy came; but Miss Galindo "had a cold and could not come." The next time she was invited, she "had an engagement at home"—a step nearer to the absolute truth. And the third time, she "had a young friend staying with her whom she was unable to leave." My lady accepted every excuse as *bonâ fide*, and took no further notice. I missed Miss Galindo very much; we all did; for, in the days when she was clerk, she was sure to come in and find the opportunity of saying something amusing to some of us before she went away. And I, as an invalid, or perhaps from natural tendency, was particularly fond of little bits of village gossip. There was no Mr. Horner, he even had come in now and then with formal, stately pieces of intelligence, and there was no Miss Galindo in these days. I missed her much. And so did my lady, I am sure. Behind all her quiet, sedate manner, I am certain her heart ached sometimes for a few words from Miss Galindo, who seemed to have absented herself altogether from the Hall now Bessy was come.

Captain James might be very sensible, and all that; but not even my lady could call him a substitute for the old familiar friends. He was a thorough sailor, as sailors were in those days—swore a good deal, drank a good deal (without its ever affecting him in the least), and was very prompt and kind-hearted in all his actions. But he was not accustomed to women, as my lady once said, and would judge in all things for himself. My lady had expected, I think, to find some one who would take his notions on the management of her estate from her ladyship's own self; but he spoke as if he were responsible for the good management of the whole, and must, consequently, be allowed liberty of action. He had been too long in command over men at sea to like to be directed by a woman in anything which he undertook, even though that woman was my lady. I suppose this was the common-sense my lady spoke of; but when common-sense goes against us, I don't think we value it quite so much as we ought to do.

Lady Ludlow was proud of her personal superintendence of her own estate. She liked to tell us how her father used to take her with him in his rides, and bid her observe this and that, and on no account to allow such and such things to be done. But I have heard that the first time she told all this to Captain James, he told her point-blank that he had heard from Mr. Smithson that the farms were much neglected and the rents sadly behindhand, and that he meant to set to in good earnest, and study agriculture, and see how he could remedy the state of things. My lady would, I am sure, be very much surprised, but what could she do? Here was the very man she had chosen herself, setting to with all his energy to conquer the defect of ignorance, which was all that those who had presumed to offer her ladyship advice had ever had to say against him. Captain James read Arthur Young's *Tours* in all his spare time, as long as he was an invalid; and shook his head at my lady's accounts as to how the land had been cropped or left fallow from time immemorial. Then he set to, and tried too many new experiments at once. My lady looked on in dignified silence; but all the farmers and tenants were in an uproar, and prophesied a hundred failures. Perhaps fifty did occur; they were only half as many as Lady Ludlow had feared; but they were twice as many, four, eight times as many as the captain had anticipated. His openly-expressed disappointment made him popular again. The rough country people could not have understood silent and dignified regret at the failure of his plans; but they sympathised with a man who swore at his ill-success—sympathised, even while they chuckled over his discomfiture. Mr. Brooke, the retired tradesman, did not cease blaming him for not succeeding, and for swearing. "But what could you expect from a sailor?" Mr. Brooke asked, even in my lady's hearing; though he might have known Captain James was my lady's own personal choice, from the old friendship Mr. Urian had always shown for him. I think it was this speech of the Birmingham baker's that made my lady determine to stand by Captain James, and encourage him to try again. For she would not allow that her choice had been an unwise one, at the bidding (as it were) of a Dissenting tradesman; the only person in the neighbourhood, too, who had flaunted about in coloured clothes, when all the world was in mourning for my lady's only son.

Captain James would have thrown the agency up at once, if my lady had not felt herself bound to justify the wisdom of her choice, by urging him to stay. He was much touched by her confidence in him, and swore a great oath, that the next year he would make the land such as it had never been before for produce. It was not my lady's way to repeat anything she had heard, espe-

cially to another person's disadvantage. So I don't think she ever told Captain James of Mr. Brooke's speech about a sailor's being likely to mismanage the property; and the captain was too anxious to succeed in this, the second year of his trial, to be above going to the flourishing, shrewd Mr. Brooke, and asking for his advice as to the best method of working the estate. I dare say, if Miss Galindo had been as intimate as formerly at the Hall, we should all of us have heard of this new acquaintance of the agent's long before we did. As it was, I am sure my lady never dreamed that the captain, who held opinions that were even more Church and King than her own, could ever have made friends with a Baptist baker from Birmingham, even to serve her ladyship's own interests in the most loyal manner.

We heard of it first from Mr. Gray, who came now often to see my lady, for neither he nor she could forget the solemn tie which the fact of his being the person to acquaint her with my lord's death had created between them. For true and holy words spoken at that time, though having no reference to aught below the solemn subjects of life and death, had made her withdraw her opposition to Mr. Gray's wish about establishing a village school. She had sighed a little, it is true, and was even now more apprehensive than hopeful as to the result; but, almost as if as a memorial to my lord, she had allowed a kind of rough school-house to be built on the green, just by the church; and had gently used the power she undoubtedly had, in expressing her strong wish that the boys might only learn to read and write, and the first four rules of arithmetic; while the girls were only to learn to read, and to add up in their heads, and the rest of the time to work at mending their own clothes, knitting stockings and spinning. My lady presented the school with more spinning wheels than there were girls, and requested that there might be a rule that they should have spun so many hanks of flax, and knitted so many pairs of stockings, before they ever were taught to read at all. After all, it was but making the best of a bad job with my poor lady—but life was not what it had been to her. I remember well the day that Mr. Gray pulled some delicately fine yarn (and I was a good judge of those things) out of his pocket, and laid it and a capital pair of knitted stockings before my lady, as the first-fruits, so to say, of his school. I recollect seeing her put on her spectacles, and carefully examine both productions. Then she passed them to me.

"This is well, Mr. Gray. I am much pleased. You are fortunate in your school-mistress. She has had both proper knowledge of womanly things and much patience. Who is she? One out of our village?"

"My lady," said Mr. Gray, stammering and colouring in his old fashion, "Miss Bessy

is so very kind as to teach all those sorts of things—Miss Bessy, and Miss Galindo, sometimes."

My lady looked at him over her spectacles; but she only repeated the words Miss Bessy, and paused, as if trying to remember who such a person could be; and he, if he had then intended to say more, was quelled by her manner, and dropped the subject. He went on to say, that he had thought it his duty to decline the subscription to his school offered by Mr. Brooke, because he was a Dissenter; that he (Mr. Gray) feared that Captain James, through whom Mr. Brooke's offer of money had been made, was offended at his refusing to accept it from a man who held heterodox opinions; nay, whom Mr. Gray suspected of being infected by Doddwell's heresy.

"I think there must be some mistake," said my lady, "or I have misunderstood you. Captain James would never be sufficiently with a schismatic to be employed by that man Brooke in distributing his charities. I should have doubted, until now, if Captain James knew him."

"Indeed, my lady, he not only knows him, but is intimate with him, I regret to say. I have repeatedly seen the captain and Mr. Brooke walking together; going through the fields together; and people do say——"

My lady looked up in interrogation at Mr. Gray's pause.

"I disapprove of gossip, and it may be untrue; but people do say that Captain James is very attentive to Miss Brooke."

"Impossible!" said my lady, indignantly. "Captain James is a loyal and religious man. I beg your pardon, Mr. Gray, but it is impossible."

CALLING BAD NAMES.

THERE once lived in the richest of all kingdoms over which a mortal ever ruled—in Shakespeare's fancy—a certain knight, named Don Adriano de Armado, who wore fine clothes with never a shirt under them, used big words with little sense in them, and, being himself a big, loud man, relied for all his wit upon a tiny serving boy, named Moth. It was a wonder to some of the Don's friends that Moth had not found his way into the knight's mouth. "I marvel," said Costard to him, "thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus."

HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS.

That word stands for a cudgel with which many a poor student's brains have cruelly been beaten. It is the gimlet of the social bore. It is the bludgeon of the scientific bully. Who shall venture to touch or to smell English plants with such names as *Splanchnomyces*, *Tetragonotheca*, *Xysmalobium*, *Zucagnia*, *Schivereckia*, *Pogogyne*, *Helmintho-*

stachys, Chamæspilus, and Ampelosicyos, if plants can grow with the disgrace of such names fastened to them, if such words can represent any living thing of beauty in the glory of creation through which we walk daily?

It is time that we left off calling bad names. The flowers of the field have never injured us, we have no right to behave as if we bore them a deep grudge, and to overwhelm them with our scientific Billingsgate. Neither have we any right to seal up against children—our own blossoms—the beautiful story of the lives of their kindred in the gardens and the fields. He who by the seashore makes friends with the sea-nettles, is introduced to them by the scientific master of ceremonies as the *Physsophoridæ* and *Hippopodydæ*. Creatures weak, delicate and beautiful, are *Desmidiaceæ*, *Chætopterina*, and *Amphinomaceæ*, *Pycnogonida*, *Tenthredineta*, *Twentysyllableorfeeta*, and all for the honour of science; or rather, not for its honour; but for its *honorificabilitudinitatibus*. Almost every book of science is a stream alive with long-jawed alligators, among which no such small fish as a general reader dares to swim. We declare war against these alligators. Let them be hunted down!

It is said that a special scientific language is required, because the words in ordinary use are inexact. A man of science won't know what a primrose means, and recognises common holly only as the *Ilex aquifolium*. Englishmen in general will never become versed in the pleasant—and, in truth, as to the knowledge of ascertained facts, very simple—mysteries of nature; because the words of the scientific are horseboluses, that we must swallow whole or leave altogether. A public vehicle, in every day use, may be a cabriolet; but we, who set value on our daily breath, economising it and time with it, say Cab. The man of science, doubtless, if he lived fairly up to his profession, would stand on the pavement and shout cabrioletificitudinitatibus! Two syllables of the word omnibus, are rapidly collapsing into an apostrophe. In a few years, Bus will be classical English, and in a few more years the apostrophe will follow. In our households, William becomes Will, and Thomas, Tom. We like things better for the shortness of their names, and shorten their names for them if we love them well. If we like mutton as well as beef, common food as it is, we never could take it in our mouths as a two-pronged word. Why then do not the modern godfathers of living creatures—birds, beasts, fishes, and plants,—brought to them to be named, give them good names by which they may be known familiarly and pleasantly in any home? Why do they brand them with bad names, and banish them into the wilderness of jargon?

We have said something about scientific Billingsgate which we ought to retract, if Fielding said truly of the ladies of Billings-

gate, that "they speak the very plainest English of any learned body in the kingdom." Whatever they may do, they do not give bad names to their own fish. A lobster with them is a lobster, not a *Homarus vulgaris*. If we did not happen to know lobsters by their Billingsgate name, would all the curious facts connected with their history, as told by men of science, win us to know them by the name they bear among the learned? Alas for the Jack, that he should be an *Esox ucius*, one of the *Abdominal Malacopterygii*!

If science must have its Latin nomenclature, let it give us easy English nomenclature for everything in nature that was not named by our forefathers. It is our own good fortune that when roses and lilies were first talked about, the common people had the naming of them. Rapid extension of that science which now binds with a chain the two ends of the world together, has made known a vast number of new objects, has laid open the way to a vast number of new thoughts, which are within the perception of all educated men and women, and which cannot remain the peculiar possession of a few. As the general estate of knowledge widens, old ditches of separation must be filled; old hedges and walls must be pulled down. We must weed our estate also of those ugly words which are the tares that choke the wheat in many a field full of rich promise for the people. That such a field grows more than enough for the miller and his men who grind its produce, does not satisfy us. There is a whole people waiting to be fed.

It is chiefly in the study of life—in that study which is most fascinating—that men of science are still cumbering us with clumsiness in technicalities of speech. The engineer, whose science men care less to compass, acts on abstruse calculation, and discusses delicate machines, without using hard words to vex the teeth of those about him, and create unnecessary difficulties. He does not in that way deter men from seeking for a portion of his knowledge. He talks simply of cogs, racks, flywheels, pulleys, screws, struts, girders. There is no such word or thought as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*, or *Twentysyllableorfeeta* at all, in his vocabulary.

Our forefathers once universally applied the system upon which we form such words as blacksmith, shipwright, or fishmonger. They called a library a book-house, and the meeting of a ward, a ward-mote. The Germans still make language for the people in this way; and, while the French and English called the science of the stars from a Greek word, Astronomy, they and the Dutch spoke of it as Star-knowledge. We are in this respect better off than the French, whose language only can express Yorkshiremen, as men of the shire of York; but we have allowed the powers of the English language in word coining to fall too much into disuse; while the

Germans have urged the like powers in their language to an excess now and then ridiculous, crossing their words till they breed alligators out of them, with jaws as long and as jagged as those of the Greek and Latin monsters.

That the language of science must be universal, and that a dead language is neutral ground on which students of all nations may meet, we know and acknowledge. Yet even Latin or Greek words need not be so used as to ensure a toothache to rash strangers who bite on them unawares. We ask, in the purely scientific naming of things in nature, only for some regard to human teeth and human ears; we ask also that second names well fitted for popular use shall be supplied to every object of which men in common can be brought to speak.

The German writers, when they make books for the people, give the Latin and Greek terms in brackets, while in the body of the work they use plain, homely speech. Hence, at the first reading, a German youth may go through a new book upon natural history without heeding the Latin terms, and so make himself master of the facts disclosed. His ideas may be far from correct; but he has had encouragement to study farther. Afterwards, at a third or fourth reading, he may add to his stock of knowledge all the foreign words, which being repeated (in brackets) from time to time, catch even insensibly the reader's eye, and so may trickle quietly into his memory. For instance, in describing the parts of a flower, the writer does not begin by saying that the "external floral integument is the calyx," but he says that the "outer covering of a flower is the cup [calyx], the leaves of which are called the cup-leaves [sepals]." Then he shows that, within the cup, there is a gaily-coloured part called the crown [corolla], the leaves of which are the crown-leaves [petals]. Hence, when he wishes to tell the learner that in certain flowers the crown has several leaves, he does not tell him that the "corolla is polypetalous," but that the "crown is many-leaved."

One other good thing he does. He takes care, from the very first, to let the learner know what it is that he is about to learn, and clearly states the leading facts. Thus, he would begin by telling how a plant grows, how the leaf-bud opens out into a leaf, and how the flower-bud becomes a flower; how the parts of the flower make fruit; how that fruit contains seed, and in what way; how, at length, the seed escapes from its enclosure; and how, being put into the ground, it gives rise to a new plant, which will grow up in the likeness of its parent.

Such information as this, accurate and free from pedantry, we people of England want. It can be no man's wish, at the outset of any study, to be troubled and distracted by a prolix jumble of hard words. If Mrs.

Peachum, in her Cookery Book, had said, "Decorticate the pomarian fruits; incise them vertically and transversely; deposit them in a patina; superinduce a layer of saccharine matter; asperge them with aqueous fluid, and cover them with a crustaceous integument composed of farinaceous particles," only a cook already in her secret could see that she was teaching how to make an apple-pie.

OUR BACK GARDEN.

We married, just six years ago, upon less than the minimum income allowed by the Times' correspondents to be sufficient for a frugal young couple, and we are still in the flesh—and in a good deal of it. The bitterest cup which we have yet had to drain is that of Messrs. Bass and Company; and I, for my part—and, I think I may say the same, in a more mitigated sense, of Mrs. P.—have ever drained it cheerfully. Workhouse relief has not yet been applied for to meet any peculiar emergency in our domestic economy. The titled aristocracy of our native land do not, indeed, cultivate our personal friendship so much, perhaps, as we (especially Mrs. P.) at the time we were first united, anticipated; but we are now content to believe that this is their loss rather than ours.

Still, it must be confessed, there are little unpleasanties inseparable from a little house and a little income which do not happen to my neighbour (in a very profane sense) the Duke of Bredlington. I allude more particularly to our back garden. It is probable that his grace is unacquainted with any such spot except through the medium of romance and poetry; or, he may have heard Mr. Robson of Wych Street, London, inform an audience, with his accustomed precision, that the garden wherein Villikins met his Dinah was the back garden, and yet not have accurately realised what a back garden is. He may have imagined (I am speaking of his grace), as we did, a dainty piece of verdant lawn, set with parterres of flowers, with an arbour, perhaps, hung with honeysuckle, or other sweet-smelling blossom of that nature; with, maybe, a fish-pond, or even an inexpensive fountain in the middle of it.

"Wherever we are," we thought, "no matter how humble the abode, let us have a dear little bit of garden at the back of the house."

Well, we have got our little bit of garden in that position, and decidedly a dear one. It is not exactly the spot we had pictured to ourselves in the way of seclusion, because all the back windows in our terrace and all the front ones in the next street command it. It does not possess any erection that can well be called an arbour. It has no fish-pond; nor fountain; nor stalactite cave (which might just as well be expected as the other two) at the end or in any part of it. We did a great deal with it, at first, in floriculture;

but nothing ever came of that to speak of. Besides several daisies, quite a den of dandelions, and a handful of mustard and cress (with J. and A. P. in a cipher) under the north wall, there are but three marigolds, a crown imperial, and a very limited extent of mignonette. Vegetables will not grow in our back garden. Fruits would be sure to be feloniously abstracted before they could attain maturity. Grass only flourishes here and there (from motives which I do not understand), in minute green patches, and is scant and mangy everywhere else. In some places it is so short that it looks as if it had been mown (with a saw) only yesterday; in others, it is quite long enough to make very tolerable hay.

The proprietors of other back gardens in our vicinity seem aware, either from experience or instinct, that nothing can be made of these retreats, and leave them just as they find them. They call them, with an honesty which we cannot yet quite bring ourselves to emulate, back-greens; as gardens they bear, almost exclusively, clothes' props and empty bottles.

Upon our first coming into possession of our territory, we prided ourselves upon its having in it an elder-bush,—the only tree visible in the horizon,—but we now regret that circumstance. This shrub forms the natural staircase by which a thousand cats make, into our back-garden, their exits and their entrances. It is the trysting-place of the young, the battle-field of the old, and the spot peculiarly devoted to their general refreshment; and hither, as to a picnic, they each carry their peculiar delicacy, and never trouble themselves to clear away a single bone. Whether it is they who bring the spirit-bottles which we find there in the morning, broken, or whether those are chucked over the wall by our neighbours, I do not rightly know; but the drunken choruses which are unquestionably indulged in by our feline visitors, incline me to the former opinion. At all events, that back garden, in which we had placed such tender hopes, is rendered, by these various influences, the home of desolation and riot.

Our income being, as I have described, but limited, it behoves us much to practise economy, and my beloved wife is always striking out some new line of domestic conduct by which vast sums are to be saved. Many of these have appeared to me to be so unpromising that I have declined ever to give them a fair chance. It may have been cheaper—she said it was—to supply ourselves with pork without the intervention of a butcher (the hams we had bought indeed, had all been failures, and not Westphalias either), but still I could not bring myself to keep a pig in our back garden; and whatever quantity the child, a very thriving one, might require, of new milk, I was not going to undertake, in that

extremely limited space, the sole management of a cow. Even fowls, although the price of a trussed chicken sometimes staggered me, I was determined not to maintain alive at the back of my house, to keep me up all night,—as they did some poultry proprietors,—watching over their personal safety with a blunderbuss.

However, opposed as I am to change, my better half assisted by her unscrupulous ally, the cook, did persuade me once to deal no longer at the market; but with a peculiarly honest farmer, in a most picturesque part of the country, and where the air was especially adapted for the fattening of fowls. The birds were to come dead, but in their feathers, by a wonderfully cheap carrier's cart; so that they would be delivered at our own door for almost nothing.

This scheme would doubtless have turned out admirably, but that the picturesque farm was such a long way off, and the wonderfully cheap carrier so slow in his movements, that the two couple of economical chickens would not stand the treatment, but made themselves offensive to the whole house. The cook persisted that they would still be very nice and tender in the eating, but it was with a faltering voice; and she made no response to my challenge when I dared her to hang them up by their legs. They were very cheap at six and sixpence to eat (which was, indeed, at least eighteenpence lower than the trade price), but they were not cheap at any price (as I tried to explain to Mrs. P.) to bury in the back garden, which had to be done at once. I had nowhere else to put them, and therefore interred them in that spot by help of the dust-shovel, trusting never to see them more. Alas! as in the case of Mr. Eugene Aram, my secret was one that earth refused to keep. Feline bodysnatchers disinterred those four corpses during the night, and lo! in the morning the ghastly fragments of bone and feather and skin and sinew over the whole of our back garden! Nothing can be likened unto it, except the ravage which the vultures make in the Desert upon the victims of that wind which never blows anybody good, the simoom.

Notwithstanding the utter failure of our cheap chickens, I discovered one Saturday, from some snatches of conversation between my wife and the cook, as well as from a certain air of oppressive secrecy pervading the household, such as is apt to precede great events, that some culinary change was in contemplation.

"My dear," observed I, at once, with unwonted firmness, "I do trust there is nothing more coming by that carrier."

"Nothing," she replied, with an air of triumph; "nothing that is of the nature which you imagine. Nothing that will spoil, my love; but something that will be, on the contrary, a delightful treat!"

"It is not a fatted calf?" I inquired, satirically; "nor, still more, a calf, alive and kicking, which I am expected to fatten, is it?"

"No," she said, changing colour a little, "it is not that. It is only a beautiful Michaelmas goose, fourteenpence cheaper than we can get it in the market, and an enormous bargain."

"It will make the house unbearable, as the others did," I cried, in a passion; "we shall get indicted for a nuisance."

"It's a live goose," quoth Mrs. P., severely, "and just ready for killing."

"And where," inquired I, "in the name of common sense, are we to keep a live goose?"

"Why, of course, my dear," replied she, "it must be kept in the back garden."

This animal—this beast with a bill—in due course arrived; was uncared in the passage, which is otherwise denominated the front-hall; and, at once disengaging itself from the terrified domestic, took its way, with the most awful anserine imprecations, up-stairs into the drawing-room. Never shall I forget the scene which ensued for the next ten minutes! that royal game of goose played out between us four and that dreadful bird: its malicious hisses; the long, shrill gurgle in its throat, half gobble and half quack, so convincing of its relationship to duck and turkey; the agonised flapping of its short ungainly wings; even the thud of its naked webbed feet, as they ran over the keys of the piano, extorting undreamt-of harmonies,—will never be erased from my mind.

The carrier, incited by the reward of sixpence set upon the head of the fugitive, at last secured it, but not before it had done considerable damage, and bore it under his arm, playing upon it as if it were an unsound bagpipe, into the place which had been assigned for its reception.

I watched it that night for hours, roaming up and down the walled back garden, and complaining to the stars; gazing up into the elder bush with an eye to its practicability as a means of egress, and shaking its goose's head with the melancholy of blank despair. When I saw it lie down to sleep under that tree, I also retired to my couch with a contented mind; for I knew well the cats would come at their accustomed hour. They did come. Never shall I lose the recollection of that shriek which rang out on the startled ear of night about one o'clock, and wakened every sleeper in the terrace. Our goose had been dreaming probably of home and peace and barley-meal, when she was roused to the awful sense of her real position: four-and-twenty cats at the very least, Toms and Thomasinas, tabbies and tortoiseshells, were standing around her

in solemn conclave, doubtful whether she was alive or not, but certain that she was excellent eating; in another instant they were up the elder bush and scattered over all the back gardens under the sky. The outcry which the geese made who saved the Capitol, was nothing to the outcry which our goose made to save herself. The memory of it abode with her enemies long after her spirit had fled; for the cats did not return to their usual rendezvous for nearly a week.

The next day being Sunday the captive was spared from destruction, and well fed with her favourite food at the cost of sixpence; twopence, therefore, setting aside the damage in the drawing-room, was, upon Monday morning, our total pecuniary saving by having purchased her alive.

"Cook," said I, authoritatively, "you must kill that bird at once, or it will be a positive loss to us."

"La, sir, me kill it?" answered she; "I should be terrified out of my life."

"Who is to kill it, then?" I inquired, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Well, sir, missus thought (you see the poulterer charges eightpence for coming in and doing on it) as how you might be kind enough to kill it yourself."

The poulterer came and performed his savage office. The cook took half the day to pluck the corpse, and even then left so many feathers upon it that the dish looked more like a singed sheep's head than a roast goose. The tenant of our back garden cost us exactly sixpence more than if we had purchased it at the poulterer's in the first instance, and finally turned out to be as tough as a goose could be.

Since the decease of this leathery bird, our back garden has been left to its grass, its dandelions, its elder-bush, and its cats.

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HINDOO LAW.

THE Indian rebellion is so far crushed, that it is broken up into local and comparatively petty conflicts; but, when it becomes history, its origin will have to be disentangled from a maze of contradiction and apparent anomaly extremely difficult to thread. Before the revolt, India presented a picture of fidelity to its conquerors, obedience to authority, and internal peace, over which no coming cloud cast its shadow before. Suddenly, with no warning, the picture is smeared with blood; the "mild Hindoo" breaking out, like a long-smouldering flame, into acts of treason and savage cruelty very much at variance with his previously experienced characteristics. Setting aside the Mahomedan elements belonging to the mutiny, the solution of this enigma can only be attained by an insight into the religious laws under which the Hindoo lives and moves and has his being: for his every thought is moulded by them; the minutest act of his existence being a rite which they prescribe. Neither can the mysteries and perplexities of caste be even imperfectly unravelled without reference to the Shastres, or Hindoo Scriptures.

The greatest of all Hindoo legislators is Manu. From time immemorial his institutes have been referred to by the Brahmins as the chief guide to morals and the grand index of duties. To the students of Hindooism the code is invaluable for the light it throws on the character of that strange religion in the days of its greater purity. Concerning Manu himself little can be said. His name is traced to the same root as the Latin word *Mens*, and the English *Mind*, and is explained by the Pandits to signify Intelligence. It is associated by some Europeans with the Greek *Minos*, and the Egyptian *Mneues*. The legend which is prefixed to the Institutes gives him a still higher antiquity. It is related that when the Divine Being willed to produce this universe, having first created the waters, he placed in them a seed. This seed developed into an egg, from which he himself was born in the form of a Brahma; the great forefather of all spirits, who formed the heaven and earth and all created things. Then, having divided his own substance, he produced

Manu, "the secondary framer of all this visible world:" the first and greatest of seven Manus, who each gave birth to races of their own.

Lest any should question the importance of his instructions, it is related in the Veda, that "whatever Manu pronounced, was a medicine to the soul." Among other wise men, also, the sage Vrihaspeti says, that Manu held the first rank among legislators; because he expressed in his code the whole sense of the Veda; that no code was approved which contradicted Manu; and that other Shastres retained splendour so long only as Manu—who taught the way to just wealth, to virtue, and to final happiness—was not seen in competition with them. This code is said to have been originally taught to Manu by Brahma, in one hundred thousand verses; but was from time to time abridged so as to adapt itself to the growing weakness of the human race, until it is now comprised in only two thousand six hundred and eighty-five verses, divided into twelve chapters. Sir William Jones dates its assumption of its present form from the ninth century before Christ, or about the same era as that of Lycurgus.

The first chapter goes back to the very beginning of things, when "this universe existed only in the first divine idea; yet unexpanded, as if involved in darkness, imperceptible, undefinable, undiscoverable by reason, and undiscovered by revelation, as if it were wholly immersed in sleep." It treats of the development of the seed and egg, from which Brahma and Manu and all spiritual beings were to proceed; the origin of time and space; the creation of stars, rivers, mountains, and all other material bodies; of devotion, speech, complacency, desire, wrath, and all spiritual qualities; of pleasure and pain, cold and heat, and all other "opposite pairs." That the human race might be multiplied, Brahma caused the four great classes—the Brahman, the Chatriya, the Vaisya, and the Sudra—to proceed from his mouth, his arm, his thigh, and his foot. He formed genii and men, bloodthirsty savages and heavenly choristers, and all animals and vegetables, great and small. These animals and vegetables, encircled with multiform darkness, by reason of past actions, have

internal consciousness, and are sensible of pleasure and pain. All transmigrations, from the state of Brahma to that of plants, happen continually in this world of beings—a world always tending to decay.

The duration of the world is divided into four great ages: the Crita, the Treta, the Dwapara, and the Cali. Three have passed away; the fourth is passing. In the first, the genius of Truth, or Right, stood firm, like a bull on his four feet, and Iniquity was unknown; but, in each succeeding age, one foot has been lost; and a fourth part of Justice has been overcome by Theft, Falsehood and Fraud. In the first age, devotion is the prevailing virtue; in the second, divine knowledge; in the third, sacrifice; in the fourth, liberality.

The four different classes of men have their respective duties assigned them. The Brahman has to read and teach the Veda, to sacrifice, to give and receive alms; the Cshatriya, to read the Veda and give alms, to shun sensuality, and defend the people; the Vaisya, to give largesses and sacrifice, to trade, to keep cattle, to cultivate land. These three are twice-born men. The Sudra, or once-born, has no other duty than to serve the other three without depreciating their worth. But the Brahman, who is the first-born, and who sprang from the most excellent part, is chief of all creation: whatever exists is in effect his wealth; when he begs he but demands his own alms. It is through his benevolence, indeed, that other mortals live. The name of a Brahman signifies holiness and prosperity; that of a Cshatriya, power and preservation; that of a Vaisya, wealth and nourishment; that of a Sudra, contempt and humble attendance.

There are four orders, or stages, before the life of a Brahman is consummated. The first, or Order of Education, commences almost before the child's birth. Ceremonies are performed preparatory to his entrance into the world. When he is ten or twelve days old the father must give him a name. The name of a woman must be soft, clear, captivating, and auspicious. The sons of Brahmins must be invested with the mark of their class when they reach from fourteen to sixteen years of age. They must attach themselves to some priest for the study of scripture, observing numerous and complicated forms. The great object of education is the restraining of evil passions, and this can only be attained by the pursuit of divine knowledge. But, where meekness and diligence are not found, instruction must not be sown: it would perish, like fine seed in a barren land. To attentive study of the Vedas, must be added reverence of the aged, and of virtue; which leads to the increase of life, knowledge, fame, and strength. The student of theology must abstain from seeking worldly honour; from using honey or flesh-meat, perfumes or chaplets of flowers;

from unguents for his limbs or black powder for his eyes; from sandals and umbrellas; from covetousness and gaming. Before all he must honour his teacher; by whose care alone he attains the second-birth. For, by honouring his mother he gains this world; by honouring his father, the intermediate stage; but, by assiduous attention to his preceptor, even the celestial world of Brahma.

The discipline of a student may last for thirty-six years; or for half, or a quarter of that period, or until he perfectly comprehend the Vedas. He may then assume the Order of Marriage, with the consent of his parents and tutor. He must not marry a girl with reddish hair, or who is bald, nor one deformed or diseased, nor one immoderately talkative, or with an ugly and inauspicious name. Some of these exceptions account for the female infanticide prevalent in Hindostan; an ugly or deformed daughter being considered a curse. "Let him," continues the lawgiver, "choose one whose form has no defect; who walks gracefully like a young elephant; whose body has exquisite softness." His first wife must be selected from his own class; if he marry again, he may choose from those below. In no case is it lawful for him to marry a woman of a class higher than his own.

Having married, and thus become a householder, he must day by day perform domestic religious rites. The daily sacrifices are five: teaching and studying the scripture; offering cakes and water to the Divine Being; an oblation to fire; giving rice and other food to living creatures; and receiving guests with honour. By observing these, he cherishes five orders of beings: the deities, his departed forefathers, those who demand hospitality, those whom he ought to maintain, and himself. What remains after these oblations and donations, he and his family may eat; but he who eats what has been dressed for himself alone, eats nothing but sin. To all festivals he must be careful that he invites only holy and learned men: if he disregards this rule, he shall be condemned to swallow as many red-hot iron balls in the other world as he gives mouthfuls to an unlearned man in this. But, to a newly-married bride, a damsel, the sick, and some others, he may give always without hesitation.

The Brahman must live with no injury, or with the least possible injury, to animated beings. For the sake of supporting life he may resort to gleanings and the receiving of gifts; if necessary, to asking alms and tillage, and even to traffic and money-lending; but never to service for hire, or dog-living as it is styled. It is permitted him to store up grain for three years, for one year, for three days, or he may make no provision for the morrow; but the last practice is the best; as, by it, love of the world is most readily and effectually vanquished.

His hair, nails, and beard being clipped,

his passions subdued, his mantle white, and his body pure, let him diligently occupy himself in reading the Veda and in performing such acts as may be salutary to him. Let him reverence the deities and his departed ancestors; show honour to the priests, and justice to all men. "For even here below," it is written, "an unjust man attains no felicity; nor he whose wealth proceeds from giving false evidence; nor he who constantly takes delight in mischief. Though oppressed with penury in consequence of his righteous dealings, let him never give his mind to unrighteousness: for he may observe the speedy overthrow of iniquitous and sinful men. Iniquity, committed in this world, produces not fruit immediately, but, like the earth, in due season; and, advancing by little and little, it eradicates the man who committed it. Yes: iniquity, once committed, fails not of producing fruit to him who wrought it. He grows rich for a while through unrighteousness; he beholds good things; he vanquishes his foes; but he perishes at length, from his whole root upwards. Let a man rather continually take pleasure in truth, in justice, in laudable practices, and in purity; let him keep in subjection his speech, his arm, and his appetite; let him walk in the path of good men, the path in which his parents and forefathers walked. While he moves in that path he can give no offence."

When he has fulfilled his triple duty to the sages, to the manes, and to the deities, by studying the Scripture, by being blessed with handsome and healthy offspring, and by sacrifice, he may resign all to his son, and give himself up to repose and meditation in the forest or some secluded spot. This is the third order. He must always live rigorously and abstemiously. Sometimes he is required to fast for long intervals, or to subsist on flowers and roots alone; at others he must stand a whole day on tip-toe, or, in the hot season, expose himself to five fires: the sun overhead and, great furnaces before, behind, and on each side of him; or, in cold weather, he must wear thin and damp clothing, or otherwise mortify his flesh.

In this way he prepares himself for the fourth and final order, that of complete devotion. It then behoves him to go forth, a wanderer, alone; with neither companion nor domicile; having nothing but his water-pot and staff. Let him not wish for death; let him not wish for life; let him expect the appointed time as a servant expects his wages. Once only, and late in the day, must he ask for food, and then he must eat very moderately. He must be careful to kill no animals, however small, and therefore he must always walk, looking on the ground at every step: moreover, he must make frequent expiation for any kind of life he has inadvertently destroyed. He must

ever meditate on the Supreme Spirit, on the manifestations of it here, on the more complete manifestations hereafter. "A mansion with bones for its rafters and beams; with nerves and tendons for cords; with muscles and blood for mortar; with skin for its outward covering; filled with no sweet perfume, but loaded with impurity: a mansion infected by age and by sorrow, harassed with pains, haunted with the quality of darkness, and incapable of enduring long: such a mansion of the vital soul, let its occupier cheerfully quit."

The position and duties of women are briefly defined. Never must they follow their own pleasure merely. In childhood, a female must be dependent on her father; in youth, on her husband: her lord being dead, on her sons. She must never seek independence. She must always revere her husband during his life, and after his death "let her continue a widow, forgiving all injuries, performing harsh duties, avoiding every sensual pleasure, and cheerfully practising the incomparable rules of virtue." This text, it may be remarked, is in direct opposition to the more modern custom of widow-burning. The practice is evidently of late date, and is no more a part of Hindooism than the persecuting spirit of the middle ages was part of the gospel of love.

The duties of government devolve on the Cshatriyas, or military class. A king should always be selected from it. He must never be treated lightly; for he is a divinity in human shape. His chief work is to prepare a just compensation for the good and a just punishment for the bad. "Punishment governs all mankind; punishment alone preserves them; punishment wakes while their guards are asleep. When rightly and considerably inflicted, it makes all the people happy; but, inflicted without full consideration, it wholly destroys them all." By the help of the sacred books, the king must dispense it carefully and honestly: if he do not, punishment shall destroy himself. He must strive day and night to conquer his own passions, rising early in the morning and attending to learned Brahmins; by whom he is to be instructed in modesty "and composure." He must appoint prudent ministers who shall act as counsellors in questions of peace and war; for the management of his forces; for the collection of his revenues; for the protection of the people; and for the best use of his wealth. He must reside, if possible, in an open country, fruitful, healthy, and beautiful, surrounded by a fortress of mountains. It behoves him to maintain a powerful and efficient army; acting without guile, but ever on his guard. "Like a tortoise, let him draw in his members under the shell of concealment, and diligently repair any breach; like a heron, let him muse on gaining advantages; like a lion, let him put forth his strength; like a wolf, let him creep towards his prey; like a

hare, let him double to secure his retreat." Some of this philosophy was rigorously acted out in the recent mutiny.

The subject of judicature is divided into eighteen sections, which treat of almost every conceivable offence at more or less length. It is only possible to extract one or two cases by way of specimen:

Generally, punishments are light for Brahmans: much more severe in the other classes. A merchant may be fined two hundred panas for slandering a priest; but a priest, for slandering a merchant, only twenty-five. A once-born man who insults a twice-born with gross invectives ought to have his tongue slit: should he spit on him through pride, both his lips shall be gashed. A woman who disregards the marriage bond is condemned to be devoured by dogs in a frequented place; and the adulterer shall be slowly consumed by fire upon an iron bed. Every damsel shall be given in marriage by her father to an excellent and handsome youth of her own class. If, however, she is retained at home three years after being marriageable, she may choose her own bridegroom. A man of thirty may marry a girl of twelve, or a man of twenty-four one of eight. Never shall a father sell his daughter or receive any nuptial gratuity: she must be given freely. In general, a widow must not marry again; but, if her husband dies without issue, it is proper that she should beget a son to maintain his name and honour.

Gaming with dice and the like, or in matches between cocks and rams, is sternly prohibited. It is as culpable as open theft. Gamblers, receivers of bribes, fortune-tellers, and professors of palmistry, elephant breakers and quacks, pretended artists and subtle harlots, and all who act ill in secret; these, and the like thorny weeds, overspreading the world, let the king discover with a quick sight. The seller of bad grain for good, or of good seed placed at the top of the bag to conceal the bad below, and the destroyer of known landmarks, must suffer such corporal punishment as will disfigure them. But the most pernicious of all deceivers is the goldsmith who commits frauds; the king shall order him to be cut piecemeal with razors.

The remaining two of the four great classes of Hindoo society are disposed of in a few verses:

The Vaisya must be always attentive to business: he must know the prices of gems, pearls, and corals, of iron and cloth, of perfumes and liquids: he must be skilled in the time and manner of sowing seeds, and in the bad and good qualities of land; he must know the just wages of servants, the various dialects of men, the best way of keeping goods, and whatever else relates to purchase and sale.

As to the Sudra, servile attendance on Brahmans is his highest duty, and leads him

to future beatitude. Pure in body and mind, humbly serving the three superior classes, "mild in speech," never arrogant, he may attain the most eminent class in another transmigration.

Besides the four pure classes, there are enumerated thirty-six other impure classes, the result of intermarriages. All these tribes must live apart; near large public trees, or in graveyards, on mountains or in groves, where they may be either avoided or sought, and where they may perform the various vile duties which are allotted to them. Some act as carriers, fishermen, carpenters, others as doctors, or musicians: professional gentlemen being thus placed very low on the step of the social ladder. The abodes of a Chandala and a Sopaca, the basest of the base, must be out of the town. Their sole wealth must be dogs and asses; their clothes must be the mantles of the dead; their dishes for food, broken pots; their ornaments, rusty iron. No man may hold intercourse with them: food must be given them in potsherds, but not by the giver's hands. Their duty is to bury all who die without kindred, and to kill all condemned to death.

The last chapter is devoted to the exposition of Transmigration and Beatitude. The rule of retribution is this: "Action, whether mental, verbal, or corporeal, bears good or evil fruit as itself is good or evil." For corporeal acts which are sinful, a man shall assume after death a vegetable or mineral form; for verbal acts, the form of a bird or beast; for mental acts, the lower of human conditions.

The three qualities of the rational soul are a tendency to goodness, to passion, and to darkness. Goodness is true knowledge; darkness is gross ignorance; passion is intermediate, including emotions of desire and aversion. The quality of darkness brings nothing but shame, its only object being base pleasure; the quality of passion, having for its object worldly prosperity, leads to temporal exaltation and celebrity; but the quality of goodness, making virtue its object, produces divine knowledge and placid joy both here and hereafter. For deeds of darkness, men shall be born cats, flies, maggots, and worms. The bodies of actors and wrestlers, of kings and controversialists (alas for the critical world!), of genii and nymphs, shall receive those in whom passion predominates. The spirits of the truly good shall pass into hermits, sages, regents of stars, into Brahma himself.

Happiness is to be attained by sacrifice: but selfish sacrifice—that which is meant to purchase present or future joy—is much inferior to disinterested sacrifice. The holiest sacrifice, superior to all ceremonial rites, is made by that man who, equally perceiving the supreme soul in all beings and all beings in the supreme soul, sacrifices his own spirit by fixing it on the Spirit of God, and approaches

the nature of that sole Divinity who shines by His own effulgence. "Thus," the volume closes, "the man who perceives, in his own soul, the supreme soul present in all creatures, acquires equanimity towards them all, and shall be absorbed at last in the highest essence, even that of the Almighty Himself."

MY LADY LUDLOW.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH AND LAST.

LIKE many other things which have been declared to be impossible, this report of Captain James being attentive to Miss Brooke turned out to be very true.

The mere idea of her agent being on the slightest possible terms of acquaintance with the Dissenter, the tradesman, the Birmingham democrat, who had come to settle in our good, orthodox, aristocratic, and agricultural Hanbury, made my lady very uneasy. Miss Galindo's misdemeanor in having taken Miss Bessy to live with her, faded into a mistake, a mere error of judgment, in comparison with Captain James's intimacy at Yeast House, as the Brookes called their ugly square-built farm. My lady talked herself quite into complacency with Miss Galindo, and even Miss Bessy was named by her, the first time I had ever been aware that my lady recognised her existence; but—I recollect it was a long rainy afternoon, and I sate with her ladyship, and we had time and opportunity for a long uninterrupted talk—whenever we had been silent for a little while, she began again, with something like a wonder how it was that Captain James could ever have commenced an acquaintance with "that man Brooke." My lady recapitulated all the times she could remember that anything had occurred, or been said by Captain James which she could now understand as throwing light upon the subject.

"He said once that he was anxious to bring in the Norfolk system of cropping, and spoke a good deal about Mr. Coke of Holkham (who, by the way, was no more a Coke than I am—collateral in the female line—which counts for little or nothing among the great old commoners' families of pure blood), and his new ways of cultivation; of course new men bring in new ways, but it does not follow that either are better than the old ways. However, Captain James has been very anxious to try turnips and bone manure; and he really is a man of such good sense and energy, and was so sorry last year about the failure, that I consented; and now I begin to see my error. I have always heard that town bakers adulterate their flour with bone dust; and, of course, Captain James would be aware of this, and go to Brooke to inquire where the article was to be purchased."

My lady always ignored the fact which had sometimes, I suspect, been brought under her very eyes during her drives, that Mr. Brooke's few fields were in a state of far

higher cultivation than her own; so she could not, of course, perceive that there was any wisdom to be gained from asking the advice of the tradesman turned farmer.

But by and bye this fact of her agent's intimacy with the person whom in the whole world she most disliked (with that sort of dislike in which a large amount of uncomfortableness is combined—the dislike which conscientious people sometimes feel to another without knowing why, and yet which they cannot indulge in with comfort to themselves without having a moral reason why), came before my lady in many shapes. For, indeed, I am sure that Captain James was not a man to conceal or be ashamed of one of his actions. I cannot fancy his ever lowering his strong loud clear voice, or having a confidential conversation with any one. When his crops had failed, all the village had known it. He complained, he regretted, he was angry, or owned himself a — fool, all down the village street; and the consequence was that, although he was a far more passionate man than Mr. Horner, all the tenants liked him far better. People, in general, take a kindlier interest in any one, the workings of whose mind and heart they can watch and understand, than in a man who only lets you know what he has been thinking about and feeling, by what he does. But Harry Gregson was faithful to the memory of Mr. Horner. Miss Galindo has told me that she used to watch him hobble out of the way of Captain James, as if to accept his notice, however good-naturedly given, would have been a kind of treachery to his former benefactor. But Gregson (the father) and the new agent rather took to each other, and one day, much to my surprise, I heard that the "poaching, tinkering vagabond," as people used to call Gregson when I first had come to live at Hanbury, had been appointed gamekeeper; Mr. Gray standing godfather, as it were, to his trustworthiness, if he were trusted with anything; which I thought at the time was rather an experiment, only it answered, as many of Mr. Gray's deeds of daring did. It was curious how he was growing to be a kind of autocrat in the village; and how unconscious he was of it. He was as shy and awkward and nervous as ever, in every affair that was not of some moral consequence to him. But as soon as he was convinced that a thing was right, he "shut his eyes and ran and butted at it like a ram," as Captain James once expressed it, in talking over something Mr. Gray had done. People in the village said, "they never knew what the parson would be at next;" or they might have said, "where his reverence would next turn up." For I have heard of his marching right into the middle of a set of poachers, gathered together for some desperate midnight enterprise, or walking into a public-house that lay just beyond the bounds of my lady's estate, and in that extra-parochial

piece of ground I named long ago, and which was considered the rendezvous of all the ne'er-do-weel characters for miles round, and where a parson and a constable were held in much the same kind of esteem, as unwelcome visitors. And yet Mr. Gray had his long fits of depression, in which he felt as if he were doing nothing, making no way in his work, useless and unprofitable, and better out of the world than in it. In comparison with the work he had set himself to do, what he did seemed to be nothing. I suppose it was constitutional, those attacks of lowness of spirits which he had about this time; perhaps a part of the nervousness which made him always so awkward when he came to the Hall. Even Mrs. Medlicott, who almost worshipped the ground he trod on, as the saying is, owned that Mr. Gray never entered one of my lady's rooms without knocking down something, and too often breaking it. He would much sooner have faced a desperate poacher than a young lady any day. At least so we thought.

I do not know how it was that it came to pass that my lady became reconciled to Miss Galindo about this time. Whether it was that her ladyship was weary of the unspoken coolness with her old friend; or that the specimens of delicate sewing and fine spinning at the school, had mollified her towards Miss Bessy; but I was surprised to learn one day that Miss Galindo and her young friend were coming that very evening to the Hall to tea. This information was given me by Mrs. Medlicott, as a message from my lady, who further went on to desire that certain little preparations should be made in her own private sitting-room, in which the greater part of my days were spent. From the nature of these preparations, I became quite aware that my lady intended to do honour to her expected visitors. Indeed Lady Ludlow never forgave by halves, as I have known some people do. Whoever was coming as a visitor to my lady, peeress, or poor nameless girl, there was a certain amount of preparation required, in order to do them fitting honour. I do not mean to say that the preparation was of the same degree of importance in each case. I dare say, if a peeress had come to visit us at the Hall, the covers would have been taken off the furniture in the white drawing-room (they never were uncovered all the time I stayed at the Hall), because my lady would wish to offer her the ornaments and luxuries which this grand visitor (who never came—I wish she had! I did so want to see that furniture uncovered!) was accustomed to at home, and to present them to her in the best order in which my lady could. The same rule, modified, held good with Miss Galindo. Certain things, in which my lady knew she took an interest, were laid out ready for her to examine on this very day; and, what was more, great books of prints were laid out,

such as I remembered my lady had had brought forth to beguile my own early days of illness.—Mr. Hogarth's works, and the like,—which I was sure were put out for Miss Bessy.

No one knows how curious I was to see this mysterious Miss Bessy. Twenty times more mysterious, of course, for want of her surname. And then again (to try and account for my great curiosity, of which in recollection I am more than half ashamed), I had been leading the quiet monotonous life of a crippled invalid for now many years,—shut up from any sight of new faces; and this was to be the face of one whom I had thought about so much and so long,—O! I think I might be excused.

Of course they drank tea in the great hall, with the four young gentlewomen, who, with myself, formed the small bevy now under her ladyship's charge. Of those who were at Hanbury when first I came, none remained; all were married, or gone once more to live at some home which could be called their own, whether the ostensible head were father or brother. I myself was not without some hopes of a similar kind. My brother Harry was now a curate in Westmoreland, and wanted me to go and live with him, as I did eventually. But that is neither here nor there at present. What I am talking about is Miss Bessy.

After a reasonable time had elapsed, occupied as I well knew by the meal in the great hall,—the measured, yet agreeable conversation afterwards,—and a certain promenade around the hall, and through the drawing-rooms, with pauses before different pictures, the history or subject of each of which was invariably told by my lady to every new visitor,—a sort of giving them the freedom of the old family-seat, by describing the kind and nature of the great progenitors who had lived there before the narrator,—I heard the steps approaching my lady's room where I lay. I think I was in such a state of nervous expectation, that if I could have moved easily, I should have got up and run away. And yet I need not have been, for Miss Galindo was not in the least altered (her nose a little redder, to be sure, but then that might only have had a temporary cause in the private crying I know she would have had before coming to see her dear Lady Ludlow once again). But I could almost have pushed Miss Galindo away, as she intercepted me in my view of the mysterious Miss Bessy.

Miss Bessy was, as I knew, only about eighteen, but she looked older. Dark hair, dark eyes, a tall, firm figure, a good, sensible face, with a serene expression, not in the least disturbed by what I had been thinking must be such awful circumstances as a first introduction to my lady, who had so disapproved of her very existence; those are the clearest impressions I remember of my first interview with Miss Bessy. She seemed to observe us

all, in her quiet manner, quite as much as I did her; but she spoke very little; occupied herself, indeed, as my lady had planned, with looking over the great books of engravings. I think I must have (foolishly) intended to make her feel at her ease, by my patronage; but she was seated far away from my sofa, in order to command the light, and really seemed so unconcerned at her unwonted circumstances, that she did not need my countenance or kindness. One thing I did like; her watchful look at Miss Galindo from time to time; it showed that her thoughts and sympathy were ever at Miss Galindo's service, as indeed they well might be. When Miss Bessy spoke, her voice was full and clear, and what she said to the purpose, though there was a slight provincial accent in her way of speaking. After a while, my lady set us two to play at chess, a game which I had lately learnt at Mr. Gray's suggestion. Still we did not talk much together, though we were becoming attracted towards each other, I fancy.

"You will play well," said she. "You have only learnt about six months, have you? And yet you can nearly beat me, who have been at it as many years."

"I began to learn last November. I remember Mr. Gray's bringing me Philidor on Chess, one very foggy, dismal day."

What made her look up so suddenly, with bright inquiry in her eyes? What made her silent for a moment, as if in thought, and then go on with something, I know not what, in quite an altered tone?

My lady and Miss Galindo went on talking, while I sat thinking. I heard Captain James's name mentioned pretty frequently; and at last my lady put down her work, and said, almost with tears in her eyes:

"I could not—I cannot believe it. He must be aware she is a schismatic; a baker's daughter; and he is a gentleman by virtue and feeling, as well as by his profession, though his manners may be at times a little rough. My dear Miss Galindo, what will this world come to?"

Miss Galindo might possibly be aware of her own share in bringing the world to the pass which now dismayed my lady,—for, of course, though all was now over and forgiven, yet Miss Bessy's being received into a respectable maiden lady's house, was one of the portents as to the world's future which alarmed her ladyship; and Miss Galindo knew this,—but, at any rate, she had too lately been forgiven herself not to plead for mercy for the next offender against my lady's delicate sense of fitness and propriety,—so she replied:

"Indeed, my lady, I have long left off trying to conjecture what makes Jack fancy Gill, or Gill Jack. It's best to sit down quiet under the belief that marriages are made for us, somewhere out of this world, and out of the range of this world's

reasons and laws. I'm not so sure that I should settle it down that they were made in Heaven; t'other place seems to me as likely a workshop; but, at any rate, I've given up troubling my head as to why they take place. Captain James is a gentleman; I make no doubt of that ever since I saw him stop to pick up old Goody Blake (when she tumbled down on the slide last winter) and then swear at a little lad who was laughing at her, and cuff him till he tumbled down crying; but we must have bread somehow, and though I like it better baked at home in a good sweet brick oven, yet, as some folks never can get it to rise, I don't see why a man may not be a baker. You see, my lady, I look upon baking as a simple trade, and as such lawful. There is no machine comes in to take away a man's or woman's power of earning their living, like the spinning-jenny (the old busybody that she is), to knock up all our good old women's livelihood, and send them to their graves before their time. There's an invention of the enemy, if you will!"

"That's very true!" said my lady, shaking her head.

"But baking bread is wholesome, straightforward elbow-work. They have not got to inventing any contrivance for that yet, thank Heaven. It does not seem to me natural, nor according to Scripture, that iron and steel (whose brows can't sweat) should be made to do man's work. And so I say all those trades where iron and steel do the work ordained to man at the Fall, are unlawful, and I never stand up for them. But say this baker Brooke did knead his bread, and make it rise, and then that people, who had, perhaps, no good ovens, came to him, and bought his good light bread, and in this manner he turned an honest penny, and got rich; why, all I say, my lady, is this,—I dare say he would have been born a Hanbury, or a lord, if he could; and if he was not, it is no fault of his, that I can see, that he made good bread (being a baker by trade), and got money, and bought his land. It was his misfortune, not his fault, that he was not a person of quality by birth."

"That's very true," said my lady, after a moment's pause for consideration. "But, although he was a baker, he might have been a Churchman. Even your eloquence, Miss Galindo, shan't convince me that that is not his own fault."

"I don't see even that, begging your pardon, my lady," said Miss Galindo, emboldened by the first success of her eloquence. "When a Baptist is a baby, if I understand their creed aright, he is not baptised; and, consequently, he can have no godfathers and godmothers to do anything for him in his baptism; you agree to that, my lady?"

My lady would rather have known what her acquiescence would lead to, before acknowledging that she could not dissent

from this first proposition ; still she gave her tacit agreement by bowing her head.

"And, you know, our godfathers and godmothers are expected to promise and vow three things in our name, when we are little babies, and can do nothing but squall for ourselves. It is a great privilege, but don't let us be hard upon those who have not had the chance of godfathers and godmothers. Some people, we know, are born with silver spoons,—that's to say, a godfather to give one things, and teach one one's catechism, and see that we're confirmed into good church-going Christians,—and others with wooden ladles in their mouths. These poor last folks must just be content to be godfatherless orphans, and dissenters all their lives ; and if they are tradespeople into the bargain, so much the worse for them ; but let us be humble Christians, my dear lady, and not hold our heads too high because we were born orthodox quality."

"You go on too fast, Miss Galindo ! I can't follow you. Besides, I do believe dissent to be an invention of the Devil's. Why can't they believe as we do ? It's very wrong. Besides, it's schism and heresy, and, you know, the Bible says that's as bad as witchcraft."

My lady was not convinced, as I could see. After Miss Galindo had gone, she sent Mrs. Medlicott for certain books out of the great old library upstairs, and had them made up into a parcel under her own eye.

"If Captain James comes to-morrow, I will speak to him about these Brookes. I have not hitherto liked to speak to him, because I did not wish to hurt him, by supposing there could be any truth in the reports about his intimacy with them. But now I will try and do my duty by him and them. Surely this great body of divinity will bring them back to the true church."

I could not tell, for though my lady read me over the titles, I was not any the wiser as to their contents. Besides, I was much more anxious to consult my lady as to my own change of place. I showed her the letter I had that day received from Harry ; and we once more talked over the expediency of my going to live with him, and trying what entire change of air would do to re-establish my failing health. I could say anything to my lady, she was so sure to understand me rightly. For one thing, she never thought of herself, so I had no fear of hurting her by stating the truth. I told her how happy my years had been while passed under her roof ; but that now I had begun to wonder whether I had not duties elsewhere, in making a home for Harry,—and whether the fulfilment of these duties, quiet ones they must needs be in the case of such a cripple as myself, would not prevent my sinking into the querulous habit of thinking and talking into which I found myself occasionally falling. Add to which, there was the prospect of

benefit from the more bracing air of the north.

It was then settled that my departure from Hanbury, my happy home for so long, was to take place before many weeks had passed. And as, when one period of life is about to be shut up for ever, we are sure to look back upon it with fond regret, so I, happy enough in my future prospects, could not avoid recurring to all the days of my life in the Hall, from the time when I came to it, a shy, awkward girl, scarcely past childhood, to now, when a grown woman,—past childhood—almost, from the very character of my illness, past youth,—I was looking forward to leaving my lady's house (as a residence) for ever. As it has turned out, I never saw either her or it again. Like a piece of sea-wrack, I have drifted away from those days : quiet, happy, eventless days, very happy to remember !

I thought of good, jovial Mr. Mountford,—and his regrets that he might not keep a pack, "a very small pack," of harriers, and his merry ways, and his love of good eating ; of the first coming of Mr. Gray, and my lady's attempt to quench his sermons, when they tended to enforce any duty connected with education. And now we had an absolute school-house in the village ; and since Miss Bessy's drinking tea at the Hall, my lady had been twice inside it, to give directions about some fine yarn she was having spun for table-napery. And her ladyship had so outgrown her old custom of dispensing with sermon or discourse, that even during the temporary preaching of Mr. Crosse, she had never had recourse to it, though I believe she would have had all the congregation on her side if she had.

And Mr. Horner was dead, and Captain James reigned in his stead. Good, steady, severe, silent Mr. Horner ! with his clock-like regularity, and his snuff-coloured clothes, and silver buckles ! I have often wondered which one misses most when they are dead and gone,—the bright creatures full of life, who are hither and thither and everywhere, so that no one can reckon upon their coming and going, with whom stillness and the long quiet of the grave seems utterly irreconcilable, so full are they of vivid motion and passion,—or the slow, serious people, whose movements—nay, whose very words, seem to go by clock-work ; who never appear much to affect the course of our life while they are with us, but whose methodical ways show themselves when they are gone, to have been intertwined with our very roots of daily existence. I think I miss these last the most, although I may have loved the former best. Captain James never was to me what Mr. Horner was, though the latter had hardly changed a dozen words with me at the day of his death. Then Miss Galindo ! I remembered the time as if it had been but yesterday when she was but a name—and a

very odd one—to me ; then she was a queer, abrupt, disagreeable, busy old maid. Now I loved her dearly, and I found out that I was almost jealous of Miss Bessy.

Mr. Gray I never thought of with love ; the feeling was almost reverence with which I looked upon him. I have not wished to speak much of myself, or else I could have told you how much he had been to me during these long weary years of illness. But he was almost as much to every one, rich and poor, from my lady down to Miss Galindo's Sally.

The village, too, had a different look about it. I am sure I could not tell you what caused the change ; but there were no more lounging young men to form a group at the cross-road, at a time of day when young men ought to be at work. I don't say this was all Mr. Gray's doing, for there really was so much to do in the fields that there was but little time for lounging now-a-days. And the children were hushed up in school, and better behaved out of it, too, than in the days when I used to be able to go my lady's errands in the village. I went so little about now, that I am sure I can't tell you Miss Galindo found to scold ; and yet she looked so well and so happy that I think she must have had her accustomed portion of that wholesome exercise.

Before I left Hanbury, the rumour that Captain James was going to marry Miss Brooke, Baker Brooke's eldest daughter, and her father's co-heiress, was confirmed. He himself announced it to my lady ; nay, more, with a courage, gained, I suppose, in his former profession, where, as I have heard, he had led his ship into many a post of danger, he asked her ladyship, the Countess Ludlow, if he might bring his bride elect (the Baptist baker's daughter !) and present her to my lady !

I am glad I was not present when he made this request ; I should have felt so much ashamed for him, and I could not have helped being anxious till I heard my lady's answer, if I had been there. Of course she acceded ; but I can fancy the grave surprise of her look. I wonder if Captain James noticed it.

I hardly dared ask my lady, after the interview had taken place, what she thought of the bride elect ; but I hinted my curiosity, and she told me, that if the young person had applied to Mrs. Medlicott for the situation of cook, and Mrs. Medlicott had engaged her, she thought that it would have been a very suitable arrangement. I understood from this how little she thought a marriage with Captain James, R.N., suitable.

About a year after I left Hanbury, I received a letter from Miss Galindo. I think I can find it.

Hanbury, May 4, 1811.

DEAR MARGARET,

You ask for news of us all. Don't you know

there is no news in Hanbury ? Did you ever hear of an event here ? Now, if you have answered Yes, in your own mind to these questions, you have fallen into my trap, and never were more mistaken in your life. Hanbury is full of news ; and we have more events on our hands than we know what to do with. I will take them in the order of the newspapers—births, deaths, and marriages. In the matter of births, Jenny Lucas has had twins not a week ago. Sadly too much of a good thing, you'll say. Very true ; but then they died ; so their birth did not much signify. My cat has kitteded, too ; she has had three kittens, which again you may observe is too much of a good thing ; and so it would be, if it were not for the next item of intelligence I shall lay before you. Captain and Mrs. James have taken the old house next Pearson's ; and the house is over-run with mice, which is just as fortunate for me as the King of Egypt's rat-ridden kingdom was to Dick Whittington. For my cat's kittingen decided me to go and call on the bride, in hopes she wanted a cat ; which she did, like a sensible woman, as I do believe she is, in spite of Baptism, Bakers, Bread, and Birmingham, and something worse than all, which you shall hear about, if you'll only be patient. As I had got my best bonnet on—the one I bought when poor Lord Ludlow was last at Hanbury in '99—I thought it a great condescension in myself (always remembering the date of the Galindo Baronetcy) to go and call on the bride ; though I don't think so much of myself in my every-day clothes, as you know. But who should I find there but my Lady Ludlow ! She looks as frail and delicate as ever, but is, I think, in better heart ever since that old city merchant of a Hanbury took it into his head that he was a cadet of the Hanburys of Hanbury, and left her that handsome legacy. I'll warrant you the mortgage was paid off pretty fast ; and Mr. Horner's money—or my lady's money, or Harry Gregson's money, call it which you will—is invested in his name, all right and tight, and they do talk of his being captain of his school, or Grecian, or something, and going to college, after all ! Harry Gregson the poacher's son ! Well ! to be sure, we are living in strange times !

But I have not done with the marriages yet. Captain James is all very well, but no one cares for it now, we are all so full of Mr. Gray's. Yes, indeed, Mr. Gray is going to be married, and to nobody else but my little Bessy ! I tell her she will have to nurse him half the days of her life, he is such a frail little body. But she says she does not care for that, so that his body holds his soul it is enough for her. She has a good spirit, and a brave heart, has my Bessy ! It is a great advantage that she won't have to mark her clothes over again ; for when she had knitted herself her last set of stockings, I told her to put G for Galindo if she did not choose to put it for Gibson, for she should be my child, if she was no one else's. And now, you see, it stands for Gray. So there are two marriages, and what more would you have ? And she promises to take another of my kittens. Now, as to deaths : old Farmer Hale is dead—poor old man, I should think his wife thought it a good riddance, for he beat her every day that he was drunk, and he never was sober, in spite of Mr. Gray. I don't think (as I tell him) that Mr. Gray would ever have found courage to speak to Bessy as long as Farmer Hale lived, he took the old gentleman's sins so much to heart, and seemed to think it was all his fault for not being able to make a sinner into a saint. The parish bull is dead too. I never was so glad in my life. But they say we are to have a new one in his place. In the meantime I cross the common in peace, which is convenient

just now, when I have so often to go to Mr. Gray's to see about furnishing. Now you think I have told you all the Hanbury news, don't you? Not so. I think the very greatest thing of all is to come. I won't tantalise you, but just out with it, for you would never guess it. My Lady Ludlow has given a party, just like any plebeian amongst us. We had tea and toast in the blue drawing-room, old John Footman waiting, with Tom Diggles, the lad that used to frighten away crows in Farmer Hale's fields, following, in my lady's livery, hair powdered and everything. Mrs. Medlicott made tea in my lady's own room. My lady looked like a splendid fairy queen of mature age, in black velvet, and the old lace, which I have never seen her wear before since my lord's death. But the company, you'll say. Why we had the parson of Clover, and the parson of Headleigh, and the parson of Merribank, and the three parsonesses; and Farmer Donkin and two Miss Donkins; and Mr. Gray (of course), and myself and Bessy; and Captain and Mrs. James; yes, and Mr. and Mrs. Brooke, think of that! I am not so sure the parsons liked it; but he was there. For he has been helping Captain James to get my lady's land into order; and then his daughter married the agent; and Mr. Gray (who ought to know) says, after all, Baptists are not such bad people; and he was right against them at one time, as you may remember. Mrs. Brooke is a rough diamond, to be sure. People have said that of me, I know. But, being a Galindo, I learnt manners in my youth, and can take them up when I choose. But Mrs. Brooke never learnt manners, I'll be bound. When John Footman handed her the tray with the tea cups, she looked up at him, as if she were sorely puzzled by that way of going on. I was sitting next to her, so I pretended not to see her perplexity, and put her cream and sugar in for her, and was all ready to pop it into her hands,—when who should come up but that impudent lad, Tom Diggles (I call him lad, for all his hair is powdered, for you know that is not natural grey hair), with his tray full of cakes and what not, all as good as Mrs. Medlicott could make them. By this time, I should tell you, all the parsonesses were looking at Mrs. Brooke, for she had shown her want of breeding before; and the parsonesses, who were just a step above her in manners, were very much inclined to smile at her doings and sayings. Well! what does she do but pull out a clean Bandanna pocket-handkerchief, all red and yellow silk, and spread it over her best silk gown; it was, like enough, a new one, for I had it from Sally, who had it from her cousin Molly, who is dairy-woman at the Brookes', that the Brookes were mighty set-up with an invitation to drink tea at the Hall. There we were, Tom Diggles even on the grin (I wonder how long it is since he was own brother to a scarecrow, only not so decently dressed) and Mrs. Parsoness of Headleigh,—I forget her name, and it's no matter, for she's an ill-bred creature, I hope Bessy will behave herself better,—was right-down bursting with laughter, and as near a hee-haw as ever a donkey was, when what does my lady do? Aye! there's my own dear Lady Ludlow, God bless her! She takes out her own pocket-handkerchief, all snowy cambric, and lays it softly down on her velvet lap, for all the world as if she did it every day of her life, just like Mrs. Brooke, the baker's wife; and when the one got up to shake the crumbs into the fire-place, the other did just the same. But with such a grace! and such a look at us all! Tom Diggles went red all over; and Mrs. Parsoness of Headleigh scarce spoke for the rest of the evening; and the tears came into my old silly eyes; and Mr. Gray, who was before silent and awkward,

in a way which I tell Bessy she must cure him of, was made so happy by this pretty action of my lady's, that he talked away all the rest of the evening, and was the life of the company.

O! Margaret Dawson, I sometimes wonder if you're the better off for leaving us. To be sure you're with your brother, and blood is blood. But when I look at my lady and Mr. Gray, for all they're so different, I would not change places with any in England!

Alas! alas! I never saw my dear lady again. She died in eighteen hundred and fourteen, and Mr. Gray did not long survive her. As I dare say you know, the Reverend Henry Gregson is now vicar of Hanbury, and his wife is the daughter of Mr. Gray and Miss Bessy.

GRAVE VOICES.

The mists were beginning to creep and glide
(The yellow mists of dark November)
As I walk'd in a churchyard old and wide,
Under the daylight's dying ember,
And look'd at the graves on every side,
And thought of the end of life's December.

The gravestones once had stood upright,
But now they leant so close together,
They seem'd, to Fancy's shaping sight,
Like whispering witches; or a tether
Of pauper-women in dirty white,
Cowering under the aqueous weather.

The hollow cells of the dead below
Had sapp'd the gravestones' frail foundations;
The cold, thin grave-worm, wriggling slow,
Had push'd them somewhat from their stations;
And the moss had had plenty of time to grow
Over their rhyming declarations.

Whether it was some goblin sleight,
Or whether a trick of the mind's own playing,
Or whether a freak of the fading light,
Is past my power of bewraying;
But I thought each tomb became a sprite,
And I heard the words that they were saying.

For as many stones as there I found,
So many impish voices clatter'd:
Yea, the voices rose from underground,
From weedy hillocks old and batter'd;
Not one of the dead within each mound
But was with foul detraction spatter'd.

"My stony, lying face," said one,
"Declares that he who rots below it
His virtuous deeds had never done,
Till Death removed him; but (I know it)
He counted the virtues, and Heaven won,
But as the dreamings of a poet."

"And I," cried a goblin lean and small,
"Say of the knave who lieth under,
That he fed the wretched in his hall;
But he fed them only with his plunder.
And, if he endow'd a hospital
With theft; where lies the worth, or wonder?"

A third: "I speak in oily phrase
Of my occupant's amazing piety,
Recording his life of prayer and praise

To the very limits of satiety ;
But his heart sought dull, material ways,
And straggled to church for mere variety."

A fourth : "I sing in sounding verse
Of a genius underneath me sleeping:
I praise his writings, full, yet terse ;
But my words are with the rest in keeping.
His wits lay under a sluggish curse,
And their crops were never worth the reaping."

Thus, in the gathering shades of night,
And under the vapours cold and crawling,
Those gibing spirits, to left and right,
Our human vanity kept galling:
Uttering scorn in pride's despite,
In a way half-ludicrous, half-appalling.

I left the place with heavy heart,
And I sought the town in the lighted distance.
I needed the forms of life and art
To meet these ghosts with strong resistance.
But soon my gloom and the mists depart
By a sudden north wind's bleak assistance.

Our human hearts (I said) are wrought
Of good and ill in a subtle tangle ;
They err who count the good as naught,
And with redeeming angels wrangle :
We still hear God's harmonious thought,
However the earthly discords jangle.

I doubt not many a spotted life
Slept in that graveyard's black embracement ;
But some kept up a golden strife
With the dark: a dusky-bright enlacement.
Their souls, with quenchless ardour rife,
Lifted themselves from their own abasement.

THE POISONED MEAL.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE THIRD. THE EVIDENCE.

WE have followed Marie to the cell door. She has been illegally arrested by a stragem ; she has been illegally imprisoned as condemned felons are imprisoned ; she has not been heard in her own defence ; and she has never been confronted with her accusers. Thus far, the case is one of suspicion only. Waiting until the end of the trial before we decide on whom that suspicion ought to rest, let us now hear the evidence by which the Duparcs and their adherents proceeded to justify their conspiracy against the liberty and the life of a friendless girl.

Having secured Marie in solitary confinement, and having thus left the house and all that it contained for a whole night at the free disposal of the Duparcs, the Procurator Revel bethought himself, the morning after the arrest of his prisoner, of the necessity of proceeding with something like official regularity. He accordingly issued his requisition to the Lieutenant-Criminel to accompany him to the house of Monsieur Duparc, attended by the medical officers and the clerk, to inquire into the circumstances under which the suspected death by poisoning of Monsieur de Beaulieu had taken place. Marie had been imprisoned on the evening

of the seventh of August, and this requisition is dated on the morning of the eighth. The document betrays one remarkable informality. It mentions the death of Monsieur de Beaulieu ; but is absolutely silent on the subject of the alleged poisoning of seven persons at dinner the next day. And yet, it was this latter circumstance only which first directed suspicion against Marie, and which induced Lawyer Friley to lodge the information against her on which the Procurator was now acting. Probably Monsieur Revel's legal acumen convinced him, at the outset, that the story of the poisoned dinner was too weak to be relied on.

The officers of the law, accompanied by the doctors, proceeded to the house of the Duparcs on the eighth of August. After viewing the body of Monsieur de Beaulieu, the medical men were directed to open and examine it. They reported the discovery in the stomach of a reddish, brick-coloured liquid, somewhat resembling the lees of wine. The mucous membrane was detached in some places, and its internal surface was corroded. On examining the reddish liquid, they found it to contain a crystallised sediment, which, on analysis, proved to be arsenic. Upon this, the doctors delivered it as their opinion that Monsieur de Beaulieu had been poisoned, and that poison had been the cause of his death.

The event having taken this serious turn, the first duty of the Lieutenant-Criminel (according to the French law) was to send for the servant on whom suspicion rested, to question her, and to confront her with the Duparcs. He did nothing of the kind ; he made no inquiry after the servant (being probably unwilling to expose his colleague, the Procurator, who had illegally arrested and illegally imprisoned her) ; he never examined the kitchen utensils which the Commissary had locked up ; he never opened the servant's cupboard with the key that had been taken from her when she was searched in prison. All he did was to reduce the report of the doctors to writing, and to return to his office with his posse-comitatus at his heels.

It was next necessary to summon the witnesses and examine them. But the Procurator Revel now conveniently remembered the story of the poisoned dinner, and he sent the Lieutenant-Criminel to examine the Duparcs and their friends at the private residence of the family, in consideration of the sickly condition of the eaters of the adulterated meal. It may be as well to observe, here as elsewhere, that these highly-indulged personages had none of them been sufficiently inconvenienced even to go to bed, or in any way to alter their ordinary habits.

On the afternoon of the eighth, the Lieutenant-Criminel betook himself to the house of Monsieur Duparc, to collect evidence

touching the death by poison of Monsieur de Beaulieu. The first witness called was Monsieur Duparc.

This gentleman, it will be remembered, was away from home, on Monday, the sixth, when Monsieur de Beaulieu died, and only returned, at the summons of his eldest son, at half-past eleven on the forenoon of the seventh. He had nothing to depose connected with the death of his father-in-law or with the events which might have taken place in the house on the night of the sixth and the morning of the seventh. On the other hand, he had a great deal to say about the state of his own stomach after the dinner of the seventh—a species of information not calculated to throw much light on the subject of inquiry, which was the poisoning of Monsieur de Beaulieu.

The old lady, Madame de Beaulieu, was next examined. She could give no evidence of the slightest importance touching the matter in hand; but, like Monsieur Duparc, she had something to say on the topic of the poisoned dinner.

Madame Duparc followed on the list of witnesses. The report of her examination—so thoroughly had she recovered from the effects of the dinner of the seventh—ran to a prodigious length. Five-sixths of it were occupied with her own sensations and suspicions, and the sensations and suspicions of her relatives and friends, after they had risen from table. As to the point at issue, the point which affected the liberty, and perhaps the life, of her unfortunate servant, she had so little to say that her testimony may be repeated here in her own words:

"The witness (Madame Duparc) deposed, that after Marie had helped Monsieur de Beaulieu to get up, she (Marie) hastened out for the milk, and, on her return with it, prepared the hasty-pudding, took it herself off the fire, and herself poured it out into the plate—then left the kitchen to accompany Madame de Beaulieu to mass. Four or five minutes after Monsieur de Beaulieu had eaten the hasty-pudding, he was seized with violent illness."

Short as it is, this statement contains several distinct suppressions of the truth. First, Madame Duparc is wrong in stating that Marie fetched the milk, for it was the milkwoman who brought it to the house. Secondly, Madame Duparc conceals the fact that she handed the flour to the servant to make the hasty-pudding. Thirdly, Madame Duparc does not mention, that she held the plate for the pudding to be poured into, and took it to her father. Fourthly, and most important of all, Madame Duparc altogether omits to state, that she sprinkled salt, with her own hands, over the hasty-pudding, although she had expressly informed her servant, a day or two before, that salt was never to be mixed with it. At a subsequent stage of the proceedings, she was charged

with having salted the hasty-pudding herself, and she could not, and did not, deny it.

The examination of Madame Duparc ended the business on the day of the eighth. The next morning, the Lieutenant-Criminel, as politely attentive as before, returned to resume his inquiry at the private residence of Monsieur Duparc.

The first witness examined on the second day was Mademoiselle Duparc. She carefully followed her mother's lead—saying as little as possible about the preparation of the hasty-pudding on the morning of Monday, and as much as possible about the pain suffered by everybody after the dinner of Tuesday. Madame Beauguillot, the next witness, added her testimony, as to the state of her own digestive organs, after partaking of the same meal—speaking at such prodigious length that the poison would appear, in the case, to have produced its principal effect (and that of a stimulating kind) on her tongue. Her son, Monsieur de Beauguillot, was next examined, quite uselessly in relation to the death by poison which was the object of inquiry. The last witness was Madame Duparc's younger son—the same who had complained of feeling a gritty substance between his teeth at dinner. In one important respect, his evidence flatly contradicted his mother's. Madame Duparc had adroitly connected Monsieur de Beaulieu's illness with the hasty-pudding by describing the old man as having been taken ill four or five minutes after eating it. Young Duparc, on the contrary, declared that his grandfather first felt ill at nine o'clock—exactly two hours after he had partaken of his morning meal.

With the evidence of this last witness, the examinations at the private residence of Monsieur Duparc ended. Thus far, out of the seven persons, all related to each other, who had been called as witnesses, three (Monsieur Duparc himself, Madame Beauguillot, and her son) had not been in the house on the day when Monsieur de Beaulieu died. Of the other four, who had been present (Madame de Beaulieu, Madame Duparc, her son and her daughter), not one deposed to a single fact tending to fix on Marie any reasonable suspicion of having administered poison to Monsieur de Beaulieu.

The remaining witnesses, called before the Lieutenant-Criminel, were twenty-nine in number. Not one of them had been in the house on the Monday which was the day of the old man's death. Twenty-six of them had nothing to offer but hearsay evidence on the subject of the events which had taken place at, and after, the dinner of Tuesday. The testimony of the remaining three, namely, Lawyer Friley, who had lodged the information against Marie; Surgeon Hébert, who had searched her pockets in the house; and Commissary Bertot, who had searched her for the second

time, after taking her to prison,—was the testimony on which the girl's enemies mainly relied for substantiating their charges by positively associating her with the possession of arsenic.

Let us see what amount of credit can be attached to the evidence of these three witnesses.

Lawyer Friley was the first to be examined. After stating what share he had taken in bringing Marie to justice (it will be remembered that he lodged his information against her at the instance of Madame Duparc, without allowing her to say a word in her own defence), he proceeded to depose that he hunted about the bed on which the girl had lain down to recover herself, and that he discovered on the mattress seven or eight scattered grains of some substance which resembled the powder reported to have been found on the crumbs in her pockets. He added further, that on the next day, about two hours before the body of Monsieur de Beaulieu was examined, he returned to the house; searched under the bed, with Monsieur Duparc and a soldier named Cauvin; and found there four or five grains more of the same substance which he had discovered on the mattress.

Here were two separate portions of poison found, then. What did Lawyer Friley do with them? Did he seal them up immediately in the presence of witnesses, and take them to the legal authorities? Nothing of the sort. On being asked what he did with the first portion, he replied that he gave it to young Monsieur Beauguillot. Beauguillot's evidence was thereupon referred to; and it was found that he had never mentioned receiving the packet of powder from Friley. He had made himself extremely officious in examining the kitchen utensils; he had been as anxious as any one to promote the discovery of arsenic; and when he had the opportunity of producing it, if Friley were to be believed, he held it back, and said not one word about the matter. So much for the first portion of the mysterious powder, and for the credibility of Friley's evidence thus far!

On being questioned as to what he had done with the second portion, alleged to have been found under the bed, Friley replied that he had handed it to the doctors who opened the body, and that they had tried to discover what it was, by burning it between two copper pieces. A witness who had been present at this proceeding declared, on being questioned, that the experiment had been made with some remains of hasty-pudding scraped out of the saucepan. Here again was a contradiction, and here, once more, Friley's evidence was, to say the least of it, not to be depended on.

Surgeon Hébert followed. What had he done with the crumbs of bread scattered over with white powder, which he had found

in Marie's pocket? He had, after showing them to the company in the drawing-room, exhibited them next to the apothecary, and handed them afterwards to another medical man. Being finally assured that there was arsenic on the bread, he had sealed up the crumbs, and given the packet to the legal authorities. When had he done that? On the day of his examination as a witness—the fourteenth of August. When did he find the crumbs? On the seventh. Here was the arsenic, in this case, then, passing about from hand to hand, and not sealed up, for seven days. Had Surgeon Hébert anything more to say? Yes, he had another little lot of arsenic to hand in, which a lady-friend of his had told him she had found on Marie's bed, and which, like the first lot, had been passed about privately for seven days, from hand to hand, before it was sealed up. To us, in these later and better days, it seems hardly credible that the judge should have admitted these two packets in evidence. It is, nevertheless, the disgraceful fact that he did so receive them.

Commissary Bertot came next. He and the man named Vassol, who had helped him to entrap Marie into prison, and to search her before she was placed in solitary confinement, were examined in succession, and contradicted each other on oath, in the flattest manner. Bertot stated that he had discovered the dust at the bottom of her pockets, had shaken it out on paper; had placed with it the little linen bag, containing a morsel of the sacramental wafer, which had been sewn to her petticoat; had sealed the two up in one packet; and had taken the packet to the proper office. Vassol, on the other hand, swore that he had shaken out the pockets, and had made up the packet; and that Bertot had done nothing in the matter but lend his seal. Contradicting each other in these details, both agreed that what they had found on the girl was inclosed and sealed up in *one* packet, which they had left at the office, neglecting to take such a receipt for it as might have established its identity in writing. At this stage of the proceedings the packet was sent for. Three packets appeared instead of one! Two were composed of paper, and contained dust and a little white powder. The third was the linen bag, presented without any covering at all. Vassol, bewildered by the change, declared that of these three separate objects, he could only identify one—the linen bag. In this case, it was as clear as daylight that somebody must have tampered with the single sealed packet which Bertot and Vassol swore to having left at the office. No attempt, however, was made to investigate this circumstance; and the case for the prosecution—so far as the accusation of poisoning was concerned—closed with the examination of Bertot and Vassol.

Such was the evidence produced in support

of a charge which involved nothing less than the life or death of a human being.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH. THE SENTENCE.

WHILE the inquiry was in course of progress, various details connected with it found their way out of doors. The natural sense of justice among the people which had survived the corruptions of the time, was aroused to assert itself on behalf of the maid-of-all-work. The public voice spoke as loudly as it dared, in those days, in Marie's favour, and in condemnation of the conspiracy against her. People persisted, from the first, in inquiring how it was that arsenic had got into the house of Monsieur Duparc; and rumour answered, in more than one direction, that a member of the family had purchased the poison a short time since, and that there were persons in the town who could prove it. To the astonishment of every one, no steps were taken by the legal authorities to clear up this report, and to establish the truth or the falsehood of it, before the trial. Another circumstance, of which also no explanation was attempted, filled the public mind with natural suspicion. This was the disappearance of the eldest son of Monsieur and Madame Duparc. On the day of his grandfather's sudden death, he had been sent, as may be remembered, to bring his father back from the country; and, from that time forth, he had never reappeared at the house, and nobody could say what had become of him. Was it not natural to connect together the rumours of purchased poison and the mysterious disappearance of this young man? Was it not utterly inconsistent with any proceedings conducted in the name of justice to let these suspicious circumstances exist, without making the slightest attempt to investigate and to explain them?

But, apart from all other considerations, the charge against Marie, was on the face of it preposterously incredible. A friendless young girl arrives at a strange town, possessing excellent testimonials to her character, and gets a situation in a family every member of which is utterly unknown to her until she enters the house. Established in her new place, she instantly conceives the project of poisoning the whole family, and carries it out in five days from the time when she first took her situation, by killing one member of the household, and producing suspicious symptoms of illness in the cases of all the rest. She commits this crime having nothing to gain by it; and she is so inconceivably reckless of detection that she scatters poison about the bed on which she lies down, leaves poison sticking to crumbs in her pockets, puts those pockets on when her mistress tells her to do so, and hands them over without a moment's hesitation to the first person who asks permission to search them. What mortal evidence could substantiate such a wild charge as this? How does the

evidence actually presented substantiate it? No shadow of proof that she had purchased arsenic is presented, to begin with. The evidence against her is evidence which attempts to associate her with the actual possession of poison. What is it worth? In the first place, the witnesses contradict each other. In the second place, in no one case in which powdered substances were produced in evidence against her, had those powdered substances been so preserved as to prevent their being tampered with. Two packets of the powder pass about from hand to hand for seven days; two have been given to witnesses who can't produce them, or account for what has become of them; and one, which the witnesses who made it up swear to as a single packet, suddenly expands into three when it is called for in evidence!

Careless as they were of assuming even the common external decencies of justice, the legal authorities and their friends, the Duparcs, felt that there would be some risk in trying their victim for her life on such evidence as this, in a large town like Caen. It was impossible to shift their ground and charge her with poisoning accidentally; for they either could not, or would not, account on ordinary grounds for the presence of arsenic in the house. And, even if this difficulty were overcome, and if it were alleged that arsenic purchased for killing vermin, had been carelessly placed in one of the salt-cellars on the dresser, Madame Duparc could not deny that her own hands had salted the hasty-pudding on the Monday, and that her servant had been too ill through exhaustion to cook the dinner on the Tuesday. Even supposing there were no serious interests of the vilest kind at stake, which made the girl's destruction a matter of necessity, it was clearly impossible to modify the charge against her. One other alternative remained—the alternative of adding a second accusation which might help to strengthen the first, and to degrade Marie in the estimation of those inhabitants of the town who were now disposed to sympathise with her.

The poor girl's character was so good, her previous country life had been so harmless, that no hint or suggestion for a second charge against her could be found in her past history. If her enemies were to succeed, it was necessary to rely on pure invention. Having hesitated before no extremes of baseness and falsehood, thus far, they were true to themselves in regard to any vile venture which remained to be tried. A day or two after the examination of the witnesses called to prove the poisoning had been considered complete, the public of Caen were amazed to hear that certain disclosures had taken place which would render it necessary to try Marie, on a charge of theft as well as of poisoning. She was now not only accused of the murder of Monsieur de Beaulieu, but of robbing her

former mistress, Madame Dumesnil (a relation, be it remembered, of Monsieur Revel's), in the situation she occupied before she came to Caen; of robbing Madame Duparc; and of robbing the shopwoman from whom she had bought the piece of orange-coloured stuff, the purchase of which is mentioned in an early part of this narrative.

There is no need to hinder the progress of the story by entering into details in relation to this second atrocious charge. When the reader is informed that the so-called evidence in support of the accusation of theft was got up by Procurator Revel, by Commissary Bertot, and by Madame Duparc, he will know beforehand what importance to attach to it, and what opinion to entertain on the question of the prisoner's innocence or guilt.

The preliminary proceedings were now considered to be complete. During their progress, Marie had been formally interrogated, in her prison, by the legal authorities. Fearful as her situation was, the poor girl seems to have maintained self-possession enough to declare her innocence of poisoning and her innocence of theft firmly. Her answers, it is needless to say, availed her nothing. No legal help was assigned to her; no such institution as a jury was in existence in France. Procurator Revel collected the evidence, Procurator Revel tried the case, Procurator Revel delivered the sentence. Need the reader be told that Marie's irresponsible judge and unscrupulous enemy had no difficulty whatever in finding her guilty? She had been arrested on the seventh of August, seventeen hundred and eighty-one. Her doom was pronounced on the seventeenth of April, seventeen hundred and eighty-two. Throughout the whole of that interval she remained in prison.

The sentence was delivered in the following terms. It was written, printed, and placarded in Caen; and it is here translated from the original French:

"The Procurator Royal of the Bailiwick and civil and criminal Bench and Presidency of Caen, having taken cognizance of the documents concerning the trial specially instituted against Marie-Françoise-Victorie-Salmon, accused of poisoning; the said documents consisting of an official report of the capture of the said Marie-Françoise-Victorie-Salmon on the seventh of August last, together with other official reports, &c.,

"Requires that the prisoner shall be declared duly convicted,

"I. Of having, on the Monday morning of the sixth of August last, cooked some hasty pudding for Monsieur Paisant de Beaulieu, father-in-law of Monsieur Huet-Duparc, in whose house the prisoner had lived in the capacity of servant from the first day of the said month of August; and of having put arsenic in the said hasty-pudding while cooking it,

by which arsenic the said Monsieur de Beaulieu died poisoned, about six o'clock on the same evening.

"II. Of having on the next day, Tuesday, the seventh of August last, put arsenic into the soup which was served, at noon, at the table of Monsieur and Madame Duparc, her employers, in consequence of which all those persons who sat at table and eat of the said soup were poisoned and made dangerously ill, to the number of seven.

"III. Of having been discovered with arsenic in her possession, which arsenic was found on the said Tuesday, in the afternoon, not only in the pockets of the prisoner, but upon the mattress of the bed on which she was resting; the said arsenic having been recognised as being of the same nature and precisely similar to that which the guests discovered to have been put into their soup, as also to that which was found the next day, in the body of the aforesaid Monsieur de Beaulieu, and in the saucepan in which the hasty-pudding had been cooked, of which the aforesaid Monsieur de Beaulieu had eaten.

"IV. Of being *strongly suspected* of having put some of the same arsenic into a plate of cherries which she served to Madame de Beaulieu, on the same Tuesday morning, and again on the afternoon of the same day at the table of Monsieur and Madame Duparc.

"V. Of having, at the period of Michaelmas, seventeen hundred and eighty, committed different robberies at the house of Monsieur Dumesnil, where she lived in the capacity of servant, and notably of stealing a sheet, of which she made herself a petticoat and an apron.

"VI. Of having, at the beginning of the month of August last, stolen, in the house of Monsieur Huet-Duparc, the different articles enumerated at the trial, and which were found locked up in her cupboard.

"VII. Of being *strongly suspected* of stealing, at the beginning of the said month of August, from the woman Lefèvre, a piece of orange-coloured stuff.

"For punishment and reparation of which offences, she, the said Marie-Françoise-Victorie-Salmon, shall be condemned to make atonement, in her shift, with a halter round her neck, holding in her hands a burning wax candle of the weight of two pounds, before the principal gate and entrance of the church of Saint Peter, to which she shall be taken and led by the executioner of criminal sentences, who will tie in front of her and behind her back, a placard, on which shall be written in large characters, these words:—*Poisoner and Domestic Thief*. And there, being on her knees, she shall declare that she has wickedly committed the said robberies and poisonings, for which she repents and asks pardon of God and Justice. This done, she shall be led by the said executioner to the square of the market of Saint Saviour's, to be there fastened to a stake with a chain of iron, and to be

burnt alive; her body to be reduced to ashes, and the ashes to be cast to the winds; her goods to be acquired and confiscated to the king, or to whomsoever else they may belong. Said goods to be charged with a fine of ten livres to the king, in the event of the confiscation not turning to the profit of his Majesty.

"Required, additionally, that the said prisoner shall be previously submitted to the Ordinary and Extraordinary Torture, to obtain information of her accomplices, and notably of those who either sold to her or gave to her the arsenic found in her possession. Order hereby given for the printing and placarding of this sentence, in such places as shall be judged fit. Deliberated at the bar, this seventeenth April, seventeen hundred and eighty-two.

"(Signed) REVEL."

On the next day, the eighteenth, this frightful sentence was formally confirmed.

The matter had now become public, and no one could prevent the unfortunate prisoner from claiming whatever rights the law still allowed her. She had the privilege of appealing against her sentence before the parliament of Rouen. And she appealed accordingly; being transferred, as directed by the law in such cases, from the prison at Caen to the prison at Rouen, to await the decision of the higher tribunal.

On the seventeenth of May the Rouen parliament delivered its judgment, and confirmed the original sentence.

There was some difficulty, at first, in making the unhappy girl understand that her last chance for life had failed her. When the fact that her sentence was ordered to be carried out was at length impressed on her mind, she sank down with her face on the prison floor—then started up on her knees, passionately shrieking to Heaven to have pity on her, and to grant her the justice and the protection which men denied. Her agitation at the frightful prospect before her was so violent, her screams of terror were so shrill and piercing, that all the persons connected with the management of the prison hurried together to her cell. Among the number were three priests, who were accustomed to visit the prisoners and to administer spiritual consolation to them. These three men mercifully set themselves to soothe the mental agony from which the poor creature was suffering. When they had partially quieted her, they soon found her willing and anxious to answer their questions. They inquired carefully into the main particulars of her sad story; and all three came to the same conclusion, that she was innocent. Seeing the impression she had produced on them, she caught, in her despair, at the idea that they might be able to preserve her life; and the dreadful duty devolved on them of depriving her of this last hope. After the

confirmation of the sentence, all that they could do was to prove their compassion by preparing her for eternity.

On the twenty-sixth of May, the priests spoke their last words of comfort to her soul. She was taken back again, to await the execution of her sentence in the prison of Caen. The day was at last fixed for her death by burning, and the morning came when the Torture-Chamber was opened to receive her.

HISTORIC DOUBT.

WE all have a lively knowledge of the accepted story of the Maid of Arc. We know how the lonely girl of thirteen followed her father's flocks, or sat beneath the venerable oak-tree, shunning the companionship of her schoolmates. Righteous indignation flashed from her eye as she walked over the ashes of the once lovely church of Domremy her happy village home, despoiled by the Burgundian marauders. We can follow her to Voucouleurs, and thence to Chinon, where she at once selected the disguised Charles from the crowd of courtiers, and confidently announced her high mission. We can trace her to Orleans, where she led the van, and sent haughty summonses to the English with the signature, "Jhesus Maria et Jehanne la Pucelle;" at length driving back the enemy from the beleaguered city, and thus kindling anew in her countrymen the light of patriotism, and beginning a new era in French history. Then we remember her reverses: how she was captured during the siege of Compiègne, and handed over by her captors to the English, who detained her at Rouen: how the zeal of the Bishop of Beauvais and the University of Paris procured her trial on the charge of being "a disciple and lyambe of the Fiend, that used false enchantments and sorcerie:" how her accusers, allowed her neither counsel nor adviser of any kind; and, during a trial of fifteen days' duration, examined her with great virulence: how they extorted her opinion of the revelations made to her by certain heavenly voices, and of the visions which she was permitted to behold, and her declaration that she would choose to obey those voices rather than the ordinances of the Church.

For this she was condemned by the University to be burnt at the stake. But her courage failed her, more perhaps at the thought that she was fighting single-handed, against the venerable wisdom of the Church than at the peril of life, which she had braved so lightly on the battle-field. She signed a recantation, and her sentence was commuted to perpetual imprisonment.

Two days and nights of solitude brought back her old convictions, and dispersed her new doubts. Her only feeling was one of shame at having turned aside for a moment.

"What I resolved," she declared, "I

resolved against truth. Let me suffer my sentence at once, rather than endure what I endure in prison." She was taken at her word.

On the thirtieth of May, fourteen hundred and thirty-one—exactly a year and a week after her capture, when she was not more than twenty-one years old, if as much—she was informed of her doom: To be burnt alive, that very day, in the market-place of Rouen. For a few moments the awful shadow of death, so sudden and terrible, was too chill and black for her to bear. She wept bitterly, and called aloud on the Great Judge of Heaven to wreak instant vengeance on her enemies, and to save her from their cruelty. But her courage soon returned. At nine in the morning she was placed in the hangman's car and escorted to the market-place by a party of English soldiers. A lying sermon was preached. She was bound to the pile; a mock mitre was placed upon her brow, inscribed with the words, "Hérétique Relapse, Apostate, Idolâtre," and the wood was lighted. Her ashes were thrown into the Seine. Meanwhile, the Charles whom she had crowned was forgetting all but himself in his regal revels, and stifling conscience for his desertion of the high-minded maid in the company of dames and light maidens with whom he was in stronger sympathy.

This is the account which the ordinary historical authorities give of the end of Joan of Arc; but a few old records exist at Metz and Orleans, which tend to prove that she was alive long after the period of her reported martyrdom; and, a short time ago, these were collected and made the most of by Monsieur Delepierre, in an interesting tract, entitled *Doute Historique* (Historic Doubt). When are we to take up again a fact in History, and say to ourselves, This is settled beyond all dispute?

He begins by quoting the authority of the Père Vignier, an eminent antiquarian of the seventeenth century. This investigator, while examining the archives at Metz, in the year sixteen hundred and eighty-seven, found an entry to the effect that, on the twentieth of May, fourteen hundred and thirty-six, "La Pucelle Jehanne, who had been in France," came to that town; and "on the same day came her two brothers, one of whom was a knight, and called himself Messire Pierre, and the other Petit-Jehan, an esquire," who thought that she had been dead; but, "as soon as they saw her, they recognised her, as she did them." The document goes on to state that, on the next day, they took her to Boquelon, and procured for her a horse, a pair of leggings, a cap, and a sword; and "the said Pucelle managed the horse very well, and said many things to the Sieur Nicole, so that he felt sure that this was she who had been in France; and she was identified by many signs as La Pucelle Jehanne de France, who had consecrated Charles at Rheims." After going to Cologne and many

other places, where she was looked upon as the genuine Maid, she reached Erlon, where "she was married to Monsieur de Hermoise, a knight;" and soon after this "the said Sieur de Hermoise and his wife La Pucelle came and lived in Metz, in the house which belonged to the said Sieur."

The Père Vignier did not set much value on this record (and we cannot blame his scepticism) until the next year, sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, when he happened to dine with a Monsieur des Armoises, who, after the entertainment, gave him the keys of the family library, where, to his surprise and delight, he stumbled on a marriage contract between "Robert des Armoises, knight, and Jeanne d'Arcy, called Maid of Orleans." This confirmation of the Metz record satisfied him.

Monsieur Delepierre then refers to some documents found at Orleans in seventeen hundred and forty, which contain charges, under the years fourteen hundred and thirty-five and fourteen hundred and thirty-six, for money given to a messenger, who "brought letters from Jehanne la Pucelle," and to Jehan de Lils (that being the title by which her brothers had been ennobled), "to help him in returning to his sister." There is a third entry: "To Jehanne Darmoises, as a present, made to her on the first of August, fourteen hundred and thirty-nine, after the deliberation of the council of this city, for the services rendered by her at its siege: two hundred and ten livres."

As a last documentary evidence, there is a petition from her brother, previous to his being ennobled in fourteen hundred and forty-four—a date contradicted by the Orleans charge, which was made in fourteen hundred and thirty-six. This petition represents that "he had left his native place to join the king's service in company with his sister, Jeanne la Pucelle, with whom, up to the time of her absence, and since then till the present, he had risked his life."

Monsieur Delepierre also urges, that at the time of Joan's reputed execution, in the year fourteen hundred and thirty-one, there was a common talk that she was not dead, but that the English had put another victim in her place. Thus, the Chronicle of Metz, after relating the story of her imprisonment, trial, and burning, concludes, "ainsi qu'on le raconte, car depuis le contraire a été prouvé." (As they relate, for the contrary has since been proved.)

He regards the period which elapsed between her condemnation and execution, and the extraordinary precautions which were taken to conceal her, as calling for some explanation. He notices that several women who assumed the name of the Maid of Orleans were tried and punished as impostors, while no proceedings were taken against this Jeanne des Armoises, or de Hermoise, or Darmoises. In conclusion, he considers that these various facts are only explicable on the supposition

that some young woman was substituted for her at the burning pyre of Rouen, and that she continued a captive until the death of the Duke of Bedford in fourteen hundred and thirty-five, when she was released from prison, and returned to pass many more years in the world.

Assuming the genuineness of the evidence thus adduced (but trustworthy critics have rejected it), there is little to prove that this Jeanne was not one of the many impostors whom the circumstances of the time produced; but one more successful than the rest. The personations by Lambert Simnel, Perkin Warbeck, and others in our time, are instances of credulity and deceit working together successfully. The state of France was so unsettled, and the circumstances of this case were so peculiar, that such a fraud was easy. Many would be ready to receive a clever impostor, without instituting any very curious investigation; and the brothers of Joan, if they were not themselves deceived, might be disposed to countenance a fraud which would increase their influence. Then, the cowardly sacrifice of the Maid would be a sufficiently delicate subject with the king and courtiers for them to wish to hush it up. Besides, the Amazonian Joan was as much needed at the time of her death as she was during her life. The enemy had been but feebly, incoherently repulsed. The forces she had set in motion were at work; but they needed her strong will to urge them on. Do we believe that, having nearly burnt more than her fingers over state affairs, she gave them up, and ended her days as a comfortable housekeeper?

ON THE CANAL.

STAGE THE THIRD.

ANOTHER feverish night of lock-bumping, roaring of small cataracts, and, this time, the puffing of a wheezy engine pumping water from a low reservoir into a high-level part of the canal, and we arose from our hold very early to be conscious of the absolute necessity of providing our morning's breakfast. We had coffee, and we had stale bread; while the Stourport larder had also stale bread, many pounds of the beef, and some of the inferior tea, still on board. But we were getting dainty—hungering, not exactly after the flesh-pots of that civilised Egypt we had left behind us, but after rural luxuries, familiar to us in the pages of those poetical rhapsodists who are never tired of singing the praises of the country. Where were the new-laid eggs? where were the fowls that laid them? where were the autumnal fruits? where was the delicate bacon? the cottage-bread? the cream as thick as paste? We were sensible of feeling money in our pockets, and we demanded to be fed; and we consulted Captain Randle upon this important subject. That experienced commander would not give

us a plain, direct answer, but encouraged us with the hope of reaching a village bordering upon a lock in about an hour, where he thought, in all probability, we should get what we required. He was only artfully concealing his ignorance; for, familiar as he was with the line of route, he knew less than an infant about the commercial provision-supplying capabilities of the towns and stations on the canal, for the very sufficient reason that he never had had occasion to test them. His phantom promised village seemed to recede as we advanced, until we had almost given it up, when we came upon it suddenly through a bridge, about half-past six in the morning. A glance at the High Street showed us in a moment what a stony-hearted, fruitless place we had at last fallen upon. It was nothing but a collection of thatched barns, with closed yellow curtains, and sleeping inmates; while the damp white mist came steaming along from the small silent church, making, at best, a cheerless picture in the eyes of two hungry travellers. The crowing of a distant cock only added to the melancholy idea of hopeless solitude. We turned with heavy hearts and retraced our steps over the bridge to the barge, to reproach Captain Randle with his perfidy. On the towing-path, we came full upon an old man carrying two large pails of fresh milk, just drawn from a group of cows now standing empty in the neighbouring meadows. Our desire to purchase some of this precious fluid was treated with moody silence, not to say surly contempt; and, when we offered a price gradually rising until it reached the height of one shilling a pint, with no visible effect upon the holder, we felt very much inclined for a little highway robbery. We were only saved from this crime by the interference of our deceitful captain, who told us the milk belonged to the carrier's master in the town, and that it was "as good as the place of the mon wur worth, if he dared to sell a thimbleful." The man might have told us this himself, if he had not been a boor.

We went on to the lock, and found a cottage where two loaves of bread, a blacking-bottle, some hearthstone, and a few balls of worsted were displayed in the window; and, after knocking hopefully at the door, it was slowly opened by a youth, who stood across the step as if to impede our entrance, while a middle-aged woman, most probably his mother, sat upon her chair by a table in the room, without taking the slightest notice of two such wealthy and anxious customers. We found that our canal journey had brought us to a land where the ordinary relations of buyer and seller were reversed; where it was looked upon as a favour granted when an article was sold; as an obligation incurred when an article was allowed to be purchased. We were kept at a respectful distance by the owners of the cottage-shop on the canal

bank, and graciously allowed to buy a few eggs and some bacon ; for nothing more could be seen, except large loaves of stale bread, which we had already more than enough of on board the Stourport. We managed to make a tolerable breakfast with our purchases, and Cuddy distinguished himself particularly by the manner in which he made a number of eggs supply the place of milk in the coffee. Captain Randle looked on, and regarded us with a half-fatherly interest, at the same time that he felt we were problems which he should never be able to solve.

The captain always spoke of the "Coompany," as if they stood bodily before him in the persons of one or two individuals, and not as a pure abstraction which he had no personal acquaintance with. He must have had a pretty fair idea, too, of the number of shareholders, by the way in which he reckoned a dead horse as a loss to them of only fourpence a-piece. Captain Randle's life had not been very eventful, nor his experience very wide, and he was, consequently, rather limited in his topics of conversation. His stories were not numerous, and his mind seemed to run very much upon three or four ideas, which he clung to with characteristic pertinacity, as being his only holds upon the past.

His son, the straw-haired boy, had, some years ago, fallen into a lock, along with the horse that was towing the boat. The boy sank beneath the animal, but was got out after great difficulty, the horse being drowned. The old man had to report at head-quarters, as a matter of form, the nature of an accident that had caused the company the loss of a horse ; and whether, anticipating a demand being made upon him for the value of the animal, he had with great difficulty arrived at an exact estimate of the amount of individual loss to each shareholder, I cannot tell ; but he certainly never missed an opportunity of saying to me, when telling the story :

"You see, Must'r Olly, it wur only fourpence a-piece, all round."

Another of Captain Randle's fixed ideas, was a wonderful faith in the abilities of a brother who had recently died, and who appeared to have been the wild erratic genius of the family.

"Ah, Must'r Olly," said the old man, "he wur always drinkun' and fighten' about ; an' if any mon said anythin' to him, he could cut him loike a knife. Dear, dear, he wur a room chup, poor Bill ; I've seen him stan' on's head on a table dancin' a 'ornpipe in the air like mad. But he never did any good for hissel', Must'r Olly ; never any good."

It was while in familiar conversation with Captain Randle, allowing him to convey his own small stock of stories and ideas uninterruptedly in his own way, that he made us acquainted with a great contractor, whose operations, if only allowed to develope, would have rivalled in magnitude and money value

anything ever accomplished by Mr. Peto, or Mr. Cubitt. This unknown contractor may have had little existence, except in the brain of Captain Randle ; but that did not prevent our worthy commander from bringing him before us, with his offers to the company, at almost every hour of the day. Never did we mention to the captain, that the canal was making a wide circuit without much progress through the country ; never did we come to one of those gradual, step by step, rises in the ground, and an expensive little staircase of locks ; without being told what this great unknown contractor had offered to do.

"You see, Must'r Olly," said the captain, "what this coompany wants is another toonnel, runnin' under that groun' yander, an' cutting off sixteen locks at once."

"An expensive job, Captain," I replied.

"Must'r Olly," he continued impressively, "this mon told the coompany they'd save it in twenty year, an' he offered to do it for a million an' a 'arf."

"Who is this man, dealing in such large sums ?" asked Cuddy.

"Well, he be a lock-keeper, William," said the captain.

I endeavoured to explain to our commander (but with no effect), how gladly many contractors would have undertaken the proposed task for something considerably less.

"Noa, Must'r Olly," he said ; "a million an' a 'arf is what he offered to do it for ; an' he told the coompany it would be the makin' of 'em."

By this time the sun was getting high in the heavens, and we had finished breakfast ; while Captain Randle was now busy in dishing up an early dinner for himself and his men. This consisted of large lumps of the boiled beef, mixed with slices of bacon, and all fried together in a pan. When it was put upon a plate on the deck, by the side of an eight pound mountain of bread, the salt-box, and the pepper-box, it looked so very fat, so very yellow, and so very greasy, that Cuddy, who frames his conduct upon polite models, thought we ought, in common courtesy, to leave the boatmen to enjoy their meal undisturbed. Before his thoughtful suggestion could be carried into execution, and we had leaped off the barge on to the towing-path, under a bridge, to take a morning's walk, Captain Randle detained us for a few minutes by a favourite question, which he always would put to us when the Stourport's victualling system was in any way brought under our notice.

The captain felt a complete identity of interest with his butcher, with whom he had dealt for upwards of twenty-five years ; and he was always asking us, what estimate we could form of the probable extent of this great provision-dealer's business.

"How many beasts d'ye think he killed last Tuesday ?" inquired the captain.

"Two," we said, by way of a wild answer.

"Fifty beasts!" returned the captain.
 "How many on Friday?"

"Four."

"Thirty-nine!"

"And as fine as that beef on the plate?" I inquired.

"Ev'ry one," returned the captain, in an outburst of admiration; adding, "I can't be messed about wi' a lot o' small butchers, Must'r Oly."

Leaving the Stourport a little way behind us, we caught up to our butty-boat—the barge in advance—and made a more intimate acquaintance with one of its men; a cheerful, playful giant, whom we had observed in the distance, on many occasions during the last two days, gamboling upon the towing-path. He was about six feet three in height, not very upright in body, although not more than twenty-eight years of age; and as red in the face as any North American Indian. He was dressed in very loose trousers, the usual heavy boot, and a common white shirt, which he wore wide open at the chest, and rolled up above the elbows. Everything that this giant did was rude, clumsy, violent, energetic. He never walked quietly by the side of the horse, but was always breaking into a loose, straggling run, throwing his long and powerful legs wildly from side to side, and making an iron clatter upon the pathway that denoted an amount of wear and tear almost equal to the action of a horse. The giant seemed to have no fear of a sun-stroke, for he coquetted with it like a salamander. The burning rays poured down upon his face and neck, making them shine like a copper tea-kettle; yet the playful Titan kept plunging on; every bone in his body jolting as he went. I do not believe the horse he was driving was naturally a restive and refractory animal, except under a strong sense of physical rivalry, which it felt by the side of its driver. If it had only been left alone, it would have gone on quietly and steadily enough, after the fashion of its brother canal-horses; or, with a feeble driver, it would have submitted with a dignified grace, conscious of superior strength held back by an amiable disposition. But the brawny giant, who was yelling, shouting, whip-cracking, and war-dancing round its head, presented the appearance of a foeman; and the noble animal consequently started against the bank, and would have butted its tormentor, if it had not been held back by the checking power of the towing-rope. I am afraid that the mixture of the mariner and the carter, presented in the person of nearly every boatman, is not conducive to the proper understanding of the nature and character of horses.

We left the cheerful giant struggling with his enemy, and walked on sharply by the sides of the field-bordered stream. It was at this moment of our canal-existence

that some demon whispered to Cuddy, "Have a fowl for dinner." We were never particularly fond of bacon; and we began to loathe eggs; for we had had them to eat at our breakfast, to drink in our coffee, boiled and fried for our dinner, and there was still the prospect of them before us for our next meal. For this reason, if for nothing else, we cultivated the idea of the fowl, and began to look sharply about us for the prospect of realising it. On we wandered for many miles by the side of the canal, the two barges following in our rear, glancing carefully right and left, without coming to any village or house, and without meeting any living thing. At last we reached a melancholy canal-side tavern; where nothing was to be got but a very thin and sour ale, and where we were given to understand, in answer to our anxious inquiries, that in those parts the common barn-fowl was a bird almost as scarce as the celebrated dodo.

On again we walked, with increasing appetites and decreasing hopes, until we came upon the village of Stoke Brewin, not far from the mouth of the celebrated Blisworth Canal tunnel, through which we were to pass on board the Stourport. Stoke Brewin is one small cottage street, with many outlying barns;—a village that does not covet patronage of strangers. The first inquiry we made respecting this phantom fowl, was addressed to an old woman standing at the door of a thatched hut.

"A vowl, measter?" she asked, in astonishment. "What, a live vowl?"

"No, ma'am," I said; "a dead fowl, for cooking."

"Dead or alive," said Cuddy, who was more desperate.

"I'm sure I doan't know, measter," returned the old woman; "I doan't think onybody be havin' such a thing in Stoke. Ye cen try of Must'r Edwards, at the corner."

The corner alluded to was only a few yards off, and we made rapidly towards Mr. Edwards's cottage. There was Mr. Edwards, a fat man, standing in the low doorway, shaking his head at us as if we had been vagrant tramps, or he had never heard of such a bird as a fowl during the whole of his village existence. Turning our backs very quickly upon Mr. Edwards, we strode along the short street until we came to the village butcher's, whose shop was a little larger than the Stourport cabin, and would not have contained much animal food if it had been filled to overflowing. It was as clean as the cage of a wild beast an hour after feeding-time. Not a scrap of anything was visible but a piece of suet the size of a nut, upon which a dozen ravenous flies and a blue-bottle had settled. This was a state of things that required explanation, and we proceeded through the shop and tapped at the half-curtained door-window of the back-parlour. This was at

once opened, and we saw the master of the shop devouring part of the only leg of mutton upon the premises.

"Two shillings a pound for that leg of mutton," said Cuddy, without the slightest hesitation.

"Noa," said the man sulkily, seeming to understand the eccentric but very natural offer; "there beant too much 'ere fur my family, an' I wun't sell to ony mun."

Further higgling was useless, and we left this mockery of a shop, with the highway-robber part of our character again strongly developed.

"I tell you what, Cuddy," I said, "a twenty-pound note in one's pocket at Stoke Brewin is not of so much use as a pipe-light. We'd better declare on the parish."

A few more steps brought us to the canal bank, where we found another foodless tavern stocked with the thin, sour ale; and as the Stourport and its buttly-barge had not yet arrived, we entered the pale of mild dissipation to drink ourselves into a better humour.

"I suppose Lundun be very dool, now?" inquired the young lady who served us with the beer.

"Dull!" almost shouted Cuddy, whose gallantry was quite gone; "the dullest street in the dullest part of the city, at the dullest time of the day, and the dullest part of the year, is a bear garden compared with Stoke Brewin!"

I started from the house upon hearing this speech, and was soon followed by Cuddy. We found our friendly Stourport lying in the lock ready to receive us; and by this time we understood the forethought and prudence displayed in victualling the boat at London with fifty pounds of beef, obtained from the great butcher who sacrificed a hundred beasts a week.

The boatmen were preparing for the passage of the Blisworth tunnel (nearly two miles in length) an underground journey of an hour's duration. The horses were unhooked, and while standing in a group upon the towing-path, one of the child-drivers, a girl about six years of age, got in between them with a whip, driving them, like a young Amazon, right and left; utterly disregarding the frantic yells of a dozen boatmen, and nearly half a dozen family-boatmen's wives. At the mouth of the tunnel were a number of leggers, waiting to be employed; their charge being one shilling to leg the boat through. We engaged one of these labourers for our boat to divide the duty with one of our boatmen; while the youth went overland with the horse. A lantern was put at the head of the boat; the narrow boards, like tailors' sleeve-boards, were hooked on like projecting oars near the head; the two legging men took their places upon these slender platforms, lying upon their backs; and with their feet placed horizontally against the wall, they proceeded to shove us with

measured tread through the long, dark tunnel.

The place felt delightfully cool, going in out of the full glare of a fierce noon-day sun; and this effect was increased by the dripping of water from the roof; and the noise caused by springs which broke in at various parts of the tunnel. The cooking on board the boats went on as usual, and our space being confined, and our air limited, we were regaled with several flavours springing from meat, amongst which the smell of hashed mutton certainly predominated. To beguile the tedium of the slow, dark journey—to amuse the leggers whose work is fearfully hard, and acts upon the breath after the first quarter of a mile; and above all to avail themselves of the atmospheric effects of the tunnel; the boatmen at the tillers nearly all sing, and our vocalist was the captain's straw-haired son.

If any observer will take the trouble to examine the character of the songs that obtain the greatest popularity amongst men and women engaged in heavy and laborious employments, he will find that the ruling favourite is the plaintive ballad. Comic songs are hardly known. The main secret of the wide popularity of the ballad lies in the fact, that it generally contains a story, and is written in a measure that fits easily into a slow, drawling, breath-taking tune which all the lower orders know; and which—as far as I can find—has never been written or printed upon paper; but has been handed down from father or mother to son and daughter, from generation to generation, from the remotest times. The plots of these ballad stories are generally based upon the passion of love; love of the most hopeless and melancholy kind; and the suicide of the heroine, by drowning in a river is a poetical occurrence as common as jealousy.

There may have been a dozen of these ballads chanted in the Blisworth tunnel at the same time. The wail of our straw-haired singer rising, to our ears, above the rest. They came upon our ears, mixed with the splashing of water, in drowsy cadences, and at long intervals, like the moaning of a maniac chained to a wall. The effect upon the mind was, in this dark passage, to create a wholesome belief in the existence of large masses of misery, and the utter nothingness of the things of the upper world.

We were apprised of the approach of another barge, by the strange figure of a boatman, who stood at the head with a light. It was necessary to leave off legging, for the boats to pass each other, and the leggers waited until the last moment when a concussion seemed inevitable, and then sprang instantaneously, with singular dexterity, on to the sides of their boats, pulling their narrow platforms up immediately after them. The action of the light in front of our boat, produced a very fantastic shadow of our

recumbent boatman-legger upon the side wall of the tunnel. As his two legs stuck out horizontally from the edge of the legging-board, treading, one over the other, against the wall, they threw a shadow of two arms, which seemed to be held by a thin old man—another shadow of the same substance, bent nearly double at the stomach, who worked them over and over, as if turning two great mangle-handles with both hands at the same time.

Out of the tunnel, we were again haunted by the idea of the phantom fowl. On one side was a fine old granary, that might have been in Holland over a dyke, with cranes and horses; making some show of life, and on the other side were the thatched roofs of another feeble village. We ventured over the bridge, grasping our despicable money in our hands, and found a small, ancient, lop-sided shop, which had, peradventure, heard in its time the tramp of Cromwell's soldiers, and had seen the face of the grim Protector himself: over its window was a square stone let into the wall, bearing the date of Anno Domini sixteen hundred and twelve. This too was a venerable abode of stagnant commerce. We asked for some butter, but this could not be granted to us without an old man being consulted in the back-parlour, and after some little delay, we were told that we could have one quarter of a pound, and no more; the regular consumption of the village, and the exact nicety of the supply, not allowing any very wide margin for hungry strangers.

The common fowl being unknown in this village, we returned direct to our boat, with our very scanty, but welcome purchases, and comforted ourselves with another tea. Milk—our first milk for two days—had been got, in the meantime, by one of the boatmen; and although it had little but its freshness to recommend it, having been well skimmed (O, the deluding country!), we settled down too happy to get anything like milk, to be very fastidious or discontented.

On we still glided, gently and silently; through broad, deep valleys; past the fringed edges of woods; past sighting distant towns, and churches amongst the hills and trees; past clumps of hay-stacks and farmhouse barns, lying deep below us in the distant meadows; and past lofty stone halls, and broad mansions, where the slender deer gambolled close to the open doorways, and the broad, flower-bordered flights of steps.

While we were openly expressing our admiration of the prospect, which we might with justice have done every hour from Brentford up to the present time, we had an opportunity of forming an idea of a young boatman's taste in female beauty, and country-houses.

"That's a nice gal," said our straw-haired young man, who was engaged at the tiller; and who drew our attention to a young woman driving a horse along the towing-path.

She was dressed in a short-waisted, short-skirted, blue cotton frock, a pair of laced-up, heavy boots,—a little less heavy than a boatman's boot,—and her bonnet was a quilted cowl that hung in flaps upon her shoulders; and formed a tunnel in front, at the dark end of which was her half-hidden face.

To do her justice, she was clean, and not coarse; she was youthful, and may have been lovely in the young boatman's eyes.

"You know her, you young dog!" both Cuddy and myself shouted to the straw-haired youth.

"She's the nicest gal on the canal," returned our young boatman, evasively.

"Who is she?" we asked.

"That's her feyther," he said. "He owns that barge."

Many boats had passed us, from time to time, belonging to small proprietors; which, without being strictly family boats, in the most deplorable sense of the term, were worked by members of the same family, as in the case of this father and daughter. One barge that passed us was a bridal barge; the proprietor-captain having that day entered upon the marriage state; and the funnel was ornamented with a bunch of white ribbons. The boatman never loses an opportunity for a little extra decoration; and our own Stourport, in honour of our visit, displayed a couple of small, highly-coloured tin pictures of flags, pinned with ribbon-streamers to our cabin funnel.

"Now," the straw-haired young man had previously said, "we're coomin' to the finest house on the canal."

We looked out sharply to see the boatman's notion of the finest house; having already floated by many park-residences that we thought could scarcely be equalled, much less surpassed. It was as we expected. The finest house in the young boatman's eyes, was a long, flat, small, county-gaol looking building; very brazen and vulgar in appearance; built with several coloured bricks, and standing in the middle of the only low meadow-land we had passed for some time. Its owner was a man who had made money in the whalebone trade (all honour to his ability and industry), and his whim was to have his chief doorway bordered with small whale's teeth; and to build a boat-house upon the canal-bank, the entrance to which was under two large whales' teeth.

One noble mansion that we passed—very unlike the whalebone dealer's palace of retirement—seemed to stand upon the summit of a mountain of rich, dense trees. It was the home of one of the largest shareholders in the canal company; and our young boatman told us stories of alarming deputations of distressed bargemen waiting upon the owner to solicit relief, when frozen out by the ice, which sometimes closes the canals for weeks. The boatmen, even now, were beginning to speculate upon the

probable mildness or severity of the approaching winter—a dreaded season, when canal-life becomes nothing but days and nights of exposure to drifting sleet, keen winds, and heavy snow, or cold, soaking rain.

Not far from Braunston in Northamptonshire (the head of the Grand Junction Canal), we came upon a small boatman's village. It was the only place we had seen on our journey where the people on the land seemed to belong to the people on the water; where everybody knew everybody, and seemed glad to see everybody, and where there was some provision made for a boatman's requirements—to say nothing of his hungry friends and visitors.

This boatman's village consisted only of a few houses, all crowded round a lock and a bridge. There was a boatman's bootmaker's, from the recesses of whose workshop came a most deafening clinking of hammers closing rivets up, showing clearly the metallic character of the article produced. There was a boatman's tailor's and hosier's, with many pairs of the bright blue thick worsted stockings shining through the small window, and fustian trousers hanging up outside the door, dancing in the slight breeze. Women were leaning over garden-rails in little front gardens on the towing-path, talking to boatmen; while other women in barges were coming out of cabin-doorways to join in the conversation, followed by children, who appeared one after the other, as the first got out of the way of the second, and the second of the third, like the figures that come through an archway on the top of the automaton toy-clocks. One precocious young boatman, aged eight years, dressed in the most approved style, with jacket-waistcoat, trousers, and cap, was attending to a large horse, and superintending the progress of his father's barge through the lock-gates.

Inquiries were being made on land and water respecting journeys, families, relations, cargoes, provisions, and persons passed on the road; while Captain Randle emerged from the Stourport cabin, and asked two women standing at the door of the tailor's when he might expect the new plush waistcoat they had got in hand. Close to the lock-gates, was a long low-roofed tavern, grocer's, and butcher's, all in one, kept by a female relation of our commander. We left the barge in a body along with the cheerful giant and two of the buttly-boat crew, to try the strength and flavour of the tavern's best ale. We entered a long room, with a very low ceiling, old diamond-paned, leaden-framed windows, containing seats, an enormous kitchen-range, clean deal kitchen-tables, and a tall clock in a mahogany case like a small wardrobe. Through a door at the end was seen the grocery department, communicating with, and terminating in, the butcher's shop. This passage formed such a tempting vista of food

that we could not delay a moment, and, leaving the boatmen to drink their ale, we rushed through, and immediately purchased several pounds of beefsteak. We returned to the Stourport, rich in the prospect of a good supper (without bacon and eggs), and were more contented than we had been for some hours.

We glided on through more valleys, lighted by a golden moon that shone brightly upon the slopes of yellow corn. Captain Randle took his place once more at the tiller, still in his shirt sleeves, and we observed an unusual glow upon his face, and a strange jaunty appearance about his cap. The straw-haired young man, in walking to the other end of the boat, along the tarpaulin's backbone—a task, at any time, almost equal to tight-rope dancing—displayed a little more hesitation than usual, and a little less certainty of footing. It soon became evident that the ale at the boatman's village tavern, had caused Captain Randle and his son to feel an agreeable elevation of spirits—especially the captain.

"Take care, captain," I said; "take care, or you'll fall into the canal."

The captain did not immediately reply; but smiled gradually all over his face, closing one eye, half closing the other, and still swaying very loosely and easily to and fro.

"Av' I made you coomfor'ble, Must' Oll'?"

"You have behaved to us," I said, "like a father." A remark in which Cuddy cordially joined.

"Bless you, William," returned the captain, "I'll do all I can fur you."

Captain Randle happened to direct his attention at this moment to the moon which shone full in his face, making it glow like a large red apple. Some shadow of an old song, containing a scrap of classical learning, must have come across the poetical side of the captain's character at that moment; for he turned to me, jerking his head on one side, and pointing to the great luminary over his shoulder with a motion of his thumb, and said in a tone of quiet admiration:

"Bright Phoebe!—Must' 'Oll'!—bright Phoebe!"

After we had fully enjoyed this sudden and unexpected outburst of the captain's poetical fancy or memory, Cuddy suggested the immediate preparation of supper; and expressed a wish that it should consist of steak and onions. This dish, coarse and vulgar as it sounds, is a secret favourite of all men, from peers to peasants, and derives an additional charm from the fact, that according to the settled rules of good society, it can only be indulged in silent solitude; in inaccessible garrets, hermits' caves, or on the middle of Salisbury plain.

No sooner was Cuddy's wish made known, than the captain resigned the tiller to his son, and plunged into the small cabin to prepare a

meal. The elaborate process of cooking took a long time; but it came to an end at last, and we were gratified by Captain Randle's announcement that supper was ready, this time dished up in the cabin. We descended to find the small place lighted up with a bright, fierce, white-heat fire, that roared up the funnel. Like the devoted Shadrach and Abednego, we entered the fiery furnace. Captain Randle withdrew to take his place again at the tiller, and we sat down to indulge in our chosen meal. Cuddy upon the edge of the bed: I sat upon the cabin-bench, within a foot of the savage glare of the stove. We had scarcely served out our respective portions, when Cuddy complained of a sense of fulness in his head, and I looked towards the small doorway, and saw it nearly closed up with Captain Randle's short, fat legs. There was no taming the fire, the heat must have been above anything ever borne by puddlers at an iron-works, and I felt with Cuddy strong symptoms of approaching apoplexy. In less than another minute Shadrach and Abednego gave in, and rushed from the fiery furnace like a pair of frightened salamanders, through Captain Randle's legs into the grateful, open air, once more under the glimmer of the harvest moon. The remainder of our feast was handed to us upon the poop.

Soon after this we reached the gauging-house at Braunston, where the Grand Junction Canal begins; and we took leave of our butty-boat and the cheerful giant very cordially, their destination being along a branch to Stratford-on-Avon.

We glided on to the Warwickshire canals, and passed another night in dreamy contests with locks. In the morning we entered the highly fashionable town of Leamington, in our shirt-sleeves, performing a toilet, open to the observation of every gay lounge and taker of the waters. Luckily for us the hour was four in the morning, and the part of the town which we passed through might have been the commonest quarter of Hoxton, for any signs there were of the fashionable dwellings and the fashionable existence of this highly favourite English Spa. There was a row of small, shabby houses upon the canal bank; a policeman in the London uniform, who looked at us for a few moments in speechless wonder, and then disappeared down a narrow street; a carrying dépôt, where we rang up a man, swung out a large crane, tore open the tarpaulin, and landed a hogshead of sugar, which had harboured wasps, to our great annoyance, for the last two days. We then glided slowly and silently upon our journey.

Round the distant outskirts of the old city of Warwick; past more parks; up more lock-staircases; along a tree-bordered level;

under more old red-bricked bridges; within sight of ancient country-houses with old crumbling walls inlaid with timber, once perhaps palaces, but now descended to farms, under whose old pointed roofs William Shakespeare may have drunk and feasted; or over whose broad acres that unscrupulous dramatist may have shot game without a licence; past black, smoke-grimed, town-stamped boys, angling in the canal; past groups of ill-favoured, smoking, half-drunken men-youths,—a mixture of the factory-hands, the dog-fancier, and the fighting-man; within sight of high viaducts, over which fly the hard-breathing engines—and clattering trains have passed and repassed us on each side a hundred times during our slow journey; past a coal-dust looking towing-path, and under a sky of smoke; past tall chimneys and dingy gas-works; down another staircase of black locks, opened by a poor, active, grimy girl-child not more than ten years of age; past groups of demon-looking men who grin at us with white teeth from coal-heaps, and the white, roaring mouths of furnaces; past backs of myriad-windowed factories, whose glass is broken, and under whose walls lie green, sickly pools of stagnant water; past a dozen grimy boys with large set jaws and shrunken arms, and legs, bathing amongst the floating dead dogs and factory scum of the inky canal; past all this and more, and we leave the romance and beauty of our three days' journey far, in idea, behind us, to glide to our final destination under the overhanging sheds of our company's carrying wharf, in the very heart of the town of Birmingham.

Thus ended our canal journey. We shook hands with Captain Randle, the straw-haired young man, and the two able-bodied boatmen and went our way, leaving our puzzled commander under the mystery of our unexplained presence, taking away much ourselves that will be to us as a dream in after years.

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HIGHLY PROPER!

It is often remarked by our neighbours on the Continent, and it is seldom denied among ourselves, that we are a nation of grumblers. Grumbling letters to the editor, for example, and grumbling articles in support of those letters, form two of the characteristics which are peculiar to English newspapers. Grumbling speeches, again, in virtue of their steady burden of complaint, secure a favourable reception for those patriots at our public meetings who have no oratorical recommendations of any sort to give them a personal claim on the attention of an audience. And a grumbling conversation is well known to everybody as the safe neutral ground on which two Englishmen, strangers to each other, can generally contrive to meet with the completest sense of ease and comfort. Unquestionably we are a race of grumblers; and grumbling is one of the very few national defects which we happen to be clever enough to discover for ourselves.

To do us justice, however, there are some few subjects of public importance to the discussion of which we are always ready to apply ourselves in a spirit of the most unquestioning contentment and approval. The great and general improvement in the condition of society; in its principles and practice; in its stores of knowledge, its habits, manners, and modes of thinking, is one of these subjects. There is hardly any public means of loudly congratulating ourselves on our own progress which we have not tried; and it may fairly be added, that our exultation in this matter is not without its solid foundation on reason and on truth. We have, in many most important respects, advanced resolutely, industriously, and honourably from a state of past darkness to a state of present light. No thoughtful man can look back, even through no longer a period than the last fifty years, without thankfully acknowledging that the English nation has been, up to this moment, both politically and socially, a notable gainer.

But, while we freely assert our right to take some credit to ourselves for the progress that we have indisputably made, we must by no means be disposed to deny that many—far too many—more victories still remain to

be won over the barbarous forces led by those three rampant commanders, General Ignorance, General Prejudice, and General Folly. Probably, the most dangerous national fault, of the moral sort, which we can now commit is to look too complacently at what we have done, and thereby to fall into the error of forgetting too readily all that we have still left to do. Strong as it has become, the new life of the nation, in this age, is still beset by base infirmities and lamentable weaknesses which its constitutional vigour has yet to throw off. Hardly a week passes without some event happening which, for the moment, staggers the belief of Englishmen in their own progress, and warns them that they have not gained ground enough, even now, to warrant any slackening of their pace on the forward march. An occurrence of this kind—private in its nature, but leading with the strictest directness to certain useful conclusions which may fairly be claimed as public property—has recently come within our own knowledge. We propose to give it general notoriety in these pages, because we believe, on the grounds just stated, that its exposure can hardly fail to be productive of some public good.

Some little time since, a gentleman, well and widely-known to the public as an excellent manager of a theatre and an actor standing deservedly in the foremost rank of his profession; equally well known among a large circle of friends and acquaintances, as an honourable man, in the strictest and the highest meaning of those words—Mr. Alfred Wigan—sent his son, aged eight years, to be educated at a certain private school. The boy was happy and comfortable, and was getting on with his learning to his father's satisfaction, when, one day, the master of the school called upon Mr. Wigan, to say that he had just found out the nature of that gentleman's profession, and that, as a necessary consequence of the discovery, he could no longer consent to number among his scholars Mr. Wigan's son. No shadow of objection was advanced against the boy. On the contrary, the schoolmaster admitted that he was as good and as gentlemanly a boy as he had ever met with. But the school was a genteel school; the connection was a genteel con-

nection; and a fatal injury might be done to the character of the establishment if the fact became generally known that its walls contained the son of an actor. Further questioning elicited that the schoolmaster, in his alarm for his own reputation, had taken Time by the forelock, and had not waited until any actual objections had emerged from the genteel connection. He was not, however, on that account the less certain that the objections would in course of time arise. His conclusions in this respect were shared, and his course of conduct approved, by his brother-in-law, who also kept a private school; and he had, therefore, only to reiterate his request, that one of his best pupils should be removed from his school, on this one ground only—that the boy was an actor's son.

We are not disposed, in noticing this business, to waste too many words on the schoolmaster. If he felt for himself, when he was in Mr. Wigan's presence, one-fiftieth part of the contempt which we feel for him, his sense of self-degradation must have been complete. Compare the conditions on which this obedient servant of the genteel classes gets his bread with the conditions on which a sweeper of crossings gets *his* bread—and see how immensely the balance of creditable independence turns against the man with the birch, and in favour of the man with the broom! It is no doubt hard, in the first heat of indignation, to abstain from assigning to the schoolmaster rather more than his own insignificant share in the outrage. But a little calm reflection soon sets him in his proper place, and even suggests a reasonable doubt whether it is strictly right to speak of him as a schoolmaster at all. Looking to the motive which produced his visit to Mr. Wigan, is it not fitter to consider him as a small tradesman who keeps, not a school, but a little knowledge-shop, and who is horribly afraid of offending, not his connection, but his customers? Surely anger is too large an emotion to be stirred up by such a very small man. Surely it is a waste of attention to bestow much notice upon such an extremely trifling smear on the garments of civilised humanity as this.

But the aspect of the matter, as it regards the connection (or the customers) of whose inexpressible mean prejudices the schoolmaster (or small tradesman) is only the unsavoury mouthpiece, suggests considerations of a more serious kind. It would give us pleasure, if we could fairly persuade ourselves that this was an isolated case, and that the brother-in-law, who would have acted like him under similar circumstances, were two exceptional proprietors of private schools. Unfortunately we happen to know that the instance of Mr. Wigan's son is not a solitary instance. The little daughter of Mr. Phelps—whose management of Sadler's Wells Theatre has entitled him to the gratitude

and respect of every decent man in this country—was outlawed by another private school under precisely similar circumstances.

These examples have come to us. We have not sought them out. If we chose to make inquiries, we have no doubt that many more, equally disgraceful to the age we live in, might be easily produced. But there is no need to heap instances on instances. It is sufficiently disheartening without seeking further, to have discovered even three private schools only, in three different parts of England, the genteel patrons of which impose on the proprietor, who exists by their custom, a species of treatment of the children of actors which would be inexcusable if applied to the children of felons. We hope, and believe, for the credit of our country, and our civilisation, that such people as these so shamefully ignorant of the first Christian duty which each man owes to his neighbour—are comparatively few in number. But, even assuming this, how lamentable a capacity for doing harm lies lurking in that mean minority! how vilely the little, little reptile can sting! how widely the taint that tells of its existence reeks up from the ground, and spreads through the atmosphere! What amount of moral and intellectual progress have some of our countrymen, our well-dressed, well-connected countrymen, made, since the bad bye-gone time when actors were refused the rites of Christian burial? Here is the wicked spirit of that wicked old social prejudice alive still among some of us, in the latter half of the nineteenth century. There is something portentous in the bare discovery that such people exist. How far behind the age they live in are they in other matters? In what rocky fastnesses do they lie hid? Is the ducking of witches one of their favourite amusements? Would they fly with shrieks if they saw a steam-engine? Where is Doctor Livingstone? Where are all the other missionary travellers? Here are the heathen about us, somewhere or other in this country, and no Society for the Propagation of the Gospel At Home, to find them out.

If will not be amiss to turn, for a moment, from these private schools and their customers, and to note the wholesome contrast which the practice of our public schools presents, in this very matter of the education of the sons of actors. Here are two examples which will strike everybody—Mr. Macready and Mr. Charles Kean. Mr. Macready was the son of an actor, and was educated at Rugby. Mr. Charles Kean was the son of an actor, and was educated at Eton. All the advantages which those two admirable schools could offer, were as fully, freely, and fairly bestowed on these two actors' sons, as on the sons of any other men, peers or commoners, who were educated with them. A public school can afford to be independent of

the prejudices of individuals. A public school does not appeal for a reputation to this parent or to that parent: it appeals to the nation. Its masters hold a public trust, and not a private speculation. Take your son away, or leave him here—which you please. Every boy in this school has his free, fair, equal chance among his fellows. We have the right hand of welcome just as ready for the son of an actor, as for the son of an archbishop. No small social animosities of yours, or of any man's, shall worm their way into this place. In school or out of school, we have one rule here to which all parents and all boys must conform, or leave us—the rule of Fair Play. That is the language which a public schoolmaster could hold to-morrow to any parent in England, who raised a cruel, and senseless objection against the reception of any well-conducted boy as a pupil of the school. Where is "the proprietor of a select establishment for young gentlemen," who can take the same resolute ground? It is in the very nature of his speculation, that it places him at the mercy of the parents. If there were no other objection to private schools than the objection which this fact implies, surely the case against them, even thus far, rests unmistakably on a practical foundation.

A prejudice against the stage merely, is a prejudice which we can pity and pass by. But a prejudice against the stage which asserts its ignorant distrust of actors by cruelly fastening itself on innocent children, by meanly grudging them their education, and by pitilessly endeavouring to deprive them of a place in society at the very outset of life, is a prejudice for which we have no mercy. Bigots of this class are past reproof and past argument. It would indeed be monstrous to suppose that the question wanted any arguing at all. To say that Mr. Wigan's son and Mr. Phelps's daughter are the children of gentlemen, and have a right and claim to be educated along with the children of any other gentlemen in this empire, let them be whom they may, is about equivalent to saying that two and two make four.

Our hope of ever seeing the scandal abolished which is cast upon our social system by such proceedings as are here disclosed, does not depend upon any such desperate prospect as the possible letting in of light upon minds which have no capacity for receiving illumination. Mean class prejudices of all kinds are only finally scattered and disposed of when they come into collision with the sense of the nation at large. This sense is represented, in the question of education, by the system of our public schools; and a general extension of that sound, liberal, and thoroughly independent system, in the future, seems to us to offer the only hopeful prospect of effectually reforming the gross abuse which is here exposed—to say nothing of other abuses into the discussion

of which we need not enter at present. A growing distrust has arisen of late years in the popular mind towards private schools. No very long time has elapsed since their shameless charges were publicly commented on, in the strongest terms and in all directions. At this moment, their system of education is being subjected to a public test, and is not answering that test to the national satisfaction. The facts disclosed in these pages will certainly not tend to improve their character in the estimation of any fair-minded judges. Upon the whole, the chance does not seem hopelessly remote that the next move in education may be a move towards the extension of public schools, and towards the consequent extinction of prejudices which, exceptional as we trust they may be, are nevertheless, so long as they exist at all, a disgrace to our country and our time.

We are not putting this matter forward as Mr. Wigan's private grievance or as Mr. Phelps's private grievance. The names of those gentlemen have been frankly mentioned, because their appearance here runs no risk of being misunderstood, and because the sympathy which we offer to them, and which we believe our readers will offer to them also, is such sympathy as men of high character may honourably accept. We bring this matter forward, not as the grievance of two individuals, but as the grievance of every man among us who has an interest in seeing the reputation of his countrymen for common intelligence, and common decency of feeling, properly maintained.

THE PROFITS OF A HOLIDAY.

FINDING himself in possession of a holiday, Samson Brown, an arid man of business—comfortable, but not a Croesus—betook himself by rail to a village not many miles distant from London. He inquired at the station whether there were return-tickets that commanded a period of three or four days; but, receiving an answer in the negative, he paid his second-class fare down, entered a carriage, and sighed to think how his liabilities would be renewed when, his holiday expired, he once more sought the great metropolis. He submitted, however, to Fate, and was soon absorbed in his favourite paper.

When, startled in the midst of one of the most interesting articles in the *Economist*, by a harsh shout announcing the arrival of the train at the desired station, Samson Brown alighted from the carriage, his first thought was to stroll about the village, and ascertain the nature of the accommodation which it presented. All he knew about the village was this: it stood a very little way down in the page of the month's Bradshaw (which he had borrowed from a friend), and consequently it could be reached at a very small expense.

Some years ago, a philosopher ascertained that there was nothing to be seen in the country, save a field and a gate; and Samson Brown, being a disciple of this philosopher, thought that the field and the gate might as well be seen cheaply as at heavy cost.

The object that first struck his eye as he roamed through the village, was a neat white-washed cottage, of the ornamental species, with all the shutters closed. In front of the domicile was a neglected garden.

Strolling further on, Samson Brown observed that there was scarcely such a thing as an unoccupied messuage or tenement in the place; yet there were houses infinitely worse-situated and worse-looking than this deserted dwelling. As a stimulus to thought he rubbed his chin, and its touch reminded him, that he was as yet unshaven. He had therefore a pretext for calling on the village-barber; and, placing himself under the care of that distinguished artist, he put several questions relative to the mystery that now occupied his mind.

The barber stated all he knew about the matter in a confidential tone, that was highly flattering to Samson Brown. For a ten-pun' note he would not have said as much to the best friend he had ever known; but he poured it all forth gratuitously into the ear of Samson Brown, whom he had never before seen in his life, and whose countenance expressed nothing but unmitigated astuteness.

According to the information of the communicative shaver, the cottage in question was troubled. People had been invited to live there for nothing, and, even on these very reasonable terms, had been unable to remain, in consequence of the strange noises that abounded in every room, more especially the first-floor back. Doors opened without visible cause, and shut with excessive audibility. Crockery and glass had a strange knock of rattling and jingling on the tables, and on the stairs might be heard the rustling of that peculiarly stiff silk, which is never worn now-a-days, but was much in vogue among wicked old ladies in the last century.

Armed with these formidable facts, Samson Brown proceeded to the office of the village house-agent, which was situated in the High Street; and, after the shortest possible preface, asked what was the rent of the avoided cottage. The sum required by the agent was ridiculously small, when tested by the appearance of the domicile; but it was perfectly exorbitant compared with the sum proposed, in his turn, by Samson Brown.

The agent affected indignant surprise, but was quailed in a moment by the piercing glance with which Samson Brown eyed him when he said:

"Well, small as my offer may be, it is better than nothing, and you know very well that, even at the rate of nothing per annum,

more than one person has refused to occupy those suspicious premises. Don't smile! you are perfectly aware that the cottage has the reputation of being troubled—that's the expression—troubled."

Here, the agent exclaimed with well-affected warmth: "I should very much like to know who dares to propagate such a malicious rumour?"

"As every one in the village has sufficient courage for that exploit—though not sufficient to live in the house—your wish may be easily gratified," replied Samson Brown, with the most provoking coolness.

"Well," observed the agent, in a conciliatory tone of voice, "I admit that there are many foolish people hereabouts, and foolish people indulge in foolish superstitions; but men of sense, my dear sir,—men of the world—like you and me—"

"Stop a moment," said Samson Brown, "don't put you and me together. You and I see the matter from precisely opposite points of view. You want to get as much as you can for the cottage, and therefore you disbelieve the report that it is haunted; I want to give you as little as I can, and therefore I am a firm believer in supernatural influences."

This logic was too much for the agent, and in a few minutes Samson Brown had signed an agreement by virtue of which, on his own terms he obtained possession of the cottage, together with sundry shabby articles of furniture; which, probably left by the last frightened tenant, still lingered in the deserted rooms.

At about a quarter before midnight Samson Brown was sitting alone in the dreaded first-floor back of the cottage, regaling himself with a glass of tolerably strong brandy and water, and inhaling the fragrance of a mild cigar. A small loaf and half a Dutch cheese stood upon the rickety table against which he sat; also a pewter pint-pot carefully covered with a small plate. These articles had been brought in by Samson Brown with his own hand when he took possession; for there was not a cheesemonger's assistant or pot-boy who would have approached the door of the troubled house. His mind was once more absorbed in the Economist, which he read through the fumes that gracefully curled about his well-defined nose.

As the hour of midnight approached, the plate began to clatter terribly on the top of the pewter pot. Samson Brown, roused from his studies, quietly removed the noisy utensil, placed it on a soft piece of baize, which rendered abortive every attempt to clatter, and was once more deep in the Revenue Returns. Presently the door of the room opened with a creak, and closed with a bang. Samson Brown rose from his seat, turned the key, and resumed his reflections on the proceeds of customs and excise. The clock of the village church struck twelve

with a dreary solemnity that would have awed every other occupant of that dismal, scantily-furnished room ; but Samson Brown was pondering over the probability of an increase of the income-tax.

However, at the final stroke of twelve, a sound in the room like the rustling of stiff silk caused Samson Brown to suspect that he was not alone. Raising his eyes from the fascinating paper, he perceived a short female figure, in an old-fashioned dress, bustling about the room, and apparently unconscious of his presence, until, suddenly turning round, it fixed upon him two glassy eyes. Then, darting forward, it planted two pointed elbows on the table, and rested upon two skinny hands one of the most evil faces that was ever beheld. Never were earthly wickedness and spectral repulsiveness more aptly combined.

Nevertheless, with this most hideous countenance thrust into his countenance ; with those eyes of glass pointed against his eyes ; with that smile of indescribable malignity forced upon his vision, Samson Brown simply said, "Well, madam?"

The countenance remained where it was without moving a muscle—the eyes were still fixed beyond the power of twinkling—the smile was stereotyped, and Samson Brown, after a pause of a few seconds, reiterated, "Well, madam?"

A strange expression came over the horrible features ; and its meaning was divined in a moment by Samson Brown. The ghost had been used to scare all the world with a mere rustle of its silken robe. Now, here was a man who could return its stare, with another stare far more piercing. The eye of glass had met the eye of a hawk.

Raising her face from her hands and her elbows from the table, the ill-looking old hag moved towards the empty grate, and began to scratch the wall above the chimney-piece, uttering at the same time a low wailing sound, which was the more horrible from being accompanied by no corresponding effect in the face, which was again expressionless, and completely corpse-like. Samson Brown stepped up to the old lady, and examined the wall over her head, stooping for that purpose till his chin almost rested upon her antiquated cap.

"Ha ! I see," said he, "that spruce piece of paper has been pasted on after the rest—allow me"—and taking hold of a loose corner of the paper he pulled it off, thus disclosing a small aperture in the wall, at the sight of which the ghost, rushing from the hearth, flew about the room with the most frantic gestures, till at last, apparently exhausted, it squatted down in a corner repeating the low wailing noise.

"Compose yourself, madam," said Samson Brown, and taking from the recess a miniature portrait and a piece of folded paper tied up with narrow green ribbon, he placed

them on the table, at which he resumed his seat.

The miniature represented a lovely girl of about twenty years of age, with her hair dressed after the fashion of a hundred years back. While Samson Brown was examining it with all the admiration of which his mind was capable, the ugly old ghost rose from the corner and pointed its forefinger with great eagerness, first at the picture, then at the pit of its own stomach. As Samson Brown had a friend who often allowed him a seat in his opera-box gratis, he was rather an adept in the language of the ballet. "Do you mean," said he, "that this is a portrait of yourself in your youthful days?"

The ghost nodded.

"Then," said Samson Brown, "you must have altered confoundedly as you advanced in years."

The expression assumed by the ghost on the occasion of this remark was certainly ungenial. Every feature was distorted with rage, the glassy eyes looked like red coals, the skinny right hand took a sweeping gesture, and for a moment Samson Brown felt as if he had placed his head in a violent draught. He had received a spectral box on the ear.

"I see," he observed, "the cuffs of a ghost, like hard words, break no bones."

Laying aside the portrait, he untied and opened the folded paper, when the worst spelling and the worst handwriting he had ever seen were revealed to his astonished eyes. Every crime that could possibly be perpetrated by mortal in transmitting his thoughts to paper with the aid of a pen was apparent in that vile manuscript. There were adjectives beginning with capitals, and a little "i" to denote the first person, and the verb "to write" commenced with an "r," while certain rights that had been violated were spelled wright, with a "w." Even Samson Brown could not avoid something like a sensation of awe when he saw how many sins against every law of grammar, orthography, and caligraphy had been committed within the confined space of a single sheet of paper.

"Good heavens ! what a fist !" he exclaimed. Then addressing the ghost, who had returned sulkily into the corner, he said, "Is this your handwriting, madam?"

The ghost nodded.

"Did you learn writing at school?"

The ghost nodded.

"And your parents paid the schooling-bills regularly?"

The ghost nodded.

"Then," said Samson Brown, "if ghosts are condemned to walk the earth on account of wrongs committed in their lifetime, I think you must very often meet the ghost of the writing-master?"

The spectre not condescending to notice this brilliant sally, Samson Brown devoted

his energies to the interpretation of the strange hieroglyphics. With an acuteness that would have done honour to the reader of a roll of papyrus, he at last succeeded in eliciting the facts that one "Margot Stubbs" had defrauded one "Jhon Joanes" of moneys to the amount of one thousand pounds, and, oscillating between uneasiness at the thought of possessing ill-gotten treasure and unwillingness to part with a sum so considerable, had hidden the latter beneath a stone in the coal-cellar. The operations of conscience had likewise prompted Margot to draw up a written confession of her guilt, and to place it where, in all human probability, it would never be found. The thought that after death she would wander about as an ugly ghost, and, with her own hand, indicate the spot where the paper was concealed, had clearly never entered the mind of Margot Stubbs.

"Madam——!" said Samson Brown, "eh? O! you are there, are you?" he continued, observing that the ghost had shifted into another corner. "Madam, I infer from the ill-written rigmorole I have just waded through, and from the impressive manner in which you revealed to me the place of its concealment, that you are the person described as Margot Stubbs?"

The ghost bowed.

"I should spell Stubbs with two b's myself, but everybody understands his own business best. It appears, then, that you defrauded one John Jones—with whose name, I must observe, you take strange liberties—to the tune of one thousand pounds?"

The ghost began to toss its arms about, with every sign of the wildest agony.

"Now, my dear creature, pray compose yourself, or we shall never get on at all," said Samson Brown. "Listen to me, and let us perfectly understand each other. From what I have read about ghosts in general, and reasoning by analogy, I arrive at the conclusion that, till your affair with John Jones, his executors, administrators, or assigns is made completely straight, you are compelled to walk about these premises every midnight."

The face of the ghost was distorted by a malicious grin.

"I perfectly understand the meaning of that expression. Although, as I said before, you are compelled to walk about these premises, you feel a sort of wicked pleasure in frightening other people."

The ghost placed its hand before its eyes.

"But you do not frighten me at all—mark that! You do not frighten me in the least. In fact, I find your society rather agreeable than otherwise. I never saw a ghost before, and therefore your apparition has, at least, the charm of novelty."

The ghost began to assume an appearance of anxiety.

"Therefore, you perceive, if you expect

that I am going to bother myself with looking after John Jones merely for the sake of procuring a cessation of your visits, you are very much mistaken. As long as I am tenant of this house," he added, with a smile of something like gallantry, "there shall always be a corner at your service."

The ghost was completely puzzled. It not only looked cadaverous—it looked stupid.

"Consequently," continued the relentless Samson Brown, "if you wish to bring these little freaks to a termination, it is your own pleasure, not mine, that you are consulting. So, come," he went on, giving his hand a sudden slap on the table, "to make a long matter short, what will you allow me per cent. to wind up this affair with the Joneses?"

The female figure glided slowly up and down the room for a few seconds, with its right forefinger pressed against its forehead. When this movement had ceased, it held up its right hand with all the fingers distended.

"Five per cent. for a special transaction like this!" exclaimed Samson Brown, perfectly comprehending the sign; "ridiculous! I'll see you and all the Joneses——."

A short voluntary cough prevented the completion of the sentence.

Again did the ghost glide up and down the room, and when it stopped once more, both its hands were held up, with the fingers wildly distended.

"Ten!" cried Samson Brown. "Ten per cent. on a thousand pounds is a round hundred. Make your mind easy, Mrs. or Miss Stubbs, whichever you are. If the money be really in the cellar, and the representatives of Jones are reasonably come-at-able, this business shall be settled to the satisfaction of everybody."

No sooner had he uttered these words, than the ghost vanished. How it went, Samson Brown neither knew nor cared. He tried to resume his study of the Economist, but even statistics had lost their power of producing an excitement, and, after a few preliminary words, he fell fast asleep in his chair.

Sleep did not occasion any loss of time. Dreams in a haunted house are of more than ordinary value; and things of more than ordinary value were not likely to be overlooked by Samson Brown. He fancied that he was in an adjacent village, at the shop of one Jonathan Jones, a barber by profession, to whose somewhat unskilful hand he had entrusted his chin. The shaver cut him not unfrequently; but, strange to say, while something like blood was apparent on the razor, not a single drop issued from the wound.

When he woke in the morning, Samson Brown proceeded straight to the coal-cellar; where, after some little rummaging, he found the one thousand pounds mentioned in the ill-written document. It was a curious

aggregate of notes, gold, silver, and copper, and was not to be counted without some little trouble. Samson Brown, however, ascertained that it was all right, and allowed it to glide gently along the palm of his hand into his breeches-pocket, which he buttoned up with a great deal of deliberation and an air of intense satisfaction.

Strong-minded people invariably boast that they are above superstition. Samson Brown was stronger-minded than strong-minded people. He could be above or below superstition, just as it answered his purpose. A belief in ghosts had assisted him to get his house cheap; a belief in dreams might enable him to discharge a moral duty. If any of our readers have been pleased to fancy that Samson Brown was so much a lover of gain, that he had no sense of right or wrong, we beg leave to correct them in that erroneous opinion. A mere vulgar scamp would have gone off with the thousand pounds in his pocket, and left the shade of Mrs. Stubbs to trouble the cottage till the end of time. But Samson Brown would as soon have committed a forgery, as have been guilty of an act so manifestly paltry.

He therefore went to the village indicated in his dream; and, after sundry inquiries, actually found a barber's shop tenanted by one Jonathan Jones. To the respectability of Jones, report bore indifferent testimony. A partiality to beer seemed to be among his leading propensities; and this peculiarity, it was said, strongly militated against that manipulative skill which is so essential to the barber's vocation. However, several of the older informants, when they had detailed sundry disreputable facts in connection with Jones, shook their heads with exceeding gravity, and said that if everybody had his rights, Jones would have been a very different person from what Jones actually was. If reports were true, this would have been highly desirable. Entering the dirty and disorderly shop, Samson Brown perceived an individual still dirtier and still more disorderly,—one of those ungainly, sottish figures, that seem never to be intoxicated and never sober; always have red noses, and always wear seedy black coats. The individual in question was seated in a corner, with a short pipe in his mouth, the very perfection of those bad tradesfolk who make a point of looking at every customer as if he was an intruder.

"Come to be shaved?" said the individual, in a foggy voice.

For the first time, probably, in his life, Samson Brown shuddered. The idea of trusting a precious chin to the foul compound of dulness and malignity that stood before him!

There was an awkward pause. Samson Brown turned his eye to the shop window, as the only shoppy thing about the place, hoping to find some small article of which he might

make a purchase. Vain endeavour. Rapidly passing in review a miserable assortment of glass-cases and pasteboard boxes, evidently containing the fragments of a business ruined years ago, he plainly saw that there was literally nothing to buy. His only course, therefore, was to jump at once into the middle of his subject.

"What was the name of your paternal grandfather?" asked Samson Brown.

"You're another!" growled the barber.

"Pardon me," said Samson Brown, "I don't quite perceive the force of your observation. I asked you what was the name of your grandfather, on the father's side."

"Very well; what was the name of yours?" was the respondent growl.

Through this uncouth question Samson Brown could almost fancy he heard the voice of a tempting demon, urging him to walk off with the money, and leave the surly barber encumbered with his wrongs, as a punishment for his bad manners. However, he resolutely conquered the fiend; and, with every show of good temper, resumed the conversation.

"Was your grandfather's name John Jones?"

"If you guess again, you'll guess wrong," was the periphrastic answer.

"In a pecuniary respect your grandfather was better off than yourself?"

The besotted individual did not know about that. He knewed that he himself always payed his way; and that, if other people, who wore fine coats, always did the same, things would go on much better than they did.

"Are there any other grandchildren of John Jones now alive?"

This question produced an entire change in the manner of the surly professor of shaving. Dropping the air of dogged reserve which he had hitherto worn with such consistency, he absolutely deluged Samson Brown with a flood of family history. Never was heard such a series of woes. Samson Brown, if he had known anything of the Greek drama, might have fancied he was listening to the chronicle of one of those doomed houses, that have been rendered immortal on the Attic stage. There was a lubberly Stephen Jones, who ran off to sea, and who had been traced all the way to the Indies, and all the way back to Portsmouth; whence, however, he had utterly disappeared, together with a fabulous amount of treasure that had rewarded his maritime toil. There was a smart, lively little Gus Jones, who was regarded as the gentleman of the family, and who not having done altogether right by his employer, had ended his days in a penal settlement. There was the ardent and impetuous Dan Jones, who, in consequence of a disappointment in love, took largely to drinking, and was one morning found dead in a water-butt. There was the meditative

Phil Jones, who unexpectedly hung himself, because he was not altogether happy in his mind. Lastly, there was the lovely Mary Anne Jones, who had terminated a short sojourn in the metropolis by leaping from Waterloo Bridge. Strange to say, the sole surviving Jones (for such he showed himself to be) went through this catalogue of misery with an air of malicious satisfaction, as if the misfortunes of his kindred were rather gratifying than otherwise. He concluded with the remark that the Joneses were a bad lot. He believed that he himself was the best of them: but he considered that he himself was of no great 'count.

After a few moments pause, occupied with the digestion of this mass of family history, Samson Brown abruptly exclaimed:

"Mr. Jones, would you like nine hundred pounds?"

As this was a question that only admitted of one answer, Jonathan Jones made no answer at all.

"Would you like to have nine hundred pounds?" repeated Samson Brown. "Because, if you would, I will give it to you—now."

"Give me nine hundred pounds,—now! Come, come, a joke's all very well——"

"There is no joke in the matter. The discovery has been made that a thousand pounds is due to you from the estate of a certain party deceased, and the discoverer claims one hundred pounds as the reward of his zeal and integrity. So you have only to sign this receipt, and take the money," and he presented a small document duly stamped.

From a state of dogged stupidity, Jones had passed into a state of dogged shrewdness. He seemed more ready for information than for ready cash. "Who's this here Mrs. Stubbs, that this here thing talks about?" he growled forth.

"Sign, my dear sir, without troubling yourself to ask questions," said Samson Brown, imploringly.

"Well, but one likes to know what one is about; and then it seems I'm to have only nine hundred pounds, and I'm to sign for a thousand. The other hundred is for the hagent, you say. Are you the hagent? Because, if you are, I think you have taken care of yourself, anyhow."

"No matter who is the agent, and who is not. The hundred pounds in question is agreed to by Mrs. Stubbs."

"That mother Stubbs seems very free with other people's money," growled Jones. "And, I say," he continued, with increasing acumen, "if Mother Stubbs is dead, how can she agree to anything?"

For the infinitesimal fraction of a second, Samson Brown felt embarrassed; but, immediately recovering himself, he said:

"Mr. Jonathan Jones, my time is valuable. Sign that paper, without asking any questions, and I put nine hundred pounds in hard

money on that table. Ask one single question more, I walk out of the shop, and you'll never hear of the nine hundred pounds again as long as you live."

Jones made no observation that was distinctly audible; but, muttering something about a poor man's rights, and something else about something being very hard, he directed his steps to a shelf, whence he took a broken tea-cup containing a little ink, and a very short pen, black from one extremity to the other. With this unseemly instrument he scrawled his name at the bottom of the document; and, whether it was through fate, or whether it was by accident, he spelt Jones with an *a* (Joanes), precisely after the fashion of Mrs. Stubbs.

"There!" cried Samson Brown, after counting out the money, which he placed on the table.

"There, you!" gruffly replied Jones, as he flung the signed receipt across the table to Samson Brown.

Samson Brown retired, and betook himself to his troubled house. Jonathan Jones, having secured his newly acquired fortune under lock and key, sauntered to the nearest tap, where he expended a penny in the purchase of half-a-pint of beer. During the whole day he was observed to repeat this process at intervals much shorter than usual.

At ten minutes before midnight, Mr. Samson Brown, who was sitting alone in the room where he had first made acquaintance with the late Mrs. Stubbs, heard the now familiar rustle of stiff silk, and immediately afterwards the ghost was visible, with something like animosity expressed in its countenance.

"Ha!" exclaimed Samson Brown, in a cheerful tone; "I knew this business concerned you more than me; for here you are, ten minutes before your time. Will this be sufficient?" he continued, presenting the receipt.

The ghost extended its hand, apparently closed its thumb and finger on the document, and then Samson Brown was alone. The receipt was gone; the ghost was gone. Whether it had departed by chimney, chink, or key-hole; whether it had ascended or descended, he could not tell. He only knew that he was alone, and that his hundred pounds were still safe in his pocket. He had slapped the pocket, by a sort of instinct, at the moment when the spectre vanished.

On the following morning, Samson Brown was aroused from a refreshing slumber by a loud knocking at his door. Of course he opened it himself, and perceived the agent of whom he had taken the house. His safe egress from the terrible domicile on the previous day, and his bold return to it in the evening, had been observed by several of his

neighbours, and had become the talk of the village. The terrors of the house had consequently fallen ninety per cent., and its value had risen in the same proportion. Feeling, under these altered circumstances, that he had let the house far too cheap, the agent called on Samson Brown, with his cheque-book in his pocket, to induce him to rescind the contract.

On the afternoon of that day, Samson Brown returned to London in a second-class carriage, bearing in his pocket the hundred pounds found in the cellar, and an additional fifty received from the house-agent as a consideration for cancelling the agreement. How he spent his wonderful holiday is only known to his most confidential friends; but it is generally remarked that his opinions on two particular subjects are not the same as they were a few years ago. No one in the world was more opposed to superstition; never was man more severely in favour of sticking to business than Samson Brown. But now he is occasionally heard to remark, that a holiday now and then is a very good thing, if people know how to make use of it; and that, as for a belief in ghosts, there is a great deal to be said in its favour.

A VERY OLD GENTLEMAN.

MR. SYLVANUS URBAN, gent., formerly of Saint John's Gate, Clerkenwell, and now of Westminster, although in his one hundred and twenty-seventh year, is still a hale old gentleman; who, so far from dwindling into the lean and slippered pantaloon, seems to get more robust and portly every year. A grandfather, he has survived hundreds of his countless progeny; many of them having gone down to their graves more or less prematurely. All his immediate descendants are dead: his first-born, and a few of his grandchildren, only surviving.

The Gentleman's Magazine, or Monthly Intelligencer, by Sylvanus Urban, Gent., was brought into the world in January, seventeen hundred and thirty-one, with the following announcement:

Upon calculating the number of newspapers, it is found that (besides divers written accounts) no less than two hundred half-sheets per month are thrown from the press only in London, and about as many printed elsewhere in the three kingdoms; a considerable part of which constantly exhibit essays on various subjects for entertainment; and all the rest occasionally oblige their readers with matters of public concern, communicated to the world by persons of capacity through their means; so that they are become the chief channels of amusement and intelligence. But then, being only loose papers, uncertainly scattered about, it often happens that many things deserving attention contained in them are only seen by accident, and others not sufficiently published or preserved for universal benefit and information. This consideration hath induced several GENTLEMEN to promote a monthly collection,—to treasure up, as in a

Magazine,* the most remarkable pieces on the subjects above mentioned, or at least impartial abridgments thereof, as a method much better calculated to preserve those things that are curious than that of transcribing.

This modest statement is followed by the table of contents, which are said to be more in quantity, and greater in variety, than in any book of the kind or price that then existed. The essays are chiefly notices of articles, generally in the form of abridgments, from *The Craftsman*, *The London Journal*, *Fog's Journal*, *The Grub-Street Journal*, *The Weekly Register*, *The Universal Spectator*, *The Free Briton*; *The British Journal*, or *The Traveller*; *The Daily Courant*, and *Read's Journal*: almost a complete list of the most remarkable periodicals of the time.

An Ode to the King on New Year's Day, by Colley Cibber, Esquire, takes the lead of the poetical department, and gives rise to the insertion of no fewer than four select pieces of some length; the first two, parodies of the Ode, the third a Hymn to the Laureate, and the fourth a reply to the hymn, amounting to pretty handsome abuse. One stanza of the Laureate's ode runs thus:

AIR.

Ye grateful Britons, bless the year
That kindly yields increase,
While Plenty that might feed a war
Enjoys the guard of Peace;
Your Plenty to the skies you owe,
Peace is your monarch's care;
Thus bounteous Jove and George below
Divided empire share.

The parodies are as dull as the original; which, perhaps, is their excuse. A running commentary is however quoted from *The Craftsman*, which has some humour. The commentator wants to know, whether, in proof of one line,

For most we triumph when the farmer feeds,
the Beefeaters at Saint James's ought not to be appealed to, to prove the justness of it.

As Mrs. B—rb—r and Mrs. C—s—r, of Bath, are probably so far forgotten that the blanks must remain blanks, it will be useless to transcribe the lines addressed by the latter lady to the former; but ladies in all ages, as well as of all ages, are liable to be stung by bees; and, for their comfort, we will transcribe an Epigram on a Lady stung by a Bee: the more willingly as it brings to a close the select poetry:

To heal the wound the bee had made
Upon my Deliah's face,
Its honey to the wound she laid,
And bid me kiss the place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
Suck'd both the sweet and smart:
The honey on my lips I found,
The sting went thro' my heart.

* The first instance of the literary use of this word is the title of *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

The third division of the miscellany consists of accounts of the most remarkable Transactions and Events, Foreign and Domestic; which has for heading the second title of the magazine—The Monthly Intelligence; a title since exchanged for a more ambitious style, The Historical Review. Short paragraphs give, day by day, the domestic events of the month, and occupy about half-a-dozen pages. The doings of the court form the leading topic; how their majesties on New Year's Day received the compliments of the nobility, and listened to the ode composed for the occasion by Colly Cibber, Esquire, Poet Laureate; how, on Twelfth Day, the royal family appeared in the collars of their respective orders, attended divine service, and, in the evening, "play'd at hazard, for the benefit of the groom-porter, and 'twas said the King won six hundred guineas, the Queen three hundred and sixty, Princess Amelia twenty, Princess Caroline ten, the Earl of Portman, and Duke of Grafton, several thousands."

Oddly enough, on the same night, "Mr. Sharpless, High Constable of Holborn division, with several of his petty constables, searched a notorious gaming-house behind Gray's Inn Walks; but the gamesters having previous notice, all fled except the master of the house, who was apprehended, and bound in a recognisance of two hundred pounds penalty, pursuant to the old statute of Thirty-third of Henry the Eighth. It may be some sort of amusement," continues the editor, "to present our readers with the following list of officers established in the most notorious gaming-houses." Agreeing with him in this opinion, we copy the paragraph:

First, a Commissioner, always a proprietor, who looks in of a night, and the week's account is audited by him and two others of the proprietors. Second, a Director, who superintends the room. Third, an Operator, who deals the cards at a cheating game called Faro. Fourth, two Crowpees [sic.], who watch the cards and gather the money for the bank. Fifth, two Puffs, who have money given them to decoy others to play. Sixth, a Clerk, who is a check upon the Puffs, to see that they sink none of the money that is given them to play with. Seventh, a Squib is a puff of lower rank, who serves at half salary while he is learning to deal. Eighth, a Flasher, to swear how often the bank has been stript. Ninth, a Dunner, who goes about to recover money lost at play. Tenth, a Waiter, to fill out wine, snuff candles, and attend in the gaming-room. Eleventh, an Attorney, a Newgate solicitor [sic.]. Twelfth, a Captain, who is to fight a gentleman that is peevish for losing his money. Thirteenth, an Usher, who lights gentlemen up and down stairs, and gives the word to the porter. Fourteenth, a Porter, who is generally a soldier of the foot-guards. Fifteenth, an Orderly-man, who walks up and down the outside of the door, to give notice to the porter, and alarm the house at the approach of the constables. Sixteenth, a Runner, who is to get intelligence of the Justices' meeting. Seventeenth, link-boys, coachmen, chairmen, drawers, or others, who bring the first intelligence of the Justices' meetings, or of the con-

stables being out at half-a-guinea reward. Eighteenth, Common-bail affidavit-men, ruffians, braves, assassins, cum multis aliis.

The Houses of Lords and Commons do not appear to have set to work very zealously in that month; for nothing is said of them except the presentation of the address of thanks, and their attendance at the sermons preached on the anniversary of the martyrdom of King Charles the First.

There was "Great talk of an experiment to be made on Charles Ray, in Newgate, a malefactor reprieved on that occasion (New Year's Day). It was said to be in order to discover whether deafness is not to be cured by purging. The tympanum was to be cut by an instrument, in order to demonstrate whether the hearing proceeds from the tympanum, or the nerves that lie between that and the conception of the ear." George Barrington, Esquire, embarks for his government of North Carolina. The remains of the Earl of Delorain are privately interred in Oxfordshire. Governors are chosen for the corporation, for melting down lead with sea-coal. Mr. Franklin is taken into custody for printing *The Craftsman*; a measure not actually resented, perhaps, by the then Laureate. The Society for Propagating Christianity, is said to have twelve thousand five hundred and sixty-three pounds, twelve shillings and fivepence stock, one hundred and thirty-two schools, and resolves to send three missionaries to preach the Gospel to the Indians on the borders of New England. Terence Magrath inveigles Irish papists to enter the French service, and a barbarous murder at Cork is punished by a barbarous execution. On January the fifteenth, one Jim Cronen is sentenced, for the murder and robbery of Mr. Leger and his wife at Bally Volane, to be hanged for two minutes, then disemboweled and quartered, and to be buried in four cross ways.

He was servant to Mr. Leger, and committed the murder with the privy of Joan Condon, the servant-maid, who was sentenced to be burnt; also of the gardener, whom he knocked on the head, to deprive him of his share of the booty. When taken, he said he would have all Catholic servants use their Protestant masters so, if they would merit heaven. But after the trial made the following declaration: "The Devil was too great with me. I first resolved only to rob my master; but, when I went into the bedroom, shot him in his bed, and gave my mistress five stabs. The gardener consented to go with me and hold the candle. I took twenty pounds and the watch out of my master's pocket, and then rode off; having first killed the gardener and given the maid a small share of the money."

Eight persons are arrested at Norwich for circulating a treasonable paper called the *Duke of Wharton's reasons*. Scotch peers, on their way to Parliament, are compelled to alight, and walk many miles on foot through the snow. A medal struck, with the

head of Sir Isaac Newton on one side, and "Felix cognoscere causas," on the other. This medal would be invaluable to the cabinet of a Grantham collector, now that Sir Isaac's native town has got up a statue in his honour. Lord Cavendish rides from Hyde Park Corner to the Lodge in Windsor Forest in an hour and six minutes,—a wager between him and Sir Robert Fagg, upwards of five thousand pounds betted. Several debtors released from the Counter, the late Lord Chief Baron Pengelly having bequeathed five hundred pounds for the purpose. A duel in Saint James's Park, between the Right Honourable the Lord Hervey, and the Right Honourable William Pulteney, Esquire. The new church at Bloomsbury consecrated by the name of Saint George's Bloomsbury, also the burying-ground in the fields adjoining;—these incidents, with a few crimes, a few accidents, and the appointment of public officers, &c., make the sum of the domestic intelligence.

After three stories of witchcraft, some extraordinary accidents and casualties are next related; for instance :

Bordeaux, January 24, N.S.—Forty monks dy'd here in one night. A dead viper was found in a cask of wine they had regaled themselves with, supposed to have come in at the bung-hole.

A ghost story, related by a gentleman of unexceptionable honour and veracity, occupies two columns. One William Sutor, a Scotch farmer, had been visited at the same hour and place for three or four years, by an apparition, like a dark grey-coloured dog, uttering an uncommon shrieking and noise. On one occasion he distinctly heard the words "Within eight or ten days do or die." On another, the apparition made an appointment with him. "Come to the spot of ground within half-an-hour." William Sutor duly kept the appointment.

When his troublesome familiar came up to him, he asked it, In the name of God, who are you? It answered, I am David Sutor, George Sutor's brother. I kill'd a man more than thirty-five years ago, at a bush by East the Rodd, as you go into the Isle. He said to it, David Sutor was a man, and you appear as a dog. It answered, I killed him with a dog, and am made to speak out of the mouth of a dog; and I tell you to go bury these bones.

Sutor with witnesses went to the Isle, and opened the ground in several places, but found no bones.

On the second of December, about midnight, when William was in bed, it came to his door, and said: Come away, you will find the bones at the side of the withered bush, and there are but eight left; and told him, at the same time, for a sign, that he would find the print of a cross impressed on the ground. Next day, William and his brother, with forty or fifty people, who had convened out of curiosity, came to the place, where they discovered the bush, and the cross by it; and upon digging the ground, about a foot down found the eight bones, all which they imme-

diately wrapt in clean linnen, and being put in a coffin with a mort-cloth over it, were interred that evening in the churchyard of Blair, attended by about one hundred persons.

The obituary, for which the Gentleman's Magazine has preserved a high and deserved reputation is, in the first number, a mere list of deaths of eminent persons; only remarkable for a brief observation here and there :

January first, William Willoughby, of West Knoyle, in Wiltshire, Esq., and seven hundred pounds per annum fell to his brother, Richard Willoughby, of Southampton Buildings, Esq.

On the eighth,

Mr. William Taverner, Proctor, at his house in Doctors' Commons. He was the son of Mr. Jer. Taverner, Face-painter, remarkably honest in his business, and author of the following plays, viz.: The Faithful Bride of Canada; The Maid and the Mistress; The Female Advocates, or the Fanatick Stock-Jobbers; The Artful Husband and the Artful Wife.

From this notice we are not quite clear whether the proctor, or the face-painter may claim the merit of being remarkably honest in his business.

The announcements of marriages read very much as if the happy events occurred yesterday; but, in the list of promotions, we read of one which we think would scarcely happen now: "Mrs. Leben, dresser to the two young princesses, appointed their governess."

The prices of goods, which follow exchanges, stocks, et cetera, show that, in seventeen hundred and thirty-one, wheat was only twenty-six shillings per quarter (Sylvanus records it at forty-five shillings per quarter for last month), while tea ranged from ten to thirty-five shillings per pound. From the "Foreign advices in January, seventeen hundred and thirty-one," coming next, we learn that there had been no settled government in Turkey—

Since the great revolution made here (Constantinople) by the Janizaries in cutting to pieces the late Vizier Capigi Aga, and deposing Sultan Achmet, and raising the new Sultan; but the Grand Seigneur, under pretence of holding a grand council, got the chief of them into his palace, cut them all off with their servants, and about seven thousand of their followers. Now everything is reduced to the Old Ottoman rules of government.

All the news from Russia is, that one of the princes of Georgia, "who lives near Mount Ararat, being greatly pleased by his reception at the Russian court, promised, on his return home, to send the Emperor a relique of Noah's Ark."

Two columns on gardening, and a list of seventeen bankrupts, bring us to the Register of Books, which closes the number. There was a demand for cheap literature in those days. One shilling, sixpence, and even fourpence, are the prices not only for such light literature as A Poem in answer to a Lampon on the Cambridge Ladies, or

A General History of Executions for the year seventeen hundred and thirty, containing the lives, actions, and dying speeches of sixty notorious malefactors, executed at Tyburn and elsewhere; but also for such weighty subjects as The Divine Catastrophe of the Kingly House of Stuart, the Crisis or Impartial Judgment on English Affairs, and number seventy-eight, volume thirteen, of Mr. Salmon's interminable Modern History.

Sylvanus Urban's first number contained forty-two pages; the number for September, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, including advertisements, some hundred and twenty pages. Though the vague lines of infancy are exchanged for the definite forms of mature age, the individuality is remarkably preserved. The honest intention "to treasure-up as in a magazine," papers on the leading topics of the day, "or at least impartial abridgments thereof," has been faithfully adhered to amidst all the changes of more than a century and a quarter.

Well may the literary centenarian expand his columns; for he addresses an extended public. The monthly bill of mortality in the first number of the Gentleman's Magazine records sixteen hundred and two births, and nineteen hundred and nine deaths. The tables put forth by Sylvanus Urban last month show that, during the four weeks which ended with the twenty-fourth of August there were, in London, four times more births than the number he recorded in seventeen hundred and thirty-one, or an excess equal to the population of a good-sized village; and, out of the quintupled population, not very much over double the number of deaths.

BEYOND.

We must not doubt, or fear, or dread, that love for life is only given,

And that the calm and sainted dead will meet estranged and cold in heaven :—

O, love were poor and vain indeed, based on so harsh and stern a creed.

True that this earth must pass away, with all the starry worlds of light,

With all the glory of the day, and calmer tenderness of night ;

For, in that radiant home can only shine the immortal and divine.

Earth's lower things—her pride, her fame, her science, learning, wealth, and power—

Slow growths that through long ages came, or fruits of some convulsive hour,

Whose very memory must decay—heaven is too pure for such as they.

They are complete : their work is done. So let them sleep in endless rest.

Love's life is only here begun, nor is, nor can be, fully blest ;

It has no room to spread its wings, amid this crowd of meaner things.

Just for the very shadow thrown upon its sweetness here below,

The cross that it must bear alone, and bloody baptism of woe ;

Crown'd and completed through its pain, we know that it shall rise again.

So if its flame burn pure and bright, here, where our air is dark and dense,

And nothing in this world of night lives with a living so intense ;

When it shall reach its home at length—how bright its light ! how strong its strength !

And while the vain weak loves of earth (for such base counterfeits abound)

Shall perish with what gave them birth—their graves are green and fresh around,

No funeral song shall need to rise, for the true Love that never dies.

If in my heart I now could fear that, risen again, we should not know

What was our Life of Life when here—the hearts we loved so much below ;

I would arise this very day, and cast so poor a thing away.

But Love is no such soulless clod : living, perfected it shall rise

Transfigured in the light of God, and giving glory to the skies :

And that which makes this life so sweet, shall render heaven's joy complete.

SAFE HARBOUR.

We have more than once called attention to the wreck-chart of these islands, to the calamities so terrible and so incessant that have made the British coast a disgrace to a sea-going people, among whom undoubtedly there is enough of energy, wealth, science, and humanity to ensure—when the battle has been once fairly accepted—conquest of the destroying giant that lies stretched across the threshold of their home. Our seaside holidays are clouded by the thoughts that sometimes rise beside the melancholy shore, where there is no fisherman who has not tales of misery to tell, no visitor who makes a stay of any length upon one spot, without seeing a wreck of life or hope in the destruction of some vessel.

Strongly impressed by a conviction that these wrecks upon our coast represent, not a dead fact to be passively regretted, but a demand for energetic action that our country is quite competent to meet; and ought to meet, for mercy's sake, for honour's sake, for love of its brave mariners; we consider it to be our duty to assist with all our might in making public any thought expressed on this behalf that appears worthy of attention. Mr. Edward Killwick Calver, of the Royal Navy, has been thirty years afloat, and is an Admiralty Surveyor. He has written a pamphlet On the Construction and Principle of a Wave Screen, designed for the formation of Harbours of Refuge, which is evidently the work of a trained observer.

For a right understanding of anything that has been done, or can be done for the prevention of wrecks off our shore, it is necessary to have, in the first instance, some clear notion of the nature of the waves which we desire to keep in check.

Waves are caused by the rubbing of the wind over a sheet of water, forcing it into undulations, which are most considerable when the wind is roughest, and has freest play over a moveable and level surface of the widest expanse. Thus there is one cause for the ripple of the pond and the Atlantic billow. When there is an off-shore gale, the waves near land are low, and they mount higher and higher as we travel seaward over them. The wind from the coast, when first striking the water, raises a wave of a certain height, and when the wind can no longer force up its increasing weight against the increasing tendency, by reason of its weight to tumble down again, it falls; and by its fall gives undulating movement to the sea beyond it, as a beam would if it fell on the same spot. The wind, helped by the tendency to rise in undulation thus established, lifts the next wave higher, it is heavier before it falls; and when it falls a stronger undulation is produced by the increased weight of its mass. The force of the wind, therefore, will be able to carry up the next wave higher still; and while the weight of the waves is thus growing, and the undulation produced by their fall is deepened, the wind, clear of obstruction from hills, trees, and other fixed impediments, can gather all its force into each blow, and becomes mightier to raise the waters towards heaven. So we come to the huge undulations of the mid-Atlantic.

Because the risings and the fallings necessarily must follow each other in succession, the descent of one wave urging up the next, the whole surface of the sea seems to be moving forwards; but there is no such real progress in the water. When over the surface of a field of corn, the waves run with the wind, every blade bends, rises, and returns to its place. Undulations may run rapidly along a shaken rope, yet the rope does not move forward with them. When a swell passes a ship at anchor in a calm day, if a piece of wood be dropped over the side, though the waves may be running towards shore at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, the wood rises and falls where it was dropped, and does not travel with them. Sometimes at sea an undulation which remains for a time after its cause has departed, crosses another of which the cause is then in operation. If these waves were propelling forces, they would dash each other into foam, with a wild conflict. Being mere undulations of the water, they cross over each other without disturbance. It is true that a vessel with her bows pointed in the direction towards which the waves are

travelling, although uninfluenced by tide, will slowly forge a-head; but this she does simply because the weight of her mass propels her forward down the slope of each undulation by which she is lifted. It might have seemed unnecessary to dwell on an account of the formation of ordinary deep water waves (which must not be confounded with the tidal wave that underlies them), if a misapprehension as to their nature—which no man of eminence since Newton's day has felt a doubt about—had not caused many conflicting opinions to be expressed before the Harbour of Refuge Commission, fourteen years ago.

As to the height attained by billows in mid ocean, reports do not agree. To the eye of the seafarer, it truly seems that they mount up to heaven, they go down again to the depths; but, of the height of waves in the sea, as of the number of stars in the sky, we form our impression subject to some causes of optical illusion. The rapid movement of the vessels from which observations of the height of waves have to be taken, makes it difficult to include every allowance due to error in a measurement. The best attempts can only yield approaches to the truth. The late Doctor Scoresby, during several hard gales in the Atlantic, measured many waves of about thirty feet, and one of forty-three. Another observer measured forty-five feet waves off the Island of Ascension, and declared that they sometimes rose sixty or seventy feet in the adjacent open sea. A third, and very competent observer, testified before the Select Committee on Shipwrecks, fifteen years ago, that he had measured the height of waves in the Atlantic in a heavy gale, and found none to exceed nineteen feet, after repeated trials, and when every conceivable allowance had been made for error. And these calculations refer to the massive billows far away in the wide and deep Atlantic. In the narrow and comparatively shallow seas that surround England, undulation cannot be established on so grand a scale. Mr. Thomas Stevenson, a famous builder and designer of light-houses and artificial harbours, says, that at the mouth of a harbour in the German Ocean with six hundred miles breadth of sea before it, during south-easterly gales, the extreme height of a wave was thirteen feet and a-half. In the deep water of the German Ocean, when a north-easter is blowing, he has no doubt that they rise considerably higher. The Count de Marsilli found the highest wave on the coast of Languedoc, with six hundred miles of sea before it, to be fourteen feet ten inches. On the eastern coast of England there is a sea-front of about three hundred miles, and we may assume fifteen feet to be the utmost height to which the waves are raised in any gale. When the force that raised the undulation is withdrawn, the effect continues and subsides by degrees under the ordinary in-

fluence of gravity and other causes of resistance. The pace of a deep-water wave partly depends upon its size; a six foot wave may run twelve miles an hour, a fifteen foot wave fifteen miles an hour. Over the same spot successive waves may travel at unequal rates.

The rub of the wind over deep water does not set the whole mass into motion. Waves are the movements of the surface only. The force of a tropical typhoon may indeed stir up deep water to its recesses, but upon our coast there are no typhoons. In gales on our eastern coast the sea-bottom is sometimes ground up from a depth of fifteen fathoms; so far down, therefore, the agitation may, at times, extend. Waves of six or eight feet have been often seen to change water with a depth of seven or eight fathoms. The *Venus cassina*, a large shell not known to live at a less depth than seven fathoms, often is thrown up during heavy gales on the coasts of Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man. At Holy Island, the *Pegasus* steamer, which sank in eleven fathoms, a little to the northward of the Goldstone, lay unhurt until there came a fierce north-easter, when she broke up at high-water. Examination of the Chesil Bank at Portland Breakwater proved the influence of waves at a depth of eight fathoms, and the sea has been found moving shingle towards the main at a yet greater depth. But we are taught by the Astronomer Royal that below the surface of a troubled sea reduction of disturbance goes on more rapidly than any one might at first think; in fact, in geometrical proportion, and the divers employed in removing the wreck of the Royal George at Spithead, found that they could work below as quietly and effectively under the heaviest sea as under calm, and that they were often most successful in strong gales of wind. Whatever may be the action of that part of the wave below the level of the water, it does not operate by beating on an obstacle, for Mr. Coode, after ten years' experience, states that upon Portland Breakwater even a powerful breaker does not inflict any blow below a depth of twelve or fifteen feet from the level of the water.

The crests of deep-sea waves, first sharpened by the wind, then broken and blown over as foam, are not for their resemblance to the foam of breakers, to be dreaded as the breakers are. Such foam is but dead water that has less speed than the wave from which the gale is dashing it. Spray of this kind, seconded by the plunging of a vessel, may make havoc with feeble bulwarks, or sweep light boats from a deck, but it is powerless against the sharp bow of a vessel by which it is breasted, and even the Dutch fishing vessels ride at anchor unharmed in the midst of it. A very slight obstacle will reduce what size and force it has. Admiral Bullock has seen even fishermen's nets cut off the

crest of a deep-sea wave, and produce comparatively smooth water under their lee. Boats driven off shore by gales of wind have been saved with their crews by riding under the lee of their spars formed into a raft, over which the surface-drift has spent itself. At the Cape of Good Hope a sea-weed baulks these ocean breakers, and the effect of oil upon the troubled waters has become a proverb. Fishermen have towed masses of greasy garbage behind their boats to destroy a following sea; and before Franklin recommended pouring oil upon the waves, the Steward of Kilda, in one of the Western Isles of Scotland, used, in a storm, to tie a bundle of puddings made of the fat of the sea-fowl to the end of his cable and let it fall into the sea behind the rudder. This hindered the waves from breaking. When, two years ago, the screw-steamer *William Beckett* of Goole foundered off the Scaw, the crew escaped through a heavy sea solely by use of oil. Dutch fishermen are sometimes to be seen entering the harbour of Scarborough, in heavy weather, cutting off the crests of the following waves by diffusion of oil over the surface of the water, thus giving the wind a greased surface to rub over, as roughly as it would, and establishing a broad smooth wake behind the vessel. And when the wind's work has been thus destroyed, it needs time and space to work in before anything like the old force of the suppressed wave can be re-established. By the force of tides or friction deep-water waves may also be intercepted, retarded, reversed, redirected, and destroyed. Mr. T. Stevenson says, that "From observations specially made at Sumburgh Head Lighthouse, in Shetland, during a westerly storm, so long as Sumburgh Roost (one of the most formidable tide-ways in those seas) was cresting and breaking heavily, one could easily have landed in a small boat at a creek, or bay, called the West Voe; but no sooner did the Roost disappear towards high water, than there came in towering billows, that totally submerged cliffs of very considerable height." Again, deep-water waves heaping themselves up against a steep and rocky line of coast, fall back and establish a reversed system of undulation that reduces the height of the waves next coming in. By such recoil Mr. Calver thinks, from his own observations, that one-third of the original height of the advancing wave is lost.

With these deep-sea waves we have now to contrast the breakers formed in shoal water. As the depth lessens the rate of movement in the lower part of the wave is retarded by increase of friction at the bottom, the greatest speed is at the top, and the front of the wave therefore becomes erect, leans forward till its top overhangs its base, and falls with a tremendous force upon the shore, or upon any solid object that may lie beneath its stroke. Such a wave, roughly speaking, breaks when its

height above the water level equals the depth to the ground below it; for example, a fifteen foot wave breaks over fifteen feet of water, but five foot breakers are found also in eight or ten feet water, nine foot breakers in the sea of a shore thirteen feet deep. Of the stroke of a breaker the force is represented by its weight multiplied by its speed. Breakers at Loch Awe have torn a stone of a quarter of a ton from the masonry of the landing-slip. The waves of the German Ocean broke in two a freestone column twelve yards high in a place where it was nearly four yards thick. In a gale at Granton a stone weighing a ton was picked out of a wall and thrown upon the beach. A block of fifty tons weight was moved by the sea at Barra Head, one of the Hebrides. At Plymouth Breakwater, so tremendous is the force of the breakers, that stones weighing ten or fifteen tons have been taken from below low water and carried over the top of the breakwater. By instruments contrived for the purpose, Mr. Stevenson found the force of breakers at the Bell Rock Lighthouse to be a ton and a-half on every foot of surface, and the force of Atlantic breakers on the lighthouse at Skerryvore to be not less than twice as terrible. On the other hand, at Sunderland, the North and South Beacons, formed of wood without any support, resist the breakers of the heaviest gales. So difficult is it to generalise upon what Smeaton called "those powers of nature that are subject to no calculation." At Brighton the force of breakers during heavy gales was found by Sir Samuel Brown to be eighty pounds to a foot upon a cylindrical column one foot thick.

This, then, is the general character of those sad sea waves against which breakwaters are reared for the protection of the seamen on our coasts. There are three kinds of breakwaters now in use: long-slope, upright, and floating. The old breakwaters of Tyre and Carthage, Athens and Halicarnassus, in later history the breakwaters of Venice, Genoa, Rochelle, and Barcelona, in our day the breakwaters of Cherbourg, Plymouth, Kingston, Howth, &c., have been built upon the long-slope principle. Stone rubble is thrown into the sea along the line proposed till the material reaches above high-water springs. It is left for the action of the sea to define its form, and when it is fixed at the angle of repose, the work is faced with rubble or squared masonry from the low water-mark upwards. The profile of such a work varies with its position. Cherbourg breakwater has on its outer face four distinct slopes between the top and bottom: one meets the higher break of the waves, another has the greatest slope because exposed to the whole battery of the breakers, a third is between equinoctial low-water and the point below the surface where the action of the breaker ceases to be felt, and the fourth, with least slope, is be-

neath the action of the waves. The principle has failed, and the upper slopes are now being removed for alteration. The defect of the whole long-slope principle, Mr. Calver urges, is that it creates artificially a shallow foreshore, and converts a deep sea wave into a breaker. This attacks the masonry, and often in a few hours destroys months of labour. The long-slope breakwater is a conjuror that can call up a spirit from the vasty deep only to be its victim. Moreover, the first burst of the breaker it assists in making is upon its weakest part—the toe—where stones lie in an unconnected heap. These stones are dug out by the water and thrown up the smooth masonry. When such a breakwater faces an oblique sea, there is a shoal formed, as at Cherbourg and elsewhere, only to be kept under by a large annual outlay. The breakwater is defective also by reason of the vacant spaces between stones. Under the beat of a breaker, air in such holes has an explosive force. Again, such breakwaters are at best suited to front only a storm equal to the strongest that took part in its formation. Thus Mr. G. Rennie said of Plymouth breakwater: "If nature has not a stronger storm than it has hitherto had, it will remain firm; but if a stronger storm comes, it will alter again." Cherbourg breakwater was three times in forty-two years raised above high water, and as often beaten down again by the waves, and the use of an upright wall above low water had to be adopted. Plymouth breakwater has several times been partly wrecked. Eighty yards of Howth breakwater were once destroyed in a north-east gale; Kingston requires continual repairs. At Portrush four thousand tons of material were washed round the pier-head, and formed into an artificial reef seventy feet long, rising three feet above low water. For two centuries annual havoc has been made on the mole of Algiers. It is said on behalf of the long-slope breakwater, that it is an imitation of the beach formed naturally. In form it is an approach to such an imitation. But on a beach Nature repairs what she destroys. The sea breaks with tremendous weight upon the Chesil bank as well as upon Plymouth breakwater; but in one case it gives as much as it takes, in the other it simply destroys and compels the employment of a large staff of men, but for whose industry in keeping up repairs, the breakwater would soon become a ruin. When it has been made, the long-slope breakwater is, in fact, to be maintained only at a constant and considerable yearly cost.

When the matter was inquired into before the Harbour of Refuge Commissioners of eighteen hundred and forty-four, of nineteen chief men in engineering science who were called as witnesses, fourteen were decidedly opposed to a mode of construction which has been defined as "rude and unscientific, being a means of procuring the smallest amount

of resistance with the largest quantity of materials."

The result of the inquiry was the determination which is now being followed out to construct for the great harbour in Dover Bay a breakwater upon the second principle, that of the upright wall. This does not convert the deep sea undulations into breakers. General Sir Harry Jones observed with interest how the same sea rose and fell without violence against the upright circular head of the eastern arm of Kingston breakwater, while on the long-slope it was breaking with great fury. Sir H. De la Beche noticed the same effects produced by the varying nature of the shore near Fishguard. The same on-shore sea, which produced a mere flop on the vertical cliffs, caused heavy rolling breakers on the beaches. Professor Airey has testified that he once rowed out of Swansea Harbour at high water when very high sea was running, and without risk even of the boat's touching, passed so near a pier-head that it could be struck with an oar. Two hundred yards farther on, he passed a shoal, where the sea broke so heavily that it carried two rowers out of the boat and nearly filled it. The summit of the upright wall breakwater is exposed to the broken crests of the deep water waves; but, as we have seen, these are not dangerous. This, therefore, is the form of breakwater advocated by the greater number of the men of science in our day. Its only drawback, as a sea wall, is the necessity of building on a bottom levelled by help of the diving bell, with none but best materials, facing throughout with heavy blocks well jointed and cemented. It is liable to wreck from bad workmanship or fault in the foundation, and it is a costly structure.

Floating breakwaters have been condemned so generally for their insecurity; that, although they do meet one of the great obstacles to good harbour construction and allow free passage to the tidal streams, so keeping the bottom clear of silt, they have few friends.

The process of silting is the ruin of most harbours. Here and there, as at Kingston, blue sea water comes in so free from deposit, that there is no settlement inside; but generally the waves and currents keep a considerable mass of matter in suspension, and with this the water comes into the closed harbour, whether protected by a long-slope or an upright breakwater, to stand and settle. Our artificial harbours are now mud-traps. All the cinque ports have been choked in course of time. It is the shutting out of that strong movement in the water which stirs up the muddy sand into its mass that causes the deposit. In the Royal George, after it had been some time submerged, General Pasley found little or no accumulation in the free water about its sides; but inside, where the water had been harboured and stilled, it was silted up twenty-nine feet. Thus it is

found that a bay is sandy and shallow; but a headland round which currents sweep, is steep.

Dover Refuge Harbour is to be a close harbour on a grand scale, enclosing by upright-wall breakwaters a space of seven hundred acres. Only a weak tidal current will come in through narrow entrances from a sea charged highly with matter whenever the weather becomes boisterous. It is calculated that the deposit within the harbour will reduce the depth throughout by six inches annually. But the yearly cost of removing those six inches of deposit would be twenty thousand pounds. Either this cost must be incurred, or in long course of time the Refuge Harbour must needs go the way of the old cinque ports. In Ramsgate Harbour, with an area of forty-two acres, the yearly deposit is two feet in depth. At Folkestone, with an area of fourteen acres, the silting is not less. Again, such breakwaters act like groynes upon the outer sea, and cause an advance of coast, as at Lowestoft, where the shore, north-eastward of the harbour, has advanced outwards from the heel to nearly the line of the head of the wall, a distance of about five hundred feet. The approach to Grimsby dock is to be maintained only at a great annual cost. The Harbour of Refuge Commissioners accepted the fact in a sort of despair, that from the stilled water in harbours sediment must fall to the bottom. Plymouth breakwater has cost a million and a half, Cherbourg three millions.

Captain Vetch said in his Dover evidence, "I have been led to form a strong opinion that none of our existing modes of construction are commendable or advisable, and that if anything is to be done, we must look to new contrivances and discoveries, all of which will require to be tested by satisfactory experiments before adoption."

One of these new contrivances is that of Mr. Calver. Briefly, it is a stretch of paling which he calls the Wave Screen—of material and structure duly considered with regard to strength and durability, crossing the tide-way as nearly as possible so as freely to admit the tide, and to reduce the waves one half while breaking their crests. A twelve foot wave would thus pass through the paling as a six foot wave into the harbour, and become further stilled in proportion to the expanse; but there would still be the scour of the currents and the stir of the water to keep the harbour's bed clean, and to hold silt in suspension. The general idea is not absolutely new. Sir John Rennie, says Mr. Calver, seemed almost to be describing the wave screen when, in allusion to the moles of Porto Giulio and Misenum, and the ports of Astium, Astia, and Ancona, he remarked: "They were all constructed on arches, and their object was to produce sufficient circulation of currents through the arches, and at the same time to have sufficient

solidity to break the sea—a most ingenious and scientific principle.”

The wave screen, as Mr. Calver has planned its construction, would cost, he believes, in its most expensive form, two hundred and fifty thousand pounds a mile, and a mile of wave screen could be built in about two years. Cherbourg breakwater has been sixty or seventy years in building; Plymouth is not yet finished.

SEGMENT'S SHADOW.

OF all his pupils, I flatter myself, that there was none whom Segment of John's had a greater esteem for than me. He was my university coach for two long vacations and six terms, and carried me up from the levels of mere arithmetic to dizzy heights from which we looked down upon conic sections as upon a green hill watered by the pure mathematics.

I verily believe that I should have been a poet—and, indeed, the reader of the above sentence may have already detected the natural tendency of my disposition—if it had not been for the intervention of Segment; and I am proportionally grateful to him upon that account, as who (with the gift of a logical mind) would not be? There is not a yard of the Trumpington road but he and I have trodden it, in company, a score of times, and always at such a pace as is practised elsewhere only in the Copenhagen Fields; there is not an angle of the Gogmagogs but we have subtended it together, often and often, nor (as in the case of Mr. Malcolm Graham and Ben Lomond) did a single sob confess our toil. We were both, indeed, good walkers, and had proved it many a time upon the snowy Alps, as well as on the more modest elevations to which I have just referred. I was one of that party (whose reputation I may almost say is European) which Segment took into the south of France one Long, and five of whom were among the Twelve Apostles in the next mathematical Tripos. They certainly deserved that distinction if application to their studies and exclusion from their minds of all subjects of a foreign or (as they expressed it) unpaying character, should have earned it for them.

Young Cosine—who was second wrangler, and no wonder,—avowed that he really had not observed whether the people, among whom he there resided for three months, spoke French or not; but when he had taken his degree, and had time to think of it, he supposed it could not have been English. Nevertheless, we remaining nine (for the party consisted of a round dozen besides our respected coach) led a very jolly life indeed among these alien scenes—or, as Bullswipe terms them to this day, in “them foreign diggings.”

Segment had promised Bullswipe père to

take care of his hopeful offspring, and hence the strange, but not unwelcome, addition of that fast and noisy, but kindly and athletic, young freshman to our somewhat steady-going lot. The poor lad could never be got to bring out the accurate result of even a multiplication sum in pounds, shillings, and pence, and now he is roaming about the wide world (with two horses and a groom, however, and fifteen hundred a-year, left him by an aunt,) boasting to everybody he meets that Segment of John's was his private tutor, and that he himself would surely have been a wrangler, but that his health broke down. If you can imagine the tougher of the two hippopotami in the Regent's Park afflicted with a nervous headache, you may possibly conceive Bullswipe in delicate health. He made a bet with a French officer that he would walk from Heely to Toe Caster (a distance of more than a hundred miles), literally as the crow flies, steering by compass, and deviating neither to the right nor to the left, piercing through wood and swimming over river, though path or bridge might be close at hand, like an escaped lunatic, and to the extreme astonishment of the natives. The diversion, however, in which he took the highest delight was cricket, which he played almost every day in a field which he had hired outside the town. When he could not get up a side, he would play by himself with a catapult, and a wall of network behind him; at which phenomenon the eyes of the aborigines almost came out of their heads. The French have the credit of being a polite nation; but I certainly never saw people stare as they did. We attempted to convert the poor benighted folks to our national game; but without the smallest success. I think they suspected the astute Segment of some political motive, and detected a characteristic perfidiousness even in the open British countenance of Bullswipe. That young gentleman's fast bowling was of so tremendous a description, that a paternal government absolutely interfered on behalf of its children, and a cordon of French *gens d'armes* surrounded the cricket-field in play hours to keep off the populace from a too dangerous proximity. Those small armed men keeping watch upon our good-tempered, defenceless, and, indeed, almost naked athlete, are still, I am delighted to say, to be seen in my book of photographs. The respectable Segment was often not a little discomposed by the conduct of his young pupil; who carried him about from scrape to scrape, as a powerful dog drags along, into every hole and corner, his chain and the other dog at the end of it.

It was to the pupil, however, that some of us, upon our way home, were indebted for food and shelter when the coach had given over the attempt to procure them as hopeless. Wet, weary, and hungry, we had arrived one evening at a small inn in an

unfrequented district, when, to our excessive disappointment, we found it entirely occupied. It was situated on a lofty hill, and we had watched it for miles as a guiding star, filling our thirsty souls with thoughts upon what would be the best substitute for beer, and soothing our craving stomachs with images of all things made with eggs—and, lo! an English milor and friends had taken the whole of it for that night, both dining-room and sleeping chambers. Segment, who has a British weakness in the matter of persons with handles to their names, refused to disturb their magnificences, and to intrude so large a party as five strangers upon their *salle-à-manger*. Bullswipe, however, with the eating and drinking instincts of the savage strong upon him, and his artificial restraints never perhaps being very enthralling, loudly demanded the name of this bloated aristocrat who wanted a public dining-room all to himself.

"Le Comte Bheel, with suite," was, it seemed, the offending party; "an English milor of great wealth and exclusive manners."

The impetuous young man was about to express an unfavourable opinion of this nobleman, when Segment interrupted.

"I think, my good host, there is some mistake in the name, since Bheel is scarcely an English title; we will, however, by no means trespass upon his lordship's privacy. Have you any cleanly-littered stable" (Bullswipe vanished) "which tired travellers may repose in for a few hours? A few eggs and a little cold meat" (Segment could never be got to understand that there never is any cold meat at a French inn), "the simplest repast is all which, with the addition of that humble accommodation, we shall require."

The landlord was in the act of trying to shrug his shoulders over his head, when, re-enter Bullswipe, in fits of laughter, followed by a little round Englishman.

"It ain't Bheel!" cried the youth, half suffocated with mirth, "it's Byles the pastry-cook, and the very man we want!"

Our young friend had forced his way into the dining-room in order to present a piece of his mind to the selfish nobleman. In that distinguished personage he discovered the most popular maker of pies in the university. Never before was debtor so well pleased to meet with creditor. To Segment, as to me who had a great deal of college patronage, Byles was more than civil—he was kindly in the extreme. Not only was the *salle-à-manger* given up to us for a common sleeping chamber; but, before retiring to rest, le Comte Bheel was so good as to amend the somewhat imperfect culinary arrangements of the inn by cooking us, with his own noble hands, some exquisite cutlets.

Adventures of this sort, however they may lose in the telling, form very pleasant subjects of after-talk to those who have experienced them in company. Segment and I had a

hundred similar reminiscences of which, when alone together, we never grew weary, and besides that, our souls were far from being unsympathetic. It was true that he had eliminated from me much of that poetical faculty which I had at first possessed; but, on the other hand, like one who sucks the poison from the arrow wound of his friend, he had taken something of it into his own system. If, indeed, it had not been for me—that is, for my indirect influence—I do not believe that Segment would ever have fallen in love: he might have laid himself down with deliberation and let the stream flow gradually over him, but he would never have taken a header (as he did) into the deepest part of that smiling river. One only sort of respect which he seemed to pay to his former self in the matter was this, that he chose for the object of his affection no brilliant young bird of paradise, all feathers and squeak, but a modest retiring dove: he fell in love, in short, with a little Quakeress.

"When the heyday of youth and passion are over," Segment (who was fifty if he was a day) was wont to observe, "there will still be a charm about Ruth, quite independent of them."

"Ah," I replied, "or poetry apart" (our coach's favourite expression) "she is what a sensible man would call 'a good durable brown.'"

I had my good tutor there, I think; but, indeed, we had him everywhere while he was in this unfortunate condition; nor of all his store of wisdom had he a single pennyworth to apply to his own necessity. The best of it was, he had never spoken to the young woman, nor she to him. She had come to the little village in Wales where we were then stopping, like ourselves, not indeed with a reading party, but in search of the picturesque; and she lodged in a little cottage about half a mile off, with a papa who wore a coat cut like a robin's, and with a drab coloured mamma.

The Welsh village—for us that were not in love that is—was slow, and when he heard that an Oxford party were coming to the same spot we rejoiced exceedingly; nevertheless we did not think it worth while to inform Segment, who cared not one fourpenny bit who came and who went, so long as Aberdoveily Cottage—the casket of his jewel—remained in the same spot by the lake's side.

Opposite that pleasant habitation I found my guide and friend (but philosopher no longer) watching a certain first-floor window of it upon a certain night, with an air, I must say, upon discovery, very much like that of a detected burglar. He attempted to whistle a popular melody suggestive of the delight he took on a shiny night in that season of the year, in wandering about at eleven, P.M.; but the hypocrisy was hideously transparent.

"What are you doing here?" cried I, without a moment's hesitation, "you very wicked old dog?"

My beloved preceptor, perceiving at once that further deception would be worse than useless, made a virtue of confiding in the bosom of friendship.

"She's there," he remarked in a solemn voice, just dipped in melancholy; "that's her beautiful shadow there upon the first-floor blind: she's brushing her adorable back hair."

"The young person seems to me to be going to bed," observed I, drily; the remark conveyed a reproach upon Mr. Segment's conduct as a spectator, but his principles (I suppose) were far too high to be reached by it.

"She is going to bed," replied he sadly; "it will be very soon over now: she puts a little unnecessary kalydor upon her lovely cheeks, and then——"

"Good gracious, Segment," cried I, interrupting him indignantly, "do you mean to say that you come here every night?"

"Every night, my friend," rejoined he, quietly, "since that fourteenth of August when we came upon her sketching on the heathery hill-top like a startled fawn. Ruth, Ruth, thou daughter of a kindly race, be pitiful to me as thy name implies! I think she is now going to put her ringlets into paper: her sect, strict as it is, has not the cruelty to forbid the sweet girl to wear ringlets. The candle is on the mantelpiece to-night, so that we shall scarcely see her dainty fingers—exquisite gaolers—imprisoning her locks in their separate tiny cells; when it's on the table behind her—but I need not speak to you of the effect of light when a solid body intervenes directly. . . . What am I saying? Solid body? She's a fairy, she's a spirit, she's an angel—she's going now to put on her bewitching but perfectly plain and Quaker-like night-cap."

The Shadow did in truth appear to be fixing something of that final nature upon its head; the next instant, however, the Substance threw up the window, and in a very masculine voice indeed, roared out: "What the Devil are you two fellows lurking there about? You'll have as good a thrashing as ever you had in your life if you don't move off."

Away started the discomfited Segment—like a tangent—at these dreadful sounds; away I started in pursuit as fast as laughter would permit me.

"What a very hoarse voice Ruth has," I panted, as I came up with the fugitive, "and don't you think, for a Quakeress, that her language is a little strong?"

The fact was that Aberdoveily Cottage was at that moment tenanted by the newly arrived Reading party—the enchanting Ruth having vacated it the preceding day—while the individual whose retiring arrangements

poor Segment had been taking so great an interest in, was no other than the Oxford coach himself.

ONE OTHER HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.

WHO that has seen has not grieved to see a sick child in the house of Poverty? Say, it is loved by tender-hearted parents. Then many a holy sacrifice, of which the rich know nothing, they must make before they can fulfil in its behalf, the simplest offices of love. The father must go forth to his day's labour, or the house-roof tumbles over all; the mother, too often, must go forth also to her day's labour, or deny to the whole household a part of its daily sustenance. The many little wants of childhood multiplied by sickness, press in vain upon the mother's aching heart. The little luxuries that are the best of medicine, even the luxury of a frequent loving word and loving touch, are seldom to be had. The little one lies on its bed (if it has a bed) lonely by day, and at night overcrowded with the bed-fellows who have no other resting-place than by its side. I do not draw on fancy, but on recollection, when I speak about this thing. Years of my life have been spent, day after day, by the sick-beds of children. I have made friendships with them on their little pallets, sometimes visiting at their own poor homes, fifty in a day; and now and then keeping a night-long watch by one of them. I know too well what a vain struggle of love it is when mothers, living by the toil of their bodies, after hard labour by day, deny themselves their sleep by night;—fathers do that only when death is near. There is a refinement in poor women that is seldom to be found among poor men, which often shines with a pure lustre by the sick-bed of a child. It is very beautiful and very pitiful; it prompts to perform so much, those who can really achieve so little. Little, I mean in man's eyes; much, we know, in God's: little to raise the body from the sick-bed, much to increase health in the soul.

Again, there is a marked character about all sickness of a child; it rises and falls with a rapid tide. Fatal disease runs its course often with a rapidity unknown among adults; a trifling matter noticeable in the morning, may become serious if not observed and attended to before the noon, deadly if left unnoticed until night. Every child's physician knows, that in case of any serious disorder,—and a light disorder may by an unexpected turn, by unwise treatment or neglect, suddenly grow formidable,—in case of serious disorder no child is perfectly assured of complete medical help, who is not seen by a skilled observer three times in the twenty-four hours. That is the truth. But it is requisite to put it out of sight, for it is utterly impossible that any medical prac-

tioner, visiting children at their own homes, could, except under exceptional circumstances, fulfil such a condition. Even rich parents would flinch from the cost of so much care, and even a practitioner who has not much to do, would still find that he has not time enough for such a charge.

If we knew all the causes of the terrible mortality among young children in this country, we should fill England with hospitals for children, and the rich would be almost as ready as the poor to use them. In them only is it possible for each one of the little sufferers to be watched even from hour to hour by an eye specially trained to observe the turns peculiar to the diseases of a child. Such diseases are unlike those of adults; they never are so hopeless, and yet they are infinitely more beset with risk of unexpected turns produced by unexpected causes. In the homes of the poor those unexpected causes are, in a vague sense, expected hurts. It is impossible, with the best care, to protect the child against imprudence and negligence in some one among a household of people ignorant and little trained to think, who often are most dangerous when they obey only the impulses of love.

And there is not to be put out of sight the hardness of heart that belongs to the worst of the ignorant, who know not how to think. They do not fill a small class. Many are careless of the child's fate; many desire by its death to be relieved of an expense and a restraint; some—it would be less than truth to say a few—ensure the child's death by a deliberate neglect that is equivalent to murder. Law takes no cognisance of such a crime. I have fought many a vain battle to prevent such murders, when there was no child's hospital in all the land, to which a little sufferer could have been sent, and in which any child so perilled might be saved.

Let the rich also, who would never use a children's hospital themselves (however wisely they would act in doing so), remember the great need there is of special knowledge of those special classes of disease whereby children perish. No medical man is altogether competent to treat a sick child, if he has not made of the diseases of children a distinct matter of study, and there is no true study of disease possible from books alone. The book is but a guide to observation in the hospital.

When a Hospital for Sick Children was first founded in London we were not slow to urge its value on the public; a few years have elapsed and now we have Liverpool distinctly following the lead of London. In Liverpool an Infirmary for Children was established in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, which relieved, during last year, more than eleven hundred little patients, not without receiving from their grateful mothers an appreciable contribution in the form of

gifts made to a voluntary fund. Of late it has been desired partly to convert the infirmary into that which is yet more urgently required—a Children's Hospital, in which those children may be tended who are too ill to be brought through all weathers daily, or perhaps irregularly, for such brief notice as can be paid to them in an out-patient's room. Eight beds have been furnished. Eight beds for the sick children of the poor of Liverpool! Considering that in this movement Liverpool joins London as a leader; knowing, too, with what feeble support the children's hospital in London achieves all the good it does; we cannot say that the subscription list is scanty, or that the ladies of Liverpool are negligent in their supply of books, and toys, and flowers. Recognition of the value of an institution of this kind is still imperfect throughout the country. Every great town will, some day, possess one, and the multitude of our little prattlers that now lie dumb in their graves,—prattling on still, years after death in our sad hearts,—will be represented among our children's children by stout boys and girls growing up ready and able to do their part in the world's work, side by side, with those of their brothers and sisters whom the hand of sickness never touched. Of all things in life there should be nothing so preventable—as there is nothing on the face of it so unnatural—as the death of a little child. Yet it is of all things in life the commonest, the one we really make, as a community, least effort to prevent.

THE POISONED MEAL.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH. HUSHED-UP.

THE saddest part of Marie's sad story now remains to be told.

One last lamentable resource was left her, by employing which it was possible, at the last moment, to avert for a few months the frightful prospect of the torture and the stake. The unfortunate girl might stoop, on her side, to use the weapons of deception against her enemies, and might defame her own character by pleading pregnancy. That one miserable alternative was all that now remained; and, in the extremity of mortal terror, with the shadow of the executioner on her prison, and with the agony of approaching torment and death at her heart, the forlorn creature accepted it. If the law of strict morality must judge her in this matter without consideration, and condemn her without appeal, the spirit of Christian mercy—remembering how sorely she was tried, remembering the frailty of our common humanity, remembering the warning word which forbade us to judge one another—may open its sanctuary of tenderness to a sister in affliction, and may offer her the tribute of its pity, without limit and without blame.

The plea of pregnancy was admitted, and,

at the eleventh hour, the period of the execution was deferred. On the day when her ashes were to have been cast to the winds, she was still in her prison, a living, breathing woman. Her limbs were spared from the torture, her body was released from the stake, until the twenty-ninth of July, seventeen hundred and eighty-two. On that day her reprieve was to end, and the execution of her sentence was absolutely to take place.

During the short period of grace which was now to elapse, the situation of the friendless girl, accused of such incredible crimes and condemned to so awful a doom, was discussed far and wide in French society. The case became notorious beyond the limits of Caen. The report of it spread by way of Rouen, from mouth to mouth, till it reached Paris; and from Paris it penetrated into the palace of the King at Versailles. That harmless, weak, unhappy man, whose dreadful destiny it was to pay the penalty which the long and noble endurance of the French people had too mercifully abstained from inflicting on his guilty predecessors, had then lately mounted the fatal steps of the Throne. Louis the Sixteenth was sovereign of France when the story of the poor servant-girl obtained its first court-circulation at Versailles.

The conduct of the King, when the main facts of Marie's case came to his ears, did all honour to his sense of duty and his sense of justice. He instantly despatched his Royal order to suspend the execution of the sentence. The report of Marie's fearful situation had reached him so short a time before the period appointed for her death, that the Royal mandate was only delivered to the parliament of Rouen on the twenty-sixth of July.

The girl's life now hung literally on a thread. An accident happening to the courier, any delay in fulfilling the wearisome official formalities proper to the occasion, and the execution might have taken its course. The authorities at Rouen, feeling that the King's interference implied a rebuke of their inconsiderate confirmation of the Caen sentence, did their best to set themselves right for the future by registering the Royal order on the day when they received it. The next morning, the twenty-seventh, it was sent to Caen; and it reached the authorities there on the twenty-eighth.

That twenty-eighth of July, seventeen hundred and eighty-two, fell on a Sunday. Throughout the day and night, the order lay in the office unopened. Sunday was a holiday, and Procurator Revel was not disposed to desecrate it by so much as five minutes performance of week-day work.

On Monday, the twenty-ninth, the crowd assembled to see the execution. The stake was set up, the soldiers were called out, the executioner was ready. All the preliminary horror of the torturing and burning was suffered to darken round the miserable

prisoner, before the wretches in authority saw fit to open the message of mercy and to deliver it at the prison-gate.

She was now saved, as if by a miracle, for the second time! But the cell-door was still closed on her. The only chance of ever opening it—the only hope of publicly asserting her innocence, lay in appealing to the King's justice by means of a written statement of her case, presenting it exactly as it stood in all its details, from the beginning at Madame Duparc's to the end in the prison of Caen. The production of such a document as this was beset with obstacles; the chief of them being the difficulty of gaining access to the voluminous reports of the evidence given at the trial, which were only accessible in those days to persons professionally connected with the courts of law. If Marie's case was to be placed before the King, no man in France, who was not a lawyer could undertake the duty with the slightest chance of serving the interests of the prisoner and the interests of truth.

In this disgraceful emergency a man was found to plead the girl's cause, whose profession secured to him the indispensable privilege of examining the evidence against her. This man—a barrister, named Lecauchois—not only undertook to prepare a statement of the case from the records of the court—but further devoted himself to collecting money for Marie, from all the charitably-disposed inhabitants of the town. It is to be said to his credit that he honestly faced the difficulties of his task, and industriously completed the document which he had engaged to furnish. On the other hand, it must be recorded to his shame, that his motives were interested throughout, and that with almost incredible meanness, he paid himself for the employment of his time by putting the greater part of the sum which he had collected for his client in his own pocket. With her one friend, no less than with all her enemies, it seems to have been Marie's hard fate to see the worst side of human nature, on every occasion when she was brought into contact with her fellow-creatures.

The statement pleading for the revision of Marie's trial was sent to Paris. An eminent barrister at the Court of Requests, framed a petition from it, the prayer of which was granted by the king. Acting under the Royal order, the judges of the Court of Requests, furnished themselves with the reports of the evidence as drawn up at Caen; and after examining the whole case, unanimously decided that there was good and sufficient reason for the revision of the trial. The order to that effect was not issued to the parliament of Rouen before the twenty-fourth of May, seventeen hundred and eighty-four—nearly two years after the king's mercy had saved Marie from the executioner. Who can say how slowly that long, long time must have passed to the poor girl who was still languishing in her prison?

The Rouen parliament, feeling that it was held accountable for its proceedings to a high court of judicature, acting under the direct authority of the King himself, recognised at last, readily enough, that the interests of its own reputation and the interests of rigid justice were now intimately bound up together; and applied itself impartially, on this occasion at least, to the consideration of Marie's case. As a necessary consequence of this change of course, the authorities of Caen began, for the first time, to feel seriously alarmed for themselves. If the parliament of Rouen dealt fairly by the prisoner, a fatal exposure of the whole party would be the certain result. Under these circumstances, Procurator Revel and his friends sent a private requisition to the authorities at Rouen, conjuring them to remember that the respectability of their professional brethren was at stake, and suggesting that the legal establishment of Marie's innocence was the mistake of all others which it was now most urgently necessary to avoid. The parliament of Rouen was, however, far too cautious, if not too honest, to commit itself to such an atrocious proceeding as was here plainly indicated. After gaining as much time as possible by prolonging their deliberations to the utmost, the authorities resolved on adopting a middle course, which on the one hand should not actually establish the prisoner's innocence, and, on the other, should not publicly expose the disgraceful conduct of the prosecution at Caen. Their decree, not issued until the twelfth of March, seventeen hundred and eighty-five, annulled the sentence of Procurator Revel on technical grounds; suppressed the further publication of the statement of Marie's case, which had been drawn out by the advocate Lecauchois, as libellous towards Monsieur Revel and Madame Duparc; and announced that the prisoner was ordered to remain in confinement until more ample information could be collected relating to the doubtful question of her innocence or her guilt. No such information was at all likely to present itself (more especially after the only existing narrative of the case had been suppressed); and the practical effect, of the decree therefore was to keep Marie in prison for an indefinite period, after she had been illegally deprived of her liberty already from August, seventeen hundred and eighty-one to March, seventeen hundred and eight-five. Who shall say that the respectable classes did not take good care of their respectability on the eve of the French Revolution!

Marie's only hope of recovering her freedom, and exposing her unscrupulous enemies to the obloquy and the punishment which they richly deserved, lay in calling the attention of the higher tribunals of the capital to the cruelly cunning decree of the parliament of Rouen. Accordingly, she once more petitioned the Throne. The King re-

ferred the document to his council; and the council issued an order submitting the Rouen decree to the final investigation of the parliament of Paris.

At last, then, after more than three miserable years of imprisonment, the victim of Madame Duparc and Procurator Revel had burst her way through all intervening obstacles of law and intricacies of office, to the judgment-seat of that highest law-court in the country, which had the final power of ending her long sufferings and of doing her signal justice on her adversaries of all degrees. The parliament of Paris was now to estimate in all its importance the unutterable wrong that had been inflicted on her; and the eloquent tongue of one of the first advocates of that famous bar was to plead her cause openly before God, the king, and the country.

The pleading of Monsieur Fournel (Marie's counsel) before the parliament of Paris, remains on record. At the outset, he assumes the highest ground for the prisoner. He disclaims all intention of gaining her her liberty by taking the obvious technical objections to the illegal and irregular sentences of Caen and Rouen. He insists on the necessity of vindicating her innocence legally and morally before the world, and of obtaining the fullest compensation that the law allows for the fearful injuries which the original prosecution had inflicted on his client. In pursuance of this design, he then proceeds to examine the evidence of the alleged poisoning and the alleged robbery, step by step, pointing out in the fullest detail the monstrous contradictions and improbabilities which have been already briefly indicated in this narrative. The course thus pursued, with signal clearness and ability, leads, as every one who has followed the particulars of the case from the beginning will readily understand, to a very serious result. The arguments for the defence cannot assert Marie's innocence without shifting the whole weight of suspicion, in the matter of Monsieur de Beaulieu's death by poisoning, on to the shoulders of her mistress Madame Duparc.

It is necessary, in order to prepare the reader for the extraordinary termination of the proceedings, to examine this question of suspicion in some of its most striking details.

The poisoning of Monsieur de Beaulieu may be accepted, in consideration of the medical evidence, as a proved fact, to begin with. The question that remains is, whether that poisoning was accidental or premeditated. In either case, the evidence points directly at Madame Duparc, and leads to the conclusion that she tried to shift the blame of the poisoning (if accidental) and the guilt of it (if premeditated) from herself to her servant.

Suppose the poisoning to have been accidental. Suppose arsenic to have been purchased for some legitimate domestic purpose, and to have been carelessly left in one of the salt-cellars, on the dresser—who salts

the hasty-pudding? Madame Duparc. Who—assuming that the dinner next day really contained some small portion of poison, just enough to swear by—prepared that dinner? Madame Duparc and her daughter, while the servant was asleep. Having caused the death of her father, and having produced symptoms of illness in herself and her guests, by a dreadful accident, how does the circumstantial evidence further show that Madame Duparc tried to fix the responsibility of that accident on her servant, before she openly charged the girl with poisoning? In the first place, she is the only one of the dinner-party who attributes the general uneasiness to poison. She not only does this, but she indicates the kind of poison used, and declares in the kitchen that it is burnt,—so as to lead to the inference that the servant, who has removed the dishes, has thrown some of the poisoned food on the fire. Here is a foregone conclusion on the subject of arsenic in Madame Duparc's mind, and an inference in connection with it, directed at the servant by Madame Duparc's lips. In the second place, if any trust at all is to be put in the evidence touching the finding of arsenic on or about Marie's person, that trust must be reposed in the testimony of Surgeon Hébert, who first searched the girl. Where does he find the arsenic and the bread-crumbs? In Marie's pockets. Who takes the most inexplicably officious notice of such a trifle as Marie's dress, at the most shockingly inappropriate time when the father of Madame Duparc lies dead in the house? Madame Duparc herself. Who tells Marie to take off her Sunday pockets, and sends her into her own room (which she herself has not entered during the night, and which has been open to the intrusion of any one else in the house) to tie on the very pockets in which the arsenic is found? Madame Duparc. Who put the arsenic into the pockets? Is it jumping to a conclusion to answer once more, Madame Duparc?

Thus far, we have assumed that the mistress attempted to shift the blame of a fatal accident on to the shoulders of the servant. Do the facts bear out that theory, or do they lead to the suspicion that the woman was a parricide, and that she tried to fix on the simple friendless country girl, the guilt of her dreadful crime? If the poisoning of the hasty pudding was accidental, the salting of it, through which the poisoning was, to all appearance, effected, must have been a part of the habitual cookery of the dish. So far, however, from this being the case, Madame Duparc had expressly warned her servant not to use salt; and only used the salt (or the arsenic) herself, after asking a question which implied a direct contradiction of her own directions, and the inconsistency of which she made no attempt whatever to explain. Again, when her father was taken ill, if Madame Duparc had been only the

victim of an accident, would she have remained content with no better help than that of an apothecary's boy? would she not have sent, as her father grew worse, for the best medical assistance which the town afforded? The facts show that she summoned just help enough, barely to save appearances, and no more. The facts show that she betrayed a singular anxiety to have the body laid out, as soon as possible after life was extinct. The facts show that she maintained an unnatural composure on the day of the death. These are significant circumstances. They speak for themselves independently of the evidence given afterwards, in which she and her child contradicted each other as to the time that elapsed when the old man had eaten his fatal meal, before he was taken ill. Add to these serious facts, the mysterious disappearance from the house of the eldest son, which was never accounted for; and the rumour of purchased poison, which was never investigated. Consider, besides, whether the attempt to sacrifice the servant's life be not more consistent with the ruthless determination of a criminal, than with the terror of an innocent woman who shrinks from accepting the responsibility of a frightful accident—and determine at the same time, whether the infinitesimal amount of injury done by the poisoned dinner can be most probably attributed to lucky accident, or to premeditated doctoring of the dishes with just arsenic enough to preserve appearances, and to implicate the servant without too seriously injuring the company on whom she waited. Give all these serious considerations their due weight; then look back to the day of Monsieur de Beaulieu's death; and say if Madame Duparc was the victim of a dreadful accident, or the perpetrator of an atrocious crime!

That she was one or the other, and that, in either case, she was the originator of the vile conspiracy against her servant, which these pages disclose, was the conclusion to which Monsieur Fournel's pleading on his clients behalf inevitably led. That pleading satisfactorily demonstrated Marie's innocence of poisoning and theft, and her fair claim to the fullest legal compensation for the wrong inflicted on her. On the twenty-third of May, seventeen hundred and eighty-six, the Parliament of Paris issued its decree, discharging her from the remotest suspicion of guilt, releasing her from her long imprisonment, and authorising her to bring an action for damages, against the person or persons who had falsely accused her of murder and theft. The truth had triumphed, and the poor servant-girl had found laws to protect her at last. Under these altered circumstances, what happened to Madame Duparc? What happened to Procurator Revel, and his fellow-conspirators? What happened to the authorities of the parliament of Rouen?

Nothing.

The premonitory rumblings of that great

earthquake of nations which History calls the French Revolution, were, at this time, already beginning to make themselves heard; and any public scandal which affected the wealthier and higher classes involved a serious social risk, the importance of which no man in France could then venture to estimate. If Marie claimed the privilege which a sense of justice, or rather a sense of decency, had forced the parliament of Paris to concede to her,—and, through her counsel, she did claim it,—the consequences of the legal inquiry into her case which her demand for damages necessarily involved, would probably be the trying of Madame Duparc, either for parricide, or for homicide by misadventure; the dismissal of Procurator Revel from the functions which he had disgracefully abused; and the suspension from office of the authorities at Caen and Rouen, who had in various ways forfeited public confidence by aiding and abetting him. Here then was no less a prospect in view than the disgrace of a respectable family, and the dishonouring of the highest legal functionaries of two important provincial towns! And for what end was the dangerous exposure to be made? Merely to do justice to the daughter of a common day-labourer, who had been illegally sentenced to torture and burning, and illegally confined in prison for nearly five years. To make a wholesale sacrifice of her superiors, no matter how wicked they might be, for the sake of giving a mere servant-girl compensation for the undeserved obloquy and misery of many years, was too preposterous and too suicidal an act of justice to be thought of for a moment. Accordingly, when Marie was prepared to bring her action for damages, the lawyers laid their heads together, in the interests of society. It was found possible to put her out of court at once and for ever, by taking a technical objection to the proceedings in which she was plaintiff, at the very outset. This disgraceful means of escape once discovered, the girl's guilty persecutors instantly took advantage of it. She was formally put out of court, without the possibility of any further appeal. Procurator Revel and the other authorities retained their distinguished legal positions; and the question of the guilt or innocence of Madame Duparc, in the matter of her father's death, remains a mystery which no man can solve to this day.

After recording this scandalous termination of the legal proceedings, it is gratifying to be able to conclude the story of Marie's unmerited sufferings with a picture of her after-life which leaves an agreeable impression on the mind. If popular sympathy, after her release from prison, could console her for the hard measure of injustice under which she had suffered so long and so un-

availingly, that sympathy was offered to her heartily and without limit. She became quite a public character in Paris. The people followed her in crowds wherever she went. A subscription was set on foot, which, for the time at least, secured her a comfortable independence. Friends rose up in all directions to show her such attention as might be in their power; and the simple country girl, when she was taken to see the sights of Paris, actually beheld her own name placarded in the showmen's bills, and her presence advertised as the greatest attraction that could be offered to the public. When, in due course of time, all this excitement had evaporated, Marie married prosperously, and the government granted her its licence to open a shop for the sale of stamped papers. The last we hear of her is, that she was a happy wife and mother, and that she performed every duty of life in such a manner as to justify the deep interest which had been universally felt for her by the people of France.

Her story is related here, not only because it seemed to contain some elements of interest in itself, but also because the facts of which it is composed may claim to be of some little historical importance, as helping to expose the unendurable corruptions of society in France before the Revolution. It may not be amiss for those persons whose historical point of view obstinately contracts its range to the Reign of Terror, to look a little farther back—to remember that the hard case of oppression here related had been, for something like one hundred years, the case (with minor changes of circumstance) of the forlorn many against the powerful few, all over France—and then to consider whether there was not a reason and a necessity, a dreadful last necessity, for the French Revolution. That Revolution has expiated, and is still expiating, its excesses, by political failures which all the world can see. But the social good which it indisputably effected remains to this day. Take, as an example, the administration of justice in France at the present time. Whatever its short-comings may still be, no innocent French woman could be treated, now, as an innocent French woman was once treated, at a period so little remote from our own time as the end of the last century.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read at ABERDEEN on the 4th of October; at PERTH on the 5th; at GLASGOW on the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th; at BRADFORD on the 14th; at LIVERPOOL on the 15th; at MANCHESTER on the 16th; at BIRMINGHAM on the 18th, 19th, and 20th; at NOTTINGHAM on the 21st; at DERBY on the 22nd; and at MANCHESTER on the 23rd of October.

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A CLAUSE FOR THE NEW REFORM BILL.

AT this dull season of the political year, and in the absence of all other rumours, the rumour of a New Reform Bill is beginning to strengthen prodigiously. No one seems to know exactly what the bill is to be, or who is asking for it most loudly, or what particular party means to bring it in. Whether, among its other extraordinary results, it is destined to show that Tories are Radicals, and Radicals Tories, and Whigs nothing in particular—whether it is to be an artful Bill of the old sort, which first delights us with magnificent professions, and then astonishes us with minute performances; or whether it is to be a Bill of original character, and of unparalleled resources in giving practical advantage to the people at large—seems to be more than the wisest of our political sages can tell us. All that we really know about the matter is, that a new Reform Bill is being compounded somewhere. What the strength of the political mixture may be, which of the State Doctors will serve it out, and what it will taste like when the British patient gets it, are mysteries, which no uninitiated mortal in the country can hope to solve.

Under such circumstances, this would seem to be the favourable time for every man who has got anything like an idea of reform in his mind to bring it out, and furbish it up as smartly as may be, on the chance of its being accepted by the competent authorities, in the shape of a practical hint. An idea has been, for some little time past, suggesting itself persistently to our minds—an idea which is of the social rather than the political sort, and which is, as we venture to think, especially fitted to figure in the new Reform Bill on that very account—an idea which is bold enough to involve nothing less than a sweeping change in the national reception of Her Majesty the Queen, when she pays her next public visit to her loving and faithful People.

On a topic of this importance we come frankly to the point at once. Let us assume, to begin with, that the main interest of the Queen, when she makes a Royal Progress, is to see for herself what the character and the condition of her people actually is. It follows from this, that the main duty of the

People is to present themselves honestly for what they really are, and to show all that belongs to them plainly for what it really is, when their Sovereign comes among them. The question we desire to raise on these premises is, whether this essentially loyal, useful, and honest purpose is now answered; and whether the Queen has such full and fair opportunities afforded to her of knowing her own people in their own character, and of seeing all that surrounds them in its true aspect, as she has both a personal and a royal right to expect.

When, for instance, the Queen visits one of our great towns, what does the great town do? Does it not clumsily try, at a considerable expense, to make itself look as like a bad travelling circus as possible? Does it not stick up, in honour of the occasion, theatrical canvas arches, and absurd flags that are no flags, and pretended drab statues in pretended drab niches that are not statues and not niches, and lamentable dead boughs that are a ghastly parody on living and growing trees? Does it not commit every sort of unpardonable offence against Taste, and make itself as ridiculously unreal as possible in the broad, truth-telling daylight? Why should these things be? Commemorate the Queen's visit by a holiday, by all means—we have not holidays enough in England—but, for mercy's sake, leave the great town alone, and let it speak for itself. Let it say to the Queen, in effect:—"Please your Majesty, these are my plain stone-paved streets, where so many thousand people in Lancashire and Yorkshire clogs, wake my echoes as they go to their work at five or six in the morning. Please your Majesty, these are my great chimneys, always vomiting smoke when your Majesty is not here; smoke which is very ugly to look at and very unpleasant to smell, but which is also inseparable from many of the most beautiful and useful works in your Majesty's kingdom. Please your Majesty, this concourse of inhabitants, in clean plain clothes, that lines both sides of your way, is a striving, loyal, respectful, good-humoured, long-suffering specimen of your Majesty's working subjects. It is my opinion that I can show your Majesty nothing better or more interesting than this; and the scene-painter of my not particularly patro-

nised theatre shall therefore not be called into requisition any more to turn me into a trumpety municipal masquerader, or to take your Majesty off, on allegorical false pretences, as a Heathen goddess horrible to view; or as the eminent modern lady who goes up the Tight-rope, amongst Fireworks, in the public gardens."

Can it be imagined that, in all her progresses, the Queen ever saw anything half so striking, pleasant, and memorable to her as the miles of working-people who turned out to receive her at Manchester? It would be preposterous to suppose that she can be otherwise than interested in the real, honest, everyday aspect of her populous towns, in which multitudes of her subjects live and die, working wearily all their lives long to make the commodities for which England is famous; slowly, surely, resolutely hammering out her greatness in the arts of peace and war, from a pin's head to a monster mortar. It is only reasonable to believe that the Queen is naturally and deeply interested in such sights as these. But what sane man can suppose that she is interested in poles and canvas, and red druggot, and theatrical properties, which take nobody in, and which lead to the most inexcusably wasteful expenditure of money. Is not every town which opens its purse to pay for such sadly mistaken loyalty, sick and sorry for weeks afterwards? And what has the futile demonstration done for the Queen after all? It has probably given her beloved Majesty the headache. It has certainly offended her taste; which is formed, be it remembered, in her own sphere, on the finest models that the Art of the civilised world can supply. And, worst and clumsiest mistake of all, it has flatly contradicted the principle on which the Queen's own appearance is regulated when she travels. When the Queen visits a town, does she drive into it in the state-coach, dressed in the robes in which she assembles Parliament, with the sceptre in one hand and the ball in the other, and the crown jewels, instead of a bonnet, on her head? No: she comes attired quietly and in excellent taste—dressed, in a word, as a lady should be dressed. All the people who look at her, see her enter the place she visits, simply and sensibly, in her own natural everyday character—and see the unfortunate town, on the other hand, carefully deprived of as much of its natural, everyday character as the mayor and corporation can possibly take away from it. How the local officials can survey the Queen's natural, nineteenth-century bonnet passing under a miserably ineffectual imitation of a pagan arch of triumph, without acutely feeling the rebuke which that eloquent part of her Majesty's costume administers to them, entirely passes our comprehension. Surely the reporters conceal from us a certain class of municipal accident: surely there are sensitive mayors,

who, on such occasions as these, sink self-reproachfully into their own robes, and are seen no more.

Not that we rashly despise a mayor. He is sometimes an excellent fellow; but why—still connecting him with state receptions—why, like the town he rules, should he go wildly out of his way on account of a royal visit? And why, above all, should the unfortunate man get into the Queen's way? Surely it is time that those ridiculous Addresses which he brings obstinately to station-platforms, and presents, like a kind of unnecessary newspaper, at carriage-windows, should pass into the Limbo of charity-boys' Christmas Pieces? We ought, however, to ask pardon of those obsolete works of art, for comparing them with Mayors' Addresses—for the Christmas-piece, awkward as it might have been in execution, was, at least in intention, a remembrance of the Life of Christ. But what can be said for the Addresses? As a form of welcome to the Queen, they are utterly superfluous; the sound substance of the welcome having been administered in the best of all ways beforehand by the cheering voices of the people. Must we look at the Addresses as specimens of composition? If we do, we find them to be a species of literary hunting-field, in which every substantive is a terrified stag, run down by a pack of yelping tautological adjectives. For the sake of the mayor—a man and a brother; a human being who has surely done us no serious harm—for the sake of the mayor, who comes up innocently to her Majesty's carriage window, the unconscious bearer of a document which accredits him as a mauler of her Majesty's English, suppress the further production of Municipal Addresses! Don't we know that her Majesty laughs at the Mayor, and that everybody laughs at the Mayor—except, of course, his own family. When the Mayor is a sensible fellow, he even laughs at himself in his official sleeve. But how hard, how unjust, how utterly indefensible, when a man has a sense of the ridiculous, to condemn him cruelly to exercise it on himself!

Even the Railways have caught the contagion. It was only the other day that the Peterborough Refreshment Room, on the Great Northern, hearing of the Queen's approach, suddenly became ashamed of being a Refreshment Room, and tried in the most miserable manner, to be a Drawing Room, or a Boudoir, or—Heaven only knows what! So frightfully did it blink all over with mirrors; so madly did it blister itself with tinsel; that no apartment in the least like it was ever yet known to mortals; unless we dignify an inferior class of doll's house or a bad bon-bon box with the style and title of an apartment. Is there anything treasonable in the act of calming the uproarious appetites of her Majesty's subjects? Is it part of our duty to our sovereign

to conceal from her that such things exist in England as penny buns and pork-pies? Why could not the terrified refreshment room have been soothed and comforted and encouraged to speak for itself? If it had said, "Please your Majesty, I am the humble servant of your Majesty's hungry subjects; and, as such, I respectfully present myself for inspection in my own useful work-a-day character"—if it had said that, where would have been the harm?

We know that the shareholders spent money, on this occasion, and have spent it, on many other occasions, with the idea of pleasing the Queen. But, have they sufficiently considered whether an expensive transmogrification of a refreshment room does give her pleasure? Can any man who has looked at the apartments (at Windsor Castle and elsewhere) in which the Queen lives, suppose that the sight of those tawdry nondescript trumpery four walls at Peterborough really produced an agreeable impression on her, or really reminded her in the remotest degree of anything connected with her own or any other royal residence? We suggest that question to the shareholders for future consideration; and we put it to them, whether this wasteful expenditure on temporary gew-gaws, on the one side, and the riotous annual upbraidings of the directors, on the other, can be expected to look quite as sound as might be wished, in the eyes of that portion of the public which sees and thinks, in these matters, for itself? Are we even quite sure that the Queen—who sees newspapers as well as transmogrified refreshment rooms—does not privately make some such unfavourable comparison.

But let us leave examples, and put the question, for the last time, on the broadest and most general grounds. We say, and say truly, that the Queen lives in the hearts of her people. But looking to external signs and tokens as exhibited by local authorities, we should see so little difference between a municipal reception of Queen Victoria and a municipal reception of Napoleon the Third, that we should be puzzled—judging only by the official proceedings in each case—to know which of the two was the free ruler. There is, perhaps, a more perfect uniformity of folly in the decorations on the other side of the Channel; for, when the potent monarch on *that* throne wants his triumphal arches, illumination lamps, profile statues pretending to be solid, and other second-rate theatrical preparations, he sends down his gracious orders for so many gross of them, and they are turned out accordingly. But, otherwise, a French mayor's or a French railway director's way of receiving Louis Napoleon and an English mayor's or English railway director's way of receiving Queen Victoria, are far too much alike. On this ground only, if there were no other, it is certainly desirable to alter our loyal demon-

strations for the better on the British side of the Straits of Dover. The next time the intelligent foreigner meets her Majesty on her travels, let him be able to say, "They manage these matters differently in England." And let the New Reform Bill, if it be in want of a sensible social clause to fill up with, condescend to take a hint from these pages, and introduce among its provisions some such startling legislative novelty as this:

And Be It Enacted, That the good Sense of the Country shall in future confidently trust to the good Sense of the Queen; and that no Cloud of Mayors, Upholsterers, Scene-Painters, or the like, shall henceforth be permitted to interpose between the next Meeting of the Sovereign in *her* natural Character, and of the People and all that belongs to them, in *their* natural Characters.

TRIED FRIENDSHIP.

It is not many years since the making of a new street in the City of London swept away—among others of those old places which our city can so ill afford to lose—the house and playground, of the Brewers' School. My father was a stockbroker, and he sent me to this school; not as one of the foundation-boys—of whom there were but twelve, who were dressed in black gowns—but as the son of a gentleman who could pay for my education. I wore a trencher-cap, the only thing which distinguished me from the foundation-boys; though I was very proud of the distinction, as were all of the commoners of the school, as we called ourselves. Some boys lived in the master's house; but I did not, for my home was but a few streets distant. The boarders were all grave boys, who moped about the dismal playground, or sat on a stone coping, looking through the rusty, paintless, weather-eaten rails into the lane in which the school-house stood;—a silent way, with grass growing between its paving-stones, for it was not a thoroughfare for horses, and few foot-passengers could have business thereabouts. I say the playground was a dismal place, because it must have seemed so to others, though it is pleasing to me to think of it as it was in that time. It had been the site of a church, and of a churchyard, too; though the churchyard must have been very small. The fire of London destroyed the church, which was never re-built in the same spot. The Brewers' School bought the plot of ground, and erected its house upon part of it soon after the fire. As in several other such little vacant spaces in the city, a stone tablet, under a fig-tree against the wall, still told, in spite of soot and weather stains, that "before y^e dreadful fire" the Church of Saint Margaret stood there.

We thought ourselves, as I have said, superior to the foundation-boys, though we did not object to play with them. Sometimes, how-

ever, we did not scruple to joke upon their difference of position. A favourite method of tormenting them was to bleat at them like sheep; for none of these boys, unless their friends paid for them, were provided with any other meat than mutton, that being the only viand prescribed for their diet in the founder's will. We had other odd relics of the wisdom of by-gone times. We said prayers in Latin, and sung rejoicings at Christmas time in doggerel Latin verse. Quainter still, no boy's admission to the foundation, nor even his friend's payment, if he was a commoner, provided him with lights. In the wintry mornings when we were at school from six o'clock till eight, each brought his little roll of coloured taper, for which he paid sevenpence-halfpenny at Cowan's the wax-chandler's, and which he stuck upon an iron pin standing upon his desk; and those whose friends objected to the school's heavy charge for fires had always been permitted to bring each morning a small log, as a contribution to the school-fire, for we boasted that we never burnt sea-coal.

I have lived to a good old age; but I was never a strong boy, and could not take pleasure in the rougher games and amusements which the others delighted in. I had, besides, a pride in being neatly dressed, and had a dread of getting a spot or soil upon my little frill. My sky-blue pantaloons, and neat black silk waistcoat, with its standing collar, were the pride of the school; but the crowning glory came when I first put on a pair of Hessian boots; a small, but beautifully polished and elaborately wrinkled pair, cut heart-shaped at the top, with black tassels hanging from the fronts. They were made by Oldisworth, in Salters' Court, the city Hoby of that day, who served the greatest dandies among the city volunteers. I believe if any boy had wished to establish the superior respectability of our school over Merchant Taylors', or Saint Paul's, he would have begun by challenging them to match this pair of Hessians. Glorious indeed they were; and I never begrudged a twopence to the shoe-black round the corner, who would polish them all the way up, tucking in some paper round the tops to keep my pantaloons from being soiled. Even our master, Doctor Crouch, was at last overawed by them. He rarely chastised me; but, one day, I having given him a sharp answer, he aimed at me a blow with his cane as I sat high upon the third form, behind rows of other boys. I know not what prompted me to such boldness, though most likely it was a desire to preserve my external appearance from injury; but I instantly raised my right leg with both hands, and presenting my boot—received the cut full upon the sole. Some boys tittered at this. A second and a third blow followed; but with wonderful dexterity, I warded these off in

the same way. A faint murmur of applause expressed the delight of the school. The doctor seemed puzzled. He hesitated a moment, and then desired me to come down, and walk into his room. I obeyed in great fear; but, to my surprise, when I had got there he only pointed out to me the impropriety and probable bad effects of my insubordination, and let me off with an apology. When school was over, one daring boy came up to me, and patted, and stroked my boot with his hand as you would a favourite horse who had just won a race, which made us all laugh; and, at the next breaking up, Garnett, the cleverest boy in the school, privately made Latin verses in their praise, and called me by the nickname of Hess from that day forth.

Garnett was the only schoolfellow of mine with whom I formed a friendship. I was too little with them, and joined too little in their amusements, to know them well; though all were civil to me, as I to them. But Garnett was an exception. Why this was so at that time, it would, even now, be hard for me to tell. Certainly, if a similarity of character be necessary to close intimacy, it would be harder still. He was a fine, healthy, open-faced boy; fair haired, but browned by sun and wind, and strong and nimble as a trained wrestler. I never saw him fight, or heard him brag of his power, or insult any one. He would put an end to a quarrel in a good-tempered way; but it never entered the head of any of us that he was restrained by fear. We all knew that boys of greater size would have little chance against him, if he chose to attack them. In every other respect he was as different from me as any boy could be. He was always clean; but in other things careless of his appearance. His rough, starchless, shirt-collar was crushed and wrinkled; his black neckerchief hung with two long loose ends fluttering in the air as he walked the street. His regulation gown was always rent, and he generally had one ragged corner tucked into his pocket, which got him in the good-humoured nickname of Tatter-Garnett. I have no doubt that if he could have been dressed as I was, he would have felt like a malefactor hung in chains.

I have spoken of his gown, which was another reason why it was remarkable that I became intimate with him. He was, in fact, a foundation-boy. Even foundation-boys were not educated gratis, as the founder had intended. Ingenious evasions, which no one dreamed of using to avoid the absurdity of the perpetual mutton diet, had nevertheless been employed to defeat the charitable aims of his will. Nor could a presentation to the foundation be obtained without interest with the great city people, who managed the charity, and generally gave their patronage to members of their own class who were reduced, but still able to pay school fees less heavy by

two-thirds than ours. Nobody in the school, however, thought the worse of Garnett for being a foundation-boy. But there was a far greater objection still to my becoming intimate with him. His father was, like mine, a stockbroker, but of a lower grade; and even from this lower grade he had miserably fallen. Respectable men in the same business, like my father, did not recognise such men as old Garnett. He had no office, but only a wretched garret in a court out of Saint Swithin's Lane; on the door of which his name was painted, but with the word "private" to warn clients, if indeed he had any, not to enter without knocking, for this, besides being his office, was his bedroom, sitting-room, and kitchen. He hung about the Stock Exchange in a greasy old coat and a rusty hat, or loitered on the steps of offices in courts adjacent, talking with other men as greasy and rusty as himself, about nobody knew what kind of business, for he had no money to buy for himself, and would hardly have been entrusted to buy or sell for others. He must have had some remnant of pride, too, for he felt himself to be too shabby in appearance, even for the father of a boy on the foundation of the Brewers' School; and, when he visited his son, made an appointment to meet him in the garden of Salters' Hall, where I often saw them talking and pacing to and fro together.

Notwithstanding all these things, I had a profound admiration for Garnett's noble qualities, and what were, to me, his marvellous powers. It often happens that boys so bold and hardy, so full of active life and spirit, are slow in acquiring book knowledge; but he was not. He was, indeed, first in most things. There was no Pons Asinorum at which he broke down. His verses had rarely a false quantity. He had what, for a boy, must have been a wonderful knowledge of algebra. He could draw better than any of us; and even in his sports was equally dexterous and clever. Many boys were jealous of him; but no shadow of such feeling fell on me. I gloried in his success, as if it was my own; and was fond of praising him to my friends and others. What was there that Garnett could not do? "Ah!" I used to say, "I wish you could hear Garnett." I was proud of knowing him—proud that he should choose me, above all the others in the school, to be his friend and constant companion. Walking about with him, my arm in his, or leaning on his shoulder, I was always cheerful and content, for I never thought of his slovenly appearance. On holidays, the boys went roaming about where they pleased. Some sat in Guildhall, on raw, wintry, and foggy days, looking at the painted giants and the sculptured tombs, and warming their numbed fingers at the charcoal fires, kept burning in braziers, round the great stone hall. Others found their way into Saint Paul's, or played at hide-and-seek in

the covered walk of the old Royal Exchange, until the merchants came at four o'clock, and the beadles turned them out. In fine weather, those who were anglers took a little willow stick and line and strolled into the marshes of the River Lea, near Old Ford and Leyton, or into one of the docks, where they caught small flounders in between the floating timber. But I and my constant companion preferred the old Custom House quay, and the band that used to play there in those days; though sometimes we wandered all along the tortuous alleys through the wharfs at the river side, picking our way among cases of fruit, and bags of spice, and hogs-heads of sugar, and merchandise of every kind, and stopping generally at Queenhithe stairs, one of the few spots among the wharfs which are picturesque, still preserving as it does a Dutch quaintness, by reason of the clean old granaries there and the trees. It was pleasant, on a hot day, to stand upon the rotten, weedy stairs, and watch the water washing up, and gaining step by step with the rising of the tide, or to see the watermen's boats shooting the little cataracts in the river under the arches of old London Bridge. It made you think of pleasanter places still, to which the running stream would carry a cork or feather if you threw it out, or slowly carry the boat of a lazy steerer—cool reaches, bordered by meadows where cattle were feeding, and studded by shady osier islands, under which anglers fix their punts and fish for gudgeons all day long. There was no prohibition in the school of boating or bathing; indeed, no one inquired where we went, or what we did, on holidays. Sometimes we got a waterman to row us to Chelsea; but Garnett, who could row, would hire a boat when he could induce the owner to trust us with one, and pull himself; while I sat in the stern carefully guarding my clothes from injury, and steering. We have been, in this way, as far as Putney, where we found a gravelly plot of beach for bathing. Garnett could swim, float, and play with the water as if it was his natural element, and he tried hard to teach me, holding up my chin and directing me how to strike out. But I did not learn. I was slim, and did not float easily, and grew timid when the water carried me off my feet.

One day we had been upon one of these trips, and were returning on the river, near Chiswick, in the afternoon. The morning had been fine, but clouds had come up, and a little rain began to fall, with gusts of wind. Garnett said we must run in-shore for shelter, and, if the rain continued, leave our boat at a boat-house to be taken on to London, while we took the coach home. To do this, I began to turn her head across stream. Midway in the river was another boat, with two rowers, pulling like us against the tide, and the alteration of our course, looking to them like an act of rivalry, or an attempt to pass them

with one rower, or cut them out, as it was called, they set up a cheer and began to pull vigorously. We scarcely noticed this till they were close upon us, and my bad steering did not help to prevent a collision. They cut our boat right across, and in an instant we were struggling in the water. The strong arm of Garnett held me up for a time; but the two rowers and the steersman of the other boat rose suddenly to assist us, and in so doing swamped their boat also. One of them seized my companion, and so encumbered him that he lost his hold of me. After this, I drifted up the river, and sank with a great roaring of water in my ears; but rose again, scarcely conscious of anything but a kind of faith that my friend could save me yet. So, indeed, it proved; for when I came to life again, in great pain and misery, I was lying in bed in a whitewashed room, with Garnett there—and I knew that I owed my escape to him. His attempt to hold me, while the rower from the other boat was hanging to him, had so exhausted him that when both his incumbrances had dropped off, he had drifted away like me, and only recovered breath by floating. In this way he found me again, and held my chin above water until help arrived; but the occupants of the other boat were drowned.

My accident caused me a serious and long illness. It ended with a dangerous fever. Garnett watched and tended me all the while I was at Fulham. When it was safe to do so, they removed me to a little country-house of my father's at Hoxton—a white house covered with a vine, and having a garden hidden by a high red-brick buttressed wall, in a lane called Grange Walk. I daresay that the busy streets and shops of London have long ago spread over this neighbourhood, and destroyed all traces of its former rural character; but I have often stood at the door in the wall of our garden next the lane, and looked far away over a field of oats or barley, in which the reapers were at work, and seeing no houses anywhere, save a rustic tavern with a painted signboard swinging between two elms before its door.

In this quiet retreat I at last began to recover; and, wasted as I was, could put on my clothes once more, and walk about the sheltered garden with a stick. Garnett was always with me. Till this time I had never brought him to my house—not that any feeling of pride prevented me; it was rather consideration for him, and, perhaps, some fear that he would refuse to come, knowing my father's position and his feeling. Now, however, all such thoughts were at an end. My father said to me one day:

"My gratitude to your young friend is, of course, very great, and anything I could do to advance him hereafter would delight me; but you know I cannot be brought into contact with old Garnett. It would not do, and I would not have it on any account."

I thought this very unfeeling; but I answered that I did not think Garnett wished his father to come.

"I dare say not," said my father; "he is a fine young fellow, and has, I am sure, a great deal of good sense."

I had another companion in my illness—a gentler, if not a kinder or a better nurse. This was my cousin, Alice Vanderlinden. Since my father had been a widower her old maiden aunt had managed our household, and Alice was often with us. Her father was a merchant, with a house in one of the yards behind the Monument, where the firm of Vanderlinden, with some changes of partners, had been established ever since the reign of William the Third. At that time the ancestor of Alice's father—a merchant whose ships traded to the Indian seas—had come over from Amsterdam, in which city the firm had still close connections. Some of the Vanderlindens had served certain periods in the Amsterdam house, and had come back to England with Dutch wives; but Alice's mother was an Englishwoman, and Alice had herself no trace of the ordinary type of Dutch face—the abundant light hair, and smooth, round, cheerful countenances of Hobbima's pictures. She was dark-haired, of an oval face, somewhat pale, but very beautiful, I thought, though then scarcely fifteen. I have a portrait of her of that time, and in this she stands beside a little table, while on the other side are two Greek columns hung with heavy folds of purple curtain, ill suiting with her simple beauty, and her plain black dress. On the table is a basket made of straw tubes of various colours, such as our French prisoners were then allowed to make and sell. In this basket she used to bring her needlework, and many a book or little article that might please or amuse me in my long illness.

The house of Vanderlinden was full of fine traditions. Its English founder was honoured with something very nearly like a friendship with the great Sir William Temple, some of whose autograph letters relating to large sums of money to be transmitted by means of bills of exchange, to our minister at the Hague, were still preserved by them and cherished. They had always been staunch Whigs, and busy partisans in the old noisy Middlesex elections. Their names were among the loyal subscribers for a large sum to the original stock of the Bank of England. Up-stairs, in the large room of their heavy old brick house in the city, where they lived and carried on business still, hung portraits of their trading ancestors with unmistakeable Dutch faces; one of whom whose skin was of a cinnamon brown, had been a spice merchant, long established at Amboyna, and concerning him there was some legend which the Vanderlindens did not care to speak of. Alice, however, did not mind telling us stories about all these. She had been

on a visit to Holland, and often entertained us too by describing the Dutch people's life; their canals and endless pipes; their dairies and clean homes; their dykes and gardens.

Her society delighted me. In the listlessness and indolence of my sick room, when she was gone, I had no other pleasure than to think of her—to go over again the stories that she had told us, giving to all the women in them only one sweet face. I knew her ring, when she pulled the handle of the iron bell across the garden. At the sound of her step, all the lassitude and peevishness of my low weak state were gone. But there was no greater pleasure to me than to hear her read. The Vanderlindens had never been remarkable for a taste for books. In English literature they knew of no author but Sir William Temple. They had, I think, a notion that nothing of any importance had been, or could have been published in England since his death. The two volumes of his complete works, with Swift's preface and memoir, came to me by the carrier, soon after I was removed from Fulham—unwieldy folios, which I perhaps should never have looked into. Their heavy binding, their clumsy gilt letters, and their very title were repugnant to me. Our garden, which was well stored with flowers and wall-fruit, suggested to us the *Essay on Gardens*, which she read aloud.

It was indeed a great pleasure to hear my cousin Alice reading, in her clear voice, from that great volume, the author's enlogium upon his favourite pastime, the inclination as he calls it of kings, and the choice of philosophers, the pleasure of the greatest and the care of the meanest; and, indeed, an employment and a possession for which no man is too high or too low.

Garnett liked Alice; but he could not feel that dreamy pleasure in her society which I did. He used to tell her droll things and laugh with a boisterous heartiness that told me better than any words how differently he regarded her. I talked to Alice of my friendship for him, and of what a noble and wonderful fellow he was; so that we became all great friends. I taught Garnett to play at chess when I was getting well; for Alice had no patience to learn, and we sat and played while she worked. I was not a bad player; but Garnett learnt to beat me very soon; and at last could even put a ring over a piece, and give me notice that he would checkmate me with that piece and no other. Alice, who knew nothing of the game, would watch him do this, and laugh when he succeeded; but it never ruffled me. Garnett knew an infinite variety of things which would amuse us. He was particularly skilful in jugglers' tricks with cards, and dolls, and other more elaborate apparatus, which made him a still greater favourite with us all. I have nothing more to tell of this time, save that Alice gave me one day a goldfinch in a

lacquered cage, which I kept for years till the bird grew old, and blind, and lost half his feathers.

My school days came to an end soon after my recovery. In the very last term, there was a great examination, to be followed by a formal adjudication of prizes in the presence of the friends of the scholars and patrons of the school. I had won prizes at such examinations, and felt little doubt of getting some prize this time, particularly in Euclid and in Roman history; but none knew the result until the great day of the award, when the winners would be called up to the table by the master, and presented with the prizes in the presence of the company. I had a strong wish to win something on this occasion—the crowning point of my school life; and on the afternoon of the distribution, felt more excited than I had ever felt before. Walking to and fro in the lane before the school-house alone, for I had not seen Garnett that day, I met my godfather, old Mr. Moy, who was a lawyer, and lived behind the Mansion House, or in Stocks Market as he called it, from its name when he was a boy. Alice Vanderlinden was leaning on his arm, looking, I thought, more beautiful than ever; but I was too nervous to say more to her than "good morning." My godfather asked me what prizes I meant to take.

"I may perhaps get one in Euclid, sir," I answered.

"We shall be there," said Alice, "I hope you will gain it."

"So you have given all your time to Euclid?" said my godfather.

"I have done my best in other things," I replied. "But I have many clever school-fellows who have done the same."

My face flushed as I said this, with a thought that never before had caused me any shade of pain; but it passed away quickly: though, after they had left me, I continued walking about the street, till most of the scholars had gone in. When I went in, and took my place, I looked round the room, and saw Garnett at a distance from where I sat. He had come in unperceived by me, and the rows being filled up, I could not go over to speak to him. Alice, too, was there, with my godfather and other friends, sitting among pompous aldermen, and merchants, and rich city traders, in a semi-circle round the table, so conspicuously that I was not sorry to sit behind, where I could see them unobserved.

Garnett took two prizes early in the ceremony. The prizes in Roman history fell to other boys. The Euclid prizes were adjudged nearly last; and as yet my name had not been mentioned. When we came to these, I glanced towards Alice, and saw her looking attentively at the table. The names were called, but mine was not among them. The first was the son of the then Lord Mayor elect; the second—some movement in the

school told me so before they called the name—was Garnett. He advanced to the table in his gown as a foundation boy, and took the little case of books, which was the prize, with a bow to the company. The master spoke some words of compliment as he sat down, amidst the boys' cheers. I had glanced again at Alice a moment before. She was then looking round the room, as if in search of me, for she could not have seen me where I sat. When the prize was given, she was looking down with a thoughtful expression. Was she grieved, I thought, for my failure?

I did not care to see my friends just then; but, with a cowardice of which I was afterwards ashamed, I stole away, before any of the rest, to walk down by the wharfs alone. As I came out of the playground I saw some one stealthily peeping round from the corner of the lane—some one who withdrew quickly on seeing me; and, as I came to the end of the lane, I saw the same figure walking away up a yard which was not a thoroughfare. It turned back before I had passed it long, and looking behind me after a while, I saw the same person where I had first seen him still peeping round, and ducking the head, and shrinking back in a manner which even to me then seemed very ludicrous. It was old Garnett, more shabby and greasy than ever. He was watching for his son, no doubt to get the earliest news of the result of his examination, and unwilling to be seen by the company in their holiday attire.

I knew that Garnett would soon join his father, and walk away with him into Salters' Hall Garden, and I was glad to think that for this reason he would not miss me; but it was a rare thing, indeed, and it seemed strange to me to go down by the river without Garnett. Something of the feeling which had come upon me unawares, when talking to Alice and my godfather of the boys who would compete with me, returned. What it was exactly I shrank from asking of myself; but I felt that it did injury to my whole nature. Never till then had I dreamed that I regarded my old friend and schoolfellow with the faintest thought of envy; but now I remembered that my preparation for this prize day had been different from all other such occasions. I had never told Garnett those things in which I had taken most pains, and for which I hoped for success. I had thought that there was no other reason for this than a wish to win my prizes fairly—not taxing his generosity to let me win by his neglect—for how could we two strive against one another for the same thing? But now I felt that there had been another feeling, which he had never suspected—a shrinking from the whole subject of the examinations, closely akin to the cowardice with which I now stole away from him to walk about alone.

There was some public festival that day,

on what occasion I have now forgotten; but all along the river above bridge the barges and small vessels had colours flying, and from some of the wharfs they fired guns. Many people were about; the day, though at the beginning of November, and rather cold, was fine and cheerful, and the exercise of walking, and the bustle that I saw, helped to raise my spirits. I determined to shake off my gloomy thoughts and ungenerous feelings, and go back at once. As I drew near the school again, I met Garnett just coming from Salters' Hall Garden. He came up to me and shook hands, looking so cheerful, and so far from suspecting what had been my feeling that I was struck with remorse. I would gladly have told him the whole history of that day; but dared not, lest even a breath of such a sentiment as envy should so change our friendship, that it could never be again what it had been.

Nor was this all. I could not rest without giving some active tokens of this feeling towards him. When I went into my father's counting-house, I begged my father to take him also, that he might serve his articles with me, which was agreed to. And now Garnett, living in the house with me, and being my constant, faithful companion, as before, all thought of that unlucky day soon vanished. Such was his openness and generous nature, that no dream of rivalry had ever ruffled it. I could not help feeling this, and growing to admire him and respect him more and more. Indeed, I had become now so used to his society—for I had no other friend—that when he had been absent in the country on business for a few days, the place seemed empty, and I as if all the habits of my life had suffered violent change. Nor even when his term was ended, and he began business for himself, were we less together; for his office was not far off. He took at first some troublesome business, which my father did not care to have, but which to him was welcome; and with this, and some connection which he secured for himself, he soon began to make a little way. The most remarkable change, however, which this introduced was in the appearance of old Garnett. From the first the son had treated him as the head of the new business, writing up on the door of his office the words "Garnett and Son;" and now, the old man was seen no more loitering about the courts in the city, or chatting on door-steps, with his old companions. Whether he was the chief of a fraternity of greasy, shabby old men, which fell into complete dissolution when he resigned his post, or whether he helped at once to clothe them better, or by what other surmise to explain the fact, I know not; but certain it is that, from that day, even his old associates seemed to have vanished. Some of their faces and other characteristics I knew well; but I often looked for them in vain, wondering where they had gone, or

what had become of them. Old Garnett himself was indeed so changed that it would have been hard to recognise him, if I had not been prepared for it. His long, gaunt figure, had become more upright. Over his few, thin grey hairs, he had put a neat brown wig. His white cravat, though still touched with a little of the old mouldiness, was broad and full, and ornamented with a large pin; and his blue coat with metal buttons, his Hessian boots, and grey pantaloons, wrinkled and shrunken as they looked, were infinitely superior to anything I had ever seen him wear. But the crowning ornaments were his thick-rimmed silver-gilt double eye-glass, hanging round his neck, and the spotted Malacca cane, with which he walked about. Everybody noticed the change; and it was a pleasure to me to hear what they said of his son. Was I not right, who from the first had seen in Philip Garnett one of the noblest fellows in the world?

Alice often saw, and talked with the old stockbroker; and even my father was not too proud to recognise him now, but would shake hands with him when they met in the street, and say, "How d'ye do, Garnett? How d'ye do?" when some such conversation as this generally took place:

"O, pretty well, thank you: all but the old enemy."

"Troublesome again, is he?" said my father, who had no notion of what complaint he was speaking.

"He never lets go of me."

"How does business thrive?"

"Very well; only our Phil——."

"Your son?"

"Yes: he is so very ——." Here the old man would raise his hand, and shake it several times in the air, and wink, as if my father must understand that better than any words.

"No serious complaint against him, I hope?" said my father, puzzled.

"No, no," replied Garnett, dropping into a whisper; "but the fact is, he is hardly fit for this business. He won't look abroad. He has talent enough to make a Goldsmid; but he'll never be one. I might have had a share in a courier the other day with a Hamburgh house—a glorious chance; but no."

"A good sign," said my father. "Depend upon it, he has a longer head than most young fellows, and will beat us all, in time."

At this, old Garnett would shake his head, and go up the street, shaking it still, and talking to himself aloud, while he flourished his cane to and fro, sometimes striking pieces of waste paper or leaves from the ground, and tossing them high into the air, in a way which I used to fancy yielded a relief to his mind, as best expressing to himself how he would strike moral obstacles from his path, had he but as a young and vigorous man to begin the world anew.

"Poor old Garnett!" my father used to

say. "What little brains he had, are clearly gone." My father had indeed a high opinion of the prudence of the son; and when a kind of business was offered to him, which required a surety for a considerable amount, my father voluntarily undertook to give the bond.

Alice Vanderlinden had now grown into a woman. All the time I had been in my father's counting-house, she had been our playmate and our friend. The Vanderlindens being my relatives, we passed to and fro between the two houses, as if they were but one,—Garnett and I often dining with Alice and her father, when she sat at the head of the table, as mistress of the house. Nobody else ever dined there, save the old head-clerk; occasionally a Dutch correspondent of the house, equally grave; and once or twice Garnett's father, whose oddity pleased Mr. Vanderlinden. Alice's life was dull enough, but she did not complain; but took to her duties, her household accounts, and the huge bunch of keys which she kept in her basket, with a sort of matronly dignity which often made me laugh, and yet was beautiful in my eyes. Month after month, in winter and in summer, she saw nothing but the square paved yard under her window, and its sooty-looking tree, whose leaves came out late and dropped off early,—except on Sundays, when she went to church in a lane close by, running down to the river, where a sleepy preacher, in a pulpit carved and ornamented by Grinling Gibbons, drawled out discourses which had no merit but their shortness.

Shall I say, that in all this time I had no secret from my old schoolfellow and loved companion, my more than friend and brother, and that our trust and confidence was so perfect, and without shadow of reserve, that there was not a thought or feeling, or inward wish, which could have been imagined to be mine, of which he could not speak, or say it could not be, because unknown to him? Not one: for how could I speak of that which even to myself, was still vague and shapeless, and only to be guessed from signs and hints, by which he himself might have known it, but did not, any more than I? So it was, until one memorable day.

I was in the long drawing-room in the Vanderlindens' house, with Alice and her sister. I had been with them more than ever lately; for Garnett had been away on some business in the north of England. Something led me to talk of him, as indeed I often did with Alice, to whom he was as familiar a companion as myself. I was never tired of praising his good qualities, his kindness to his father, his great talents; and Alice would always join me, adding something to my praises. But this day, for the first time, she avoided the subject.

"It is a droll thing," said I, hardly noticing this, "that poor old Garnett, fond as he is of

Philip, thinks him not half so business-like as himself."

Alice was silent, bending over her work, while I continued:

"The old gentleman has all kinds of wild dreams. He thinks that with Philip's talents, he ought to command wealth; and all in a moment."

Alice was still silent: but I was walking to and fro in the room, and looking out of windows, as I spoke, at the withered leaves, which were twirling about in little eddies in the yard—so that even now I hardly observed that she made no response.

"For my part," said I, "I feel sure that whatever he does is best: for what is there he could not do, and do well? At school he threw us all into the shade; and in my father's counting-house everybody remarked his industry and good sense. You have heard your father speak of this. Do you remember?"

She made some answer, but so faintly, that I looked round.

She had dropped her work, and was arranging the beads of a necklace on her younger sister, who was sitting beside her on a stool, with her head lying back in her lap. There was a slight confusion in her manner, so unusual with her, that it struck me in an instant; and when she looked up, her face was crimson.

What life was ever yet so long and so perfect in its happiness, that it could outweigh the misery which that moment cost me! I said no more to Alice; nor she to me then. I wanted time to think over the suspicion which had now entered my mind, to steal its peace and rest for many a day and many a night. I loved Alice deeply; had loved her all along. Witness the anguish of my heart that day.

I had been so much with her,—had known so little obstacle to my seeing or talking with her,—had so seldom missed her for one day,—that even the happiness I owed to her had become part of the habit of my life, and passed unquestioned. There had been no break in all that long time of pure delight by which I could measure or guess its absolute perfectness. Had I ever gone away from home, even for short periods, as Garnett had, I could not have failed to have known it. Would that I had! or that something else had told me, or prompted me to speak to him of it long before.

How could I doubt that she loved Garnett? Her silence, her confusion, her flushed and troubled countenance, when I spoke of him, told me better than words, or any sign could tell me. Never before had she shown this. Perhaps his long absence had made her more than ever mindful of him. It was possible that my words, coming at the very moment when she was thinking of him, had startled her with a suspicion that I knew her secret, and sought to wring it from her; though

Heaven knows how far this had been from my thoughts. But why had I not suspected this before? Who could help liking Garnett? Who that had been with him so much as she had been, seeing all that was great and generous in him, his power, his talent, and his happy temper, could fail to love him? Had I not myself done all I could,—ay, even to that very hour,—to make him still more glorious in her eyes?—voluntarily abasing myself before him—taking a pleasure, even—so perfect was my friendship—in confessing my inferiority in all those things which could touch a heart so tender, and so good as hers?

I felt it was in vain to regret, and yet how often, and how deeply I did regret, that Garnett had not from the first suspected my feeling towards her. I knew too well his nature, to doubt what course he would have taken. He would have stifled all thought of anything but brotherly affection; or, if he could not trust himself, would have shunned her, for my sake. I was sure he would. Yes; even this he would have done; for when did I ever know him willing to purchase pleasure for himself, at any cost of pain to me? But there are sacrifices too great—sacrifices impossible even for a friendship such as his. If, in all his steady industry—never dreaming of my affection for her—he had cherished a hope of winning her one day, and had revealed this to her by some word or action,—and if she, as was too clear, loved him no less,—it must be so. I thought I would satisfy myself of this; and, having done so, would henceforth be true towards him, as I had ever been. This was plainly what I ought to do. It should not be said that my friendship had been mere idle words, a selfish bond to be broken without scruple, even for such a cause. This was my final resolution. But O, the trial! O, the pain and sorrow of that time!

I was glad that he was away; because it gave me leisure to think on these things, and to recover something like calmness. I even saw Alice as before, carefully concealing my trouble, not mentioning Garnett again, but determining to wait for any other thing which might confirm my suspicion. I saw them meet when he came back, and there was the same look of confusion in her face when she caught my eyes upon her; a look of trouble, so far beyond all doubt, that I felt that some kind of hope, which I had secretly held till then, was suddenly gone; and with that went out, and left them there.

Garnett had come back from his journey pale and ill; and indeed there had been, for a little while, a change in him which, slight as it had been till now, was visible to me. I had not spoken to him, taking it for some care of business, which it was better to try

to dispel by talking of other things; and now it was too late. I dared not question him; but guessed what it was, in various ways; yet all having reference to the one idea that haunted me at all times, and in all places; but never with one bitter thought towards him—never with a doubt that even his secrecy, so unusual as it was, must have good reason for it.

Something, indeed, weighed heavily on his mind. I could not doubt that; I felt it when I was with him, in every tone and movement. Some months had passed like this, when one evening I went to his counting-house to talk with him on some trifling matters. He generally took tea with his father, or sometimes alone in his room, among his papers, where he would sit till it was late, writing or reading. I came down a passage into his house, and could see into his room in the daytime, across a grated area on one side. This evening he had not drawn down his curtains, and with the light in the room, I could see through the wire blind of his window. His tea-service was beside him as usual: but the fire was out, and the lamp beside him threw a dim light even with its shade. Garnett was seated at his table, where he had evidently been busily engaged. His arms were resting on the desk, and his face was buried in his hands. He was not asleep; for I saw him move, look up, and then return to the same attitude.

It might have been merely weariness, or perhaps some feeling of illness resulting from his unceasing labour; but I felt that there was something more than this. In spite of my own trouble, I was touched with compassion for him. What could that grief be, in which I might not soothe him? The question startled me, even then, as if it had never come before, by day or night, to torture me. But I resolved that I would not be silent any more. That night should bring my trouble to some issue.

Garnett opened the door to me, and I followed him in. He asked me if I had seen his father, who had been away, he said, nearly all day, on business, and had promised to return earlier. I took this for a passing remark, and answered that I had not seen him.

"You are in trouble, Garnett," I said; "What is it?"

He started slightly, and answered, Nothing,—nothing that he need weary others with; he was not well.

I was not deceived by this; I knew that there was something more; some cause for that depressed and anxious look, which, for some reason, he would not tell me.

"Phil," I said, after a while, "you must tell me this; for I cannot rest until I have done my part to relieve you. Is it not for my sake you are silent?"

He made some involuntary motion that

looked like assent; but seemed to check himself.

"Come," I said, laying my hand upon his arm, "let me try to guess it. Your trouble is in some way connected with my cousin, Alice Vanderlinden?"

To my surprise, he looked at me calmly; shook his head, and even smiled. It was clear to me that he felt relieved, for his tone was at once more cheerful. "Why, Hess," said he, shaking hands with me, in his old way, "this tells me quite a long history. You have got into your head that I had fallen in love with your cousin, and hoped to rob you of her—for yours, if I can interpret signs, she shall be one day. Absurd! Never in my life did I dream of such a prize. I was always a poor man, even when I thought myself most prosperous; and she always rich compared with me. Besides, I never thought of this."

His sudden change of manner, and the unexpected declaration which he had made, struck me dumb. What folly had I been guilty of? How had I racked myself without any cause, where but one plain outspoken word had sufficed to end all in a moment!

"What could make you think this, Hess?" he continued. "So often as I have seen her, if I had nourished such a thought, it could not have been secret. It was a thing which her father must have known—and which you, above all, could not have been ignorant of."

I could only grasp his hand, and say "God bless you, Phil," and own that I had been hasty and unjust towards him.

"Why it would have been a base thing," he continued, "to steal into her house, and try to win her in the way you have imagined."

"It is true, Garnett," I said, after a while, "Quite true. I thought my friendship for you perfect, absolutely without spot or stain,—such a friendship as must be rare indeed. Now I know that there was something wanting, something that could have made such thoughts as I have lately encouraged quite impossible."

"Think no more of it," said Garnett. "Alice, I am sure, will find that she has no less affection for you; and her father, I know, esteems you too well to regret this. May you all be happy."

He said this, as he held my hand, with so much tenderness, and in a tone so low and impressive, that all my anxiety about him returned. I pressed him again to tell me what ailed him; but he tried to treat it lightly, and promised that I should know all by that night week. While he was speaking, I heard a tapping at the outer door, at which I had entered. Garnett rose when he heard it, and bade me hastily good night, letting me out by another way. I heard him afterwards open the other door, and let in

his visitor; and I could hear two voices, one of which I felt sure was that of his father.

So now I was sure that all my long suspicion of Garnett's rivalry was but a bad dream. A great load was off my heart; but something of it still remained. Why had Alice looked confused at the mention of his name? Why was she silent when I talked of him? Why did her face flush crimson when I asked her to bear testimony to his goodness? This, indeed, was no dream; and the truth to which it pointed was scarcely less fatal to my hope. But even this suspicion was happily soon ended. I spoke boldly to Alice's father, and to Alice herself; and the last remnant of my foolish doubts, with all of fanciful or real that had stood between me and my happiness, vanished in a moment.

The truth was simple. I learnt it from something that I heard from Alice's father, some hints accidentally let fall by his Dutch correspondent, who was then in London, and often dined with them; and finally I learned the truth from Alice's own lips. It was this. On the very afternoon of the day when I was first startled by Alice's confusion, Garnett's father had been with them. He was more than usually garrulous, and seemed elated by some success, or the hope of some success. He talked of his son's prospects, and in his foolish way, said he deserved to marry Alice, and he was sure he loved her, and should marry her one day. Few persons now heeded what poor old Garnett said. But Alice could not forget it. It grieved her; and was the cause of her trouble and confusion when I spoke of him, and when she met him. That was all.

It was exactly one week after my visit to my old friend that I had this last conversation with Alice. On that very night, or before then, Garnett had said that I should know what was the meaning of his recent change of manner; but my own happiness was so great that I had no foreboding. I hastened to his chambers soon after dusk, the hour at which I had gone before. As I came down the passage, I saw that the room in which he usually sat was dark. The whole house, indeed, seemed empty and deserted, with nothing but blank windows all the way up; for the merchants and business men having chambers there lived elsewhere, and were gone at that time. The iron knocker fell with a dull dead sound, which made the silence when I waited for an answer to my summons still more oppressive. An old woman who was the housekeeper came at last, and told me Garnett had gone away with his father early that morning, and had left a letter for me, which she gave me.

I took the letter, and bade her good night, and she closed the door. Then I read it, tremblingly, by the light of a street-lamp.

It told me that Garnett had fled; that his affairs were in so great an embarrassment, that he dared not stay; that he had taken his father with him; that he could never hope to see me again, or make clear to me how he fell into this trouble. He bade me do him, in my thoughts, what justice I could, when all should become known; spoke of my father's suretyship, and of his hope, one day, if life and health should last, to regain something of his lost name; and ended with the simple word, Farewell.

O, what an end to all our years of friendship! Bitter fruit of such a life of promise! But the worst of all was still to come. His flight was known by the morrow, and terrible rumours were abroad. It was said that there were not simple debts only, but forgeries—acceptances in fictitious names, negotiated by him; by Garnett, my old schoolfellow and friend, whose name to me was honour itself. A crime was charged against him for which, in those days, men had again and again been given to the hangman. Even my father, whose loss by his flight was considerable, shook his head, and said there could be no doubt. A reward was offered for his apprehension, and the walls placarded with his name. Nobody doubted of his guilt.

Save one. My friendship had been tried before, and proved, and now could not be shaken. Some mystery there was, beyond my power to guess, but my faith was not the less. I knew him best: admired him, loved him, still. Not all the proofs that would have taken his life could change my thoughts of him. Show me a man, I thought, who, from such a height of purity and worth, fell without a warning, thus. Others, seeing his flight, might have laid their crimes to him; but he had no hand in them. My sorrow for him was great; but it was sorrow only. Many a night I thought of him in his exile; but I did him no wrong, thank heaven! even in a thought.

Nor did Alice. Month after month, till several years were past, we looked for his return as a joyful event, that must happen one day; when all this mystery would be cleared up; but the time was long. My father died. Alice (now my wife) and I, with our little children, lived in his old house; but we often passed to and fro, dining in the old Dutch merchant's mansion, where her aunt, so long my father's housekeeper, had taken Alice's place. And still there were no tidings of my poor friend Garnett. Attempts had been made to trace his flight; and it was believed, from some circumstances, that he had fled to Holland. Had we dared to speak of him, the Vanderlinden connections in Amsterdam might have helped us to discover him; but, in the world's eyes, he was still a forger. At length, however, something like a trace of him was revealed. The clerk of their house

in Amsterdam, staying in London, and dining, as usual, at Mr. Vanderlinden's, told us that an old man, very decrepit, had once or twice inquired if they had heard of me or Alice: if we were living, and well. But he had lately ceased to come.

Time could never more restore to me my lost friend; but it brought us consolation. Late on one bitter winter's night, as Alice and I were sitting together by the fire, we were startled by the sound of a coach driving into the quiet yard in which our house stood. It stopped at our door, and the bell was rung. Alice turned pale, as I did; for the same anxious hope had struck us both. I took the lamp in my hand, and went down myself.

There was a hackney-carriage at the door, with two trunks upon it; the horses were standing in the biting air, steaming in the light of my lamp. The driver had the coach door open, and was calling to his passenger to alight. "He had dropped asleep," he said; "tired enough, I dare say, for he has just come off a sea-voyage."

He called to his passenger again, and seemed to shake him, as I rushed to the door, holding up the light, which showed me the inside of the vehicle. Huddled up in two cloaks, and lying sideways on the seat, was the figure of a tall man, with thin grey hair. It was poor old Garnett.

"He seemed very weak when he got in at Deptford," said the coachman. "I think he must be ill."

"He is dead," I said, as I felt his hand, and threw the light upon his ghastly features. "Dead!"

The doctor, whom the man fetched, confirmed my belief. The wintry weather, and the sea-voyage, and an illness from which he seemed to have been suffering, had destroyed the last weak remnant of his life. He had something to tell us, we knew; but his lips were sealed in death, and we could only gather it from the papers in his trunks, which were addressed to me. They contained letters between himself and his son. A memorandum, like a will, in the handwriting of my old schoolfellow—whom I ascertained had died suddenly in Amsterdam, of an epidemic fever, not long before—was also there; and from these, and many papers in the father's hand, I pieced out his dreadful story. It was the old man's dream of making wealth rapidly by speculation which had involved them. The forgery was his; the ruin and disgrace all brought by him. Garnett had no choice but to accuse his father, or to fly. In Amsterdam he had made a friend, and found employment in a merchant's house; and there were traces among his papers of an intention of going to America shortly before his sudden death. He had scraped together a small sum of money, which the old man, on the day of his leaving Amsterdam, had deposited in the

hands of the Vanderlindens there, for their creditors in England.

So the dark cloud that had rested on him passed away, and left no stain upon his brightness; for none who had known him remained ignorant of his story. I told it, touching tenderly the weakness of the poor old man, who had really loved his son, and in this miserable way had dreamed of lifting him to wealth and honour. I told it in the old Brewers' school, to another generation of boys, who had long heard of his name with only evil associations. I told it to his creditors, whom I called together at my house. I grew rich by my business, and by the wealth which others bequeathed me; and it was but a small thing to me to pay his debts, even to the last guinea; but I would leave nothing undone that could restore his name, long after loved and honoured by us all.

TWO WORLDS.

God's world is bathed in beauty,

God's world is steep'd in light;

It is the self-same glory

That makes the day so bright,

Which thrills the earth with music,

Or hangs the stars in night.

Hid in earth's mines of silver,

Floating on clouds above,—

Ringling in Autumn's tempest,

Murmur'd by every dove;

One thought fills God's creation—

His own great name of love!

In God's world strength is lovely,

And so is beauty strong,

And light—God's glorious shadow—

To both great gifts belong;

And they all melt into sweetness,

And fill the earth with song.

Above God's world bends Heaven,

With day's kiss pure and bright,

Or folds her still more fondly

In the tender shade of night;

And she casts back Heaven's sweetness

In fragrant love and light.

God's world has one great echo,

Whether calm blue mists are curl'd;

Or lingering dew-drops quiver,

Or red storms are unroll'd;

The same deep love is throbbing

Through the great heart of God's world.

Man's world is black and blighted,

Steep'd through with self and sin;

And should his feeble purpose

Some feeble good begin,

The work is marr'd and tainted

By Leprosy within.

Man's world is bleak and bitter;

Wherever he has trod

He spoils the tender beauty

That blossoms on the sod,

And blasts the loving Heaven

Of the great good world of God.

There strength on coward weakness
 In cruel might will roll ;
 Beauty and joy are cankers
 That eat away the soul ;
 And love—O God, avenge it—
 The plague-spot of the whole.

Man's world is Pain and Terror,
 He found it pure and fair,
 And wove in nets of sorrow
 The golden summer air.
 Black, hideous, cold and dreary,
 Man's curse, not God's, is there.

And yet God's world is speaking :
 Man will not hear it call ;
 But listens where the echoes
 Of his own discords fall,
 Then clamours back to Heaven
 That God has done it all.

APPRENTICESHIP OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

MR. CARLYLE, as most of our readers know, has for some time been very hard at work upon the story of the famous King of Prussia, Frederick the Great. Because it was believed that he would for the first time tell as a living truth what is perhaps the most notable feature in the history of the last century, men have looked forward to the publication of his book with a great deal of curiosity. The first half of the book, in two thick volumes, has just now appeared.

Here we read through what sort of training, and in what sort of kingdom, Frederick ; at the age of twenty-eight, came to his father's throne. The volumes end with the death of his father ; and the vital fact in them, so far as regards the life of Frederick, is, that he served as apprentice to his father, and only through the training of a hard apprenticeship passed on to the condition of a Master King. Following Mr. Carlyle's views of the subject he has studied, and often slipping purposely into his own words, we propose now to sketch some of the main features of this very curious apprenticeship.

It is necessary to begin with a word or two concerning the grandfather of Frederick ; Friedrich the First, in whose reign Prussia became a kingdom. Him we find generally characterised as The expensive Herr. He had been jolted out of a coach in infancy, and gone through life ever thereafter with a broken back, and a thin skin. Ever regardless of expense, when, from his chrysalis state of Elector of Brandenburg, he developed into the most magnificent of butterflies as King of Prussia, he laboured to be lavish. He would be crowned in Königsberg, and ordered thirty thousand post-horses, in addition to his large stud, for the journey thither, which was made in eighteen hundred carriages. The diamond buttons of his coat cost fifteen hundred pounds a-piece. By this one feature judge what an expensive Herr ! His wife, Sophia Charlotte, was a shrewd and lively

woman, with a touch of scepticism, and a taste for philosophical discussion of a certain kind. "Beyond doubt, a bright, airy lady, skilled to speak, skilled to hold her tongue,—which latter art was also frequently in requisition with her. She did not much venerate her husband, or the people, male or female, which he chose to have about him : his and their ways were by no means hers, if she had cared to publish her thoughts." It is she who wrote, "Leibnitz talked to me about the infinitely little. Mon Dieu ! as if I did not know enough of that." To the consternation of her husband, she was observed to take a pinch of snuff, by way of consolation, over the long-winded coronation ceremonies.

The son and heir of this couple was the father and the master of King Frederick the Great. This son and heir was a rough cub of a boy, who swallowed a shoe-buckle in his infancy, and in early childhood conquered his governess by swinging himself outside a three-story window until she complied with his desire. When on a visit to his uncle, he gave his cousin, afterwards our George the Second, a bloody nose, and saw another little cousin, Sophie Dorothea, whom afterwards he married. This mother of King Frederick the Great, with a face handsome, wholesome, and affectionate ; blond, florid, and slightly profuse ; royally impatient, loyally patient, with a temper tending towards the obstinate and quietly unchangeable ; was a good wife to her solid, obstinate, if somewhat explosive bear, who called her his Pheekin, and he began the business of life with her on the best of terms. "She brought him gradually no fewer than fourteen children, of whom ten survived him and came to maturity ; and it is to be admitted, their conjugal relation, though a royal, was always a human one ; the main elements of it strictly observed on both sides ; all quarrels in it capable of being healed again, and the feeling on both sides true, however troublous.

To this couple the child who lived to be known as Frederick the Great was born, on the twenty-fourth of January, in the year seventeen hundred and twelve. "His father, they say, was like to have stifled him with his caresses, so overjoyed was the man, or at least to have scorched him in the blaze of the fire ; when happily some much suitabler female nurse snatched the little creature from the rough paternal paws, and saved it for the benefit of Prussia and mankind. If Heaven will but please to grant it length of life ; for there have already been two little princekins who are both dead ; this Frederick is the fourth child ; and only one little girl, wise Wilhelmina, of almost too sharp wits, and not too vivacious aspect, is otherwise yet here of royal progeny." They who were not content with teething as a cause of death, said that one little prince had been killed by the noise of the cannon firing for joy over it ;

and the other crushed to death by the weighty dress, especially the metal crown, put on it at the christening.

When this son that did live to reign was born, his father, Friedrich Wilhelm, was in his twenty-fourth year: a thick-set, sturdy, florid, brisk young fellow, with a jovial laugh in him; yet of solid grave ways, occasionally somewhat volcanic; much given to soldiering, and out-of-door exercises, having little else to do at present. He musters, drills, hunts, and keeps to himself his thoughts about the state of public business. He has seen service in his youth with Marlborough and Prince Eugene: was one in the terrible and deadly battle of Malplaquet, of which all his life long he kept the anniversary.

He had lost his mother seven years before, and was vexed with a mother-in-law—a she-Dominie, who troubled the rest of the life of the expensive Herr Friedrich the First. She at last went mad, and proved the death of the old king. "For he sat one morning, in the chill February days of the year seventeen hundred and thirteen, in his apartment, as usual; weak of nerves, but thinking no special evil; when, suddenly, with huge jingle, the glass door of his room went to shreds; and there rushed in, bleeding and dishevelled, the fatal White Lady (Weisse Frau), who is understood to walk that Schloss at Berlin, and announce death to the royal inhabitants. Majesty had fainted, or was fainting. Weisse Frau! O, no, your majesty! Not that; but, indeed, something almost worse. Mad queen in her apartments had been seized that day, when half or quarter-dressed, with unusual orthodoxy or unusual jealousy. Watching her opportunity, she had whisked into the corridor in extreme deshabille, and gone, like the wild roe, to Majesty's suite of rooms; through Majesty's glass door like a catapult; and emerged, as we saw, in petticoat and shift, with hair streaming, eyes glittering, arms out, and other sad trimmings. O Heaven! who could laugh? There are tears due to kings and to all men. It was deep misery; deep enough. Sin and misery, as Calvin well says, on the one side and the other! The poor old king was carried to bed, and never rose again, but died in a few days." His little grandson was then in his fourteenth month. Friedrich Wilhelm, out of filial piety, wore at his father's funeral the grand French peruke, and other sublimities of French costume; he then flung them aside for ever. As a child, he had poked into the fire a magnificent little dressing-gown given him. He began his reform at the earliest moment. When summoned to his father's death-chamber, he found it full of gold-sticks, silver-sticks, and other solemn histrionic functionaries. The death-struggle over, Friedrich Wilhelm shut himself up for half-an-hour with his grief, then summoned the upper court-marshal, and informed the court

people through him, that till the funeral was at an end, their service would continue; and that, on the morrow after the funeral, they were, every soul of them, discharged; and, from the highest gold-stick down to the lowest page-in-waiting, the king's house should be swept entirely clean of them—said house intending to start afresh upon a quite new footing. In the like ruthless humour, he went over his pension list, struck three-fourths of it away, and reduced the remaining fourth to the bone. Went in the same spirit through all departments of the government. In his father's stud had been a thousand saddle-horses, Friedrich Wilhelm would not maintain more than thirty.

Such was the father to whom Frederick the Great in his youth served his apprenticeship. An absolute king, perhaps penurious, but honestly penurious—the husband of his country. He compelled men to be just in their work, and if he met an idler, laid upon him with the stick he always carried in his hand. He developed manufactures, made roads, drained marshes, saved money, and hoarded it in barrels as a secret power for his new-created kingdom. He even decreed that the apple-women in Berlin should knit, and not sit idle at their stalls. His hobby for soldiering developed marvellously in effective force and discipline the Prussian army. He husbanded the strength of his country, while the kings about him were all spendthrifts of their national resources. If he was rugged, obstinate, despotic, ready to hang an assured thief without trial, whatever his station, prompt to beat even his grown-up children when they offended him, pushing some hobbies and prejudices to the verge of madness, he was yet, says Mr. Carlyle, a true man, a man with an unspoken poem in him. His insatiable thirst for more giants to be enlisted in the Potsdam grenadiers—a company containing some men of nine feet, perhaps, and none under six feet or six feet six, was but as the nice restlessness of a poet polishing and repolishing a stanza. Apprenticeship to such a master would have been easy to few; to Frederick it was peculiarly hard, and, at the same time, peculiarly wholesome. For the boy took to those things that his father hated; affected the French style and manners, which were to the rough German king abomination; held lightly in regard religious sentiments which lay deep in the soul of this strong-hearted man, ridiculed what was hard earnest to his angry father, dallied with ladies, read French books, and played upon the flute. Who can say to what end the genius that was in him might have tended, but for those years of hard probation which we now, in the light Mr. Carlyle holds to them, are able to see so distinctly?

At the root of the child's education there were two elements, one French and the other German. His nurses and governesses were

mostly Protestant Edict-of-Nantes Frenchwomen; he was of extraordinary vivacity, occasionally delicate in health, and easily was influenced by their ways of thought, while he was learning from them not only to speak French, but to think it;—spell it, he never did. Then, on the other side, there was his Orson of a father, causing him to be trained up with Spartan rigour, mainly on beer soup, and bread; there were his father's companions, rugged German men of war, and active talk of his father's one war—the Stralsund expedition when he was three years old. At about that time he was caught playing on a drum in military style, and his proud father had his picture taken, with his favourite sister, playfellow, and friend, Wilhelmina, who was three years older, looking on. When Fritz was five years old, Czar Peter visited the Prussian Court, a rougher bear than Friedrich Wilhelm; and the suite—"was there ever seen such a travelling taggery of a sovereign court before?"

In his seventh year young Frederick was taken out of the hands of the women; and had tutors and sub-tutors of masculine gender. Duhan de Jandun, a scholar found fighting in the trenches before Stralsund, was the practical tutor. Lieutenant-General Graf Fink von Finkenstein, and Lieutenant-Colonel von Kalkstein, they are head-tutor and sub-tutor; military men both, who had been in many wars besides Stralsund. By these three he was assiduously educated, subordinate schoolmasters working under them when needful, in such branches as the paternal judgment would admit; the paternal object and theirs being to infuse useful knowledge, reject useless, and wind up the whole into a military finish. Duhan was turned of thirty, Finkenstein's age was sixty, Kalkstein's twenty-eight. Young Fred or Fritz formed an abiding friendship for them all. They were rigorous and honest men, with some little sunshine of affection to help in dealing with what seed, or chaff, or hail they poured upon his mind. The royal father drew up exact papers of instructions that were to be obeyed in the boy's education. In brief: Let him fear God, abhor popery, and never even hear of anything like infidelity. Let him learn no dead Latin, but brevity and propriety in use of French and German. Teach him arithmetic, mathematics, artillery—economics to the very bottom. Geography. History in particular, ancient history only slightly, but with running interpretations and considerations; the history of the last hundred and fifty years to the exactest pitch, especially that of the House of Brandenburg and histories allied to that of Prussia. The law of nature and of nations he must master, and as he grows especially must work at fortification, and the other sciences of war; that the Prince may, from youth upwards, be trained to act as officer and general, and to seek all his glory

in the soldier profession. Stamp into him a true love for soldier's work, and impress on him that, as there is nothing in the world which can bring a Prince renown and honour like the sword, so he would be a despised creature before all men, if he did not love it, and seek his sole glory therein.

A miniature soldier company, above a hundred strong, which grew to be yet stronger as the Company of Crown-Prince's Cadets, was formed especially for little Fritz, who went at once, aged less than ten, into a tight blue bit of coat and cocked hat, and worked his way up to the command of his small corps. Also there was set up for him a little arsenal in the Orange Hall of the Palace, and he was taught how to mount batteries and fire exceedingly small brass ordnance. In October, seventeen hundred and twenty-three, it is on record, when George the First came to visit his son-in-law and daughter at Berlin, his Britannic Majesty, looking from his new quarters on the morrow, saw Fritzchen drilling his cadet company, a very pretty little phenomenon drilling with clear voice, military sharpness, and the precision of clock-work, on the esplanade there; and doubtless the Britannic Majesty gave some grunt of acquiescence, perhaps even a smile, rare on that square heavy-laden countenance of his.

Take for granted riding, fencing, swimming, dancing, music masters. Fritz travelled across Prussia with his father on his annual reviews, which were real comprehensive scrutinies extending over the military state of his whole kingdom. He was taken when they were at Wusterhausen to the stag hunts, boar hunts, partridge shooting, fox and wolf hunts. But he could not take to them at all. "In later years he has been known to retire into some glade of the thickets, and hold a flute-hautbois concert with his musical comrades while the sows were getting baited. Or he would converse with mamma and her ladies, if her Majesty chanced to be there, in a day for open-driving. Which things by no means increase his favour with papa, a sworn hater of 'effeminate practices.'" He was nourished on beer soup, and began with eighteenpence a month for pocket-money.

In the splendid palaces of Berlin and Potsdam, where his father, for hatred of the dust that gathered into woven stuff and wool, sat only on plain wooden chairs, the discipline of course was not relaxed. At Wusterhausen, Fritz being ten years old, thus his father and guide mapped out his time for him, and there was to be no shirking. Sunday: Up at seven; stand by, somebody, and see that he does not turn in the bed after he is called, but rise at once; up at seven, slippers on, kneel, pray, so that all in the room may hear, a given prayer, then rapidly and vigorously wash, dress, powder and comb, breakfasting meanwhile. "Prayer, with washing, breakfast and the rest, to be done pointedly within fifteen minutes." Then, it

being a quarter past seven, Duhan and the domestics enter, there is family prayer, Duhan reads a chapter, and all sing some proper psalm or hymn. At a quarter to eight all the domestics withdraw, and for the next hour and a quarter Duhan is to read with Fritz the gospel of the day; expounding it a little, adducing the main points of Christianity, questioning from Noltenius's Catechism. "At nine he brings my son down to me; who goes to church, and dines along with me," (at noon) "the rest of the day is then his own. At half-past nine in the evening he shall come and bid me good night. Shall then go directly to his room; very rapidly get off his clothes" (it is again and again urged that he learn to dress and undress with the utmost human speed) "wash his hands, and so soon as that is done, Duhan makes a prayer on his knees and sings a hymn; all the servants being again there. Instantly after which, my son shall get into bed; shall be *in* bed at half-past ten."

On Monday, as on all week-days, he shall be called at six; rise briskly, pray as on Sunday, as rapidly as possible get on his shoes and spatterdashes; also wash his face and hands, but not with soap. Have his hair combed out and queued, but not powdered; breakfasting meanwhile on tea. All to be ended before half-past six. Then family prayers until seven. From seven till nine history with Duhan. Christian religion with Noltenius till a quarter to eleven. Then Fritz rapidly washes his face with water—hands with soap and water; clean shirt, powders, and puts on his coat; about eleven comes to the king and stays with him till two,—dining meanwhile. The king at Wusterhausen dines under one of the four lime-trees set at the four corners under the terraces, and falling asleep afterwards bakes in the sun. At two Fritz is in his own room, where Duhan takes him upon the maps and geography till three o'clock. From three to four Duhan treats of morality. From four to five Duhan shall write German letters with him, and see that he gets a good style (which he never in the least did). About five, Fritz shall wash his hands and go to the king; ride out; divert himself in the air and not in his room; and do what he likes, if it is not against God. Subjects of study varied with the days, but the days were alike, except nearly a whole holiday on Wednesday and a half-holiday on Saturday, if the morning's repetition then showed that the lessons of the week were properly remembered.

The boy was volatile and had tastes of his own. The ban upon Latin caused him to take secret lessons, upon one of which his father broke in big with wrath. The king bade his tutors not to let him be so dirty, and as he grew up to the German flute—on which also with his mother's help he obtained secret lessons, liked verses and story-books, disliked hunting, and combed his hair in the French

fashion, like a cockatoo, the father became stern. The cockatoo locks he inexorably stood by to see clipped to the military standard, as soon as the boy had received his first commission in the Potsdam Grenadiers,—small officer over the sons of Anak, diligently gathered from all parts of Europe. The Czar Peter sent one hundred and fifty man-mountains yearly as Potsdam recruits, in exchange for German manufacturers and traders. Then, to the piping, fiddling, and belles lettres, Fritz added light tendencies in the direction of the free-thinker. Discrepancy of character between the Crown Prince and his father, became, every year, more painful in its consequences. Yet, though the youth, who was more familiar with French than German books and thoughts, spelt *à cette heure*, *asteure*, and displayed other ignorances, he had really stored his mind with the results of much lively perception, and even his worst teaching had contained so much of the fact that he was a realist even in his romance. He had no fancy for clouds and nothingnesses. And among the confused, hurtful elements of his schooling, there was always, as we say, this eminently salutary and most potent one, of its being, in the gross, an apprenticeship to Friedrich Wilhelm, the Rhadamanthine Spartan king, who hates from his heart all empty nonsense, and unverity most of all. Which one element, well aided by docility, by openness and loyalty of mind, on the pupil's part, proved at length sufficient to conquer the others; as it were to burn up all the others, and reduce their sour, dark smoke, abounding everywhere, into flame and illumination mostly. This radiant, swift-paced son owed much to the surly, irascible, sure-footed father that bred him.

Now, while Frederick was still very young, a family scheme, dear to his mother's heart, had been resolved upon by all parties concerned—namely, a double marriage of himself and his sister Wilhelmina, to a young princess and prince of the House of Hanover, and children of those parents who afterwards became our George the Second and Queen Caroline. To this project of marriage the mother of Fritz clung with all a woman's pertinacity; but the father of Fritz, dogged man as he was, suffered much fooling upon the subject. What discussion Friedrich Wilhelm indulged in upon state affairs he held with the men whom he admitted to share with him his evening pipe and bitter beer, in what Mr. Carlyle calls his Tobacco Parliament. His Imperial Majesty, Kaiser Karl the Sixth, head of the holy Romish empire, was then leading a life of laborious futility, stirring Europe with efforts, schemes and adventures, that were not only profitless, but for which he had, in the end, a heavy bill to pay. These great abortive designs were the shadows that he hunted, and the Kaiser's Shadow Hunt occupies, from time to time, a spectral place in Mr. Carlyle's history, for

upon its course depended very much the aspect of affairs in Prussia.

Grumkow, whom the king in the Tobacco Parliament much trusted, was in the Kaiser's pay, and he had cunningly and quietly insinuated into a good place in the same parliament Ordinance Master Seckendorf, the Kaiser's envoy, who for seven years stuck to Friedrich Wilhelm like his shadow, riding in that time twenty-five thousand miles, or a trifle more than the length of the terrestrial equator, always at his elbow during the reviews and promenade, and other journeys. These men were two black-artists, who knew how, while they blew their tobacco-cloud, by judicious speechings and judicious silences to raise, as the emergencies of the Kaiser's shadow-hunt demanded, any storm they pleased in the mind of a simple, passionate, and honest king. Friedrich Wilhelm fell into a low state of mind, and talked about Abdication. The black-artists had gone too far, and whisked him to a carnival at Dresden, where he was the guest of the King of Saxony, a strong man, and a dissolute. His festive reception had to be returned. It was not festive, in truth, for the Crown Prince, whose light mind was inflamed by what he saw and heard at the licentious Dresden court, and he brought home with him the worst vices of France. His own health failed, his disappointed father's love now seemed to be turned to hatred. He slighted him, sneered at him, left him unserved at dinner; rebuked him, young man of eighteen, harshly before company; struck him, even gave him beatings with his cane. Frederick had learnt to keep his own counsel, and to bear much; but this was intolerable, and at last he planned a flight. The plan was discovered, he was arrested by his angered father, condemned to death as a soldier and deserter by court-martial, and imprisoned at Cüstrin, saw one of the young friends who was to have helped him led to execution.

There were scenes of terrible anger and brutal violence within the palace; the mother wept, Wilhelmina was beaten. The king's mind was shaken by the trial. He raved of apparitions in his slumbers; by day he was now seen in thunderous tornado, now in sorrowful fog. For a month together he had not gone to bed sober. Grumkow and Seckendorf had done their work too well, and laboured to avert the threatened end of it. But frown as he might, this father could not slay his son; neither was this son a man to fight on obstinately against fate. His worst offence was the holding of a certain doctrine of predestination, which, to the king's eye, placed him in the claws of Satan. A chaplain was sent to him, to whom he listened, and with whom he argued. He was convinced, and also upon other points made contrite submission to his father. Slowly he was forgiven, and restored to favour.

First, he was placed in an establishment of his own in Ruppín, free within the bounds of Ruppín; further favour to be had, if he deserved it. A year and a day after his offence, his father saw him, reasoned with him in his own way, received his filial submission, and gave him his pardon.

Open quarrel ceased. In prison, with the sword hanging over his head, Frederick had to a certain extent been sobered. He had learned at least to contain himself, and from that time forward he was distinguished among men for skill in hiding his own mind from those about him, without use of falsehood. He submitted to his father; saw, doubtless, his rough excellence, and the use of his apprenticeship to a man faithfully stubborn at realities of life. He won his father's favour, married, and liked—better than he had believed he should—the wife his father chose for him. He was a married man not only restored to the army, but with a campaign to look back upon; corresponding with Voltaire, writing innumerable letters in the castle his contented father had not long since given him at Reinsberg; was issuing from the press his political work against the doctrines of Macchiavel—Anti-Macchiavel—when the Potsdam grenadiers fired their three volleys over the grave of Friedrich Wilhelm, and the Apprentice was required to show his cunning as a Master King.

FRIGHTFUL; BUT FASHIONABLE.

"We were staying at Sir Walter de Courcy's, when it happened," she said. "Do you know Sir Walter? Charming person; a most distinguished person; a person whom if you met in the street, you could turn round and say to yourself, 'that is certainly a person of consequence.' He was made a baronet, I believe, by Edward the Black Prince; that is to say, at least, there was a baronetcy in the family so early as the battle of Crécy: well, if there were no such title, it may have been a knighthood,—indeed it must have been; but odd it must have seemed (one can scarcely fancy it!) to have been entirely without baronets. He lives at Doon Hall, you know, in Suffolk; a most charming spot; quite an ancestral spot, as it were; deer and fern, and park and glade, and armorial bearings in stone all over the front door. We went there in the late September. Do you sketch? Only photograph? Ah! you might have made a beautiful picture of that harvest moon shining upon those magnificent monarchs of the forest—I mean the oaks, of course—and also upon the elms. There was a very large party at the hall, besides ourselves, composed entirely of the first people of the county; and there were several great people from London, in addition to distinguished foreigners, and so on, whom one has read of in the *Morning Post*. There was the Count de Millesonnes, for instance;

you remember the scandal about him and the Queen of Castile, but that was the Prince Donnerblitzen, by the bye; well, he was at Doon likewise, and in fact there was almost everybody there worth knowing. Only, such figures as those unhappy foreigners did make of themselves when they went out cover-shooting! The Prince shot an exceedingly ugly owl in mistake for a hen pheasant, one day: with those immense silk nets over their game-bags, it looked, as Lionel said, a good deal more like fishing than shooting,—I mean Mr. Lionel de Courcy, Sir Walter's eldest son. He was the life and soul of the party, and the best waltzer, to my mind, that ever I danced with. Some people object, immensely, to the smell of tobacco, but really it is so general, that there must be something to be said on the other side of the question; and then, of course, he always smoked the very best. How he could ever have got himself engaged (indeed some do say that it isn't an engagement, but only that he wants to make it appear so) to that perky, little, supercilious, dowdy-looking (but there, I dare say she's a friend of yours, and I know nothing absolutely against her) Miss Emmeline Cecil, with her hundred thousand pounds, or something very nearly as dreadful of that sort. Well, with such a numerous party in the house, you may well imagine that the days passed pleasantly enough, and the evenings—when the men had done with their shooting stories, and there was dancing in the great hall, and a little champagne supper always afterwards—were certainly especially delightful. Positively, the house was so full, that, huge as it was, and dull and mysterious, and with the reputation of course of being haunted, I never once so much as dreamt of being afraid at night: to be sure, I slept with Eleanor Howard, who is as bold as a lion, and fears nothing in the world or out of it, with the exception of a black beetle, which, as you must have heard, has been the failing of her family ever since the Conquest, and one which they are excessively proud of—and we two used to sit up until the small hours with the Maitland girls, who occupied the next room. We had just parted from them at about two o'clock on a certain morning, and were about to open our own door, when who should we see coming out of Sir Walter's own room, at the end of the corridor, but a real, live burglar. He had a black mask on and a dark lantern, and he looked terrible beyond description, as you may believe. We rushed inside, and turned our key like lightning, so that I was on the sofa in hysterics, and Eleanor screaming murder through the keyhole at the pitch of her voice, within a half-minute; but though we roused the house by these methods almost immediately, our burglar had yet time to get out of sight. Of his presence there was, luckily for our reputation as witnesses, no possibility of a doubt, for the ladder by which he came still leant

against Sir Walter's dressing-room window, and the marks of the intruder's soppy footprints—for it was a wet night out of doors—were plainly visible upon the carpets. Never shall I forget the scene of confusion which ensued. Prince Donnerblitzen came forth from his apartment in a silver-spangled dressing-gown, with the poker in his hand. The Count de Millemontres—who came last, by the bye, not having been able, in his valet's absence, and in the dark, to tie his neckcloth to his mind—appeared with a drawn couteau de chasse and in full costume and something over. He had forgotten to take his yellow silk night-cap off, and it was not becoming. Lionel, who, I am sorry to say, was sitting up in the smoking-room when the alarm was given, had a cigar in his mouth.

Lord Senex, poor gentleman, would not have looked more than twenty years worse than he did the preceding evening, in spite of his having omitted to put on his wig; had he not left his teeth behind him. Nor were the ladies at all better prepared for general inspection than the other sex. Eleanor and myself being, by reason of our late hours, the only fortunate exceptions. The Maitland girls, indeed, might have appeared less dishevelled if they had chosen to do so; but they were charmed with the opportunity thus afforded them of letting their back-hair down, and showing all the world how long it was, an advantage they did not neglect. As for our friend Miss Emmeline Cecil, I confess that her appearance gave me some malicious pleasure on account of the reason which she gave us for that profusion of natural curls. "It *will* curl," she used to say, "although I would give anything to wear it plain, like other people." She was most accurately attired and perfectly self-possessed (the little wretch!) and beamed on her preserver, as she called him, Mr. Lionel, as bewitchingly as ever, except that she had omitted to remove her curl-papers. I really felt for her when she should first look in the glass and find it out. I confess, however, I could at first think of nothing but the burglar and of the murder, that it was more than possible might yet be done. The gentlemen were dispersed whooping and hallooing all over the house, save one who kept watch in Sir Walter's dressing-room, lest the villain should endeavour to make his exit by that way. We ladies were all huddled together on the centre landing of the great staircase, where there is a large bay-window, used, they say, a good deal, for flirting upon ball-nights. I don't know the place myself, but with its couple of orange-trees and conversation-chair, and heavy blue satin curtains upon either side, it looks, I must say, charming enough from the outside.

Some of our party there assembled had doubtless very pleasant memories connected with this bower; but they were too much

terrified to entertain them at such a time. What was going on elsewhere in the house was like some very horrible game at hide and seek, with the addition that the person who was to jump out upon the seekers (in the very terrifying manner peculiar to that game) would probably have a loaded pistol in one hand and a loaded stick in the other. As doors opened and shut the noise of the search increased or diminished, but we could almost always hear something of it in a—"There he is, Prince; give it him with the poker," from Mr. Lionel, who enjoyed the hunt amazingly; or in the more serious—"Come out, you ruffian, or I'll shoot you like a dog," from Sir Walter, when he imagined that the object of his pursuit was harbouring in this or that dark corner. Once we heard a gun go off, and then a tremendous trampling of feet, which made us all cling to one another in terror; but the Count de Milletonnières appeared immediately afterwards to calm our fears by explaining that the weapon had gone off by accident.

"We are now," he added "about to search the cellars, ladies, and then—unless from an overstrained philanthropy you are yourselves concealing this gentleman—we shall not know where to look for him."

A little more opening and shutting of doors, a few calls for candles, a smothered voice or two from underneath the Hall itself, and then—silence. We were now left entirely unprotected, and out of the reach of masculine aid.

"Gracious goodness!" cried Miss Emmeline, "only think if the gentlemen should have looked over him somewhere, and he were to come out upon us now!"

This was precisely the idea which we were each of us endeavouring to banish from our minds, and which, expression having been thus given to it, repossessed us with redoubled strength. I do not suppose that thirteen women ever passed such a quarter of an hour in company before. There was not a single word spoken by any of us till the gentlemen re-appeared. The search was then given up as utterly fruitless, and we retired to our respective rooms just as it was about getting daylight.

The worst part of this terrible story remains behind. When the housemaids went about their work the next morning, they found in that bay window upon the stairs, and within one of those curtains in front of the flirting-place, the list-slippers which the burglar had worn over his hob-nailed shoes; the prints of which were visible under the window he had escaped by.

The robber had been standing—in blue satin—in the very centre of us during all those weary hours. He had listened to our conversation, and been the subject of it—the receptacle of our fears and our re-assurances. Nay, it is more than probable that we had leant against him confidentially, under the

very false impression that he was only a curtain-peg. Certainly no individual of his position in the social scale was ever in the intimate and domestic society of so many ladies of fashion before. Miss Emmeline, in particular, had made no stranger of him; but, as I have observed, had even exhibited her luxuriant tresses en papillote.

The Count de Milletonnières persists in stating that we purposely concealed this unhappy wretch from his pursuers.

LITERARY SMALL CHANGE.

ONLY a very few years ago, it was estimated by competent authority that almanacks were the only literary food of fifteen millions of Frenchmen. The sole exception that can be taken to the statement is, that the classes who have hitherto devoured the almanacks are equally delighted with the curious old series of romances known as *La Bibliothèque Bleue*; but as the almanacks are annuals, or periodical literature, while the *Bibliothèque* is a collection of standards receiving no increase or alteration, the importance of the almanacks remains uncontroverted. The *Blue Library* is so named, because the books composing it, although already antique when the *Edinburgh Review* made its advent, are also stitched in azure covers. To this series of nursery tale-books owe their *Valentine* and *Orson*, while *Wieland* and *Weber* have borrowed from it the framework of their epic and their opera respectively. Both *Oberons* are modern versions of *Huon of Bordeaux*. The *History of the Four Sons Aymon* and *Gallien Restored* are still highly popular amongst the French peasantry; but the glories both of the *Blue Library* and of the almanacks are waning fast before an insidious, steady-progressing, fast-increasing invader, who is all the more dangerous, because he presents himself in such humble guise as to excite contempt rather than alarm.

Of late, there have been several literary revolutions in France in point of the form and mode of issue of books, the substance of the literature remaining the same. Each change was a bidding for the favour of the multitude. One remarkable innovation was, that innumerable standard as well as modern works, mostly, though not entirely, fictitious narrative, were published in quarto, with two columns of type on each page, and liberally illustrated with wood engravings, often good. They were cheap, and had an immense run. For travelling purposes, for sticking into your pocket rolled up into a wisp when you had a chance of being waylaid by wet weather in country quarters, they were excellent, taken separately; collectively, they were too limp and thin to stand upright on a bookshelf, unless bound in volumes; when they became unwieldy to handle and peruse—for the age of reading-desks has

passed away—besides necessarily forming a tome of more or less heterogeneous contents. All at once this set of publications ceased, temporarily; for they have since reappeared in an exaggeration of cheapness, offering to their purchasers ten thousand letters of fairly-printed type for a single centime, or the tenth of a penny. At the time, they were driven from the field by little, handy, non-illustrated volumes of science, romance, history, biography, and other subjects of general interest, sold at from one to three and a-half francs, according to their publisher's calculations of cost and price. These convenient, amusing, and often instructive volumes, show no signs of any diminution of public favour.

But about three years since, there appeared on the booksellers' counters a folded sheet calling itself *Les Cinq Centimes Illustrés*, or *The Illustrated Five Centimes*, which we might English as *The Illustrated Halfpenny*. It was, and continues to be, neatly and respectably got up; and if there was not in it everything which a reader could wish for, why, what can you expect for a halfpenny? Frenchmen stared, and laughed, and bought single numbers of the preposterous new periodical; Frenchwomen and children, pleased with the cuts, subscribed for the quarter or the year. It was so cheap, that it was not worth the pain of going without it. It pervaded the land, like the frogs of Egypt, appearing in out-of-the-way places, nobody knew whence or how. English people, remembering the *Mirror* of old, and the *Penny*, and its copy, the *Saturday Magazine*, were in no wise astonished to find the *Illustrated Centimes* soon grown into an established phenomenon; a success, exciting the envy and the imitation of others. Then followed the *Journal pour Tous*, the *Journal for All*, price two sous, and the *Journal du Dimanche*, or *Sunday Journal*, price one sou; both of which are now firmly established, the former having a weekly circulation of eighty thousand, the latter of a hundred and ten thousand copies. The prosperous career of these three periodical pioneers called up numerous others into being. Halfpenny, penny, three-halfpenny, and twopenny new periodicals are being scattered over the whole area of France, with the profusion of leaves after an autumnal gale, and some of them as fleeting. But the grand fact remains unshaken, that an unknown market for, and an unthought-of means of getting rid of, printed paper, has been very recently discovered. Does a man want to advocate or advertise any whim, project, or crotchet of his own, "crack!" as the French say, he starts a one-sou journal, appearing fortnightly or monthly, which reaches the long term of nine or ten numbers, and then stops suddenly, having answered his purpose more or less. But journals of wider aim than those have suffered an early extinction for want of

stamina. The *Magic Lantern* has burnt itself out; and the *Useless Journal* (*Journal Inutile*), a would-be joke on the others, has drawn in its horns and gone to repose in its shell.

Still we have, thriving in apparently robust health *La Ruche Parisienne*, *The Parisian Hive*; *La Féerie Illustrée*, *Illustrated Fairy Tales*; *Le Passe-Temps*, *The Passtime*; *Le Voleur*, *The Thief*, printing eighteen thousand weekly; *L'Omnibus*, fourteen thousand; *La Semaine des Enfants*, *The Children's Week*; *Le Roger Bontemps*, *The Roger Fairweather*; *Les Amis du Peuple*, *The Friends of the People*; *Journal Illustré des Voyages et des Voyageurs*, *Illustrated Journal of Travels and Travellers*; *La Lecture*, *Journal de Romans*, *Reading*, and *Journal of Novels*; besides several others.

Of these cheap periodicals, some have been sent forth by the first Paris publishers; the *Journal pour Tous* belongs to Hachette, and *L'Univers Illustré* is a recent speculation of the Brothers Michel Levy. The success of more than one low-priced journal is attributed in part to translations from the English. In this respect, the taste of the two nations is exactly opposite. French fictitious narrative, translated, is nearly unsaleable in England at the present date; although, in past days, Paul and Virginia and several other tales established their footing in our literature. But versions of English and American novels into French, even when not of the highest order, are a popular and profitable article of trade. Novels which can hardly find readers here, are translated, read, and purchased in France. That they are not offered for sale in three regulation volumes, price one guinea and a-half, may have something to do with the circumstance. Of course, soon after the completion of a novel, with the author's leave, or without it if it can be legally done, translations from Dickens, Thackeray, Edgar Poe, James, Cooper, and the whole of the Anglo-American romancers, stare you in the face from every bookseller's window. Something of the kind takes place in the newspapers. The French, having no parliamentary debates of their own, supply the void by reading the debates of the English House of Commons; translated abstracts of which regularly appear. It is a consolation to orators to whom their countrymen turn the ear of indifference, or whom they even interrupt with ungente sounds, to know that if they can only catch the eye of the speaker and get reported, they may be read wherever the *Constitutionnel* or the *Siècle* circulate, with the belief on the reader's part that their audience hung captive on their honied lips. Translated leading articles are also of interest and use to a shackled press.

The French cheap journals can hardly be said to be the foster-children of an unknown public, like the corresponding publications in

England. At the outset, they were mainly supported and set a-going by the patronage of people in easy circumstances, enjoying a certain amount of education beyond the mere faculty of reading printed type. You find them, subscribed for or taken in regularly, in the houses of leisurely people living on their incomes, with means enabling them to scorn halfpenny prints, unless the prints had been to their taste. This is to be accounted for by the nature of the greater part of their matter,—continuous narrative, reproduced, translated, and even meritorious originals. But for such publications this small public had been prepared long beforehand by the feuilletons at the foot of the newspapers, which serve out to their customers a slice of a novel fresh and fresh every day, which slices admit of being cut off from the paper, to be stitched together and reunited to serve as a provision of future romance-reading. There were, moreover, and still are, feuilletons critical and scientific, as well as romantic. It was likely, therefore, that the cheap innovation should be accepted by feuilleton-readers, if only as a more handy form of feuilleton. They were accepted; and now they are penetrating into rustic interiors. They vary the monotony of the Primary-Schoolmaster's routine; they are to be seen in the one-storied farmhouses of peasant proprietors; and no one can guess what importance they may yet attain.

The French small periodicals, acting in direct opposition to the political plan of the nation, seem to have adopted a representative system. Each journal appeals to a particular class of constituents or subscribers, consults their tastes, and makes itself their organ. There is even one entitled *The Billiard*. To whatever set of readers you belong, you may find the paper exactly to suit you, at a price varying from a halfpenny to twopence; for, when journals devoted to special objects—politics excepted, which find no place in the cheapest literature—rise to the enormous price of half a franc the number, they are reflected and imitated in a more economical form, and so pass into humbler hands. Thus, *L'Ami des Sciences*, *The Friend of Science*, a very able weekly periodical, conducted by Victor Meunier (which is subscribed for by the year at the rate of ten francs in Paris, twelve in the departments of France, and fourteen in England, and which is well worth taking in, as it really does keep its readers up to the mark in respect to the novelties of scientific progress) does not, notwithstanding its cheapness and its merits, suit either the arrangements or the pockets of every customer; nor, perhaps, I may add, their intellectual capacities. Consequently, there are second-chop instructive publications for the million, such as the *Musée des Sciences*, *The Museum of Science*, at two sous a number, and five francs a year, with no less a person

than Monsieur Lecouturier for its chief conductor, which gives you, accompanied by very fair woodcuts, the newest acquisitions of natural history; the influence of fatigue on the quality of an animal's meat, thereby indirectly inculcating that cruelty is contrary to the interest of the butcher; fish struck dead by the effects of submarine volcanoes; the metamorphoses of crustaceans; with a final faggot of scientific facts; all for the small price of one penny. Another learned illustrated periodical, *La Science pour Tous*, *Science for All*, procurable for the same moderate outlay, takes as wide a range as the poet's eye itself when rolling in its finest phrensy. It glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. It sweeps over sea and land, and boldly dives into the abysses of the one and the inside of the other. This week it will give you a plan and elevation of a model stable; next week, it will display copies of photographic images of a solar eclipse. One number will display the miniature likeness of a drawing-room aquarium, whilst another, embracing aquatic matters on a somewhat larger scale, illustrates the line to be taken by the submarine tunnel between England and France, and gives you an excellent idea of what the central station will be, one of these days. Whether you wander in the sunshiny glades of the *Jardin des Plantes*, or take a moonlight stroll in the *Champs Elysées* to profit by the ambulant telescopes on hire by open-air astronomers; whether you wish to grapple with the mysteries of the laboratory, or to amuse yourself with light mathematics, or to dally with magnetism and electricity, taking also a little astronomical chronology and improvements in gas-lighting by way of sauce to the more solid dishes—only subscribe to *La Science pour Tous*, or to *Le Musée des Sciences*, or, better still, to *L'Ami des Sciences*, and you will have a guide to your steps and a light to your path.

L'Illustration, corresponding to our *Illustrated News*, is not what can be called an expensive publication, still its price has evoked cheaper rivals—*Le Monde Illustré*, *The Illustrated World*, sold for threepence a number, and printing from fifty to sixty thousand. More recently, *L'Univers Illustré*, *The Illustrated Universe*, in the hope of annihilating the illustrated *Monde*, although of larger dimensions than itself, offers its attractions for three-halfpence a number, and prints already from sixty to sixty-five thousand. Our neighbours are fond of titles which imply a vast scope of action and a wide-spread reputation. Nothing is more common than a *Café de l'Europe*, a literary *Monde*, and an *Hôtel de l'Univers*.

The *Journal Amusant*, or *Amusing Journal*, is dear, comparatively, and so there is a *Petit Journal pour Rire*, or *Small Journal* to make you laugh, with a coloured cut on the first page, price ten centimes, or exactly ten-

tenths of a penny—if you can calculate how much that is with the help of Cocker. The quality of the *Little Journal*—unlike that of mercy—is apt to be a little strained, chiefly in the military direction; though why that should be is difficult to say. A French soldier is much more likely to spend ten centimes in little glasses of brandy or little pipes of tobacco than in any little journal whatever, especially as many journals are like many wild-beast shows—the pictures outside are the best thing belonging to them, and therefore it is hardly worth paying a penny to look within. The tendencies of the *Little Journal* indicate, perhaps, how completely France is pervaded by the military element. Everybody there either is, has been, or is going to be, a soldier, or is nearly related to somebody who has been, is going to be, or is a soldier—ladies included, because, from the saintly and devoted sister of charity to the spirited and adventurous officer's wife, to the bold, heroic, and independant vivandière, to the reckless and dissolute female camp-follower, to the base old harpy who buys and sells superfluities, the list of females attached to the French army, for good or for evil, is very considerable in number and length.

Amongst the articles of luxury hitherto confined to ladies of a certain station and the persons they employ—the milliners and dress-makers—are fashion books. Sally and Susan used to be content to copy their mistress, after their mistress had copied *La Belle Assemblée*. But the Parisian Sallys and Susans—such at least as are not *bonnes*, or nursemaids, wearing the costume of their province, now need not take their fashions at second-hand. They can have, for three-half-pence (twopence by post), *La Toilette de Paris*, of which the number before me gives coloured woodcuts of three delicious head-dresses, two (not a pair of) tasty sleeves, two caps, a collar, a pelerine, and another remarkable thing of the same genus, named a *dress-canezou*; besides these, there is a coloured engraving of three full-length figures, a lady and two children, the whole accompanied by very respectable descriptions and several pages of quite passable literature. When, therefore, you go to your dressmaker's, and are coolly told by her first or second clerk (formerly assistant, or shopwoman) that “Madame cannot be seen to-day; Madame is busy composing,” or “Madame does not feel inspired this morning; she has driven to the Bois de Boulogne to refresh her ideas;” be not disconsolate. The *Toilette de Paris* will help you out of your difficulty.

That music should be popularised in a metropolis which is one vast arena of pleasure, is no more than natural and consistent. Vocal music being the more familiar form of the art, it is likely that its practice in everyday societies should be aided by the dissemination of words alone, leaving the melody to

be learnt by ear, in the case when it was not fitted to some well-known tune, as was effected by the *Little Warblers* of years gone by, and by collections of Dibdin's soul-stirring verses. And, accordingly, means for facilitating vulgar singing exist in the *Album du Ménestrel*, the *Minstrel's Album*, in the *Album des Concerts*, the *Concert Album*, and other sheets of songs beloved by the multitude in spite of their abominable type and still more abominable paper. Their influence on the people at large is well known to illustrious personages. Shortly before a President became an Emperor, wandering singers—mostly a woman standing on a chair under the shade of a large red umbrella, and accompanied by her husband scraping a cracked fiddle in unison with the tune of the song, to give greater precision to the melody—rushed from town to town in such numbers and with such frequency as to raise a suspicion that it was not altogether a private speculation of their own, but that they had received a mission from more knowing heads than those which they had carried on their shoulders. Their repertory invariably consisted of sentimental, comic, and Napoleon-dynastic songs, in nearly equal proportions, the latter having the casting vote. There was *The Henpecked Husband* and the *Exile of Saint Helena*, the *Sorrowful Widow* and the *Hero of Austerlitz*, the *Cobbler's Misfortunes* and the *Retreat from Russia*, so mixed up and interlaced together, that you could not buy, or listen to, or look at, a sou's-worth of the one without the other's meeting your eyes or your ears. Approving thousands had their minds prepared for what was to follow, exactly as the recitative leads first to the *andante* and then to the triumphant *bravura*.

Resuscitations in art sometimes succeed; no late resuscitation has evinced greater inherent vitality than that of the famous *Lancers' Quadrilles*, which I, the scribe, was delighted to dance with other little boys and girls, long before I or anybody else had dreamt that a Household Words would ever exist for me to write in. The *Lancers*, in France, are the favorite of the day; perhaps, with so vivacious a people, it may be safer to call them the favourite of yesterday, although they are sometimes faithful in their favour, out of very capriciousness. At the first re-appearance of the *Lancers*, they were admired by the million as ardently as when London crowds used to go and get their ribs broken to see them performed in Tom and Jerry. The figure which we used to style “*Morning Calls*,” that wherein the minuet reverences are made, and the final romp with its half-military evolutions, are especially the objects of interest. “How graceful it is! How genteel it is! How beau and how charming!” is the sincere tribute of praise which has been offered to these ancient quadrilles, a hundred times, by

hundreds of admiring French circles. And then the lookers-on try to perform the mystic mazes with their own proper legs, and hum the tunes, and take lessons of masters who are more or less strong in terpsichorean ability; till the Lancers' melodies have pervaded the air of France, whistled by workmen, carolled by sempstresses and ironing-girls, and brayed forth by the breath of barrel-organs innumerable. But very cheap literature has not only song-books, it also possesses a series of pianoforte music; and, as a matter of course, *La Musique des Familles* (a number every Saturday for only ten francs a year) has given the Lancers in one of its numbers, with an explanation of the figures, as a "Nouveau Quadrille, arrangé pour le piano," as on a par with romances, melodies, symphonies, and marches, by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Hummel, and other great masters.

A dramatic people must have printed dramas to read, as well as acted dramas to see; dramas to study and criticise and dissect, as well as dramas to applaud or to hiss. The *Théâtre Contemporain Illustré*, now approaching its four hundredth number, gives, at twopence the number, the pieces which have been stamped by the approbation of Parisian audiences. From the theatre to the criminal court is not a long step, as far as interest and excitement are concerned; and, accordingly, not very dissimilar illustrated numbers, called *Drames Judiciaires*, record the tragic histories of Madame Lafarge's unfortunate husband, and of the insult of the *De Jufosse* family. All these are sold in cheap windowless bookshops, open to the street; in wooden sentry-boxes, tenanted by women, and planted at some well-frequented corner; and also, on the Boulevards, in various and sundry of those ingenious contrivances called luminous kiosques, which are the means employed by an advertisement company, to give night and day publicity to what would be bills if stuck on a wall. One of the best things the kiosque company has done is the production of a very clear, sensible, and brief *Stranger's Guide to Paris*, as a vehicle to which advertisements may be affixed. Who are the chance purchasers of the five and ten centimes journals in the streets of Paris, I cannot say; but I suspect them to be *Departementals* rather than *Parisians*,—which greatly extends the future horizon of the prospects of this latest phase of printed paper.

In one point the five and ten centimes periodicals differ from ours; they have no *Notices to Correspondents*, to the great relief of their editors. There are no young ladies seeking instruction whether their sweet-hearts' attentions imply serious business, or merely barren flirtation; no litigants cheat-

ing their lawyer of his fee by asking gratuitous advice at the office; no entreaties to have a plan of life chalked out, which shall be sure to lead to fortune and fame, without the aspirant's taking the slightest trouble; no hankering after cosmetics, and the removal of freckles, combined with the desire to have character and future fate determined by the sight of handwriting. The French are too sensible of ridicule, if not of shame, to commit themselves by such exposures as those. In the cheap, and in dearer, French periodicals, the place occupied by our *Notices to Correspondents* is often filled by that doleful and desperate affair, the hieroglyph, or rebus, the solution to be given in the forthcoming number. Now, there are those who dare to criticise chess as a barren waste of intellectual power, on the ground that the same exertion of thought which enables a couple of players, like those now at work at the *Café de la Régence*, to bring a difficult and complicated game to a close without the aid of a chess-board, would suffice to produce some useful result which should be of service to themselves or others. Still, though no relaxation or recreation which might be of service to the health, a chess-match is a manifestation of mental energy worthy of imitation by employing it on better things. But a rebus—what good ever came of a rebus? An enigma may be poetry; a charade, a drama; a conundrum may be a pointed witticism. A rebus is a collection of scratches and scrawls, so stupid that their very explanation has to be explained. One before me runs, or rather halts, as follows: "*La* (the musical note) *sous France*, under *France*—*D* (the letter) *goûte*, is eating luncheon—*deux lavis*, two washings—*e* (the little letter) *fait des I*, is scrawling *I's*—*ré* (the musical note in the gamut)—*la mort*, death." The English words describe the hieroglyphs of the rebus. The French into which they may be translated is the jargon which is the key to the very philosophical remark that, "*La souffrance dégoûte de la vie et fait désirer la mort*. (Suffering disgusts a man with life, and makes him desire death.)" Of the two modes of folly, it may be doubted which is the more insane—the inquiries of English correspondents, or the rebuses of the French.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read at GLASGOW on the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th of October; at BRADFORD on the 14th; at LIVERPOOL on the 15th; at MANCHESTER on the 16th; at BIRMINGHAM on the 18th, 19th, and 20th; at NOTTINGHAM on the 21st; at DERBY on the 22nd; at MANCHESTER on the 23rd; at YORK on the 25th; at HULL on the 26th and 27th; at LEEDS on the 28th; and at SHEFFIELD on the 29th of October.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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FIVE COMETS.

THERE has been so much disappointment about comets of late years, that the public had ceased to put faith in them. Some that had been formally invited to visit us, have failed to keep their engagements; others have presented themselves with such muddled heads, dirty complexions, and ill-arranged hair, that they might as well have stopped away. Our fathers had filled us with wonder by their descriptions of the famous comet of eighteen hundred and eleven, which remained in the sky for weeks and months, with a tail whose length it is impossible to exaggerate. They, and our mothers (young people then) took evening walks, night after night, only to gaze at the comet, and nothing else.

Successive disappointments seemed to portend that such an astronomical treat was to be denied to our day and generation, till an Italian astronomer lately discovered a luminous speck in the firmament; which kept creeping on, slowly but surely; and, at length, Donati's comet has restored the reputation of the grand cometary family. It has afforded a magnificent spectacle. Moreover in one important respect it will rival, if it do not surpass, its splendid predecessor of the year eighteen hundred and eleven: the quality of its wine will be first-rate, even amongst first-rate vintages. Ordinary comet wine will be better than the extraordinary wines of chilly, watery years.

Blessed be the comet! He has taken Jean Raisin's bitterest enemy—that foul parasite Tucker's Oidium—by the beard, and given him such a roasting, that the persecuted Jean has recovered his strength. May he retain it for many a long year! But, if we inquire into cause and effect, we are a little puzzled to arrive at a conclusion. Whether the promise of a good vintage—which promise has been repeated, and kept, ever since the winter's ice was melted—attracted the comet to come and smile approval; or, whether the comet, still on its distant travels, had yet sufficient virtue and power to favour the budding and the leafing of the vine; to ward off the evil influence of *la lune rousse*, the red moon; that mischievous moon which shines between the moons of Easter and Pentecost; whether the comet's inten-

tion of approaching our sun helped to expand the blossom, and set the fruit, and preserve it from rime-frost, hail, and hurricane, till the comet should actually approach to complete the ripening process; whether the comet, or the excellent vintage, were the coming event which cast its shadow before, is a knotty point, for the solution of which I must refer to Francis Moore.

Yet it may be as well to listen to what authorities have to say on the subject; especially those who hold that comets are powerless for good or evil, as far as we dwellers on earth are concerned.

What is a comet? Nobody knows exactly. Great hopes were entertained of the revelations to be made by Halley's comet on its return in eighteen hundred and thirty-five; but we are not much wiser than we were before. The points to be settled still remain in the condition of an unsolved problem. Arago had written that there exist comets without any nucleus, others whose nucleus is perhaps transparent, and, thirdly, comets, brighter than the planets, whose nucleus is probably solid and opaque. Since that time no discovery has been made to prove that Arago is in error. But we must also recognise two different classes of comets. One consists of short-period comets, visible only with the telescope and confined within the solar system, such as Encke's comet, whose elliptic orbit extends from Jupiter to Mercury (its perihelion), and whose period is something like three years and a-half, and such as Biela's comet, whose period is six years and three-quarters. These comets, consisting of very rarified nebulous matter, do not contain any sort of solid kernel or body. These little, well-behaved, regular comets appear to be quite of a different order to the grand comets whose orbits have defied exact calculation, and who mark an epoch in our chronicles when they display their enormous tails above the horizon.

These extraordinary comets—some of which have periods of several thousand years—travel, in their lengthened course, far below the limits of our solar system. Their destiny would appear to be to serve to connect our sun with one or several of those innumerable suns which blaze in the firmament, and which are seen by our eyes merely as modest stars.

The distance thus traversed by first-class comets, in rambling about from sun to sun, is expressed by a numeration-sum of figures so long that the mind fails to appreciate their value. The tails of these great comets are transparent and composed of very rarified nebulous matter, through which the smallest stars can shine without losing their brightness; but is the head or nucleus of these astral vagabonds equally nebulous and equally transparent? That is one of the points in question: a question not easy to settle, so rare is it to observe the head of a comet passing over a fixed star. If we trust to observations more or less worthy of confidence which are recorded in astronomical works, small stars as far as the sixth or seventh magnitude have been seen to shine through the central bodies of certain comets, whilst the bodies of other comets have completely eclipsed the stars before which they passed. There are, therefore, contradictory observations, which prevent us from laying down any absolute principle. Consequently, we are obliged to admit, provisionally, that there exist comets without a nucleus and comets with a nucleus.

There can be no doubt about the physical constitution of the bodiless comets; Sir John Herschel compares them to the tail-part of the great comets; they are immense heaps of cloudy matter excessively rarified, very variable in their form and in the intensity of their light, and illumined by the sun in the interplanetary spaces. Sir John declared that the most enormous of these tails could only be trifling in its mass, weighing two or three pounds altogether; perhaps less. Consequently, the shock of such a comet upon a planet, supposing them to meet, would be feebleer than that of a swallow dashing against a railway train at full speed. Our illustrious countryman founded his theory on an experiment related by Newton in the third book of his *Principia*; namely, that a globe of air of the ordinary density and of the diameter of a small orange, if rarified to the degree that would be produced by its elevation to a height equal to the earth's radius, would occupy a sphere whose radius would be longer than that of Saturn's orbit. A philosopher of the present day, Monsieur Babinet, makes great use of this deduction which Herschel has drawn from the principle laid down by Newton. He endeavours to put a stop to those epidemic terrors which always occur whenever a comet appears; he attempts to prove not only that the small periodical comets and the tails of the great comets are light collections of vapour; visible nothings, incapable of causing the slightest injury to our globe: also that the case is exactly the same with respect to the nucleus of the great comets. To some the doctrine appears adventurous, and that, by trying to prove too much, it proves nothing. It may be accepted safely as to the little comets and the tails of

the great ones; but a certain amount of reserve is prudent, as far as the bodies of the great comets are concerned.

During the greater part of the month of September everybody's eyes have been directed towards the heavens to admire the brilliant stranger who shines in the neighbourhood of the Great Bear; but, what everybody does not know is, that besides this comet visible to the naked eye, two others might be seen by the aid of the telescope. Neither of these three celestial wanderers is the famous comet of Charles the Fifth, so much talked of last year. The first comet, that visible to the unassisted eye, Donati's comet, is the fifth whose appearance has been recorded during the present year.

It is useless to describe the aspect of a heavenly body which has been so recently admired by all beholders. While this is written, it is still visible to the left of the Great Bear, and below it, till between eight and nine in the evening, re-appearing in the north-east about four in the morning. Its motion has been a simultaneous approach both towards the earth and towards the sun. On the fifteenth of September it was distant from the earth a hundred and fifteen millions of miles. At that date the comet, as seen through one of Monsieur Foucault's cheap new-invented telescopes, presented a brilliant spherical nucleus whose diameter may be estimated at about two thousand five hundred miles. This body of the comet, if such it may be called, was surrounded by an extremely transparent nebulosity or cloudiness which stretched itself out in the form of a tail towards the side opposed to the sun. The length of the tail might be roughly reckoned at between thirty or forty millions of miles, it being difficult to come within the limits of an odd million or so with material so fugitive and attenuated. The comet has passed in front of numerous fixed stars, which are seen shining through its tail, even quite close to the body, without suffering any but a very slightly appreciable diminution of the intensity of their light, so transparent is the gauzy or gaseous substance of this long-extended tail; compared to which the dust which follows a stage-coach on the road is solid and substantial. On the thirtieth, the comet had advanced to within seventy millions of miles. At the latter date, its perihelion, or nearest approach to the sun, is measured by fifty-five millions of miles.

The two other comets, not being visible to the naked eye, are less interesting to common observers. Encke's comet, famous for the theories deduced from the gradual shortening of its period,* was first perceived in Europe at the beginning of September. Towards the end of September, it was situated near the middle of a straight line joining the stars alpha and beta of the Lion. It approached

* See "The Ether," Household Words, volume xvii., page 558.

the earth till the twentieth of September, and then retreated into distant space. This comet, when it shows itself to the dwellers on earth, is nothing but a mass of vapour of such slight density, that the luminous fluid or ether itself—supposing that the existence of such a fluid is not a mere hypothesis—appears to exercise an appreciable influence on its motions, whose effect is betrayed, according to Monsieur Encke's interpretation, by a continual shortening of its period and by a progressive diminution of the dimensions of its orbit. Whence, as a mechanical consequence, it results that the comet must come to an end by falling into the sun. The last comet of the three is quite a recent discovery. It is the comet of Monsieur Faye, which was observed, on the sixth and seventh of September, by Monsieur Bruhns at the Observatory of Berlin. The *Journal Astronomique*, published by Monsieur Le Verrier, which renders such service to European astronomy, published, on the fourteenth of September, the ephemerides of this new comet.

Five comets in one year sounds a great many to unastronomical ears; but it is really a very scanty measure, if there be truth in Kepler's remark, that there are as many comets in the heavens as there are fish in the sea; and every day his startling dictum is more and more justified by observation. In the course of the three centuries and a half ending with the year eighteen hundred and fifty, there have been seen, in Europe alone, fifty-two comets visible to the naked eye. In the first half of the nineteenth century, nine were seen. On an average, two or three telescopic comets are annually discovered; and if observatories were multiplied over all the principal points of the globe, there would perhaps never pass an instant when some comet or other was not visible from the earth.

The immensa number of comets thus proved to exist, ought to have the effect of calming the timid. Anything which is known to be an every-day occurrence, ceases to be portentous. Charles the Fifth need not have descended from his throne because a wondrous star glared in the sky: the crowd of comets would have comforted him, as it ought to comfort us. But, in past ages, astronomers themselves were the first and the loudest to sound the alarm at the apparition of a star with a tail, or with a shaggy head of hair. The comet of sixteen hundred and eighty completed its revolution, according to Halley, in five hundred and seventy-five years, and would reappear in the year two thousand two hundred and fifty-five. In his belief, every one of its epochs should prove disastrous to the human race. To its instrumentality, Whiston attributed the deluge of Noah. The same comet was supposed to display its sinister aspect at the siege of Troy, at the destruction of Nineveh, and at the death of Julius Cæsar. When it

appeared for the last time, during the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, it produced in France a painful impression, which was felt even by the enlightened court of the Grand Monarque. Madame de Sévigné wrote, "We have a comet of considerable extent; it has the handsomest tail which it is possible to behold. All the great personages are in alarm, and believe that heaven, intent on their ruin, is giving them warning by means of this comet. It is said that Cardinal Mazarin, who is given over by his physicians, has been flattered by his courtiers in his last agony; thinking to honour his departure by a prodigy, they told him that a great comet had appeared, which frightened them. He had the strength of mind to laugh at them, and told them good-naturedly that the comet did him too much honour."

Encke's opinion respecting the comet of sixteen hundred and eighty does not agree with Halley's calculations; he reckons the period of its revolution to be no less than eight thousand eight hundred and fourteen years. Since the year twelve before our era, Halley's or the comet of sixteen hundred and eighty-two, has shown itself to the earth twenty-four times, and it has been found to have contributed a large share to the superstitious terrors of humanity.

Appearing about Easter of the year eight hundred and thirty-seven, it greatly influenced the destinies of the son and successor of Charlemagne, Louis the First, the Debonnaire. This prince, who was a bit of an astronomer, sent for an astrologer, to learn what the comet prognosticated. Being able to obtain no other reply than a sullen silence, Louis added, "You are afraid to tell me that this comet announces a change of reign and the death of a prince. We cannot sufficiently laud the Creator of this star, for thus forewarning us of the calamities with which we are threatened. And as the phenomenon may have been sent and intended for us, let us strive with all our strength to make ourselves better." Eventually, Louis the Debonnaire clad himself in hair-cloth, slept on an ash-heap, devoted himself to fastings and prayer, and built numerous churches and monasteries, to avert the evil influence of Halley's comet. It appeared again in April, one thousand and sixty-six, when William the Conqueror was invading England, and was believed to be not without effect on the result of the battle of Hastings, which delivered the country to Norman sway.

Amongst the divers apparitions of this comet, none has caused a more general panic than that of fourteen hundred and fifty-six. Its tail, spread out to an enormous width, assumed the form of a Turkish scimitar. Both Christians and Mussulmans beheld in it the presage of horrible misfortunes. It appeared under the following historical circumstances: three years beforehand, Mahomet the Second had taken Constantinople by

assault. He vowed to go and make his horse drink on the altar of Saint Peter's at Rome; and in order to open the road to the West, he besieged Belgrade, defended by Huniade, the hero of Hungary. Pope Calixtus the Third, so terribly menaced by earthly powers, conceived himself also menaced from the sky by the comet shaped like a scimitar; and using against these two redoubtable enemies the only arms that remained in his power, he excommunicated at one blow both the Turks and the comet. It is related that this was the occasion of his instituting the Angelus, a prayer to be recited at noon, to the sound of bells, in all the churches of Catholicity. Turks and Christians, terrified by the same comet, hesitated long before they attacked each other; at last a great battle was fought before the walls of Belgrade; the struggle lasted a couple of days, in which forty thousand combatants were slain. The mendacious comet, which, by its form, seemed to presage the victory of the Crescent, had given a false prognostic; for the Cross remained master of the field.

An obstinate persuasion has long taken root that comets were the cause of the plagues which, at certain epochs, have depopulated the world. Thus, Gregory, an English astronomer, wrote in seventeen hundred and two, that the apparitions of comets are always followed by great evils. Even in eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, Doctor Forster, a physician of some note, published his opinion that, "It is certain that the most unhealthy periods are precisely those during which some great comet has shown itself; that the appearances of these stars have been accompanied by earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and atmospheric commotions, whilst not a single comet has been detected during healthy periods."

Arago does not deny that a planet, like the earth, whose mass is superior to that of the comets, may not attract to itself and entirely appropriate the extreme portions of the tails of comets, even although in its annual course it remained always far distant from them; but he takes pains to acquit these stars of pernicious influences. In his opinion, they cannot be the cause of heat or cold; nor of tempests, nor of hurricanes, nor of earthquakes, nor of volcanic eruptions, nor of violent hailstorms, nor of heavy snow, nor of abundant rain, nor of overflowing of rivers, nor of droughts, nor of famines, nor of thick clouds of flies or locusts, nor of epidemics, nor of epizooties, nor of the plague, with which Doctor Forster charges them. According to that illustrious astronomer, neither the celebrated dry fog which lasted for a whole month in seventeen hundred and eighty-three, nor even that of eighteen hundred and thirty-one, was produced by the tail of a comet; although several authors have endeavoured to establish the connection between

the latter mist and the invasion of cholera into Europe.

If comets have hitherto done us no good, we are not likely to be the losers in the end by waiting patiently; for Monsieur Babinet announces, in one of his discourses, that astronomical science will be indebted to them for the most unexpected progress: "Already," he declares, "with the perturbations of the motion of Encke's comet, the planet Mercury has been weighed. By and by, the weight of the earth, already known, will be verified by means of Biela's comet. Faye's comet will one day tell us the mass of Mars. Finally, Monsieur Séguin has entertained and encouraged the hope that the comets, continually traversing at hazard all the regions which surround the sun, will reveal to us, by the derangements which their courses experience, the existence and the quantity of that chaotic matter which circulates with the planets around our central star and which furnishes us with those curious meteoric masses so justly called aerolites or stones fallen from the sky."

THE HEIR OF HARDINGTON.

L

WHEN Sir Willoughby Monke of Hardington and Frogholmes died, he left two daughters—co-heiresses. The estates, each lying in a different county, were not to be dismembered for equal division, but to be drawn by lot according to his will.

Cecily, the elder daughter, got Hardington in Yorkshire; Frogholmes left to Eliza, the younger, was in the Fens of Lincolnshire. Within eighteen months of their father's death both the heiresses married, bestowing name and fortune on their respective husbands, for the name of Monke was to go always with the property which was strictly entailed on any children that the sisters might bear. The marriages were equally discreet and common-place. Mr. Percival and Mr. Cholmondeley became Monkes without hesitation, and entered on the regency of their wives' estates with sedate satisfaction and the general good opinion of their neighbours. Their known wealth notwithstanding, the sisters had never been popular or much sought after.

They were plain young women; short and inelegant in figure, and with ordinary blunt features, small eyes, scanty light hair and indifferent complexions. They had received narrow educations even for that time, and had no natural enlargement of mind to make up for defects of training. They had, however, a few decided opinions; amongst which were these: Hardington and Frogholmes were the finest estates in the kingdom; Monke was the most distinguished name in the red books; Cecily and Eliza Monke were the most to be envied of all the heiresses in the whole wide world. With

such sublime and happy views of themselves and their belongings, the sisters could not fail to be reasonably amiable; apart from a stolid obstinacy in the elder, and a craving selfishness in the younger, they were amiable. They were very peaceable wives in a house, but then they ruled, and their husbands obeyed. This was the conjugal arrangement from the beginning—the wisest arrangement under the circumstances.

When Cecily married Mr. Percival she was seven and twenty; a woman without romance, without tenderness, without geniality, sympathy, or any of the little loveable traits which are the vital breath of domestic life. A man might almost as well take a stone into his bosom as such a piece of animated clay for a wife. Mr. Percival Monke was not a great character, but he had enough of the heaven of humanity in him to experience very considerable annoyance from Cecily's coldness. He had been rather taken by her orderliness and system, by her care of her father, and her pride of station, and, though not in love, he thought she would make him a suitable partner. He was disappointed; but a few failures convinced him of the fruitlessness of attempting to work any change in her, so he betook himself to field-pursuits, and went often from home, while she droned on her placid, self-concentrated way, buried alive at Hardington, neither receiving nor paying visits when they could be avoided.

Mr. and Mrs. Cholmondeley Monke's life was not unlike that led by Cecily and her husband, at first; but afterwards, perhaps under pressure of boredom, perhaps from more vivacity of temper and less principle, Mr. Cholmondeley broke out into certain excesses which speedily cramped the revenues of Frogholmes. Cecily, indignant that Eliza had not governed her spouse better, declined to receive either of them at Hardington, and was as glad as her temperament permitted her to be when they forsook the Fens and went to live abroad.

For several years neither sister bore children; but, at last, Eliza wrote to announce a daughter, and in reply Cecily sent word that three months before she had blessed Hardington with a son and heir.

II.

THE Heir of Hardington. Lord of the Manor of Hardington. Francis George Percival Monke, Lord of the Manor of Hardington.

Such was his mother's view of the wizened, monkey-faced boy she had brought into the world. Never "my baby," "my poor little weakling baby," never "joy, or love, or pet, or pride, or delight," but always Heir of Hardington, Lord of the Manor of Hardington,—representative of so many acres and so much money, and so many neglected responsibilities.

Poor little Francis George Percival Monke!

How he was doctored, and iron-framed, and mother-tutored, and private-tutored, and padded and bolstered, and be-praised! No baby of any sagacity but would have made haste to die under such an ordeal, even had it been preparatory to the inheritance of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. But Francis George, being a dull boy, lived through it, and, at twelve years old, was about as foolish, as conceited and as helpless a lad as the race of Monke ever produced. By that time he had out-grown the iron frame, and could walk straight on his feeble limbs; he could also repeat every particular of the estate he was to inherit; tell you its value under the old leases, and what it might be made to produce when the said leases fell in; and also he could exact reverence to himself from tenant and servant as their master in embryo. His father said he was a fool.

There was a grain of good in him, of course, as there is in every heart, God-planted, until the devil-sown tares of the world spring up to choke it. He would not inflict pain, and was sorry to see pain; he was kind to animals; he was not ungenerous, and he worshipped his mother. She never caressed him—never indulged him. "You ought to do this," "you must learn to do that," "such and such honour is your due and your right;" were speeches constantly on her lips, though never accompanied with an incitement to any high or noble rule of life. If she had lost him she would have grieved for him as the lost heir of Hardington—not as her one child whose birth-pangs had almost cost her life.

She taught him her notion of the duties of property practically; and, as her notion was how to get most money out of it, and how to put the least into it, his views did not become very liberal or extended. For him there was a sermon in each stone of the village of Hardington—a village not pretty by any means, nor well-ordered, nor well-moralled, nor well-mannered, but still quite good enough for Mrs. Percival Monke so long as the cottagers were punctual with their rent.

When the honest folk rhapsodise of rural innocence and peace and comfort, they don't picture to themselves villages of the Hardington type. They dream of bowery dwellings redolent of sweet flowers; of bees and honey, and clotted cream, and dainty rashers, and fresh eggs, and delicious cakes. They dream of rosy-cheeked Phyllis with her milking-pail at the style, and some handsome swain courting her. They dream of a poet's Utopia, or a new broom-swept hamlet, or a dependency of a rich and generous feudal lord; but there are many Hardingtons in the world that cannot be made to answer to their happy delusion at all;—Hardingtons, where fathers and mothers bring up indiscriminate tribes of children in two-roomed tumble-down dwellings; where they get coarse bread, and not enough of that, the week in

and the week out; where, if innocence remains, she remains in spite of evil and temptation; where vice breeds crime in a hot-bed of ignorance; where rheumatism and fever are every day guests, and the squire and the people are each other's natural enemy.

This was much the case on the fine estate to which Francis George Percival Monke had the misfortune to be born heir, and his mother's precepts were not likely to help him to improve it. A narrow-minded, bigoted, purse-proud woman, be she mother or be she wife, is one of the greatest hindrances that can befall a man; and, in his youth, Francis George certainly showed none of that force of character which might have promised that he would, some day, strike out an independent and better line of conduct for himself.

III.

THERE is no knowing into what depths of stultified folly the lad might have meandered, but for a lucky accident that befel him when he was about sixteen. He was riding an ill-broken pony through the village of Grenside, when it took fright and ran away with him, threw him, and broke his arm. The youth was picked up, and carried into the house of the curate of the parish, whose wife put him to bed and sent for his mother and the doctor. The doctor came and set the limb, and his mother came to nurse him,—but finding her own comforts restricted in the curate's abode, she soon left him to recover without her attendance. She acted advisedly; Francis George could not have been in better hands.

Mr. Proby was a plain, steady-going, worthy clergyman, and his wife was an excellent woman; a woman of talent and education, of enthusiasm and genuine warm-heartedness. Curate-like, Mr. Proby had a house full of children; hearty, noisy, generous, mischievous boys, and laughter-loving, pretty girls. All the family were good-looking, but Katie was a real beauty, a copy of her mother; nearly, if not quite, as handsome as her mother had been at the same age. There was no nonsense about Katie; no silly affectation of boyishness, no still sillier affectation of premature womanishness. She was a thorough girl, tall, slight, agile—as swift a runner, and as good a climber, skipper, and general playfellow as brothers could wish for; and yet she was an adept at her needle, a good nurse, a clever little scholar, and a most sunshiny companion to everybody. A great part of the attendance upon Francis George fell to her share, and she did it with a cheerful alacrity and kindness all her own.

There was not much about the young gentleman to attract liking; he did not become a favourite in the family by any means; the smaller Proby children disliked him, in

fact; and even their mother, kind as she was, found him too exacting and imperious an inmate to be civil to longer than necessary: so, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to return home, he was not pressed to stay longer. Every one took leave of him rather gladly than otherwise—Katie included.

Going back to Hardington was a return to polar regions. Francis George missed something. He missed the atmosphere of warm affection that surrounded the curate's hearth, and made his family as one; he missed the cheerful voices and laughter, and, above all, he missed Katie's smile and good-humoured attentions. His mother was like a machine, after those impulsive Probys. Francis George tried to thaw her by telling her stories of the ways and customs of the curate's house, but he might as easily have hoped to thaw the old stone griffins at Hardington gate by breathing on them, as to thaw her by any such process. She became by and by quite impatient of any allusion to his friends, and told him that his gratitude was absurdly overstretched.

Yes; Francis George had a fund of obstinate, pertinacious, unforgetting gratitude in his disposition, which this lucky accident developed. It was the nearest approach to any decided virtue that he had yet displayed. His father and mother had insisted on compensating Mrs. Proby for the trouble and expense of their son's recovery, but Francis George could not be persuaded to look upon it as a cancelling of his debt. He turned his pony's head towards Grenside nearly every day, and inquired after the health of the Probys, as if, instead of being a hardy race, they were a family of chronic invalids. Katie used to go out to the gate laughing, to answer his questions and receive his messages; and one day, with a fiery blush on his face and a nervous stammer in his voice, he told her he had brought her a little present.

"You must not let my mother know, but I spent all my quarter over it," said he, in a hurried whisper, trying to put a morocco case into her hands; but Katie, clasping those little members behind her back, shook her head in a resolute way, and said she must not accept presents from him; papa would not like it; especially if Mrs. Percival Monke did not know.

"O! but do, Katie! I should never have bought it but for you—it is a watch and chain!" persisted he with anxious earnestness. In the first place, it had cost him an immense effort of self-denial to make the purchase at all; and in the second, he had been full a month in raising up his courage to offer it—it was cruel indeed to reject it, and his "do, Katie!" was most pathetic.

"No, no, no!" she replied; "you ought not to have spent your money in such a foolish way."

"It is not foolish. Look here, Katie! I like you better than anybody in the world,

except my mother: that I do! You're so good!"

Katie ran away laughing, with her hands over her ears: the more he called to her to stop, the more she would not.

"Katie, if you won't have it, I'll throw it into the mill-dyke!" he cried, at last; and as she still paid no heed, he turned round towards home, and was as good or as bad as his word.

For more than a week after this rebuff he did not appear at Grenside at all. He was apparently offended by Katie's very proper refusal of his gift. She had told her mother the whole story—the threat about the mill-dyke included—but neither believed he would be so wild as to put it in execution; so that, when one of the Proby boys came home exultant, with the morocco case in his hand, proclaiming that he had found it amongst the long reeds on the bank, they were unfeignedly surprised. They had not given Francis George credit for so much spirit, and both of them liked him the better for this foolish extravagant flight. Katie, by her father's orders, even wrote him a kind little letter, when the watch was sent back to him.

The next day he came to see them again, making no allusion either to the watch or to his long absence, and then regularly resumed his calls with active constancy. The Probys, one and all, were very kind to him,—but O! what foolish speeches he used to make about his property, his dignity, and himself! How he did bore poor Katie and her mother over their work-table, when he tangled every reel, and disordered every box and basket that came within his reach. He had a stupid tutor at home, who taught him a little Latin and Greek; but left him as ignorant of common-place useful knowledge as a Fejee islander. If you had asked him where America was, whether it was land or water or cream-cheese, he could not have told you.

He had a complacent, good-humoured self-conceit, that cushioned him softly against contempt and pity. Glorified as he was at home, how could he suspect that he was laughed at abroad?—that even Katie Proby laughed at him, though she pitied him, and rather liked his stupid kindness of temper.

It was an awful shock to the heir of Hardington when, a long time after, he offered his hand, his heart, and his futurity to the poor curate's daughter, and was refused. He was in real, hard earnest, poor long-limbed, feeble-minded fellow; and when Katie blushed rather angrily, and said "No," in a curt, unmistakable tone, the tears fairly came into his eyes.

"I thought you liked me, Katie,—haven't I been coming here for years? You don't know, I can't tell you how fond I am of you! I'd do anything for you, Katie, that I would! My mother knows I would," spluttered he, with frightful energy.

"I'm so sorry, Francis George, I am so

very sorry," replied Katie, a little frightened and subdued.

"It is of no use to be sorry; if you don't like me, you can't help it, and I don't care what becomes of me if you don't. But it is too bad. I could not have believed it!" This anti-climax to his emotion almost made Katie smile; but, checking the impulse, she pretended to hear her mother calling to her, and left her discomfited suitor alone.

Francis George Percival Monke was only nineteen when he thus exhibited himself, and had never left his mother's apron-strings for a single day.

IV.

Mr. and Mrs. Cholmondeley Monke continued to reside abroad, in more or less discomfort, until their daughter was of an age to be introduced into society, and then they brought her home to England, and, at her aunt's invitation, to Hardington. The two sisters had made a compact for the re-union of their family property by marrying their children; and each was formally told of this compact before they met. Francis George received the announcement in solemn silence, and Flora received it with an expressive giggle and a hope that her cousin was handsome and lively, and not mopish, like so many of the English gentlemen she had seen abroad.

Flora Monke had no hereditary right to be pretty, but she was pretty—even beautiful; and her foreign manners and graces had the air of making her still prettier than she was. Her aunt received her with surly approbation, and Francis George with a stolid composure which did not promise any keen susceptibility to her charms. She was piqued, and told her mother he was an idiot.

If Flora expected to be courted, and flattered, and worshipped by her cousin, she must have been disappointed, for he kept as much out of her way as ever he could, and never said a civil thing to her; a peculiarity for which his mother took him to task one morning when they were alone. She still treated her son as authoritatively as when he was a boy in tunics.

"Francis George, you are a dull wooer," she said, with slow sarcasm, "Flora cannot be very proud of you."

"I don't like Flora," replied Francis George, gravely.

"But you must learn to like her, since she is to be your wife——"

"Mother, if Flora Monke was the only woman left in the world, I would not marry her. I don't like her."

Mrs. Percival Monke grew red all over her dull grey face. This was the first word of rebellion and contradiction she had ever heard from her son since he was born; and, if he had struck her she could not have looked more indignant or surprised.

"Francis George Percival Monke!" she

cried, with strangled, choking dignity, "do you know who I am and who you are?"

The young man quaked visibly at her awful voice, but the stolid resolution of his visage did not relax a muscle. He was to the full as obstinate as his mother, and when they clashed on a subject, when each was equally determined, then began the tug of war.

"Yes, mother; I am heir of Hardington, lord of the manor of Hardington," said he, in that formula which had been dinned into his ears so long. It made his mother laugh; for, at this moment, it sounded ridiculous enough.

"Deplume you of those distinctions, sir, and do you know what you are then?" said she, bitterly.

"My father says I am fool," replied Francis George; "other people are of a like opinion—"

"Not such a fool as they take you to be," said his mother. "You have as much sense as nine men in ten if you will use it, and you must use it now in overcoming your absurd aversion to your cousin Flora. I say you shall marry her—and soon, too!"

"And I say I will not! I am almost of age, and I shall be my own master in that matter at least."

The young man spoke quietly but firmly. His mother, looking up at his face, felt the reins of authority slipping from her grasp. Her weak, awkward, foolish boy was, as it were, become a man by magic. There he stood before her, six feet two; lean but sinewy, a face far from vacuous; expressive, indeed, of a brute courage and obstinacy which, being provoked, would never slumber again. But for his foolish training, he would have been a fine young man; as it was, he had not active mind enough to inform that mass of matter. The old habit of love and fear of his mother was strong upon him yet; she saw it, and hoped to triumph still.

"You ought to be glad that Flora will have you," she said, "and you ought to have a pleasure in re-uniting our dissevered property. If you do not marry Flora, you may be your own master, but you shall not be master of anything else while I live, and when I die you shall have nothing but the bare estate; that I promise you."

"I don't care for Hardington. I don't see any good it has ever done either you or my father or me. I think it is a miserable place," replied Francis George, in perfect good faith.

His mother's eyes fixed him as if she thought him a maniac in a dangerous mood.

"Will you be pleased to explain yourself; if you are not raving; which I sadly suspect," said she fiercely.

"Why, mother, what good has it done us or anybody?" persisted the heir. "My father is always away in London, and hates

it. You sit at work all day as hard as if you worked for bread, and nobody comes near you; and, because of it, you would make me marry a girl I don't love. Then there's the village. Such dirty old houses and people, and no schools. If we were paupers instead of people of ten thousand a-year, we could not have a greater heap of misery outside the gates than we have. What is the good of the Hardington money if we don't spend it? I say again, I don't care for Hardington. Mr. Proby's sons are better off than I am; because they have been well brought up and they have got professions. When I am amongst fellows of my age I feel like a fool, and I am a fool."

"That is a fact beyond doubt," replied his mother, drily. "But don't waste any more breath over decriing Hardington—you shall leave it—you shall have a profession. Yes! yes! you shall be an idle gentleman no longer!"

There was a disagreeable tone in this threat which made Francis George turn hot and cold all over. It was a rather critical act of his, this sudden snapping of the leading-strings in which he had walked so long and humbly. He felt vexed, too, in a stupid sort of way, at having vexed his mother, and was just on the point of making some concession when Flora came into the room—Flora in a gay muslin dress and most coquettish hat; a maiden to attract a man's fancy, most people would have thought, but, as it seemed, not the star that could attract his.

"Flora, our young gentleman takes umbrage at the gifts of fortune, and despises them—heroic, is he not?" said Mrs. Percival Monke.

Flora glanced from one to the other with a puzzled air, and asked what was the matter? Francis George went out and left his mother to explain as little or as much as she thought desirable. The consequence of her explanation was, that the Hardington Monkes and the Frogholmes Monkes separated coldly the next day, and Flora went to prosecute her first campaign in town. Francis George did not care where she went, so long as he was no more troubled with her airs and graces.

v.

THE lawyer who managed the business affairs of the Monkes was Mr. Leatherhead; a dry, clever, craft-ingrained old fellow, who greatly admired the elder of the co-heiresses' style of saving and managing her property. He said she had a brain as acute and as hard as most men, and it was a pity her son was so little like her. He thought he knew her pretty well, but even he, for a man of varied experience, was extremely astonished when he received from her the following letter:—

Hardington, June 7th, 182—.

SIR,—I am sure you will lend me your valuable assistance in a project for my son which I have much

at heart. He is bitten by some of these radical views for the regeneration of the poor which are subverting society in every quarter, and I think a year's confinement in your office may tend more towards his cure than all the reasoning in the world. Make him work as your lowest clerk, and show him no respect or distinction, as that would defeat my views. He shall have no further allowance from me than a clerk's salary at a low rate, and I intend that he should live upon it. The harder he fares, the more likely is he to become sensible of his folly in adopting the philanthropic crotchets of the age. Until he gives them up, I quite renounce him. He will be in town, and at your office, on Thursday next.

Yours, &c.,

CECILY P. MONKE.

"Ah! ah!" commented the shrewd old lawyer; "Miss Cecily's plan for uniting Hardington and Frogholmes has gone off—that's the true interpretation of this document. What tyrants women are! Well! I suppose I must try to humour both."

Thus it was that Francis George Percival Monke, heir of Hardington, lord of the manor of Hardington, became a lawyer's clerk. His mother thought he would soon sicken of London lodgings and Mr. Leatherhead's sedentary work; but, contrary to her expectations, and even to her hopes, he accommodated himself to his new position with cheerfulness and alacrity. He made a friend amongst his fellow clerks in the person of young Willie Proby, and the pair took rooms in the same house, and lived together like brothers.

"Francis George is no fool!" said old Leatherhead to himself. "He is a better fellow, and a more sensible fellow than any of us thought. It is that silly mother of his who has had her own ends to serve by keeping him in the background."

Yes. Francis George began to develop a plain, useful kind of ability; he had no genius, but he had concentrativeness, and a very straightforward honesty of purpose. He had grown painfully sensible of his deficiencies, and it was almost laughable to see with what diligence he strove to repair them in his leisure evenings. The manuals of popular information that he read, the lists of sober facts that he committed to memory, the instructive lectures that he attended, are beyond the calculation of his biographer. Odds and ends of his undigested miscellaneous knowledge were continually bursting from him, like scraps from an over full rag-bag, to the sly and secret amusement of his companions. Not one of them cared to laugh at him outright; for his good temper made him liked, and his romantic circumstances made him admired. Who does not, voluntarily or involuntarily, conceive a respect for the heir to ten thousand a-year?

For six months he remained in the lawyer's office, greatly improving both in mind and manner; as the conceit of himself was rubbed out of him by intimate contact with other

young fellows wiser and cleverer than he. Then the question was proposed to him, whether he was willing to accede to his mother's wishes, and return home. But Francis George had not tasted the sweets of liberty in vain; he wrote an affectionately respectful letter to his mother, telling her he preferred to remain in London—in which decision his father secretly upheld him. Mrs. Percival Monke now began to lament her hasty banishment of her son, and would have been glad to recal him on almost any terms; but she was much too tenacious of her maternal authority to stoop to him and say so, therefore the breach between them widened. The sudden marriage of Flora Monke with a penniless ensign, utterly overthrowing her design for the reunion of Hardington and Frogholmes, exasperated her still more against her son; and, in the first bitterness of her disappointment, she indited to him the following letter:

Hardington, March 12, 182—.

FRANCIS GEORGE,—You must have heard of your cousin Flora's elopement with Frederick Steele: thus you are answerable for her ruin as well as your own. I throw you off entirely now. You have acted the part of an undutiful and ungrateful son. You have taken from me the sole object for which I lived. Hardington and Frogholmes can never again be one; and you, cruel, indifferent, wicked, unworthy boy, are the sole cause. You need not trouble yourself to send me any more of your ill-spelt protestations of affection: I believe in deeds, not in words. From this day forth your existence is nothing to me. You must have Hardington when I die; but while I live, not a single shilling shall you have. You may live where and how you can; and the worst wish I wish you is, that if you live to have children of your own, they may wring your dearest feelings as cruelly as you have wrung mine. And so, I remain,

Your injured and aggrieved mother,

CECILY PERCIVAL MONKE.

Francis George showed the letter to his father; who only shrugged his shoulders, and wished his wife would give him his full discharge from Hardington also, though without curtailing his supplies; but the young man dutifully endeavoured to soften her feelings towards him, and his failure was not chargeable on him.

"Woman's a riddle, indeed!" cried old Leatherhead, when his client wrote to him that she should henceforward stop her son's allowance, and that he must maintain himself independently of her. "Woman's not always a pleasant riddle either!"

Francis George would have had no difficulty in raising money on his expectations had he been so disposed; but, as old Leatherhead advised him not, and gave him a reasonably liberal salary, he resigned himself without difficulty to his fate; resigned himself all the more readily, because Mr. Proby had got a living a few miles from town, and had brought his family to reside there. Willie went down every Saturday and stayed until Monday,

and Francis George always made him discourse about his father and mother, his sisters and brothers, when he came back, until Willie was tired of the subject.

"Come down, and see them yourself. I'm sure you will be welcome," Willie suggested, one day; and without any more formal invitation, Francis George went.

VI.

WILLINGHAM PARSONAGE was a pretty spot, quite rural, though almost within sight of London smoke, and the young Probys flourished there quite as well as they had ever done in the wilds of Yorkshire—almost better. Katie happened to be in the garden cutting flowers for the drawing-room vases, when her brother and Francis George arrived. She coloured up as beautifully as the roses in her hand when her former lover bowed low before her, and immediately proposed to go and seek her mother; as no one gainsaid her, away she flew. Mrs. Proby was sitting in her work-room when her daughter ran in, laughing but confused, with mischievous eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Mamma, guess whom Willie has brought home. I was never so startled in my life," she cried, out of breath; "and I never saw anybody so changed in a couple of years before!"

Mamma lowered her spectacles and looked out of the window, where she saw her son and his companion walking.

"Is it Francis George Percival Monke, Katie?" she asked, puzzled.

"Yes, mamma, and so altered. Don't you remember how foolish he was, and how we used to laugh at him?"

"Hush, my dear, the window is open, and he may hear you. I must go down and receive him: but Willie should have let us know. The best room must be got ready for him, I suppose;" and Mrs. Proby laid aside spectacles and thimble, and went downstairs to welcome her son's friend.

When Katie followed her, about ten minutes after, it was in as sedate and composed a manner as she was capable of assuming on short notice; but she could not prevent a bright and rosy maidenly consciousness flickering in eye and cheek as she faced Francis George. He blushed, too, and stammered a little when he began to speak, exactly in his old way; which put her at her ease more than anything else could have done. He was very anxious to appear to his best advantage before her, and to impress her with a worthier opinion of his sense than she used to have. He began to epitomise a very solid lecture that he had heard a few evenings before. He ought to have understood the smile that curled about her pretty mouth better than he did. Sharp-witted Katie understood him well enough, and kind-hearted Katie did not fail to encourage him to shine to the utmost; but she thought his

subject rather of the gravest to introduce five minutes after they met.

"You are becoming quite a scientific character, Francis George," was Papa Proby's observation at dinner, when the young gentleman had made what he thought a very impressive display of his new learning. "It is really creditable to you to have acquired so much solid information."

Francis George felt so pleased, and glanced at Katie to see if he had elicited her approbation also. Katie smiled to conceal her temptation to laugh, and he was delighted. Most fluent did he become on every subject of interest in which he was sufficiently well up to speak correctly. Pictures, books of travels and biography, of poetry and romance, took their turn, until, if there was a doubt about what he knew, it was a doubt whether he did not know too much. Katie would have been glad to hear him discourse on everyday matters, but Francis George, with an old reputation to destroy and a new one to create, was not to be beguiled into trivialities. When he left Willingham early on Monday morning with Willie Proby, he left it in the pleasing consciousness that he had inspired everybody with respect for his learning.

"A well-informed young man," Mrs. Proby gravely admitted him to be.

"Not so dull as he was, either," said Katie.

"Out of evil good has come," observed the clergyman. "His banishment from Hardington turns out to be very beneficial."

"But it is a great shame, papa!" cried Mistress Katie, firing up and looking very pretty; "a great shame that his mother should have quarrelled with him because he would not marry Flora Monke: it would have been strange if he had liked her, I think, such a sarcastic girl as she was, and a flirt besides!"

Papa Proby lifted his eyebrows, a little amazed, at his daughter's decision of speech; and Katie, conscious that she had spoken rather harshly, blushed and became silent.

Francis George became a constant visitor at Willingham after this, and strove laboriously to win golden opinions from all the family. If his heavy talk bored them a little sometimes, they tried to forgive it; and by-and-by, Katie could have offered evidence that he was capable of more interesting discourse when he had her ear alone. In the garden, for instance, up and down the pear-tree-walk, does anybody think that while Francis George was speaking with so much whispered earnestness to Katie's curls, that he was holding forth on interesting geological speculations? Would anybody credit that while Katie contemplated her shoe toe so steadily, when they paused under the old yews, that she was meditating on the revolutions of heavenly bodies? Or does anybody imagine for a moment that when they sat so long in the little summer-house, they were trying to

square the circle, or discussing the secret of perpetual motion? If anybody does, anybody is much mistaken.

"I think, mamma, I should be very happy with him," said Mistress Katie one day at her mother's knee. There had been an interview in Papa Proby's study, and much talk, even more serious than scientific talk, and the daughter was making her confession. "I think, mamma, I should be very happy with him. I am sure he is very fond of me. He is a good, faithful fellow, mamma, or he would never have sought me out again, when he knows how I used to make fun of him, would he?"

Mamma dare not undertake to say. "Katie must judge for herself," she added; "Katie was most capable of judging."

"But you think him good, mamma. You think his principles and temper are trustworthy?"

"Yes, love, papa and I are quite satisfied on that head."

"Then, mamma, dear, why are you so cold and doubtful about us?"

"Because, Katie, Hardington is in the way—his mother is in the way. Remember our difference of position."

"I wish he were never to be anything more than a lawyer's clerk," sighed Katie, getting off her knees and gliding to the window. Francis George was impatiently pacing the lawn, waiting for her reappearance, and in a minute or two Mrs. Proby was alone.

VII.

FRANCIS GEORGE PERCIVAL MONKE wrote to his mother, announcing his engagement to Katie Proby, and asking her consent to their marriage. No answer was returned. He wrote to her again. Mr. Proby wrote. Mrs. Proby wrote. Katie wrote. No answer. Francis George then addressed his father, and the now servile old gentleman wrote to him, that he was free to please himself. His mother was perfectly indifferent to all his proceedings. If he wanted to know whether she would do anything for him, her answer to that was—No.

So Francis George Percival Monke, heir of Hardington, lord of the manor of Hardington, married Katie Proby, and took her home to a little six-roomed suburban villa, and went on toiling as a lawyer's clerk. Went on toiling through the best years of his life. Went on toiling until four children had been born to him in the little six-roomed house. Went on toiling until the present life in its affectionate simplicity had quite obliterated the hard lines of the former coldly ostentatious life; went on "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing," until he had neither hope nor anticipation in the magnificent future which must come to him in the common course of nature.

There is plenty of space for happiness in a six-roomed suburban villa, with a garden of

ten feet square—at least so the life of Francis George Percival Monke and Katie, his wife, testified. They had one care, and that was to give to their sons and daughters such an education as would pass them forward in the world easily: this care was their only one. And they had one sorrow—Katie's first-born died, and was laid to rest in Willingham churchyard.

But whatever their cares, whatever their sorrows, whatever their joys, they were all mutual, and served but to draw closer together the links of affection and friendship that united the husband and wife. Neither ever regretted for a moment any sacrifice that had to be made for the other's sake.

VIII.

It is more than twenty years since the heir of Hardington and Katie were married. He has come to his kingdom at last, ripe in age, ripe in experience, and indifferent except to the best uses of his wealth, because he has learnt how little its superfluities can influence our actual happiness in life.

His mother said, before she died, that she forgave him (forgave him what?), and sent for him to receive her blessing. Her son, who retained always his awe and respect for her, fancies himself the better for it—perhaps he is the better for it—I would not like to think that any kin of mine could carry an enmity against me into the other world. Whatever our wrongs, whatever our grievances, surely we can afford to lay them down with every other burden of life when we come to the grave-side!

There is a different rule in Hardington now from that which prevailed there once. Nowhere has the benefits of these times made itself more felt than there.

ON THE GOLD COAST.

I SIT here, on the Gold Coast of Africa, weak and giddy from a long spell of fever, with no kind of solace unless I can derive it from the yells of fifty or sixty natives who are making "custom" on the beach. When a native dies all his or her friends and relatives assemble, armed with muskets, which they bang off as long as their powder lasts, yelling at the time as only savages can yell. They then collect money for the surviving widow or widower; the bereaved husband—although he may have three or four other helps-meet for him—being considered equally worthy of commiseration with the wife.

In the rainy season, when deaths are frequent, this is a custom which seems as though it would never become obsolete. I press my hand over my eyes and try to prepare for the bang-bang and the prolonged yow-ow-owl of these wretches. I try to keep back the savage thought—I might almost call it hope—that a musket will burst. A musket bursts—one always does burst—there

is a temporary hubbub, but no one is hurt—nobody ever is hurt; then the banging and howling is resumed, and I relapse into despondency. Or I drag myself to the window, from whence I get a glimpse of a great bare rock, rising sheer up out of the sea; and I watch the long, heavy swell of the waves which set against it, and then break and send up a mass of white glittering spray. But it makes one melancholy to watch that long, and it takes away all the hope to see those bright drops tumble back again into the sullen sea. It is impossible even to walk along the summit of it, and thence look towards England.

Can I call this my life upon the Gold Coast? It is mere tropical vegetation. The power to move about, which is the distinction of an animal, forsakes the European soon after he has landed on these shores. He feels all powers of will and thought exuding from his pores, and he becomes a sickly sponge glued to his rock. Brute nature here is gorgeous and powerful. She gets a mastery over the minds of Europeans, and asserts dominion over poor subjugated man. Nobody who has once vegetated in some remote English station or garrison of that belt of land, known as the Gold Coast of tropical West Africa, can ever hear reference to it without again seeing the white, glaring, scorching rocks and fiery sands along the sea; and, inland, the unbroken verdure, the eternal green of the monotonous savannahs, and the great tracts of impenetrable bush. He sees, again, the deltas of the many rivers—the rivers which wash down gold—teeming with life. The trunks of the mangroves which abound there are coated with oysters and land-crabs, and their roots form a fantastic net-work arching above the steaming slime and mud. All the birds of the air seem to have taken up their abode here; but who will dare lift up the dark mantle of death that shrouds this jungle, or follow them into their pestilential dwelling-place?

And then the forests, and their overwhelming superabundance of life! They swarm with the parrots and parroquets, screeching from every bough; the guinea-fowl wanders in flocks of hundreds, and her plaintive cry resounds through the woods; the grouse and partridge, quail, turkey, woodcock, snipe and plover, stork, crane, heron and spoonbill, not as we know them, but in flocks of thousands and thousands, run through the thick woods; fly across the open, or wander by the banks of rivers and lakes. The kingfisher here puts on his most brilliant attire, and the weaver bird hangs her pretty, fairy-like nest by a single long thread to the tip of a slender branch. Antelopes graze in herds with their sentinels on the watch; antelopes of all sizes, from the delicate little creature, like a young kitten on long legs, to the harte-beast as big as an ox.

Lying in wait for their prey are patakoos—a kind of hyena—leopards and chetahs. These forests, too, contain the army in chief of the monkey tribe; they, and the tree-cricket, make night hideous in the woods, and they and the parrots make day intolerable in barracks and houses, and all kinds of habitations.

But when all this has been recalled,—animals and plants, forests of mighty baobabs, date-palms and mahogany-trees, and enormous grasses with branching stems that cover boundless plains; even when we have given a moment of tender thought to the star-apple and the cream fruit, the Gold Coast pine, the paw-paw, the sour and sweet saps, the water-wine and, by all consent, most exquisite of earthly fruit, the mangoes, we find our recollection of the coast imperfect, if it is not blown across with the winds. There is the harmattan, dry and cold, which cracks our furniture, peels off the veneer of our English goods, and parches and cracks the very skin of our bodies; and there are the fierce tornado, and the sudden whirlwind bursting upon us with its electric crashes.

No wonder that the European sinks oppressed and overburdened in the whirl of life around him. The very natives do! and they ought to be used to it.

The natives stand in ignominious contrast to the overpowering wealth of the scenes in which they live; beneath the blaze of the fierce tropical sun, and through forests in which the very trees are gorgeously clothed with orchids heaped about in brilliant festoons. He bears on his head an earthen vessel of palm-oil, or carries two or three quills of gold-dust, the result of his own industry in washing the sand after the rains. His sole article of clothing is a Manchester remâl, or length of chequered cotton, girded round his loins. But he knows the value of his own merchandise, and of that for which he intends to exchange it. He is a bird by no means to be caught with chaff. He will not change his palm-oil for a bunch of feathers, nor his gold for a string of beads; neither does he affect any article of European clothing, nor hanker after any produce of European civilisation. He wants rum, the strong, coarse American rum, and he knows to a tea-spoonful how much he ought to get of it. He wants, from time to time, a new remâl, also a cloth or blanket to throw over his shoulders on state occasions, and a musket to make a row with, and fire off when he keeps custom. But he wants no food, because the maize springs up for him almost without cultivation, and his women pound it between two stones, and add water to make a paste which he calls kankee, and on this he gorges himself with great relish. Sometimes his soul lusteth for meat, and then the black snails of the forest, as big as a fist, furnish him with a soup of which palm-oil is also an

essential ingredient. The provident housewife threads these snails on a bit of grass, and dries them in the sun, thus saving her lord and master from the toil of putting out his hand to take them. The long black-haired monkey also provides him with a bounteous repast.

Pity the sorrows of a European, travelling through the bush and partaking of the hospitality (he will have to pay handsomely for it) of a native; when, as a delicacy reserved for him, there is fished up out of the big pot of soup a black head with the lips drawn back, and the white teeth grinning, and such a painful resemblance to the faces around him that, for a moment, he wonders which of the younger members of the family has been sacrificed to the exigencies of the occasion. But he is reassured, and discovers that he is not eating man, but monkey.

The native of the Gold Coast has no desire to buy a house, nor to build a house, nor to live in a house. He does not wish to add field to field, or to make a name in the land. His chief and only desire in life seems to be to eat when he is hungry, to drink whenever he can, and to sleep in the interim. He has no anxiety for himself, and certainly none for his offspring; who have neither to be educated nor clothed; nor has he any misgiving about their future prospects. They run about in the bush if he lives inland, or he turns them into the sea, if he lives on the coast. You may watch them in any number and of all ages, from two to twelve, diving and ducking under the waves, waiting for a big one; and then, on the crest of it, you see the little shining black bodies, tossed over and over and round and round, till, screaming with pleasure, they are washed up on the sand, like a tangle of black seaweed. Then slowly, and with much noise, they unravel themselves and crawl back to the water and continue this sport the whole day long, with the exception of the time occupied in consuming huge lumps of kankee brought to them by the mothers. The paternal domain is, for the most part, a circular hut, under the mud-floor of which the ancestors of the family have been buried for many generations.

The African of the Gold Coast is, in fact, a difficult subject for us. Nature has provided so bounteously for him, that we cannot teach him to want anything—he has got too much already—and then, also, we seem to be not well able to get at him.

Wherever there are Englishmen there are courts of justice, and whatever we may be, we certainly are representatives of law, that is, of a certain just measure of order. Thus, although the Gold Coast is not a colony, but a settlement, and the British Government has no possessions, saving garrisons and fortifications; we need not be surprised at finding that the great effort to civilise the

Africans of the coast has apparently been made through the establishment of courts; in which English law is administered by English officers of justice, as far as is compatible with the institutions of the country; and we hold no insignificant position in the eyes of the natives; who will travel hundreds of miles to secure an adjustment of their quarrels by white men.

All magistrates were formerly English, but now there are several native magistrates holding English commissions of the peace. Their countrymen, however, have not so much confidence in them apparently as in the white men; or else white men have tradition in their favour.

The court-house is, in general, a rough but tolerably commodious stone building. In the interior is an arm-chair for the presiding officer of justice, surmounted by the royal arms carved in oak. On each side of this are benches for the magistrates; and, to the left, sits the clerk of the court: often a mulatto, educated in England. By his side is the interpreter, an African, pure blooded. The box for the jury is to the right of the magisterial benches.

All cases are heard in the Fantee language (the Fantees are a coast tribe), and are interpreted to the presiding magistrate or judicial assessor; even though both plaintiff and defendant can speak English. When addressing the judge or any superior, the native lowers the cloth or blanket, worn on state occasions, from the left shoulder, baring his breast. Questions of right to land, theft, or murder, form but a small proportion of those brought before our courts; the majority having reference to slaves, either held by right of ownership, or temporarily as pawns. The most embarrassing cases on which a magistrate is called to adjudicate are those referring to matrimonial grievances; for, the peculiar notions on the subject, entertained by the parties concerned, and the extraordinary language in which these notions are couched, often render the whole matter all but unintelligible.

It is seldom that the persons about to appear in court have sufficient confidence in the interpreter to trust the statement of their case with him. At least, I imagine that the invariable habit of going to a professed letter-writer in the village, originated in distrust. This letter-writer, a native, puts down, in what English he can, the facts communicated to him, and thus a preliminary statement, from both plaintiff and defendant, reaches the presiding officer. What would any worshipful magistrate of the county of Middlesex say to the following epistle; an exact copy of one now lying before me?—

SIR,—I beg leave to acquaint your honour to say that wouldn't be no offences.

The man whom called Groarkoo has been and took

my eldest sister as a wife; and in consequences when she got sickness surely he never attended her. After she died also he did the same condition.

After he buried her, my wife goes that part of village, he call her and say, "I must marry you!" Also he require my young sister, to marry both of them.

So he lured my wife in his house, and said that if you wouldn't low [allow] her to marry her, he must put her in Iron.

The applicant here gets into a maze of distraction amidst English pronouns, and had originally written this sentence: "if you wouldn't low me to marry you."

Surely he did the same condition! He was put her in Iron four days, and also in Wood three days.

He never gave her something to eat or drinking. God helped her to release from this trouble; also he took me to his house again, that if you wouldn't low [allow] her to be kept there.

He flogged her very severely; and then surely he did the same condition with the same flogging very severely, and she got pains very bad. After that she run away to Bush, six days. She never eat or drinking, and God help me to find her, and I run with her in the night to your court.

Summon him! That I never see such a thing in this world. That a man married his sister—

This means the young sister of Karunpah, whom he seems quietly, and without opposition, to have taken possession of.

—and also take Brother in Law's wife to married.

Married both of them! This his my case.

I summon this Gentleman in Court. And in so doing I shall be greatly conferred upon.

I am, sir,

Your most obt. servt.,

KARUNPAH.

The reader will notice that there are very few faults in orthography in this letter; which is, in that respect, quite an average production. The handwriting, too, is always remarkably clear and good. On the whole, therefore, Mr. Karunpah states his grievances in a very intelligible manner, and considering the peculiar method of courting, adopted by Groarkoo, it can scarcely be wondered that Mrs. Karunpah objected to it, and refused to be lured away from her husband. The phrases, "God helped her to release," and "God help me to find her," are not to be taken as evidence of the Christianity of the plaintiff. They are merely forms used by the writer.

The opening sentence, "I beg leave to acquaint your honour to say that wouldn't be no offences," is a preliminary civility which reminds one of a bow from an Irish beggar, who flourishes the phantom of a hat. The phrase is much varied, and shows considerable versatility in the writers. It sometimes appears thus: "With much glad of to referring you; to know," or "Having the power of stating you; to say," or, "With much melancholy of to remitting you this my humble request."

Occasionally, however, a writer goes straight to the point as in the following:—

Sir,—I beg to call your attention about the Ceeda Trees between me and Mr. John Tandow.

The reader would naturally conclude, from this commencement, that the writer was about to complain of some obstruction which prevented him from getting so good a view of the person referred to as Mr. John Tandow, as his affection for that intelligent native led him to desire. But, in the next few lines, he puts forth a claim for remuneration for the said trees, which appear to have been growing on his land, and were cut down, carried away, and "sawered up" by the said John Tandow.

The plaintiff, Luacoe Praoe, describes himself as in "a state of cripple," and yet winds up with a petition for security, and an order, and a day, on which he may "settle" Mr. John Tandow; but, as his petition appears to have been granted, it seems probable that his intentions were not so sanguinary as the concluding phrase, "give me a day to settle him," would lead us to imagine.

In general we find nothing more demonstrative than "yours truly" or your "obedient servant," at the termination of a letter of grievances; sometimes, however, there is an appeal for sympathy or help, as in this:—

Let not your poor servant's solicitations be in vain, but let it be effectual.

With what an artful piece of flattery does Eccuah Abbooyuah close her case!

But he don't know that our protector [is] like you; you will not hear it.

This is your poor maid servant's request and her wishes.

Another lady who has got into trouble concludes with—

This is my statement.

Sir, your Honour,

I have the honour,

My dear Sir,

Yours obedient poor woman,

ACCQOAH AHMRAPUAH.

The women who make their appearance in court are sometimes slaves and pawns; but, more frequently, they appear under somewhat peculiar circumstances. The natives have a custom by which the family of a man or woman who has died through the instrumentality of another, can claim to hold him or her as a slave, unless redeemed by the payment of so many ounces of gold-dust. But it happens very seldom indeed that one native murders another; the ordinary termination of a violent quarrel in Africa being not a murder but a suicide. For example, two women—for the women mostly originate these quarrels, though a man may afterwards sacrifice himself—quarrel, overwhelm one another with invectives and

reproach. She, who is first compelled to give in, retires deeply mortified, and most probably starts away to the bush and hangs herself. Suicide in Africa is chiefly by hanging; and the native always leaves home, goes into the bush, and often passes two or three days in profound melancholy before commission of the fatal act. The friends of the deceased, upon this, claim the adversary as a slave, and sometimes her family also, as an indemnification for the loss which they have sustained. A tolerably complicated case of this kind is now before me:

Two women quarrel; one hangs herself and, upon this, her husband claims the other, Accooah; whom, together with her mother, he seizes and treats much in the same way that Mr. Groarkoo treated Mrs. Karunpah. In order to release them, Accooah's uncle pays the ransom demanded—a certain number of ounces of gold-dust—and then ensues a quarrel between Accooah's brother and the widower.

The consequence of this second quarrel is, that Accooah's brother hangs himself. Thereupon her uncle claims the widower and all his family; demanding, as the alternative, a much larger number of ounces of gold as a ransom, than he had paid for Accooah, which is duly given to him. But the widower is advised to take the case into an English court, and there it is decided that, as the man hanged himself, no one is guilty of murder; and, as he took his own life away, his own friends must be the sufferers by his loss. With much difficulty and very unwillingly, Accooah's uncle is compelled to restore the gold-dust he had received.

After this, Accooah appeals against the widower, demanding the return of the money paid for her and her mother. A judgment is given in her favour. I believe that Accooah's female adversary, and her brother, chose suicide as the amplest means of revenge they had in their power; knowing that it would be certain to entail great suffering on their opponents. And I believe this to be the motive that animates suicides in Africa in all similar cases; so that doubtless the decisions in our courts, unfavourable to the pretensions of the family of the deceased person, will put a check to this crime.

The letters referring to Accooah's case are so long, the sentences so involved, and the statements often so unintelligible to ordinary readers, that it would be useless to insert them entire; but one extract—a final appeal—I cannot refrain from placing before the reader in Accooah's own words. Throughout, she endeavours to defend herself from the charge of having caused the death of her opponent, pleads at last her inability, as a woman, to do or say anything injurious, with charming naïveté:—

So I, poor woman, am not able to kill any one in the world at all. But the said Luernah said that I make his wife hanged herself.

So long as [because] I quarrel with her, I make her hanged herself! through this he claimed poor woman 3. So I am woman, I could not say anything, so I brought him before you to ask him the reason for your servant, for I swore that I could not able to do this.

All this time he can not hear me, so I said: Well, I am woman. I got nothing to say; but we all under Queen. I must summon you, and hear what they say first, but I could not allow you to take me 3 for nothing.

In spite of the administration of English justice (rough and informal as it necessarily is), never, I suppose, has so small a result been seen in the way of actual good to any people as we see at once when we reflect on the number of English stations and Dutch stations; of Danish and French, and Spanish stations that have existed on the Gold Coast for the last two hundred years. Of course those who are brought into actual and immediate contact with Europeans are more or less affected by it, but not always for good. Also, the small class of dealers who spring up round the stations, and the African merchants are, some of them, as civilised—if not more so—than those with whom they trade. But the number of these compared to that of all the inhabitants of the coast is so small, that it is impossible to estimate the proportion one bears to the other.

No doubt this is partly to be attributed to difficulties inherent in dealing with the African; but I believe that it is chiefly owing to Europeans themselves. The fact is, that we Europeans who go to the Gold Coast do not go to work, that is, to do real, honest, downright hard work. We do not go to colonise. We never settle there, or take out wives and children and servants. We do not encumber ourselves with philanthropic motives or aims. We go because we expect to make money fast in some way or other; and, when we get out and find no society, and not much practical work or possibility of work, all our fine feelings (if we ever had them) ooze out of us. The first half-dozen attacks of fever demoralise us; and, like the natives, we live to eat, to drink, and to sleep.

THE SMALLPORT MONTE-CRISTO.

We were by no means generally popular at Smallport.

The "we" in the above sentence means my half-brother, James Chowler, our dear friend Purkis, and myself.

Yet, were there justice at watering-places, we should have been not only popular but gratefully beloved; seeing that we furnished to the small community assembled at this small place a theme for gossip and speculation, and, what was more valuable still, not a little vituperation and scandal.

What call had the like of us to go and set

ourselves up in opposition to the practices of everybody else in the place?—that was what Mrs. Prowles, of the Library (that library to which we did not subscribe) would like to know.

Other people lived in the terraces facing the sea. Why did we go and poke ourselves up in a little house at the back of the town, for which we paid just as much as we should have done for one on the Parade.

My dear half-brother, Chowler, is a thoughtful man, and a studious. He is engaged on the fifth volume of his well-known work on the habits of the shrimp, including an argument as to the precise nature of the jelly-fish and its claims to rank rather among the brachiopodous molluscs, than the lammariferous zoophytes of the British Islands. Naturally enough he wishes to investigate this subject in quiet and retirement. So going down to Smallport to reconnoitre before he finally settles himself, he notes that at the houses on the Parade facing the sea the noises cease not. He notes that the alternate dirge and polka of the brazen band is closely followed by the itinerant organ, which again is relieved by the wandering minstrel of the Tyrol, and anon by the serenader of Ethiope.

Examining the back regions of the town, my half-brother, Chowler—my name is Trotter; and as we often speak of each other as brothers, dropping the objectionable word "half:" Mrs. Prowles, of the Library, is much mystified as to our relationship—my dear brother, I say, wandering about the town in search of a quiet spot, comes upon a little row of four houses called Prospect Place, and looking on the dead wall at the back of the brewery. And here, in parenthesis, the author of these pages would wish to advertise and proclaim his desire to be put in instant communication with any person or persons who do at this present time know, or ever have known, of any row or rows of houses, or tenements bearing the name of Prospect Place, and having any prospect whatsoever. Prospect Place looked out, then, on the back of the brewery; but it was quiet—and that was why we did not live like other people, on the Marine Parade.

"Why didn't we take our meals at the times when other people did?"

For, bless your heart, not only when we dined was known, but everything that we had, and a great deal that we hadn't, for dinner. And when our dear friend Purkis, with his usual thoughtful kindness, brought us down a present of a delicious haunch of venison—and we are ready for another, dear Purkis, when convenient—it was known all over the town directly, though how they found it out, I can't imagine. I am sure there was no smell to speak of till the day we had the last hash, and the Smallport public knew all about it three days before that.

"Why didn't we take our meals at the times when other people did?"

Everybody at Smallport dined in the middle of the day; and so did we—once. And why did we not continue the practice? Because it is not good, dear sir, to rise from a meal at which you have only drank your pint of bitter ale, and your two glasses of the standard or natural sherry, feeling in a giddy state of intoxication, and unfit for the rest of the day for any of the ordinary occupations of humanity. Because it is not good to flush across the bridge of the nose—an invariable result of dining in the middle of the day—and to feel coarse and brutal, and criminal. For the present writer is of opinion that a distinct tendency to great crimes is developed by early dinners, and that about two hours after such meals no act of villany is either surprising or blameworthy.

"Why didn't we dine in the middle of the day?"

Does the reader wish for more reasons? Is it good to feel at half-past four that life is a burden? Go to! Is it good to remember at six, that now, if we had not dined at half-past one, we should be sitting down to a sociable and elegant repast; and with such a recollection strong upon one, to approach a board spread with tea-things and new bread and tepid butter, and ignoble shrimps? Go to! Is it good feeling exhausted at ten at night, to send out in desperation for a lobster, eking out the meal with cucumber and toasted cheese? Go to! Is it good, dear sir, of my soul, for me to go to bed on these things, and at one in the morning to dream that I have murdered Purkis; that I am ordered for execution without so much as a trial; that a file of soldiers is drawn out with their muskets pointed dead at me, that these engines of destruction go off, that my head explodes, and that I start up in bed with the crash, expecting to find my brains upon the pillow; are these things good, and shall I again be found dining in the middle of the day? No, dear sir, I think not: not if I know it.

Again, the determination taken by my half-brother Chowler, and our friend Purkis, to hire a lugger and to make in it the cruise to Dunkerque and back (an account of which cruise will, by the bye, be found in another portion of this journal),—this harmless intention of theirs was commented upon as a sulky and supercilious proceeding, and made a ground of objection against us.

It was some time after the conclusion of that memorable adventure, that I was standing one hot afternoon on the little pier at Smallport, which (the qualities I have mentioned excepted) is as pleasant a little seaside village as you will meet with; I was standing at the end of the little jetty, and looking into the clear green water, when I suddenly found myself surrounded by a party,

consisting of five or six growing lads, or young men, as they would perhaps have described themselves, and a young lady. The young men belonged to a class which it is pleasant to think is pretty largely represented in this country. They were high-spirited, healthy lads, who were either just finishing their career at a public school, or about to enter the lists at a university. A happy time indeed; when the youngster is freed from the more oppressive thralldom of school-life; when he is emancipated from the restraints and punishments which trouble the boy, and has not yet entered on the responsibilities and anxieties which the world has in store for the man. Who that has spent half an hour in the Christchurch meadow, or the playing-fields at Eaton, and seen a handful of these young fellows hurrying off to their boats or their cricket-practice, has not envied them, and at the same time rejoiced to see their health and strength, their manly looks, and rampant spirits?

The group which surrounded me, consisted of half-a-dozen of such youngsters as I have described, and a young lady, unmistakably the sister of at least two of the number. They were all talking eagerly about a cricket-match which they were evidently much interested in, and which, it appeared, was shortly to come off. Nor did this subject appear to be in any way an unattractive one in the eyes of the young lady who accompanied them. On the contrary, she was discussing it quite as earnestly as her brothers or their friends, and seemed as happy and excited in looking forward to it as they.

She was an exceedingly handsome and brilliant creature, with dark and flashing eyes, and a complexion glowing with health and animation. The family to which she belonged was a large one, with a stout and somewhat irritable-looking old Indian colonel at the head of it. They were not inhabitants of Smallport, but lived in a large house which, inclosed in its own grounds, stood upon the cliff by itself, about a couple of miles from the town. I had often, however, seen the young lady about the place, and had as often wished for some opportunity of getting acquainted with her family, that I might be able to see more of her. Let the reader judge, then, of my sensations, when one of her brothers, turning suddenly to me, and apologising for addressing a stranger, told me that they were getting up a cricket-match in which they were going to play against the neighbouring town of Stumpton and that if I was a cricketer, they should be very happy if I would join them. Let the reader, I say, judge of my sensations and pity them, when I was obliged to own that I knew nothing of the game, and to decline this most attractive invitation.

The young fellow bowed, and, as the boat for which the party was waiting was now ready, they pushed off, and I was left to

ruminate on my defective education, to wish that I had been brought up at a public school, and to speculate on all impossible schemes for recovering the opportunity I had just lost, such as rushing up instantly to London by express-train, flinging myself at the feet of the illustrious Pilch or the distinguished Lillywhite, as the case might be, and imploring such an immediate initiation in the mysteries of cricket as should make me an able professor in two days, which was the time yet left before the day of the great Smallport match.

From such speculations as these I got, being in a thoughtful mood, to others still more wild and extravagant. I pictured to myself the delicious career of a sort of admirable Crichton who could do everything; or, still more attractive, that of one of those impossible heroes who are to be met with in the pages of French romance, who never have a failure, are never at a loss, never in a hurry, still less in a perspiration; who are never hungry, never thirsty, never sleepy, never, in short, subject to any human weakness; and the most perfect specimen of whom is to be found in the immortal pages which record the history of the Count de Monte-Cristo.

This subject proved in my present condition of recent failure so attractive to me that I abandoned myself by degrees utterly to its influence, though somehow or other, I suppose from my being at the sea-side, it took always something of a watering-place aspect.

I pictured, then, to myself this Smallport Monte-Cristo, leaning as I had done against the wood-work of the pier. I saw before me his symmetrical figure and countenance, pale as marble (catch him with his nose burnt by the sun to a bright crimson as mine was). The group which had approached me advances towards him, and the brother of the young lady with the flashing eyes addresses him:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but are you at all a cricket-player?"

"Yes! I play a little."

"We are getting up a match against the neighbouring town of Stumpton; we have not made up our eleven yet, and should be very glad if you would join us."

"When do you play?"

"On Saturday next."

"The place, and hour?"

"The cricket-ground is at Stumpton. Any one there will direct you to it. We meet at half-past ten."

Monte-Cristo draws from his pocket a set of tablets, which he consults, muttering to himself the while:

"On Saturday, and to-day is Wednesday—let me think. This evening at six my screw yacht—Calais at eight—special train to Paris—Lyons—Marseilles—midnight on Thursday ha!—and Clothilde!—yes; it can be done.

Saturday, at half-past ten, too—let me think again—nine—ten—half-past ten—twenty-five—twenty—fifteen—fourteen.”

He glances once at the young lady with the flashing eyes, and seems decided.

“Sir,” he says to her brother, “you may count upon me on Saturday; but, I regret to say that, as I have business at Marseilles between this and then, it will be unfortunately fourteen minutes to eleven before I can be on the field.”

“That will be in excellent time,” replies the youth, “we are happy to have secured your assistance.”

They bow—Monte-Cristo raises his hat in acknowledgment of the flashing beauty, and the interview terminates. The cricketing party whisper to each other in evident astonishment as they go to their boat; and once, as she enters it, the young lady looks round at the figure of the impassible stranger. He has not altered his position, except to make a further entry in his tablets.

The day which is to decide the long-vexed question, whether Stumpton or Smallport is to stand highest in the cricketing world, is as fine a day as heart could desire. The players are on the ground at an early hour. The preliminaries are arranged, and the Stumptonians are to have the first innings. Everybody has arrived, with the exception of the stranger, whose black servant, Ben Zine Collas, is standing at the entrance to the field, on the look out for his master. Suddenly he makes a signal of silence to the expectant cricketers, who are gathered round—and flings himself down with his ear to the ground.

“My master is at hand,” he says, as he rises. “I know the sound of the Black Eagle’s hoofs.” And sure enough in a moment more, a man on a coal-black horse, covered with foam, is seen advancing towards them at full gallop. In another instant he is in the midst of them. It is the stranger.

“Gentlemen,” he says, as he calmly dismounts, gives the bridle to his attendant, and taking off a light paletot, discovers himself in full cricketer’s costume, “Gentlemen, I trust I have not kept you waiting.”

A fat Stumptonian here looks at his watch.

“May I ask the time, sir?” continues the count.

“It wants, sir,” replies he of Stumpton, “just fourteen minutes to eleven.”

The game commences, and the Stumptonians score well. They score, indeed, so well, that when their innings is over, the Smallport faction exchange glances of mute despair, as they proceed to the tent where a substantial luncheon is spread. The Smallport innings is to succeed this meal, to which by-the-way, both sides may be observed to do ample justice, with the exception of the stranger, who refuses all refreshment except what may be afforded by a richly-jewelled

hookah, and a few drops of a rose-coloured liquid which Ben Zine Collas pours out of a small golden bottle which he carries with him.

There is a new feature in the cricket-field when they return to it; a little mite of a pony-chaise, with a light wilful-looking pony, which the young lady with the flashing eyes has driven over, that she may see the conclusion of the game.

The Smallport innings begins at once, but it does not prosper. There is something about the way in which the first two or three batsmen get put out which seems to daunt and discourage their successors. The losing game is ever a difficult one, and the Smallport score is no less than one hundred and fifty runs behind that of Stumpton, when the stranger and the batsman who goes in with him, and who are the last players on the Smallport side, advance to the wickets.

As they approach them, the youngster who first invited the count to join the match, comes up to him, and asks him rather anxiously, what sort of a player he is.

“I used to play tolerably as a boy,” is the stranger’s answer, as he places himself before the stumps.

The batsman who is to officiate at the other wicket, now crosses over, and addresses the stranger. “Don’t you think,” he says, “that we had better give it up? The odds are so absurdly against us.”

“By no means,” replies the Count; “permit me, however, to suggest a course which you may, perhaps, as our innings advances, see to be a judicious one;—it is this, that you should play a very cautious game, keeping before you always the one object of remaining in. You may leave, sir, the striking of the ball to me.”

There seemed to be something about this innings, which, hopeless as it appeared, excited yet great interest in the bystanders. But when the first few balls had been played, and some admirable strokes on the part of the strange cricketer had shown him to be an able performer, the attention to the play became keener still, and the game was watched with eagerness. How was that eagerness quickened when his single score had attained to fifty, and still he showed no symptoms of fatigue or flagging energy. Just Heaven! how they tried to get him out. Fielders were sent to the particular parts of the ground across which he was observed to strike the ball the oftenest, and at the next stroke it would fly over the very spot from which the man on the look-out had been removed. There was no fatiguing him. Once, and once only, did he cause a moment’s delay in the proceedings; it was to caution the brother of the young lady with the flashing eyes, that his sister had, in her interest in the game, driven imprudently near to the players.

What are words to tell of the wild excitement with which this extraordinary scene was watched when the count's single score had reached and passed a hundred. The applause and clapping of hands, with which his earlier successes had been greeted were no longer heard. No sound broke the stillness, save the crash of the ball against the stranger's bat. Not a man was in the tent; not one seated on the grass, or propped upon a bat. All were standing in attitudes of eager self-forgetfulness, and the cigars in the lips of the non-players went out incontinently. As for the young lady with the flashing eyes, that prettiest of girls drove into places of such danger in her admiration of this triumphant play, that the game, as we have seen, was arrested that she might be cautioned, and even the wilful pony shook his mane at her in remonstrance, as she urged him on.

A long, low murmur, succeeded by a dead silence, marked the moment when, at the conclusion of the hundred and fifty-first run of the stranger's score the game might be considered over.

That silence was broken by the calm tones of the count's voice, as, turning to the umpire, he quietly observed, "I think, sir, that since the match was limited to one day's play, and it is now drawing towards evening, the game may be considered over."

A deafening cheer from both sides followed this remark, and in another moment the stranger was surrounded by cricketers eagerly inquiring what matches he had previously been engaged in—where he had chiefly practised—what was the secret of his success, and a hundred other questions.

"You will allow me to introduce you to my sister," said the young man, who was his first acquaintance. "She is anxious to thank you for saving the credit of Smallport."

"In one moment," was the stranger's answer, as, entering the tent, he called to his black attendant, and, quietly seating himself, uttered these remarkable words: "Sprinkle me," said the Smallport Monte-Cristo, "sprinkle me with Eau de Cologne. I was smoking this morning."

He was obeyed, and instantly putting his arm in that of his young acquaintance, they advanced together to the pony-chaise. The young lady who occupied it seemed, for so high-spirited a girl, much embarrassed in the presence of the stranger. Her glance quailed before his, and her gauntleted hands played nervously with the white leather of the reins as she congratulated him on his triumph, and invited him to make one at the dinner which was to take place that evening at her father's house, and at which most of the cricketers were to be present. She concluded by assuring him that she was quite certain it would give her papa great pleasure to make the count's acquaintance.

"Not more pleasure than it would give to me," replied the stranger, "but, most unfortunately I am compelled to return at once to Marseilles and thence to proceed to Rome, where I have an appointment with the Pope. My yacht is even now waiting for me, and I must be on board of her without delay. In about a week, however, I propose to be again at Smallport to make a somewhat longer stay, when I shall, I trust, have the honour of renewing this acquaintance. Meantime, permit me to express my regret that I am thus hastily called away, and to you, sir" (turning to the brother), "my thanks for an introduction, which every one who sees this young lady must desire."

He just touched her gauntlet with his ungloved hand, and, bowing to the assembled cricketers as he got into the saddle, was out of sight in a moment.

It happens that the day of the count's return to Smallport is that of the regatta, which is got up annually at the little town, and his beautiful yacht, *La Mutine*, is no sooner seen laying to just outside the little bay, than a deputation puts off to beg his support of the regatta by a trifling subscription. Without glancing at the sums already subscribed by the local potentates, the most liberal of whom has put down five pounds, the count takes a pen and carelessly writes—A Stranger, £100.

Everything he does is on this scale. At mid-day he invites the young lady with the flashing eyes, and all her family, on board his yacht; and there is an apartment more like a lady's boudoir than the cabin of a vessel. A luncheon is put before them, consisting of delicacies which would be considered extraordinary even on shore, and displaying the most perfect refinement in their cookery, while with the fruits which follow is served an abundant supply of cream, drawn from a purely bred Alderney, with a face as beautiful as a deer's, which lives in a small Swiss chalet built upon the deck. The young lady having expressed a desire to kiss this favoured beast, it is found the next morning in her father's stable with a note, begging the Colonel to allow his daughter to accept this trifling present. The old officer's remonstrances at depriving the count of so valuable an animal, are met by the stranger with the calm assurance, that he has a hundred more on one of his farms at Alderney, and that he can easily supply the loss the next time he is passing that island in his yacht. But we are getting on too fast. Before the party leaves the vessel the stranger intimates, that he has a favour to ask, and one which, great as it is, he yet trusts may not be denied him. He is dissatisfied, he says, with the present figure-head of his yacht, and the request he is about to make, is that the young lady who has done him the honour of coming on board his vessel that day, would consent to sit for a new one to his friend M—. And he mentions

the name of the most eminent sculptor of the day.

Everything prospers with the Smallport Monte-Cristo. The party on coming on shore find that universal regret is being expressed that there are no fireworks to be got with which to conclude the day's amusements. In an hour printed hand-bills are in circulation requesting the company to be on the Esplanade at eight o'clock, and to direct their attention towards the centre of the little bay which that promenade surrounds. At the hour named, after a magnificent display of fireworks from on board, the yacht appears decorated with myriads of lights following the lines of her rigging. In the darkness which surrounds her, she appears to be outlined in fire.

"It was an idea of my Indian servant," remarks the count carelessly, in answer to the burst of admiration which this beautiful sight calls forth. "He is an ingenious fellow enough."

But perhaps the most effective thing of all was the manner of the count's departure.

A group of the principal inhabitants of Smallport was assembled one morning on the pier, watching (as is the manner of those who frequent watering-places) the bathers in the bay. The jetty at this little town is admirably adapted for this purpose, seeing that it curves round in front of the beach enclosing the water in which those who are bathing, frolic, almost in a circle, so that the amateurs who muster here in considerable force, can examine the bathers in great comfort. From this spot also Paterfamilias can superintend the ablutions of his family, giving directions in a loud and rich tone of voice.

"Emily, go out of the water at once, you are staying in too long—Kate, where is your bathing-cap? go back into the machine and put it on immediately."

His little boys will next occupy his attention, and he will give the benefit of his remarks to the bathing-woman who has them in hand.

"Mrs. Swasher," he will say to this functionary, who is struggling with a skinny and timorous youngster, "Mrs. Swasher, I beg that you will get that boy's head under water directly—I am quite sure that Tommy has not been ducked, his back is as dry as a bone."

It was at the moment when scenes of this and the like interesting kind were going on that the figure of the count was observed sauntering slowly to the end of the pier. Taking one rapid glance at the water, he turns to his servant, and says:

"Let my crimson silk swimming dress be in readiness. I shall swim this morning to the Goodwin Sands. You may in two hours from the time of my departure start with the yacht and meet me there. I shall take luncheon on board at three o'clock precisely."

"Are you aware, sir," says Paterfamilias,

who has listened to the count's directions with open eyes and a fallen jaw; "are you aware that the Goodwin is twelve miles off?"

"Sir," replies the stranger, "I think you are mistaken. The distance to the Goodwin Sands is exactly eleven miles and three-quarters."

Monte-Cristo retires, and a few minutes afterwards is seen to enter his private bathing-machine—a superb vehicle, drawn by four highly-trained horses. The Indian servant mounts to his station, and seizing the reins they descend the sands—the tide being now out—at full gallop into the sea. The machine wheels round. The door is flung open, and the figure of the Count, attired in a crimson dress of spun silk, leaving the arms and feet bare, plunges into the sea. Once he turns his back and waves his hand in farewell to Smallport, and then addresses himself in earnest to his colossal undertaking. Eagerly is his diminishing figure watched as his incredibly rapid progress removes him farther and farther from the shore, till at last scarcely more than a speck is visible mounting at intervals on the crests of the waves. The speck gets smaller and smaller, till—till * * * *

"My dear fellow, what in the world are you about—you've been sitting for two mortal hours without moving, on the end of the pier? We have been watching you from the cliff where we have been walking, and wondering what could possibly be the matter with you?"

It was the voice of my half-brother which thus recalled me so suddenly to my senses. And as we walked back, arm in arm, to dinner, I explained to him as well as I could the subject of my day-dream.

"I was thinking," I said, "of the prodigious successes that might be achieved here by a sort of watering-place Monte-Cristo."

AMATEUR HORSE-TRAINING.

THE history of horse-tamers past and present formed the subject of a Household Words paper.* While that article was in the press the outlines of Mr. Rarey's method of dealing with violent horses and taming colts became known through a pamphlet which he printed for the use of his pupils in Ohio, long before he dreamed of becoming the lion of a London season; and, from internal evidence, we should say, before he was himself fully aware of the importance of the first process which applies to all the animals that came under his hands as the first and principal lesson of docility.

The feat which established Mr. Rarey's reputation in London, and brought crowds of the highest rank and most extensive crinoline into humble suppliants to be permitted to enter the school in the back slums

* Page 82 of the present volume.

of Belgravia, was the conquest of Cruiser, the man-eating stallion. But this was not the foundation on which his future reputation as a reformer of our system of horse-training will rest. It was a case of taming, not training; and, in taming, we have authentic accounts of the wonderful power of individual courage and skill from the time of Alexander and Bucephalus to the mad parson Harvey, who would go into the den of the most, vicious stallion alive, and bring him out quiet as a lamb after a short interview.

Dan Sullivan's lessons to King Pepin, the Irish racehorse, were quite as effective as Rarey's lessons to Cruiser, if not more so. But there are very few King Pepins, Cruisers, and Phlegons, and such man-eaters are not one in a thousand in this country. But Rarey's great merit consists in having rescued colts from the hands of the ignorant and generally brutal class, called, appropriately, colt breakers; for their system breaks the spirit of a high-bred animal. It reduces the training of horses, for all purposes, to a rational system, which it is in the power of every horseman to practise, and to teach to his servants; whether they be grooms, plough-boys, or sailors, turned into Australian or South African horse-keepers.

For a full and clear account of this new system, we are indebted to an illustrated and enlarged edition of the American pamphlet from the press of Routledge and Company, the friends of the railway reader.

Under the old system as practised in country-places where horses are generally bred, the colt is confined to a rude semi-savage, whose tools consist of a heavy snaffle-bridle, a halter, or cavesson, with a long longeing rein, a dumb jockey, a pair of sharp spurs, and a couple of whips—one of the straight-cutting, and the other of the four-in-hand style. The early education of the unfortunate animal commences by its being fastened up tightly from head to tail, between a crupper and a pair of reins, buckled up to the dumb-jockey (which is a pair of upright cross-trees girthed to a pad on the colt's back), and, in this sort of pillory of mouth, neck, and tail, led about from public-house to public-house for a day or a week, according to the depth of the owner's pocket. Any resistance on the poor animal's part, is treated as flat rebellion, and is suppressed, if possible, by a sharp application of the long-lashed whip.

The next step for teaching obedience in a tame, and breaking the spirit of a fiery colt is longeing; that is, making the animal walk, trot, and canter in a circle; until the poor brute becomes so tired that it is ready to submit to anything—at least that is the theory. In practice, colts, by being over and ignorantly longed frequently become sulky and vicious. Still more frequently they lose their natural free gait, and acquire a vile, cramped, one-sided action. After a certain number of days passed between calling at

public-houses and circling with the longeing rein under the influence of the four-in-hand whip, a saddle is placed with very little ceremony on the colt's back. If he submit, well and good; if he resist he gets some sharp cuts of the whip, and perhaps an hour or two of longeing exercise for his pains: he is mounted, and if he attempts to throw his rider he is severely punished with whip, with spur, and with the ever-recurring longe. Not unfrequently a colt breaker or rough rider—two terms which perfectly express the rude brutality of the process—with a difficult animal to manage, will attach a couple of long reins to a cavesson; have them held by two men, while he, mounted with reins, whip, and spur, does his best to subdue the rampant spirit. We have seen this in the riding-school of a duke. In the end, after two or three months' labour, the majority of colts are subdued; some are lamed in the process, and some of the best acquire vices, or are afflicted with a degree of nervousness which unfits them for cavalry, or harness, and for a variety of other purposes.

Although there are a certain number of sober colt breakers blessed with the common sense of humanity and a certain number have owners among gentlemen and farmers who apply the tools and methods above described with patience and discretion, yet, it is a universally admitted fact, that the greater number of vicious horses acquire their vices in the process of breaking according to this mischievous plan. It is also certain that until April, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, when Rarey began his lectures to bipeds and lessons to quadrupeds, the most accomplished horsemen of Europe relied for conquering the resistance of a violent horse on a rough rider with whip, spurs, and a severe bit.

The Rarey system of colt-training is founded on the three following axioms:

1. That a colt may be taught to do anything that a horse can do, if taught in a proper manner.
2. That a horse is not conscious of his own strength until he has resisted and conquered man, and that a colt can be handled in such a manner that he shall never find out his own strength.
3. That as the resistance of a colt to do what a trained horse freely does is chiefly caused by fear, if you allow him to examine the objects of which he is afraid, by seeing them, smelling them, and feeling them, you can in an extraordinary short time reconcile him to all those objects which at first excite his fear and anger; as, for example, the feel of saddles, harness, and wheeled carriages, the sight of umbrellas and flags, loaded waggons, or troops, the sound of wheels, drums, musketry, and railway-trains.

In order to carry out this theory practically on a colt which is to be educated, not broken, the whole treatment must, from first to last, be consistent. When the colt is to be for the first time brought up from the pasture (supposing it has not been handled and

coaxed from its earliest years) the operation is to be conducted as quietly as possible, and an old steady animal is to be employed to wheedle the young one into the stable where the first lesson is to be given—that lesson consists in putting on the halter. To do this, the trainer must arm himself with a leather halter and a stock of patience, and spend an hour or more, if necessary, in slowly, steadily, gradually gaining the confidence of the animal, and coaxing him by stealthy approaches, first to be patted, and then to submit his head to the halter. Of course, by the help of two or three strong fellows it is possible to compel a wild colt to be haltered; but by this sort of violence you have frightened him, hurt him, and taught him, as lesson number one, to look on man as an enemy instead of a friend. It is the characteristic of all animals of domesticated races to approach and make friends with man. A red deer looks hard, but flies from man; an untrained colt, if the man continues quite still, seems unable to resist the temptation to approach and to smell him.

Having haltered the colt, the next thing to teach him is to lead—ignorant people pull at him; but he is the stronger, soon finds that out, and gets into a habit of hanging back whenever any one takes hold of the halter or bridle.

Out of twenty horses brought out for sale to Tattersall's, there are not two which will freely follow the man whose business it is to lead them. Yet, in an hour or so, by merely taking advantage of the colt's physical conformation, and always leading him in a small circle, so that he can't resist, (for his neck will bend, and he must follow the bending of his neck), you persuade him that he cannot resist the pull of the rein, and he may be led anywhere with a straw. A gentle judicious application of a gig-whip to his hind quarters while you lead him with one hand close to his head, will teach him to run after you as earnestly as if he were a well-trained setter at heel.

These lessons, frequently repeated, but not lasting more than an hour each time, so as not to fatigue the animal, and accompanied by a flow of coaxing words, gentle patings, rewarding bits of carrot, are to be if possible administered in a barn, or stable, or riding-school, with room enough, and not too much room; but shut out from all distracting sights and sounds.

We have now arrived at the stage of education when it is necessary to give a lesson in docility, and to remove any remaining fear of man, and of the trappings of horsemanship. For this purpose the horse is strapped up, and thrown down, or rather made to throw himself down, by arrangements which cannot be properly explained without the help of the numerous woodcuts which illustrate the work from which we obtain some of the materials of

this paper. There is nothing new in throwing horses down; it is an expedient which has been resorted to as far back as records go, for the purpose of performing surgical operations. It has usually been performed by fettering the animal's forelegs, and then pulling them violently from under him by ropes in the hands of half-a-dozen stout fellows. Since the Rarey-plan has been made public, research, almost antiquarian, has shown that forty or fifty years ago, a method was devised by which a man could throw a horse down single-handed; and so, too, strapping up a horse's leg has been an old expedient for dressing, shoeing, or mounting a restive horse. But it was reserved for Mr. Rarey not only to devise a simple and effective arrangement of straps for subduing the most violent and stubborn horses (an invention of minor importance), but—and this is of great importance—to discover the extraordinary effect which this laying down produced, by at the same time subduing and conciliating the colt or horse. Doctor Jenner was not attacked by professional brothers for his discovery of the virtues of vaccination, more violently than Rarey has been assailed by certain veterinary surgeons, for having substituted the laying down straps and soothing system for the rough-riding, or the whip, spurs, longeing-rein, and dumb jockey. And his system is attacked with the same inconsistent arguments, as those by which inoculation was supported against vaccination; for they say, first, that it is of no value; and, when repeated public proof extinguishes that absurdity, they cry loudly that it is not new. At any rate, if not new, the value of the process has been preserved as a profound secret; for no trace is to be found in any of the standard veterinary or equestrian publications, and no use has been made of it either in cavalry-barracks or royal stables, or racing stables. The owners of valuable blood-stallions have been obliged to rely on sharp bits, blinding blinkers, bucket muzzles, and loaded bludgeons, for keeping their noble savages from man-eating. Until Rarey appeared, not a line indicating his system is to be found printed from the day of Gervase Markham, to the great modern lights, Nimrod, Cecil, and Scrutator.

The result of the Rarey plan of strapping up and laying down a horse is threefold. First, the colt acquires the conviction that the man is stronger than himself; secondly, when down with his two forelegs made fast, he can be accustomed to necessary discipline without the power of resistance; and, at the same time, learns that that discipline will not in any way hurt him; thirdly (and this result is as certain as most mysterious and unaccountable), a colt, and very often a trained horse, after being once or twice put down and "gentled" (a word of Mr. Rarey's own coinage), seems to acquire a positive

affection for the man, and for mankind generally: fear and control being exchanged for the confidence and fondling tricks of a pet pony.

It must be particularly noticed, that the horse is not pulled violently down; but allowed and encouraged to exhaust himself to that point, that when once down, he is unwilling to rise. If he were pulled and held down, no useful effect would be produced. When down, the trainer handles him from head to foot, coaxing and smoothing ears, legs, quarters, belly, &c.; sits on every part of him, and thus gives, without the slightest danger or risk of resistance, a lesson that can only be given on the old system after some days of severe longing, and even then with doubtful results. Under the same circumstances the saddle can be placed on the colt's back while he is on the ground. The straps confining his legs may then be removed, the limbs stretched out to a natural position, and again smoothed over; and, when the animal has been made to rise, the saddle may be replaced. It will be found that a colt, wild from the hills, has lost all fear: thus the greatest impediment to other lessons is removed, and very frequently he will follow the trainer about, just as a calf will follow the man who feeds it from a pail.

It is not necessary to pursue the explanations of the Rarey-system any further than to state, that all the other operations of colt-training are carried out by patiently and frequently repeated short lessons for teaching the animal what you want, and proving that you do not mean to hurt it: always taking the precaution, when needful, of securing it by the strapping process from hurting itself or you.

But as, according to an old, although often very fallacious axiom, an ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory (a theory, to be worth anything, must be founded on a collection of facts), we relate, in his own words, the following practical experiment performed by one of our oldest contributors:

In North Devon, the accounts of the success of the Rarey-system of horse-training, conveyed by the newspapers, had been received with the incredulity, not to say contempt, with which everything printed, and not authenticated by some trusted local name, is received in that primitive part of England. On me, not only as pupil of Rarey, and one, too, who had committed himself to the soundness of the system in print, but as a Londoner, venturing on an equestrian experiment, no small amount of provincial wit was expended by my hospitable friends. For in North Devon, the opinions and the prejudices of the Squire of Queen Anne's days, as sketched by Macaulay in his first volume of the History of England, still prevail among the yeomen farmers and sporting parsons, who handle the corkscrew

much more familiarly than the paper-knife: one bottle of port, at least, they open daily, but a new book, not being of local origin, very rarely. The Londoner, therefore, who does not appreciate a daily bottle, and rather objects to brandy and water and tobacco in the middle of the day, is set down, by a few of the Devonian natives of the older formation, as a sort of milksop, only fit to ride a donkey and shoot at sparrows,—although I strongly suspect that had we some of these hard-headed, loud-talking gentlemen on their cobs in the Vale of Aylesbury, or the Harrow country, we Londoners should make rather an example of them.

North Devon is, therefore, one of the best districts in England for putting the Rarey-system of horse-training in practice; for, on Exmoor and all the other minor moors, run loose whole families of truly wild ponies and Galloways, thorough-bred, half-bred, and pure Exmoor, which, according to county tradition, have their descent from the stock imported by the Phœnician tin-miners. Unrestrained by any visible bounds, they receive no other care, from the time they are foaled until they are wanted for work, than a little hay in very severe winters, and the occasional discipline of being chased back, when they have strayed beyond parish bounds, by the shouts and whip-crackings of two or three mounted horsemen, quite as intent on the fun of the chase as on the duty of restoring the wild colts to their proper pastures.

And so, amid much banter, it was settled that a couple of colts should be driven from the moors for the Londoner to try the new system on. It was in vain that I protested that it was my business to describe colt-taming, not to tame colts—that I was “fat and scant o’ breath,” and altogether out of condition for attempting any experiments on such wild specimens: as I saw flying from us whenever we rode out on Gorsemoor. The fiat had gone forth. The parson, a fox-hunter; the local banker, another foxhunter; the Great Man's agent, also a foxhunter; and their wives and their daughters, had been invited, while the squire, whose word was law, in that parish at any rate, had given orders that two colts were to be driven in from Gorsemoor, and a load of straw shaken down in the winter-yard of his prize heifers. Having never before tried my hand on anything more wild than a cart-colt and two or three perfectly-broken horses, and being also painfully conscious that sedentary summer labours had by no means prepared me for such strong exercise as these wild denizens of the hills seemed to promise, I must confess I looked forward to the exhibition before an assembly evidently prepared to hail my failure with great satisfaction, as a sort of triumph of country over town, Protection over Free-Trade, and good old Tory principles over modern abominable

theories of progress, with anything but satisfaction. A few years ago—the age for such work—I would have undertaken a four-mile steeplechase with infinitely more satisfaction. However, the day came, the “judges were ranged all a terrible sow,” and I had no help for it but to put a good face on the matter and to rejoice inwardly that I had not caught the complaint of the county and indulged in after-dinner boasts of my sporting and horse-taming feats. So I pulled off my jacket, turned up my trousers, and walked into the arena. This ought to have been covered in; fortunately, considering the wildness of my subjects, it was surrounded on three sides by cattle-sheds, and the floor was a foot deep in dung and rotten straw; on the fourth side were rails and a gate, along which the spectators were ranged, anxious and incredulous.

My first patient was a three-year old chesnut colt, nearly thorough-bred, and between thirteen and fourteen hands high. It had been haltered, but never handled. Before I began, I shut my eyes for a few minutes, and endeavoured to recalc the exact manner in which Rarey walked, moved, and acted, in order to give as close an imitation of his proceedings as possible. Having called for silence, I proceeded to approach the animal very slowly and steadily. It was not so wild as some of its companions; but had a decided objection to being touched. I succeeded, with less difficulty than might have been expected, in putting a bridle on it. To get in a position to persuade it to let me take up his leg was a work of some time; but, by careful imitation of the master horse-trainer, I succeeded, and strapped up the near fore-leg quite tight. I then gave my colt time to look round him for a few minutes, and then began to lead him about in half-circles. This was difficult for me to do, because the space was too confined: it was also difficult for him, because the floor was soft and deep. As he was good-tempered, and was powerless on three legs, I had no difficulty in strapping a leather band round his body; then, after two attempts, had the strap number two securely looped round his off fore-leg. In three minutes I had him on his knees. From his knees he leaped wildly and desperately several times; but did not make anything like the fight of a trained hunter full of corn. If the floor had been less deep he would, no doubt, have fought longer. He sank sooner than I expected; but not before my wind had been taxed, and I lost no time in tying his other leg up to the girth.

I then proceeded to “gentle” him. This process resembles the passes which mesmerisers employ; only that the limbs are actually smoothed down continuously. I next unloosed him, and made him rise, and repeated the operation of lying him

down. While down I mounted him, laid upon him, and put a saddle on him. Then, untying the straps, repeated the gentling; and, on his rising, he allowed a saddle to be girthed upon him without any resistance. Within three-quarters of an hour from my first laying him down, my incredulous squire mounted him, and I led him first several times round the yard, and then twice round a ten-acre field, the squire repeating to himself all the while, “This is amazing! This is ten times more than I expected!” On returning to the yard, I gave a sort of lecture on the new system to the grooms and farm servants present; particularly impressing on them the necessity of gentle movements and gentle words in dealing with colts, for I found extreme difficulty in inducing them to be quiet and gentle while assisting to take off the straps.

My second patient, a yearling brother to the other, which had never been handled or haltered before, was wild as a stag, and could with difficulty be held by three men. After twice pulling him down and gentling, he lost all fear, and followed me as I walked round the yard, nibbling at my coat like an old pet pony. He was too young to be mounted, but I handled and lifted up all his legs, so that I could have shod him. I believe all present agreed from that moment to abandon the rough-rider system.

The next day this yearling colt, which had been turned loose in a large field, came and smelt and made friends with the squire to his great astonishment, for he has been accustomed to see his colts, after receiving a lesson from the rough-rider, fly with fear and anger from the approach of man.

In my opinion the difficulties in future will not be found in training horses but in training men, and inducing them to abandon their habits of rough language and brute force.

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WATER.

THERE are two primal necessities of human life; good water and pure air. Yet, strangely enough, these two things, which, it might have been supposed, instinct itself would have preserved to us intact, are most rarely found in savage or in civilised life. To confine ourselves to water, we find a striking contrast between the ideal and the real, between the typical image of purity and the actual condition of our household water. If we could analyse and test one half of the fluid which enters into the composition and preparation of our daily meals, we should be as horrified as John Parry's immortal boy was, when he sees the magnified cheese-mite in the microscope, and hears that, perhaps he has eaten thousands of them in his life. A certain little pamphlet put forth a few years ago, had a most terrifying microscopic frontispiece, indicative of the various confervæ and animalculæ found in the supplies of the several water-companies of London. It made one an antiteetotaller for months after: magnifying every floating grain of dust into a dusky rotifer, or a twilight monad, and causing whole forests of poison-fed confervæ to spring up, imaginatively, if but an infinitesimal fraction of wood had found its way into the glass. It was long before the effect of that frontispiece wore off; and never to this day, has a glass of unfiltered water been relished, or its purity believed in.

The composition of water is unvarying. One part of hydrogen and eight of oxygen stand as the alpha and omega which bound between them all the changes that may occur. For whatever else may be found in water, is but a foreign substance, changing its effects, but not its nature. Whatsoever it may be,—salts, sulphur, minerals, organic matter, alkalies—though altering the therapeutic character and effects of the fluid, just as tea, sugar, brandy, or Epsom salts might do, leaves the element unchanged. Waters equally pure and clear in appearance, differ strangely in the nature and character of these adventitious additions. One may have so much carbonic acid held in solution in it, that when you remove it by boiling, the lime falls down. Another has common salt,

proved by a white deposit, when treated with a salt of silver. A third, taken from wells near sewers, near the sea, or near any putrid place, will give a dense and ready precipitate, showing the presence of organic matter in solution; which, though efficacious as food for plants, is most undesirable as food for man. Waters vary also in comparative weight, according to the substances which they contain. Distilled water, being water without any addition, is the lightest of all; while stagnant water, full of organic matter, of animalculæ, and of vegetation, is the heaviest. Sea-water is heavy in proportion to the salt which it contains. Thus the Dead Sea, being the saltest, is heavier than the Mediterranean, and this than the Atlantic. Water from insoluble rocks, as in Wales, is nearly as light and pure as distilled water; that from chalk, as about London, is heavier, but clear; and so on, with all waters, according as they have opportunities, or not, of dissolving substances from the earth. In some of the rocky districts in Derbyshire, medical men use the natural water for their prescriptions, instead of the distilled water of the laboratories. They find the natural water almost as pure and more aerated.

The ideal of water is perfectly pure rain water; such as it would be if condensed directly from the clouds themselves, and without passing through the lower strata of the atmosphere. Collected originally by means of evaporation—by which evaporation all the salts of the oceans, all the impurities of the ponds, all the noxious gases, and hurtful substances have been left behind—it is watery perfection; soft, pure, aerated, and bright. Water which has passed deep into the ground, is liable to contain all that is soluble there; but it is more brilliant. It nearly always contains less inorganic matter, this being destroyed by the action of the soil; it is generally harder, refusing to pass over the skin until softened with soap or alkali. The well-water of towns is generally bad; bad to the taste, and bad for the health; though clear and bright. "It often has an oily taste to the mouth," says Dr. Angus Smith, "not from the existence of oil in it at all, but because it has alkaline salts in solution, imparting flatness or insipidity, and rendering

it heavier." The Athenians knew this when they said that certain waters were heavy, and made the mouth feel full. But this quality is common at the present time; and Doctor Angus Smith says, he generally "finds that if any well is very famous in a town, it is one which has become loaded with salts coming from impure drainage." In one which he tested, he found as much as an ounce of these salts to a gallon. Good water has only a few grains of such salts. But to go back to rain-water. Unless properly collected and filtered, it is worse than any other, for human purposes; excepting that which is actually stagnant, and full of decomposing matter. In large towns it becomes tainted by passing through an atmosphere laden with soot, sulphuric and sulphurous acid, ammonia, carbonic acid, and animal matter. It is, therefore, unfit for drinking. And in the country, it falls through strata charged with pollen, and vegetable matter, with minute animal life, and other unwholesome emanations. The first rains, then, ought to be allowed to run off, and only the second taken, after the first have washed the atmosphere clean. If collected too soon, or taken from foul and improper places—from the roofs of houses, leaden gutters, open tanks floating with leaves, drowned insects, particles of soot and other refuse, or from stagnant ponds swollen with rains,—and if used without filtration, it is of course unwholesome. But if it has fallen on ground where it can obtain little or nothing to dissolve, and has passed slowly through a few feet or even inches of fine sand, or other porous and insoluble matter, it is the best of all kinds. Sand is the natural filter. But where it does need filtration, charcoal is the best for house purposes. It must be animal charcoal, thoroughly burnt and purified; and next to this, in antiseptic efficacy, is a filter of pure fine sand.

The Chinese have exceedingly bad water. But all who have any pretensions to well being, filter every drop before attempting to use it. To cleanse their river water, and to precipitate its impurities, they stir it up with a hollow bamboo, pierced with small holes, and filled with alum. This practice of itself proves the badness of their water, as alum can precipitate only extreme foulness: but it proves also their care and knowledge.

The Parthian kings, who would drink only of the waters of the Choaspes, which they carried about with them in bottles, paid an unconscious tribute to the innate force of nature, which no art or science can attain; always supposing that this bottled water did not decompose from confinement, or, rather, that the matters held in it did not decompose. There have always been strong fancies about springs and streams. The ancients had the Xanthus, which dyed the skins of sheep red: the Cephissus, which made them white;

and the Melas in Boeotia, which turned them black; there is now a spring in one of the Egyptian Oases (Wah el Bahariah) which also dyes black, and the inhabitants appear to strangers to be always in mourning. A fountain in Thespis made childless women mothers; the Aphrodisium, in Phrygia, had exactly the contrary effect, and rendered the youngest and strongest wives barren; the Clitor, in Arcadia, was the Heilenic Father Mathew, and gave a horror for wine; the Salmasius, in Crete, made those who drank of it impudent and wanton. Near the Orchomenes, in Boeotia, were two springs; the one bestowed; the other destroyed, memory. Of two springs in Phrygia, the one called Cleon, or the weeper, made the merriest sad—the other, Gelon, or the laughter, made the most mournful gay; while one supremely useful and blessed fountain in Cysicus, cured unhappy lovers, as our grosser northern plum-pudding is supposed to do. And one, which ought to have been crowned king of all, the river Nuz, in Cilicia, gave the drinker that most inestimable gift of all, good, sound, solid common sense. Many streams and fountains were poisonous, or rather were said to be so; for we learn to doubt much of what we read of ancient imaginings and scientific dreams. The Lake of the Nymphs, and an Armenian lake peopled with mysterious black fish, were the most celebrated of the poisoned waters of olden times. Then there were others of brighter fame. The Arethusa, in Sicily; the Aganippe, in Boeotia; the Castalia, in Delphos; the Dirce, and the Hippocrene, were all famous for special virtues and properties not to be found elsewhere. Pliny and Vitruvius, say that the Cydnus of Cilicia cured the gout, while the bitterness of the Nile produced the plague in Egypt. What would the Egyptians say to that,—they who are so proud of their river, that an Egyptian proverb has it, "If Mahomet had ever tasted the Nile water, he would have asked for immortality, if only to drink it for ever." In spite of Pliny and Vitruvius, in spite, too, of its muddy and suspicious appearance, the Nile was called the river of health and abundance: as indeed it is to Egypt, which by its own sole power it snatches from the death of the Desert, and keeps green, living, and flourishing. Its waters are slightly medicinal to strangers, but neither unpleasant nor unwholesome. When the mountain rains begin, and the lowland river rises, it is green, continuing so until the thirtieth day, when this colour gives place to a brownish red; for three months it is thick and muddy, and must be clarified before drinking. But it is always wholesome, and is said to hold the same place among drinking water that champagne does among wines.

Nearer home, we find the Scotch and Irish were specially gifted with these wonder-working waters; and we read in the Times, and other profane journals, that the French

see their miraculous spring and flow, even now, in the midst of this unbelieving and heretical nineteenth century. In Scotland and Ireland, every well and river was supposed to be under the protection of this or that saint; and south-running water was held of singular efficacy in cases of disease. Of distinct proof and evidence of witchcraft too; and significant of evil dealings with evil powers: for, to have "washt the neuk of her plaid" three times in south-running water was quite enough to convict a poor wretch of sorcery, in the days of that merciless old pedant, James the Sixth. And not a spell for healing or for laming could be properly conducted without a "stoup of south-running water" for the incantation. Both countries put their waters under the protection of saints and fairies; who generally gave them powers of blessing rather than for bale, and, for the most part, endowed them with beauties and precious gifts, rather than treacherous powers and the sins of sorcery. Indeed, some of the most graceful legends of past times are connected with these fairy-time haunted and saint-blessed waters,—especially in Ireland: and we can recal none at this moment of a harsh and cruel character. But most of the mythology of Ireland is of the same kind; very little of it being dark or stern, while some of her most mournful legends are connected with love, rather than with hate; where they are national, pointing backward to a faded past of political grandeur, rather than to tales of clannish wrong or clannish vengeance.

The ancients were as far out in their hydrology, as they were in their poetical properties of water. Yet, if they typified the marshes of Lernæa, in the deadly Lernean hydra, and made of their foul and stagnant Styx, the actual river of death; if Avernus and Acheron and Cocytus were all emblematic of pestilential lakes and rivers; we cannot say that the ancients were without the true knowledge of effects, how ignorant so ever they might have been as to causes. But when they talk at length, and we are expected to receive their words, absolutely and without reserve, we find so much physical superstition mixed up with shrewd observation, as to render the sifting difficult and somewhat dangerous. We will give a few of the assertions of Hippocrates, which it will be easily seen are not very trustworthy in their integrity.

"All waters looking south," says he, "are saline, shallow,—cold in winter and hot in summer, and though abundant are hurtful. Northern waters, and those of cities which lie exposed to cold winds, render women childless, and prolong their sufferings. Those to the west are foul and muddy; but those to the east are perfect in all hydraulic perfection—limpid, sweet, soft, and of pleasant odour. Those of reservoirs, marshes, and ponds, are unwholesome," continues our

ancient physician; "also rock-springs and mineral springs, and those from the neighbourhood of thermal springs, those where iron, copper, silver, gold, alum, sulphur, bitumen, and natron are worked. Wholesome waters come from hills and elevated places (in which he is quite right), specially when they look east (in which he is all abroad and fanciful). Snow-water, unboiled rain-water, rivers which receive tributaries, and rivers coming from afar off—from another country and rising in another soil—all these are unwholesome, and to be avoided." Modern science mends the old man's statistics a little, while confirming a few of his ideas disproves the rest. Modern science shows the unhealthy waters to be:—

I. Those which hold animal or vegetable matter in suspension.

II. Those containing an overplus of gaseous, earthy, saline, or metallic principles.

III. Those deprived, or with an insufficient quantity of air.

Some chemists say, that it is the confined waters of Switzerland, and their mixture with melted snow-water, which is almost absolutely destitute of iodine, that helps to make so many cretins. Of course they do not assert that the water is the sole cause. The want of a free circulation of air in the deep valleys, and the want of a free and generous diet, together with the close intermarriages common even in Roman Catholic mountainous districts—all these causes count for much in this malady; but Foissac makes the confined streams and melted snow-water stand sponsors for more. This is given only as the opinion of some among the chemists, of some perhaps of the most rash. Others, who need more sure data before fixing a cause, hesitate and doubt, and if they do not deny, at least, do not affirm that statement. But, at all events, it requires very little chemical courage to say that melted snow-water is bad, owing to its absence of iodine; iodine being, the grand specific against scrofula, glandular swelling, and the like. However, as rain-water holds a larger proportion of iodine than any other, and as the streams of Switzerland are partly fed by the rain which falls abundantly there, we may place this as a set-off against the other side. Davy indeed thought that the waters of Switzerland were more highly iodised than the rest, but would not say so; and on these differences of opinion we may not dare to pronounce.

The melted ice of sea-water has no saltiness, and is sweet and pleasant; but unwholesome, causing glandular swellings in the throat, arriving in fact to the condition of snow-water which has been congealed and locked up without atmospheric air. Lord Mulgrave drank this melted sea-ice in his northern expedition, and felt no ill-effects from it; but Captain Cook's men, who did the same, during a scarcity of fresh water, were seized with colic

and glandular swellings. In this instance the ancients were wiser than we. They knew of the freedom from salt of iced or evaporated sea-water. They obtained evaporation, or distillation, by leaving fleeces to be soaked with the evening dews which rise from the ocean as from the earth. When wrung out, the water was found to be free from salt, sweet, and pleasant. But they knew its unwholesome properties, and avoided it for drinking, or in the preparation of their food.

Sea-water is lower in temperature than the atmosphere at noon, equal in the morning and evening, and higher at night; retaining the day's heat longer than the earth does; also, having in itself more latent heat, it affords a more plentiful evaporation. And, let us remember, that it is not the salt which preserves it alive, so to speak, as so many have affirmed, but the abundant aëration which is produced by its incessant movement. Isolated from the tide, and kept like other water, it decomposes and putrifies even sooner than fresh water, because it contains more organic and foreign substances. Without its waves and tides, the ocean would soon become one huge plain of corruption, by the shores of which no living thing could exist.

Storm-waters give nitric acid combined with lime and ammonia; rain-waters do the same in a smaller degree, the proportions being very inconsiderable in a normal state. But all rain-water possesses nitric acid. It was Chatin who found that the presence of iodine helped to the rendering of water wholesome. He made a tour of inspection, and the following are some of his principal results. At Turin he found the water bad, even at the celebrated springs of Valentine and Sainte Barbe. They contained very little iodine, and the analysis was otherwise unsatisfactory. In London, he found a fair proportion of iodine in the New River, but less in the supplies of the other water companies. In France the Arcueil was found charged with lime, and four times less iodised than the Seine; the selenitic springs of Saint Gervais and Belleville had less again; while the Artesian wells of Grenelle were strongly impregnated with iodine. The Ourcq at Mareuil approaches the Seine in its lightness, strong iodisation, and the small quantity of organic matter held in solution, the Seine being extremely wholesome and rich in iodine. But all its affluents, excepting the pure-natured Yonne, take from it part of its riches, and render it, at the close of its career, a very different river to what it was at its source; while Paris, with her sewers and hospitals, her Morgue and her floating-baths and wash-houses, does not help to improve it or add to its drinkableness. Still, at Charenton even, Monsieur Chatin says, it is almost perfect: rich in iodine, bright, sweet, soft, and light. We doubt if many English residents in Paris will be found to echo the Frenchman's

enthusiastic praises of the river which is so picturesque to look at and so horrible to taste.

The Marne is the great enemy of the Seine. It changes it immensely; and, after it has poured its ill-humour into it just by Charenton (where the Seine, pure and simple, has such a glorious reputation), the brave old river never recovers its tone or character. The sewage of Paris of course destroys it more than anything else; but this is nothing compared to the deterioration of the Thames by the sewage of London. Nevertheless, it is quite enough to render the water unwholesome and even nauseous, unless mixed with a little vin-ordinaire or Burgundy.

Most nations have been proud of their great rivers. The Romans were as proud of their Tiber as an Englishman is of his Thames, or as Monsieur Chatin is of the Seine above Paris; while the Martia, conveyed to Rome full thirty miles from the Lake Fucinus, was the old Latin's ideal of aqueous purity and beauty. He did not stop at rivers though. He had aqueducts which could discharge three hundred and twenty-six millions of gallons of water into the city. They formed, and still do form, rivers in the streets. These aqueducts were two hundred and fifty-five miles in length; immense covered ways supported on arches, and built of solidest stone; passing through the country like gigantic arteries opening into that wonderful heart of the world, that iron heart, with its measured beat and its stony strength, by which all the other nations pulsed and throbbed. Greece as well as Rome made noble works for obtaining a good water supply in her cities; so did ancient Mexico and Peru. The Mexicans, indeed, had a house to house service, a water-pipe to every house, and an old water-god into the bargain—one Tlaloc. Everywhere—in mythology, poetry, history, and commerce,—we find that water plays a more important part than any other natural element; and a nation without an idealised stream would be a nation without a poem and without a history. Yet, some places are very badly off. For our sole, but excessive instance, is the island of Gorea; which has not a drop of fresh water in it, and which is obliged to send to Hann, twelve miles from the shore, on the mainland, for all it needs. Yet the island is reported healthy, in spite of this great want.

Thermal waters are generally pernicious. One near Soracte killed all the early birds, and the Geysers are not pleasant tea-urns. The waters at Baden-Baden, Bath, and other such places, may be very good medicines; but water should not be physick. Unwholesome waters may usually be made better by boiling and filtering, then agitating them in the air, to get as much admixture of the atmosphere and its electricity as possible.

Water boils at two hundred and twelve degrees, and freezes at seventy-five degrees below the temperature of the human body—that is, at thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. But it may be cooled at least twenty degrees below this without freezing. It expands on freezing, which is the reason why glass jugs and bottles break when a ball of ice takes the place of the water within them. This is the reason, too, why a frosty winter is so valuable to the farmer. The ice breaks up the soil, renders the rocks soluble, and fit food for plants, supplying them with their ashes or inorganic constituents, besides killing many of the grubs and larvae of destructive insects, which else would render many a tilled acre a barren waste.

The quantity of rain which falls in Europe varies as much as the rest of the water statistics. Most falls at Bergem; and Seathwaite in Cumberland, or, perhaps, Kendal in Westmoreland, stands next. The rain-gauge has measured one hundred and fifty inches at Seathwaite during the year; but the average for England is, in very favourable spots, from eighteen to forty inches, rising to sixty inches in more rainy districts, and from sixty to eighty-four in those which are rainier still. We must not confound the quantity of rain which falls in a locality with the number of rainy days. A deluge during one day and night will wipe off a large part of the score. Such deluges are not uncommon. On the twenty-fifth of October, eighteen hundred and twenty-two, thirty-two inches fell without a pause at sunny Genoa; and once at Bombay six and a-half inches fell in one day; at Cayenne, from eight in the evening to six the next morning, ten inches fell; and at Geneva six inches and a-half fell in three hours. At Vera Cruz thirty-seven inches fell in July, August, and September, but only fifty-five in the whole year. In England the numbers are highest for summer and autumn, lowest for spring and winter; while in Russia the rain which falls in summer is thrice the volume of that which falls in winter.

If, as some say, iron is the bone of the earth, then is water the blood; the ceaseless ebb and flow of which; the endless evaporation and return, corresponding to the throb and pulse of the human heart and its life-blood. The very air, even when crisp and dry, has 1.5 per cent. of moisture in it, and we ourselves have seventy-five per cent. of water in us. When we have parted with it all, we become those desiccated skeletons which fall to dust in the open air. So long as we retain the cohesive mould and form of humanity, so long is the watery principle in force. Without it, the whole earth, Himalayas and Andes included, would be but a handful of dust—a gigantic heap of dry powder, on which not even the most rudimentary lichen could exist. The ancients built altars to Diana, and worshipped the mother Moon. For

Diana and the moon emblemised the water principle, without which nature would have no plastic force, and the fair earth no form, no life, and no loveliness.

CHIP.

BOOKS FOR THE INDIAN ARMY.

The following appeal comes to us from a non-commissioned officer now serving in India:

I needn't remind you that the recruit of the Peninsular campaigns and the recruit of to-day are of a vastly different description; now that education to a most praiseworthy extent is cultivated by the most illiterate in our barracks-room; now, whilst formerly it went no further than a rude attempt at a John Smith, in crooked hieroglyphics, in the Company Ledger once per month. The military world is essentially a reading world now: the canteen, to a soldier away from home, away from comfort, almost away from the ordinary necessities of civil life, is of course always popular; but the reading-room, with its papers, its library, its periodicals, is really, truly more so. And it is on this subject that I wish to enlist your sympathies.

Our commanders have done all in their power, and with the utmost readiness, to render our temporary sojournings, in the intervals (how short!) betwixt our marches, as comfortable as possible to us. Sheds are erected for the wet season; messes established for the sergeants; theatres reopened when practicable. Still there is the one prevailing yearning, the longing for something to read. To civilians at home, overwhelmed with the flood of literature poured out by the ever-busy press of England, it is frequently the most difficult thing in the world to select what to read; but not so, alas! with us. When one man is fortunate enough to possess a book, no matter what its title—anything, from Jack the Giantkiller to Johnson's Dictionary—the rest pounce down upon the fortunate possessor of the treasure; and, in an instant, he finds himself pledged to "lend it to me, my dear fellow," and to me, and to me; until, completely bewildered as to the right of priority, he hands it to some eager aspirant, who transfers it to another, and so on. Thus it passes through every company in the regiment.

Newspapers are very scarce here; those sent us by friends either miscarrying, being stopped by peculiarities as to postage, or delayed for months after their proper time. Hence, books of all things, which are ever fresh, are the most desirable.

Can nothing be done? Or rather, to avoid an evasive sentence: may I most respectfully solicit the advocacy of our cause by a few words in your renowned Journal? The

British Public is a kind and sympathising one, and watchful over the happiness of its soldiers; and I feel confident that, did they but know our great want, books would freely be subscribed for our use, and sent out as they were to the Crimea.

The writer modestly desires us to withhold his name.

THE FLEUR DE LYS.

I.

HE that is of the road will, assuredly, follow the road when he can. The shoulders that have once borne the knapsack, will not be easy until its straps have been fitted on. This unerring law, I may take it, set me once more a-tramping it on those French roads, within one year after that scene at the little village inn, and that last winding of poor Canon Dupin's clock.* Set me, I say, again a-tramping it on the roads; not without a faint hope that I might fall in with something like adventure, or at least see more of the ways of men and women than could be gathered from the windows of a conveyance.

It was just about the end of a fine autumn evening, that I found myself mounting the hill which leads to the pretty watering-place of Petiteseaux. It may as well bear that name as any other; and so Petiteseaux it shall be. Charming, most inviting spot it appeared to be; for that approach was directly under a rich green wall, which stretched up far above my head: being, indeed, the straight side of a high mountain, handsomely furnished with this rich green planting. Out of which becoming background, could be seen peeping out, far a-head, the white buildings which made up the little cantonment known as Petiteseaux. "It will take me," I said to myself, "a good twenty minutes more before I can unbuckle, and take my ease in my caravanserai. By the way, what caravanserai?" And with that I took out a pocket-book in which my friend Wilbraham had written down with his own hand the name of what he said was the sweetest, freshest, and cosiest inn the heart of travelling man could require. Watched over by a most bewitching landlady, who was herself a picture to look at. The name of the inn was, the Fleur de Lys, and that of its mistress, Madame de Croquette, both set down carefully in the pocket-book. "I was here," said my friend, "but for two days; and heartily sorry was I to quit. It is likely enough that I shall join you there." On that I put up the pocket-book, and pursued my road under shelter of the green wall. There were little winding walks up its sides, leading to a pavilion or summer-house, perched high enough; and which one, fresh and unwearied, might have found entertainment in pursuing. "I will

sit in that pavilion," I said to myself, "some of these fine summer evenings, when I shall have grown to be of the place. 'Twill be very cool and refreshing after the day's work, whatever that shall be. Drinking the springs of Petiteseaux, perhaps?"

At last, here it was. Not more, I suppose, than forty or fifty two-storied, white, shining houses. Clearly a very grand, fashionable, drinking town some day. When our grandchildren should be grown up, there will be marble fountains, and steps, a gorgeous redoute, conversations-house, and salons de jeu, with light click click of roulette-wheels as music. Healthier music, too, from the Grand Orchestra, of thirty performers, under the eminent Herr Spongel, playing morning, noon, and night, in their elegant open-air temple, while the noble visitors drink. All which are to be clearly foreseen in the future. This innocence of aspect, this pastoral effect, will have passed off against that time. There will be the hot glare of countless gas-lights, lighting up white-moustachioed faces of industry-chevaliers, and faded aristocrats. Who knows but this low building, hidden almost with green flowering plants—and which I see is the Fleur de Lys inn—may hereafter be swept clean away, or burst into a dazzling, staring, sumptuous, and exorbitant Hotel of the Four Seasons, or Imperial Crown, or, perhaps, of England. Who knows?

No one seems to be abroad in the little town. No one heeds me. No officious gush of the porter or waiter interest. No encumbering of a man with help, as rough Samuel Johnson put it. I entered under the porch and laid my wallet down unassisted. Then sate myself down beside it.

Some one was coming down the stairs with a very light step, and singing. A chamber wench most likely! no.

I stood up at once, and recovered myself, as a soldier on duty. She gave a little start, and curtsied. The most charming little Frenchwoman in the world, that might have been cut out and stolen from a picture; with a little lace cap perched on the back of her head; with a neat little jacket of linen, and apron with frilled pockets,—Madame Croquette, beyond a doubt. But that cold-blooded Wilbraham to have been so slack in his praise!

Said the little woman, with a certain dignity of her own, "Monsieur is welcome to the Fleur de Lys. He has, perhaps, travelled far, and will desire to repose himself."

"He did desire to repose himself," I answered; "but for that matter, he would ask Madame's permission to stay where he was—in her shady porch, that is—in proximity to the sweetly-smelling honeysuckles which coated Madame's house."

"Well, it's a pretty place," Madame would admit, with a little sigh, "and curious to say this was her favourite seat too." And with a delicate little kerchief, which came

* See page 229 of the present volume.

from one of the little pockets, she brushed from off the seat about a pinch of dust, if so much, and sat down just opposite.

"Then if Madame knew," said I, feeling that an opening for a compliment was given me, which only the dullest hind would have neglected; "then if Madame knew what a becoming frame to a charming picture it was, she would sit there all day long."

She smoothed down her apron, and said with a smile, it was très bien dit.

"'Tis the truth, Ma'am," I said, bluntly, "and my friend Wilbraham is a stock and a stone!"

"Your friend Vilbram;" she said; "O mon Dieu! you know him! There is another friend of his, one Monsieur Truvloks, who had been staying with us,—a good-hearted, well-intentioned sailor, but, mon Dieu, so absurd!" And thereupon Madame chattered through a whole list of folk, and all about them. In one quarter of an hour we were the best friends in the world. "Come," said she, rising, "now I will show you your apartment; the prettiest little apartment in the world."

II.

The prettiest little apartment in the world opened on the court; for there was nothing short of a court in Madame's hôtel. Nothing short, too, of a fountain in the centre, and orange-trees in square green boxes ranged regimentally about. Coming out through the glass doors of the prettiest apartment in the world, you would see there was a gallery overhead, making a canopy, and pleasant shade, with a little wooden chair for you to sit on, and smoke, and look at the fountain and orange-trees. So that he who would have quarrelled with Madame's description of her apartment, as being too boastful, must have been a hard, sour, practical churl. He might as well have tackled Mr. Sterne's Parisian wig-maker for offering the buckle to be submerged in the ocean. The sentimental clergyman thought a pail of water would have been as convenient: not so poetical, truly. I know, had he been standing before her as she said it—the sentimental clergyman—he would have agreed with her heartily, and taken her hand in his, and kept it there for Heaven only knows how long.

Dinner, Madame had said, would be towards three o'clock, in that long glass corridor, which ran down one side of the court. No more fitting place. Decidedly Petites-eaux was more advanced than it had first appeared to me, and was making fast Glorious Four Seasons era. By that dinner-time, Madame had also said, I should have opportunity of seeing her company gathered together,—the quality of which I had already guessed; for there was a town of fair size and respectability, not many leagues away; in which town, as of course, abounded gentlemen of working habits; small merchants,

smaller advocates, physicians, and the like, who had not wealth enough for distant travel, and were glad to turn Petites-eaux into a small pinchbeck health-restoring watering-place. And so all the quality of the respectable town came to Petites-eaux when it could.

At dinner, then, I saw them all. Strange to say, they were of the quality I had guessed; for there was a little round black man with sharp ferret eyes, who had no need to write *avocat* after his name of Turlou. Neither had the long grave man in black, who was called Riquet, any reason to set out on his card that he was of the Faculty of Medicine. He was out-speaking, as it were, of his profession. So, too, was it with the notary, or scribbling-man, Faquinet; and with Monsieur le Curé, whose garb spoke for him. There were half a dozen or so of merchants, or trading-men, who had not such visible marks of their calling about them; fat, twinkling-eyed fellows, to whom waters must have been of prodigious benefit. But three ladies only, of the company: Madame Turlou, Madame Faquinet, and Madame Badine; betwixt whom raged fires of jealousy, and undying animosity.

These elements, with Madame Croquette herself at the head of her own table, were gathered together in the little glass pavilion, at the hour of dinner. I was set next to Madame Croquette, as stranger, and person of distinction. Needless to say, Madame's *demi-toilette* was charming. No staring, or taking measure of the stranger and his points; he might have been sitting there as in his accustomed seat, every day this month back. Monsieur le Curé, who sat beside me, and who, I believe, was dean, or vicar-general, or dignitary of some sort, in contiguous districts, addressed me in his smooth, placid tones, as though he had parted from me at breakfast. He was good enough to detail to me the origin and progress of the malady that had brought him to the waters, taking in Madame towards the close, who listened with extraordinary interest.

Gentle little woman! she had heard it twenty times, I could swear. "O ciel!" she sighed, with hand clasped, "how cruelly you must have suffered, Monsieur le Curé!"

"Mesdames and Messieurs," said the good man, with more force than appropriateness, "I can assure you that I had a fire within my veins that can only be likened to what the bon Dieu has prepared for such as do not love him. My interior was, so to speak, *bouleversé*!" Here the vicar looked round with an interesting aspect almost indescribable.

"O, heavens," said Madame again, with hands still clasped, and a tearful swimming look in her eyes, "how cruelly you must have suffered!"

I felt as if I could have gladly taken on me

all Monsieur le Curé's peculiar sufferings to have purchased some of Madame's seductive pity.

'Twas easy enough to seize the right state of things betwixt Madame Tournal, the advocate's lady, and Madame Faquinet, notary, or writing-man's lady. It was plain to be seen that Faquinet's position was unhappily ill-defined in the social scale; on the debatable ground between gentility recognised, and far lower walks. Tournal was of the upper tondom in the profession; nay, it might come to this, that Faquinet would have to do writing work at Tournal's bidding, or employ. This peculiar relation naturally gave rise to an awkwardness between the ladies; who fired hostile glances at one another, from opposite sides of the table. With Tournal's lady I could have no sympathy; she being a fat, blowzed, arrogant creature that would stand upon her position, whatever that might be. Now Madame Faquinet was a round, smart little person, who, I had strong notion must have begun life as a grisette, or, perhaps, as small milliner. I was glad to see she made little account of her blowzed enemy opposite: amusing herself with small archery work on one of the young traders, who sat beside her. As for Tournal and Faquinet, they were, strange to say, the best friends in the world, and talked across the table of a walk they had had together that morning.

"Mon Dieu," whispered Madame to me, "if you were to know all I go through to prevent them pulling of caps!" (she did not use this exact English idiom), "you would think they would pull my little eyes out between them! Madame Tournal," she went on, "holds herself as belonging to the cream of the cream, and turns up the nose at poor little Faquinet. In truth, my heart is altogether écrasé by their jealousies," and here Madame drew a deep sigh that seemed to come from the bottom of her little lacerated heart. "You, Messieurs of the English nation have wisdom. Such gravity, such aplomb. You can advise a poor solitary woman who has no one in the wide world to turn to."

And here Madame turned those swimming eyes of hers on me with an inexpressible melancholy. There was something very soothing in this confidential relation sprung up so suddenly between us. It was clear that she had exercised a sort of preference in my regard; choosing me out to be recipient of her little troubles. His must have been a gritty heart that could have been devoid of interest in them. The truth is, those fine Briton's qualities she had spoken of, do make themselves felt. She felt she could lean with more reliance on our bluff honest natures than on the minauderies and false lacquer of her own country's petites-maitres and galants. For instance, that provincial exquisite not yet mentioned, sitting at the foot of the table, and twirling his moustaches of imperial pattern (they called him Edouard Galli

Mathias), would have proved but a sorry comforter.

She was alone in the world, she had said; but whence came Madame's matronly prefix? This troubled me somewhat; so I put in, delicately as I could, certain leading interrogatories bearing on Madame's social status: filing what lawyers call a bill of discovery. She was a widow, she said: had been so these two years. No mortal had ever breathed who was more deserving of general regard than defunct Croquette. He was the best of men; best of husbands; would have been best of fathers had Providence only so willed it. He now reposed himself sweetly (douce-ment) in a shady corner of Monsieur le Curé's graveyard, with the most charming headstone in the world over him. The laced handkerchief now wiped off a little tear at the corner of one of the little eyes, and the subject was changed.

"I can only say" (it was the lawyer's lady who was now speaking in a harsh, nasal tone, that seemed to come through a comb). "I can only say, that when I and Monsieur Tournal were residing in Paris—which we are accustomed to do for at least three weeks in each year—such a thing was undreamt of. In fact, Madame, the wife of the district procureur, who is our very intimate friend, has told me as much."

Here she looked round on the company and snorted. Madame whispered me:

"En garde! See—they cross swords! Listen, and you will be diverted!"

The husbands were indifferent, and were not out of that wood yet. But the notary's wife was not slack. She seemed to bristle over with little points.

"Bah! what can sleeping provincials know of that sweet city, who are taken up by complaisant husbands, like school-girls on a holiday? I was born there, Dieu merci! and hope to end my days there. I know every turn in the dear city."

"Like enough," said her enemy, now puffing and flaming; "no one will dispute Madame's knowledge of the streets!"

This was an awkward allusion to grisette element in the social station of the notary's lady; who well nigh bounced from her chair. Her arms became instinctively a-kinbo, poisarde fashion; but her husband jogged her, and they dropped at once.

"Ah!" she said, in a shrill tone, "what does that speech mean? I would gladly know it, and have it made known to this company."

"Not half so fine a prospect," said the lawyer, still on the walk, "as I had seen in Languedoc."

"I will not take the trouble," retorted Madame Tournal, still through the comb.

"Certainly," riposted the little round woman, "we should always wash our linen at home—eh! madame?"

By which was conveyed a dexterous allu-

sion to Madame's origin, dimly associated with the laundress profession.

"I will not!" said the lady roundly, and forgetting all restraint, "I will not take such talk from any low quill-driver's wife!"

"Nor I," said Madame Faquet, a-kimbo once more, "from any Parvenu Robin's wife—pah!"

"Mes filles! mes filles!" murmured the Curé, wiping his lips, "a little moderation, I implore of you; such little roughnesses during the season devoted to nutrition may seriously disarrange the digestive functions. Be patient, my children!"

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé," Madame Croquette said, a little fretfully, "the whole thing is not worth a straw."

On which there came truce, for that hour at least; and Monsieur le Curé gave us some pleasant reminiscences of how he first began to grow wrong interiorly; of how his ailment came upon him almost like a thief in the night, and seized upon him insidiously; of what his first feelings were at the discovery—surprise mingled with consternation, hesitation, astonishment, perplexity—with other highly curious and interesting particulars. These carried us well through the dessert and after-dinner wine. The hostile ladies still glared fiercely at one another, and retired with menacing rustle from their gowns.

III.

ALL through that cool evening there was a bivouac, all round the house: out on the green sward: under the shady trees: in the pleasant garden, and even in the court under the gallery. The ladies fetched work and bestowed themselves on little green chairs, all saving and except Tournalou, who was reported to be asleep, and snoring even, up-stairs.

"She is a nightmare, a goblin, a trouble to our sweet life here," said Madame to me under the porch. "Your sober English common-sense must take her in hand."

I would do anything, I said, to aid Madame; perhaps would have added something more pointed, but for those imperial moustaches, which, I found, had drawn near, were saying something to her very sweetly, as they fancied, and mincingly. He was cut short, however—very short. Madame had plainly no relish for such an intruder; and so, with a slow shrug, he twisted himself about on his heel, and sauntered off.

Alone I took the road through the woods spoken of by the harmonious husbands, and thought of Madame Croquette. I leaned against a tree. She was charming—even to those little grey boots—even to the little collar barely a single half-inch in breadth. And that little toy household of hers and the pastoral inn. Why, I continued, reflectively, a man might do worse, far worse, than unstrap his wallet for good, and end his days

here, shepherd-like. Sit at the head of his own table-d'hôte, and entertain his strangers. Queer destiny! Yet, a man, wind-buffed and travel-sore, might cheerfully accept it, especially if there were one so charming to sweeten the toils of direction. Ah, well-a-day! When little grey boots and narrow collars find their way into a man's head, it is all up with him. As to showing fight, it is out of the question.

That Briton's sterling aplomb and sound sense spoken of so handsomely by Madame continued to make itself felt in other quarters. Its appreciation was further strengthened after a few days' stay. Out on the farm before breakfast one day, Madame Faquet unfolded to me the whole story of her grievances at the hands of that ogresse Tournalou, getting quite fiery and excited as she proceeded.

"It must end! it must end!" she said, turning to her poissarde's attitude. "I will not endure her insolence. Now, I put it to you, monsieur—was it to be borne? But I stopped her voice of Polichinelle."

"Madame did so most effectually," I said, concurring as of course.

"She will not offer to engage with me again," Madame continued.

"She will not," I said, "if she be wise."

"The pig!" Madame exclaimed, with strong disgust. "She should be ashamed to show to the world that huge person of hers."

Towards mid-day, I came upon Monsieur le Curé, sitting on a camp-stool under a broad tree, and reading his Breviary. The good man looked as though he would be inclined for a little pleasant digestive conversation; but I could not bring myself to break in upon his pious task, so I passed him with a profound salute.

I shall tarry here, I said, at least one month. There are a hundred ways of passing the time. Firstly and chiefly, sweet little Madame herself; who, to say the truth, has shown a wish very plainly to make her house and self as agreeable as might be to the stranger.

But traveller beware! Perhaps this charming little widow may have been of Delilah quality. She may have been familiar with drugs and unhallowed potions. How would that decease of Croquette (husband) bear looking into? Had the good man been, so to speak, Lafargued: worked off by the process known to that daring widow? I should like to hold inquest on remains of deceased Croquette, to have him exhumed, and the contents of stomach put in a jar and analysed by Professor Taylor. These fair French souls were ever dangerous. Had we not read of them in the novels? All those smiles and winning ways were but traps and pitfalls. So, stranger, I say again, beware!

The bare notion made me turn pale. I had not thought of the subject in that

view before. Youth is ever careless, and here was I on the verge of a precipice. These notions filled me with distrust and uneasiness, and I returned home rather moodily, and a little ashamed of myself. In future, caution should mark my guarded way, as the queer old song has it; designing women, as all the world has known this long time, abound in France. These said sweet dainty creatures are only so many mermaids.

So, when dinner-hour came that day, and with it yesterday's company of the Curé, lawyers, traders, lawyers' wives, and Madame herself in a suit of raiment exquisite in taste and wholly different from that of the day before (even the little boots were of another hue), I wrapped myself close in a cold and repelling demeanour; wanting nothing, certainly, in a proper respect; but being to the full as dry as any chip ever pared. I have a strong idea, on the whole, that I behaved like a brute.

"Did you not know this was my fête day?" said Madame, beaming with smiles. "All the world has presented me with bouquets, except you, Monsieur. *Fi donc!*" she said, shaking her head, "how comes it?"

"*Pardieu!* he must have mislaid it," said Madame Tournou, "for I saw him gathering one with my own eyes."

There was truth in this; but it was before coming to that wise resolution in the garden.

"I have done wrong in gathering the flowers," I said, with a cold stare. "I must ask Madame's forgiveness." As to its being Madame's fête-day, I was as yet a stranger to it—not one of Madame's intimates; and then—(shrug.) "Garçon! some of that Volnay I had yesterday. Mind, the same."

The poor little woman looked wounded; but it was the first step towards establishing a proper distance between us. The first step, too, towards playing that brute character spoken of. I felt, as I sipped the Volnay, critically, how they must have all admired the sturdy Briton's aplomb, and way of putting the thing. But Madame, with the tact of her country, took me at once, as I wished to be taken, and dropped that confidential manner which had so distressed me. She became landlady, and I guest. Was not that, after all, the proper footing? and, for the rest of that dinner-ceremony, I was treated with all formality. Which should have been most welcome to the Briton's heart? for it was as he desired, and yet— It was a little provoking, certainly, to hear all the jokes and private allusions which went round—outside of me—and which it was now plain, had been hitherto repressed from respect to the stranger. Even the Curé became less subjective, and let off jokes. Tournou of the comb, floundered whale-like in merriment. I looked on a little rueful; but it was better thus.

Breaking up, they whispered a good deal together, and talked in knots. "What hour?" "You will come, of course, Monsieur le Curé." "In Madame's own room?" "Such a pleasant thing!" these were words that reached me. Presently came the Curé to me with mysterious manner:

"Monsieur will attend, of course?"

"At what ceremony?" I asked.

"Madame's little fête," said he.

"I have heard nothing of it—received no invitation!"

"What a deplorable mistake! It is terrible, and should have been thought of!" said the good man all in a flutter.

"Bah! Monsieur le Curé," Tournou put in, who was standing just by, "there is none needed. Madame will be overjoyed to see every one, as a matter of course."

"'Twould be more en règle," said the Curé, still troubled. "Wait; I will settle it in the twinkling of an eye."

"I beg," I said, stopping him with dignity, "I beg that you will not take any step in the matter. I should not be able to attend in any case."

But he had gone, and was speaking to Madame at the end of the room. Well, I might look in for a short time or so—a bare quarter of an hour—without damage to that dignity. One should conform to the customs of the country.

The good man was explaining the difficulty to Madame with much earnestness. Madame shrugged her shoulders and laughed:

"He is welcome to come if he please."

"Be it so, Monsieur le Curé." Confusion!

I had an engagement which would ultimately prevent the acceptance of that kind invitation. I was engaged to—myself, for a walk—for anything—for nothing, in fact. I was wrath at Madame's cool, French treatment, and yet was not such footing more desirable? Oh, infinitely!

It was about nine o'clock when I returned from a dull stupid walk. I went up the hill to see the famous view; but I had been up the hill many times to see the famous view before, so it had grown to be a little stale. I went down the hill, on the other side, to the little brook miniature waterfall, which was held to be about the prettiest thing in these parts. But the waterfall fell flat, and the brook was naught. From these dismal conceits suggested to me on the spot, the unhealthy tone of my mind may be gathered. Returning, then, by the back of the house, in no very contented frame of mind, I passed one of the windows opening on the ground; whence sounds of voices came. Here was the scene of festivity, and right merry they appeared. It was Madame's own little boudoir. These French folk can enjoy themselves, I said, with a sigh. Officious, prying, Monsieur le Curé, who might have been

reading his breviary, had spied me. One of the waiters came flying through the glass-door to fetch me in. If Monsieur would only so far honour them! They would be so desolated if he did not. It must be so triste—so doleful for him to be wandering about in that fashion. Then came another with greater instance. And so with no decent excuse ready, and unable to fetch up even the most wretched shift, the Briton with all his dignity had to suffer himself to be led in half-resisting, half-complying, with more of the aspect of the British sheep than of the British lion.

The prettiest little room that could be conceived. All the gift-flowers scenting it like a garden. Such a chatter of tongues! Such enjoyment; such pleasant faces; such courtly airs and postures worthy of the Louis Quatorze court. Lawyers were unfrocked, and unlike lawyers. The houses of Tourlou and Faquinet seemed on easy terms. Madame, from her easy-chair, said, I did her too much honour; but she would try her best to entertain the stranger. Words very frigidly spoken. Come, I said to myself, let me relax for this one night; there can be no harm in that; for this gentle, little woman means only kindness.

But alack! the wise resolution was formed too late! I was among them, but not of them. Had they all too readily taken up that hint of mine let fall at dinner? These sharp-minded French folk accept such intimation readily enough. Prodigious respect came from Madame—from everybody. I was, as it were, grand seigneur. Nay, it seemed as though I had brought in with me a certain chill and restraint, which, heaven knows, I tried hard to thaw and dissipate. Many more of Madame's perfections I had to learn that night. By-and-by she went over to the piano and discoursed little French ballads in the most delightful fashion; patois things acted in the most perfect fashion. I had never heard anything so pretty, I said to her in warmth of admiration. She said I was very good. I was too complaisant; did so much honour, &c. &c. Every one seemed to delight in it but that heavy exquisite with the moustache, whom I have mentioned before. Supercilious fellow! He lounged on the sofa in a lazy insouciant mood.

That night in my room—the prettiest little room in the world, be it recollected—I made a wholesome resolution; namely, to have a regular formal making up with Madame. There was something pleasing in the notion: perhaps tears from Madame. It is an old story that, leaning towards quarrelling for the sweet pleasure of making all things straight again.

So, that next morning—it was a fine sunny forgiving morning—I went forth to the garden where I saw Madame out betimes trimming her flowers, and here made repentant acknowledgment of all my sins. I

had furnished myself with the choicest of bouquets procured from neighbouring horticulturists, and presented them humbly as a peace-offering, which was graciously accepted. The old smiles were returning, the old winning manner was coming back.

"We are friends now," she said, putting out her hand, "but we never were enemies."

"Nor ever shall be," I said.

"Who shall tell?" she said. "Mon dieu, you looked so wickedly at me yesterday, I was quite frightened!"

"Did I?" I answered, quite aghast at my own villany. "No, it cannot have been!"

"Indeed you did."

"'Twas not at you, then; it must have been at old Tourlou." This was the signal for commencement of an amicable dispute, which completely restored the old harmony. I said: "By the way, I have received letters—business letters—this morning, which I fear will hurry my departure. I must think of setting out on to-morrow, or the day after." There was no such pressing need of despatch, but I thought I would see how she took it. Was it possible—was that a little tinge of colour creeping over her cheek?

"Mon dieu! and must you really go?" she said at length. "What a misfortune."

"I must, indeed," I said, "and, believe me, with infinite regret—the happy hours I have passed in this little retreat shall never be forgotten by me; neither can I forget —"

"O, I am so desolated at this piece of news," she interrupted, "I had counted on your staying with us longer. Do not go yet."

I looked at her with a strange feeling of interest. What could she mean? "Do you really wish me to remain?" I said, taking her hand.

"My faith, yes!" she answered. "If I were to let you into a little secret I am sure you would. Shall I tell him? Yes—no. I cannot bring my mind to it!" and she turned away her head. Was it to hide another of those tell-tale blushes?

"Dear Madame," I said, "you must let me into this little mystery."

"I cannot, Monsieur."

"You must—I—I will promise you to stay if you do!" She turned round.

"Well, that makes a difference. So I must tell you my secret. You must know, then —"

Here came running from the house the soubrette or waiting-woman. Madame was wanted in the kitchen.

"You shall hear it another time," Madame said, "perhaps not at all."

"Cruel one," I said, reproachfully, "and your promise?"

"Well, if you must know, come to my little boudoir at breakfast-time, and, perhaps —"

With that she disappeared. What could this secret be? Could it be indeed—that the wanderer had inspired with a sort of regard this gentle recluse, this charming provincial? It seemed terrible coxcombry to let such a notion even near me: and yet one might have as well shammed blindness. Why may I not admit, to myself only and in the strictest confidence, that I lean to that persuasion?

And pray why not let me ask (this I spoke to myself, pacing the garden, thoughtfully waiting for breakfast summons), are not our French sisters outspeaking in such matters; not suffering anything in the likeness of a worm in the bud to prey on their olive cheek? Else what the significance of that little embarrassment and those blushes? It was a great mystery and a pleasing mystery, too. Then I fell into that old speculation of how a worse destiny might surely befall one than spending the residue of his life in this pleasant retreat, far removed from the busy hum of men. Proprietor of this little territory, where none of the world's wickedness had as yet penetrated; where might be studied eternally that pastoral simplicity so characteristic of the French rural districts. Where, at the head of my own table, I might learn from passers-by how the rough world outside was progressing. Madame's charms would daily heighten: children: Antoine, Marie, Estelle, growing up about us: the golden age at hand, life tolling on like a dream.

"Breakfast, Monsieur!" Garçon, with fluttering napkin, announces.

IV.

In the boudoir, as it was called, Madame was seated.

"I have promised to tell you my secret, and shall keep my promise."

I drew near confidently. "Will you be angry, Madame, if I tell you that I have half guessed it already?"

"Not a soul in the house knows it but yourself and another!"

"Another!" I said. "You have told it to another?"

"Ma foi, why not? Was it indiscreet?"

"H'm," I said.

"Well then," she said, "in three words, my little secret is this, I am going to be married next week!"

I started to my feet with a bound. "Married! What do you mean?"

"'Tis intelligible," she said, laughing.

"It is monstrous!" I said, intensely mortified: "and to whom, pray?"

It was to that insolent, insufferable trading exquisite, of the pointed moustaches. He was so elegant, Madame said; such grace in his bearing, his air so distinguished. Had he not struck Monsieur in that view? Adolphe, that was the name. Dear Adolphe had indeed offered his hand. Noble person!

Such qualities, such powers, and he had even terres—that is to say, some sort of estates. He was altogether charming.

A four-horse Diligence went by in an hour's time. I would depart by the four-horse Diligence. That business of mine had now become so pressing, it would not admit of a moment's delay, I said, packing my portmanteau violently.

As for Madame Croquette, the conclusion I came to when fairly caged in the coupée of the Diligence was, that she was a thorough French—well, not to be uncharitable, that her name contained one letter too many.

AMALEK DAGON.

NEXT to the inexpressible privilege of belonging to the best circles oneself, must be certainly ranked that of being acquainted with those that do belong to it. If we are not the rose ourselves, at least let us get as near to that flower as possible, that when we return to baser company, we may, with truth, have something to congratulate ourselves upon. My rose is Sir John Aighton, Baronet, or, as I feel myself sometimes justified in calling him, Cousin Jack. A man who has dined with no less a person than our Sovereign Lady the Queen. A man who is on the committee of the Rhadamanthus Club, and the third best whist-player in Britain. I except, of course, Field-Marshal Bang, whose fame is more than European, and Lord Charles Five-to-two, who is known to have never missed a trump since he was of the age of thirteen. Sir John, sirs (I am addressing myself to the concentrated public), was at Cremorne, you may take your oath, when the nobs alone had the run of those premises, and when you rang the bell and clamoured at the gate so loudly without the smallest attention being paid to you. He was in the dock of docks, the innermost sanctum of Cherbourg, when you and your House of Commons were tossing about half smothered and wholly sick, outside the breakwater. He sits in the Duke's box at Goodwood, when you think yourselves happy in being in the grand stand at all. He never had to wait—as the French king nearly had to do—in all his life save once (an occasion which he speaks of with a manly resignation), when he permitted the Prince Consort to have the pas of him. And no mortal eye has ever seen him run or hurry himself. I cannot positively affirm that Cousin Jack never saw a copper in his existence, but I am perfectly certain that he never took one into his elaborate hands, to the pruning and adorning of which, by the by, he devoted several ingenious silver instruments.

When he leaves Pall Mall it is to hunt at Bister; when he forsakes his native land it is to start for Norway in his private schooner yacht.

I was extremely surprised to see him in

town the other day, at a time when, according to his own confession, there was "not a single soul in all London," by which he meant, of course, no denizen of its upper circles.

"Well, Harry," cried he, extending three lavender-coloured fingers in lieu of the customary pair, "have you half-an-hour or so to spare in the service of a blood relation?"

I replied, and very truly, that I always had half an hour, or half a day for that matter, at his complete disposal whensoever he desired my company.

"Very well," answered he, with a frankness that became him charmingly, "I'm exceedingly glad of it, for I hate walking alone, and there's nobody else to walk with. We will go together and see Dagon."

"And who is Dagon?" inquired I, not without a sense of shameful ignorance.

"Why Amy Dagon, of course," retorted he, sharply; "who else should it be?"

"Thank you," responded I, disengaging my arm from his with a certain virtuous violence, "my wife wouldn't like it if she heard of it. In short, you're a man about town, and I'm not, and I would rather not see her, whoever she is."

I really did not believe that it was possible for anybody reared in the best circles to laugh as the baronet laughed at this reply. I don't think anybody ever saw him with tears in his eyes before.

"It's a man," he cried, as soon as he found breath to speak; "it's Amalek Dagon; and do you really mean to tell me that you never heard of the great Dagon before?"

"Never," said I, "never, upon my word, except as a heathen god."

Cousin Jack looked down upon me—he has a way of doing that, although I am taller than he—with an expression as if he was contemplating some rare and curious zoological specimen.

"Come along," exclaimed he, "come along. I would not have missed this for a couple of ponies. Have you ever chanced to catch the name of Palmerston, or of Betting Davis, or of the Tipton Slasher? Indeed! Well I'm astonished to hear it. This is Trafalgar Square, and that is the National Cruet-Stand, and now you shall see another British institution, who is quite as well known in town as they."

We turned into the Strand, and rang at the private door of a house of genteel appearance. A tidy-looking servant-girl answered the summons, but requested us to give our names before informing us whether her master was at home. Having carried the baronet's card upstairs, she returned immediately, and ushered us into a room on the first floor, plainly but handsomely furnished. A short and rather vulgar-looking person, but perfectly well-dressed, rose from the sofa, at our entrance, and put aside a sporting paper that he had been reading.

"How are you, Dagon?" said my cousin, nodding carelessly; "I have brought a friend of mine to look at you, who has never heard of your existence before."

The little man smiled in a somewhat sinister manner, but professed himself charmed at making the acquaintance of any friend of Sir John's.

"What is your last achievement, Amy?" inquired my cousin, with the air of a man who asks for information for somebody else. "Anything about you in Bell?"

"An account of a neat little thing we did upon the Eastern Counties last week; that's all; a mere trifle, but rather laughable, too."

"Go on; tell it, Dagon," said my cousin, yawning unpolitely, "it's sure to be news to him!"

"Well, sir," replied the little man, addressing himself to me, "there has been a good deal of picking up, you must know, on that line of railway lately."

"Shares improving," interrupted I, innocently; "ah! so I've heard."

Mr. Amalek Dagon looked interrogatively towards my cousin, as though he would say, "Can this ridiculous ignorance be actually bonâ fide, or is it affected?"

Sir John Aighton, Baronet, indulged in a roar of laughter which would have done honour to a coal-heaver.

"No, sir," replied the little man, softly, again addressing himself to me, "I did not exactly allude to the shares; I meant the sharpers. The card-sharpers and the thimble-riggers have been doing a great stroke of business upon that line, of late, particularly upon the Cambridge gentlemen. A young fellow-commoner, son of General Blazes,—whom you know, Sir John,—came to me only the other day, about his family watch and other matters, which he had made over to them; the money was gone, of course, beyond recovery, and we had a great deal of difficulty even about the ticker. You see, they're an exceedingly low set of practitioners, these thimble people; quite pettifoggers, sir, with little or no connection among respectable persons."

"I should imagine that was the case with most of that sort of gentry," observed I, "except, perhaps, an involuntary connection with the police."

Here Mr. Dagon gave a sort of forbearing smile, which could scarcely be called appreciatory.

"So," he continued, "I determined to put these public nuisances down. I took a place in company with three young gentlemen of my acquaintance, from the Shoreditch Station to Cambridge, and two of the parties for whom I was in search, got into the same carriage. They had not much luggage beside a small carpet-bag, but within that there were three stout sticks, and a round piece of wood, out of which they ingeniously

constructed a table to play at cards upon. When we four, who seemed to be all strangers to each other—declined to join in the amusement, they showed themselves desirous of conforming to our fastidious tastes by producing three thimbles and a pea. It's the simplest game to look at, as you may have observed, but I should recommend you not to play at it in a mixed company. I warned my young friends not to do so upon this occasion, but they persisted, and they accordingly lost their money: one sovereign, two sovereigns, a five-pound note, went very rapidly into the pockets of the individual who handled those simple domestic implements. Presently one of the losers got so excited that he offered to lay twenty-five pounds upon the next event.

"Now, hands off," cried he, "I'll bet that the pea is not under either of these two thimbles,"—and, lifting them, he verified his statement, "therefore I need not say that it must of course be under the third."

"The two men protested that this was not a fair way of winning the wager, but my three young friends got so excited as to protest that they would throw the others out of the window unless the money was paid; which at last it was. For my part, I rather took the side of the sharpers in this dispute, although I observed that the words in which the bet was made, could be of no consequence with two gentlemen such as, it was easy to see, they were. 'I myself,' said I, 'if I ever did make a bet, would name the very thimble under which the pea was hidden, for fifty pounds; the thing being to me as plain as daylight.'

"The two proprietors of the table contradicted this so warmly, and derided my judgment so contemptuously, that I was actually induced to lay the money.

"This," said I, then, their hands being withdrawn from the board, 'is the thimble under which the pea is hidden.'

"You bet fifty pounds on that," cried they, excitedly.

"Done!" replied I, lifting the thimble. 'Here is the pea; and there,' continued I, lifting the others very swiftly, 'there is no pea, as I told you.'

"All that they had won, and all that they had had originally in their own possession, was scarcely enough to defray this second debt of honour which they had thus incurred. They got out, short of their stopping-place, at the very next station; and they will not, I think, trouble the Eastern Counties' passengers again for some considerable time."

"And how in the world," inquired I, "did you manage to win that money?"

"Why, you see," replied Mr. Dagon, with an ingenuous air, "these gentlemen were accustomed to withdraw the pea altogether during their manipulations, so that nobody could possibly pitch upon the covering

thimble. In order to evade which difficulty, I took the precaution of taking a pea of my own, with which, by a little sleight of hand, I supplied the deficiency."

When my admiration at this device had been sufficiently expressed, my cousin Jack entered upon an explanation of the business which had brought him to the retreat of Mr. Amalek Dagon.

"You see, Amy, I was obliged to come up to town about another matter; but, finding myself there, I could not go away without getting you to clear up a certain mystery which has puzzled us down in Warwickshire greatly. And this is it: Stuart and Ross (both of the Rhadamanthus Club), and myself, have been staying together for a few weeks at Leamington, and were at one time sadly in want of a fourth man: neither the points nor the play of those we met with suited us; or rather, they did not suit Stuart, who will never sit down twice with any man who has lost him a trick. At last a stranger appeared at our hotel, who turned out to be just such a performer as we wanted. Only he won thirteen hundred pounds of us in six days. Now, you know my play well enough; that of my two friends is scarcely inferior. I want to know, therefore, who was the man who could so spoil, and how he effected it."

"You are quite sure that it was the strange gentleman who really won the money?" inquired Mr. Dagon, quietly.

"Quite sure," replied my cousin, laughing, and without the least trace of annoyance, "you are right enough to be suspicious (for such things are not unknown even at the Rhadamanthus), but you are a little over sharp this time."

"Then the fourth person," said Mr. Dagon, thoughtfully, "must have had hazel eyes, and a pair of very beautiful hands. He also had a trick of twitching his upper lip, which is a very foolish habit indeed for any gentleman who does not wish to be recognised."

"That's the man, sir," cried my cousin, with evident satisfaction, "who did three of the best whist-players in England out of thirteen hundred pounds in a week."

"Well, Sir John," repeated the other, coolly, "and I know a man who deserves to have won it more than he—Charley Leger, as hard working, pains-taking a young fellow, mind you, as ever breathed. A lad who has improved his natural gifts (and what a touch that fellow was born with!) as I believe, to the very utmost. He allotted two of the best and pleasantest years of his life—when other young men are but too apt to give themselves up to vice and dissipation—entirely to the perfection of that art which has cost you so dear."

"It must have been very high art indeed that could have protected his fingers," observed my cousin, "from three such pairs of eyes as he had upon them."

"It was," answered Mr. Dagon, enthusiasti-

cally; "Charley Leger, absolutely cannot himself discover, by vision, when he is in the act of transposition. The way in which he legged you was this. As soon as he got a pack of cards into his possession, he set a finger-nail mark in the left-hand corner of the back of each court-card, so minute as not to be seen by the naked eye, and only to be felt by his own miraculous sense of touch. Whenever he dealt, his practised thumb recognised unerringly these indentations, and at once by sleight of hand gave his adversary the next card but one, instead of the honour which belonged to him by right. He might have given him an honour also, it is true, but the odds of course were upon the whole immensely in Charley's favour. It must have been he, for there is no other man in England, save himself, who can be certain of doing that trick."

"Thank you," said my cousin, rising, "I thought you would be able to tell me all about the gentleman. Have you any more questions, Harry, to put to the great Dagon, before you depart into the realms of Ignorance?"

"I want to know," said I, "what Mr. Dagon means by saying that his young friend could not even catch himself when he was cheating."

"O," said the little man, good-naturedly, "that is very easily explained. You see, Mr. Leger applied himself to this difficult study of his for at least two years: in the latter portion of his probationary time he was accustomed to sit opposite a looking-glass; nor did he venture to practise his profession, and take in the public, until he was unable to perceive his own agile transpositions in the mirror—that is to say, until he could take in himself."

COFFEE AND PIPES.

THE regulation eastern trip is as well defined as was the European grand tour of our fathers. The starting-point from Europe is Marseilles, thence by steam to Alexandria; taking Malta on the way. Cairo is reached by rail in a few hours from Alexandria. There, preparations are made for the boat trip up the Nile. The first cataract is seen, and afterwards the second. Back the tourists (generally half-fledged collegians beginning life) come to Cairo, then on either by the big or little desert as time may permit, to Jerusalem, at which place it seems to be a point of honour to arrive before the Easter festivals. From Jerusalem the traveller usually pushes on to Damascus, remains there a day or two, and running to Beyrout, gets there just in time to catch the Austrian or French steamer to Constantinople, whence he proceeds by way of the Danube and Germany back to Pall Mall. He has turned two months to excellent account, but he has skipped Mount Lebanon.

Lebanon ought properly to be termed a range, or series, of mountains. Running as it does along the sea-coast from above Tripoli on the north to above Sidon on the south, the length of Mount Lebanon must be nearly fifty or sixty miles, while inland, hill upon hill, mountain upon mountain, ravine after ravine, and valley after valley, the range penetrates at least some seven or eight leagues.

During the months of July, August, and September, the heat on the coast of Syria is intense. I had been residing upwards of a year in Beyrout, when I longed for the coolness of a journey to the hills. Therefore, on a hot morning last summer, I went up to those hills, accompanied by a respectable young Arab interpreter, and a servant to look after horses. My first intention was to mount as high as the top of Jebel Sunin—the tip-top of Lebanon—and thence proceed along the ridge (always high up in the cool region) to the Cedars. As it turned out, I saw less of the country and more of the people than I had intended.

About an hour before sunrise we were in the saddle. Went through the open space which lies outside of the walls of Beyrout, took the road leading towards the north, and along the seaside. Like all the roads of Syria—in which province no wheeled vehicle of any sort has yet been seen—this was a bad road, full of stones so large that it would take a strong man to lift one of them. About a mile from the town, and close upon the road, stands a brick wall, the first object of interest—old, ruined—seemingly part of a bridge which is no more. On this wall are marks as of lime long ago splashed against it. These are said, and devoutly believed, to be the marks of the soap used by Saint George when he washed his hands after killing the dragon. His encounter with that powerful saurian took place, it is said, on the seaside close by. A Maronite chapel (the Maronites are a sect of Christians, very numerous in Syria, and they are in communion with the Church of Rome) and a Mahometan mosque, both erected near the spot, commemorate the fight, and, on Saint George's feast-day, both temples are frequented by thousands of their respective worshippers. From this brick wall to the Beyrout sea-shore, about half a mile onward, the road is so bad that it needs Syrian horses and Syrian riders to get over it. Every proprietor of an adjoining garden has thrown over into it whatever stones or other lumber cumbered his own property, and the many rills of water used for irrigation of the mulberry plants in the orchards are, when not otherwise wanted, turned loose on the highway as the general drain of the district. Yet, within two miles of these very gardens, water is so scarce that they sell it by the jar.

After passing the Beyrout river, by a solid bridge of several arches, which an expendi-

ture of forty pounds would put in excellent repair, but which is now fast falling to pieces, and may every winter be expected to become impassable, we reached the sands of the seashore, and our way was over these for the next mile or so. On arriving at the Nahr-el-Maut, or River of Death—so called from the sickness of the small bit of land about its mouth—we turned to the left, and at once began to climb up Lebanon. The road we used leads to the village of Brumana, the seat of government of this (the Christian) part of the mountain, and it has been in some places repaired and kept in order. It is very steep—so steep that the rider has often to cling to his horse's mane if he would not slip over its tail—and in many parts it passes, for perhaps a couple of hundred yards, over smooth, slippery tracts of naked rock. Where that is not the case, the horses tread over large loose stones, five or six deep. Sometimes the pathway is hardly more than a foot broad, with a steep wall of rock on one side, and a precipice hundreds of feet deep on the other. Yet this is one of the best roads in Lebanon, and is looked upon by the mountaineers as a specimen of engineering science in which they are entitled proudly to rejoice. The road is good enough, for such is the activity of Syrian horses that an accident seldom or never occurs. The horses inspire an implicit confidence. I confess that on my first arrival in Syria I thought that I should never have the nerve to ride over these roads; but, at the end of a month, and after my first three or four trips in the mountain, I dreaded them no more than I should dread an English lane.

Our way being steep from the seaboard, we soon began to feel a change of climate, and to enjoy the breeze of Lebanon. This is one of the great comforts of Beyrout. However hot it may be in the town, a couple of hours' ride brings you to a climate which is like the spring weather of Naples. In a large room of my house in Beyrout the thermometer had stood at ninety-five yesterday afternoon; we stopped to rest when we were three-parts of the way up the first range of the mountain, and there we were just twenty degrees cooler.

The view was magnificent. The city of Beyrout, with its extensive suburbs and its many mulberry orchards, lay like a large map before us, and with the glass almost each individual house could be distinguished. At our feet was the blue Mediterranean, whilst nearer, down the mountain sides—wherever there was enough soil to be found—the land had been reclaimed, and the narrow terraces rising, for hundreds of feet, one above the other, were green with the leaves of the mulberry and fig. A mile further up, the village of Brumana, containing the castle of the kaimakan, or governor of the Christian part of Lebanon, was visible on our right, whilst nearly

everywhere within range of the eye, villages and convents seemed to crowd the habitable places. Colonel Churchill, who has written what I believe to be the only good account of the interior of Lebanon, compares all Lebanon to a huge limestone quarry, its heights covered with rough blocks; the abundant stone, made fertile by man's labour, breeds villages of which the stone houses are based on rock. Hamlets and fig-gardens, which seem so to overhang the abyss that at a child's touch they would slide down, hold firm against the storms of winter; for, so scanty is the soil that, everywhere, man bites his hold into the rock itself.

Leaving the village of Brumana on our left, we gained the table land at the top of the first ridge of Lebanon, and enjoyed for two or three miles the novelty of a road nearly flat. Half an hour more sufficed to bring us within sight of the convent of Mar Shyia, where we meant to breakfast, and to rest during the hot part of the day. It stood about four hundred feet above the road on which we travelled, on a round hill, so covered with the low dwarf oak, that, as we mounted, one of us ten yards in advance was invisible, horse and all, to those who followed him. On the top, we found a platform of land, about three hundred yards long by a hundred wide, upon which two convents—one of Maronite, one of Greek Catholic monks—and two churches are built. Though perfectly unexpected, we were welcomed by the superior and the monks of the Greek Catholic convent, almost before we had time to dismount from our horses, and were at once shown into the receiving room. Sherbet, coffee and pipes were served to myself and my interpreter, a bedroom was made ready, the mid-day meal—apart from that of the monks—was prepared, my three horses were put up and fed, my servant was cared for, and I was pressed to stay not for an hour or a day, but for a week or a fortnight. All this being pure hospitality. It is true that the food and lodging offered at these convents are not such as Europeans are accustomed to; but it is the best the poor monks have to give, and it is given by them as if they and not their guests were the men who had thanks to pay. This convent belongs to the Alpine order of Greek Catholic monks, and at the time of our arrival the Superior General of the order happened to be there; for he was on a tour of visitation. So jolly an old gentleman I have not often met. He had been sixty years a monk, confessed to eighty years of age, and had dwelt more than fifty years upon Lebanon in one or other of the convents of his order. After we had taken sherbet and coffee, and had smoked a couple of pipes each, I was shown into a small room to which my saddle-bags had already been taken. Who can describe the pleasure of that first sleep in a cool climate, after weeks of grilling in the living furnace of the plains? Although it was only

ten o'clock in the forenoon, yet as I had been up since four, and long in the saddle, I was asleep almost as soon as I was on the floor, where the divan had been spread for me, and slept well for two full hours. Then came a knock at the door, and one of the monks bade me to breakfast.

It has been said that I was among Greek Catholics. They still observe the oriental calendar, receive the Lord's Supper in both kinds, and their priests—not, however, their monks or their bishops—are allowed to marry. They have a patriarch of their own who resides at Damascus, and they have eight bishoprics. Amongst this sect are included most of the rich Christian merchants of Syria, and as a body it enjoys perhaps greater consideration than any other in the country. Only last year the Pope's nuncio in Syria proposed to them that they should adopt the Gregorian Calendar, but this the laity resisted to a man, and the three or four of their bishops who obeyed the order were turned out of their churches by their own congregations.

Roused from my sleep I went to the reception-room of the convent, where—as usual in the East—sweetmeats and small glasses of arrack were laid out as a whet to the appetite. The custom of the country is, in this respect, exactly the contrary to our own: men in the East drink and make merry before a meal. With us, the most difficult half-hour to get over, is that immediately preceding dinner; but in Syria, as all over Turkey, it is the merriest and chattiest bit of the day.

My hosts of Mar Shyia were most temperate. The jolly old superior certainly emptied his glass with a great deal of gusto, refilling and again emptying pretty often, while compelling me to do the same. But even of raw spirits, served in glasses, which contain literally no more than a thimbleful, one might take a dozen glasses without serious disturbance of the brain. The meal that followed—although out of respect to an European guest it was served on a table—was completely Arab. Only the superior of the order and the head of the convent ate with us, the rest of the monks having already dined in the refectory. The two who dined with me used spoons, which travelled to and fro between the dishes and their mouths,—no plates were on the table except one for me. While my hosts were eating they drank water only; but, a bottle of most excellent Lebanon wine was brought up for my use. The dinner over, coffee and pipes were brought in, a few other monks joined us, and conversation became general. The monks seemed to be simple, harmless men, very content to live their indolent and almost useless lives. The convent is one of the richest in the province, its income being nearly seven hundred pounds a year. The superior told me that there were fifteen men in the community,

ten priests, and the rest deacons. There is, in these Greek Catholic institutions, no body of novices. When a young man wishes to enter the order, he remains for two years as a deacon, waiting upon the priests and doing servant's duty in the house. Of studies to prepare them for the priesthood, they seem, by their own account, to take but little thought. A slight knowledge of the Arabic grammar, and ability to read and write their own language pretty correctly, is all the learning asked of them. There was nothing whatever in the shape of a library in the house, nor had these priests any books in their possession, except a few psalters and books of devotion. They attend one mass every morning in the church, besides four other services, each of which lasts for about half an hour. Like other eastern Christians, they have no organ in the church. The only music to recite prayers, chaunts and psalms, as fast as it is possible for human tongue to speak. I have often been surprised in France and Italy at the speed with which masses and prayers are recited; but the pace in European churches is a mere lazy crawl compared to the gallop of the Greek Catholic priests in Syria. The superior of the order told me that they hoped in time to procure something like education for the monks; but that, for the present, there were insurmountable obstacles. After dinner, in the cool of the evening, I proceeded, with the head of the convent, to the best points of view in the neighbourhood, and paid a visit to the monks of the adjoining Maronite Convent, the superior of which had called upon me soon after my arrival. The inmates of the two convents are upon the best of terms with each other; and, except that the Maronite monks till their grounds and only eat meat twice a year, their habits are almost the same as those of their neighbours. The Maronites is a very old sect, dating from the seventh century. For the last five or six hundred years they have been in communion with Rome. They pride themselves upon obedience to the Pope, and a considerable number of their clergy had been educated at the Propaganda. Many of their secular priests are well educated, and understand Latin, Italian and Syriac, besides Arabic; but their monks are most illiterate; and, in their general tastes and habits, do not rise above the lowest peasantry.

At the Maronite Convent we were well received, and the perpetual welcome of coffee and pipes was not wanting. We were shown over the house, and went to see the monks employed in breaking and preparing pine-nuts, fresh gathered from the forests attached to the convent, for the Beyrout market. This house is also wealthy; but, to see the poverty of everything in it,—the wretched food of the inmates, their old worn-out clothes, the total absence of church ornament or household comfort, it might be taken

for a habitation of the outcasts in a barren land. I have been told that the Maronite convents in Lebanon never spend more than a fourth part of their annual incomes, putting by the rest for the purpose of purchasing whatever property may be for sale in the neighbourhood of their estates. Thus, nearly half of the best land in the mountain has the Maronite monks for its owners.

The view from the terrace roof of this convent at sunset was even finer than any thing I had yet seen in Lebanon. Far off in the west the outline of the high hills in the island of Cyprus was distinctly visible, whilst the town of Beyrout, although, in reality, parted from us by a four hours' journey, seemed to be lying within gunshot, and the nation to which each ship in the anchorage belonged, could plainly be made out from its flag. There was too, as indeed there ever is in the mountain air of Lebanon, a freshness and coolness without damp, which seemed to make a bliss of the mere act of breathing.

The hospitable monks of Mar Shyia would not for a moment listen to my leaving their convent before night. The Emir Moussa (a near relative of the Christian governor of the mountain), whose acquaintance I had formed some months before in Beyrout, hearing I was in the neighbourhood, sent over his son, accompanied by four horsemen, to beg that I would pay him a visit at his palace at Mitayne, a village about three hours distant. I replied that I would not fail to be with him next day, but that, as my absence from Beyrout must be limited, I could only pass the hot hours of the next day with him, and should be obliged to proceed forward in the evening.

Directly after sunset, my hospitable entertainers at Mar Shyia, commenced preparations for the evening meal. Arrack and sweetmeats were, as usual, brought out, and we sat above half-an-hour discussing these, together with pistachio and pine nuts, in the open air. Supper was then announced, and we sat down to a meal like that of the morning, with the same persons to partake of it. Hunger satisfied, we washed our hands in the eastern fashion, served by two of the deacons of the convent. The never-failing coffee and pipes were then brought. Several of the other monks dropped in, and there came also two or three of the Maronites. We talked of crops, prices of corn, the next land to be sold in the village, and—that never-failing topic in Lebanon—the ruling price of silk and cocoons. These subjects were varied, from time to time, by questions put to me regarding England and its government. One of the monks asked whether it was true—he “had heard it, but could not believe it, and begged pardon for putting the question to me,”—that England was governed by a queen, who was married; but whose husband had no power or authority in the country—was, in

fact, one of his wife's subjects? When I replied that this was the case, the exclamations of “Wonderful!” “God is great!” “The English are a strange people!” “A wife to govern over her own husband!” burst forth on all sides. My jolly old friend, the superior of the order, out of pure politeness, I believe, and with the intention of giving me a loophole of escape, suggested that although perhaps the husband of our queen had no actual authority in England; yet he might be a member of the great Medglis (the council) of the nation; and he had heard from a Frank merchant many years ago, that the Queen of England could do nothing without her council. For the honour of Great Britain I was obliged to say that both these statements were true; that the Queen could do nothing without her council, and that her husband was a member of that council. I palliated this violation of strict truth to myself, by remembering that the Prince Consort is a member of the Privy Council, and that to enlighten these mountaineers in the difference that exists between Parliament and the Privy Council, which the Superior evidently had confounded into one and the same thing, would be but a vain toil. With that natural politeness which distinguishes even the poorest and least educated amongst the Arabs, the conversation was then changed, and flowed again in its old channel, respecting the news of the mountain, and the price of silk.

It has repeatedly occurred to me during my sojourn in the East, to notice how very much the monks here talk and think about money; although personally, they can possess little or nothing, and any store of land or wealth, goes only to the general fund of the order. I have lived and mixed with the monks of perhaps more than twenty convents in Turkey, Greece, and Syria, while travelling in those countries, and I never heard them start any topic of conversation which had not reference, directly or indirectly, to money, and the means of getting more of it. It is not so with the European monks,—the Jesuits, Franciscans, Capuchins, or others, whom I have talked with in Italy or the East. But I certainly never remember to have heard the monks of Syria conversing upon any topic even remotely bearing on religion. Those, however, who have resided longest in Syria—as well as the laymen amongst the natives of the country—inform me that, although the monks of the convents are supposed by the rules of their order not to possess any individual funds, yet that, for each one to have by him a private store of four or five thousand piastres (thirty to forty pounds) is not considered sin by their superiors; while, in their turn, the superiors who have control of the money of the order or the convent, always know how to enrich their nearest relatives before they die.

At about ten o'clock our party broke up,

and I retired to bed. An hour before dawn, one of the monks called me; and, after washing as well as I could with half a pint of water in an European sugar-basin, I packed saddle-bags, and was prepared to start. Our friendly hosts were up already, waiting to see me off before matins. Upon my taking my interpreter aside, and asking him whether it would not be right for me to make some present of money to the church or convent, in return for the hospitality that I had been shown, he begged me not to do so, as it would not only be refused, but would give pain. "The custom of the country," he said, "is to make a small present to the servant who has waited, and if you give a silver mejidie (three shillings and eightpence sterling) to the deacon who served us at dinner, and six piastres (one shilling sterling) to the outdoor servant (a peasant) who has looked after our horses, you will do all that can be expected of you." I followed this advice, and certainly have never been so well thanked.

It was still so dark when we left the convent, that we preferred having our horses led down the small hill. The day began to break when we were half-way down, and on regaining the pine-woods, we were refreshed again by the smell of the trees, and the cool morning air. As we moved on towards the east, the road was, for several miles, almost level. The day was a Maronite festival, and the numerous church, chapel, and convent bells, were ringing people into mass. Everywhere, too, the peasants in their best dresses, were seen crowding to their prayers, whilst here and there, an emir or sheik, attended by his company of horsemen, was bound also churchward.

At six o'clock in the morning we arrived at the village of Bhabdet, where nearly all the inhabitants belonged to the Greek Catholic Church, which keeps every festival twelve days later than the Maronites; we found the people, therefore, busily at work. A native of the place whom I had previously seen-in Beyrout, stepped out of his house as we passed, and begged us to put up with him during the heat of the day. Though desirous to get forward, I dismounted, drank a cup of coffee, and inspected a small silk-reeling factory, which our host lately had built and fitted up on the French plan. Then, as we sat smoking under the shade of an immense fig-tree, the whole village gathered about us, and began to ask the news from Europe regarding silk. "What were the latest prices quoted for Lebanon silk in Marseilles?" "Did I think the prices would rise or fall before the end of the season?" "Was the crop good in France?" "What were Messieurs A. B. and C. (naming certain mercantile houses in Beyrout) giving for the best yellow short-reeled silk?" "What difference in price was there between white and yellow silk?" and so forth. Having answered all these questions and many more,

to the best of my ability, we turned our horses' heads towards the village of Mitayne.

Since leaving the convent of Mar Shiyia, intervening hills had hidden from us the view of the sea, and prevented the sea-breeze from reaching us. The consequence was, that, although the air was clear, and in the shade the climate was still pleasant as ever, it was very hot under the sun. The character of the view was changed entirely. On a steep hill, which seemed to be close on our left, but which, on account of an intervening ravine, it would have taken us some hours to reach, lay the villages of Zebdy, Kornaille, Solima, and Ras-el-Mitayne. The whole country was well, but not too thickly wooded, and had the general appearance of an unbounded private park. Here the cultivation of the mulberry-tree seemed to give way to that of the grape, for I noticed large quantities of vines growing, and apparently well tended in every direction. Just before turning down into the narrow valley where Mitayne is situated, we were met by six mounted and armed followers of the Emir Moussa, who had been sent out by their master to show me the best road to his house, which, after riding through the village, we reached at ten o'clock in the morning, and wherein we were very glad to take shelter from the pouring sun.

Before we dismounted from our horses at the door of the Emir's palace, the chief had come out to meet us, attended by his son, nephew, grandson, and a host of friends and followers. We were, as usual, ushered up to the divan, served with coffee, and pipes, and welcomed in the hospitable manner of the Arabs.

The Emir Moussa is a man of considerable influence in the mountain, being a cousin of the Kaimacan, or governor, and himself ruler over the considerable tract of country in which he resides. He is considered to be one of the best horsemen in Lebanon, although now by no means a young man; and he was more or less mixed up in all the civil wars which so disturbed the country during the first forty years of this century. Although all his relations are, or profess to be, converts to Christianity, he still remains, openly and avowedly, a Druse. We found him surrounded with a regular court, consisting of his own family, his visitors, friends, mountain chiefs, monks and priests, to the number of perhaps forty. He had been absent for a couple of months, and these visits were those of compliment upon his return. The noon-day meal was soon announced, and it was served and eaten in this fashion:

Before sitting down to eat, every person washed his hands with soap and water. Then the table was brought in, and proved to be a handsome stool of cedar, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, about as high as a music-stool, but with a top twice as large. Round

this the Emir and the first five of his guests—there was not room for more—sat cross-legged on the floor, each person rising after he had eaten enough, and making way for another, until all had eaten. On the stool was laid a large copper tray, covered with dishes of various sorts. Plates we had none, each person helping himself by dipping into the dish that suited him with the forefinger and thumb of his right hand, a piece of soft thin bread. The carte of our dinner would have astonished any one new to the East. We had in the middle a whole lamb, boiled, stuffed with rice, force-meat, and pistachio nuts; and round it mashee, or a mixture of forced meat and rice stuffed into cucumbers; pilau, or rice boiled in butter, and seasoned with salt and pepper; kebabs, or small morsels of mutton minced and beaten up with spices into balls, and roasted upon skewers. There were placed also in every direction small bowls of leban, or sour milk, which the Arabs seem to take with everything, much as we take salt. In the way of vegetables, there were dishes of beans, spinach, lupins, cabbage, and lentils, all dressed with meat-gravy and butter. Nothing but water was drunk with the meal; and as each person felt his hunger satisfied, he rose from the table, washed his hands, and made way for another: the host, however, remained during the whole time in his place. Lastly, of course, coffee and pipes.

One of the guests was the Superior General of an order of Maronite monks, which owns some thirty-five convents in the mountain. He appeared to be a man of considerable intelligence, and complained bitterly of the manner in which the Pope's delegate in Syria interfered with the temporal affairs of his order.

When we had smoked our pipes, the Emir, as Civil Governor of the district, judged a case. The trial was certainly a wonderful business. The claim was for thirty thousand piastres (about three hundred pounds sterling), which one man declared that another owed him on a running account, which had arisen from the partnership of both parties to the quarrel in a silk-reeling establishment. The defendant acknowledged the debt, but pleaded a set-off. Their respective accounts were produced; and, as each item was read out, the spectators gave their opinions on one side or the other, and disputes got so high that there appeared to be not one, but twenty trials going on at the same time. At last, the Emir—who (although judge) was himself an interested party, because he had advanced money to the defendant, on account of the prosecutor—appeared to be satisfied that a large portion of the debt was just, and told the defendant that he must pay the amount, or his olive garden would be seized. The defendant then declared that he had sold the olive garden long ago. Upon this some of the spectators shouted that

he had told a falsehood, whilst others as loudly shouted he had spoken truth. The Emir and the prosecutor both started up in a rage, and abused the defendant roundly. The Emir declared, that unless he paid the money within a fortnight, he should be cast into prison.

At this moment my servant announced the horses as being ready, and I took my leave, without waiting to hear how the affair ended. But after I had started, and had reached the other end of the village, the defendant overtook me. He was so good as to ask me to lend him the sum of two hundred pounds, for which he said he would pay me interest at the rate of twelve per cent. per annum, and would mortgage to me his house, his olive garden (which it appeared after all he had not sold), and the mare he was riding—a very handsome animal indeed. I need not say that I declined entering into the transaction.

After leaving the Emir's, we made the best of our way towards the convent of Mar Hanna Sweir, where I was anxious to see an Arabic printing press, which is said to be the oldest in the world in this language, and is certainly by far the oldest in Syria. We were two hours and a half in getting to the convent, which is situated, I should think, in one of the most beautiful valleys in the world. The monks of the establishment, headed by the Superior, came out to welcome us. They were about fifteen in number. Coffee and pipes again; then we were shown the press. We were told that it was established here about a hundred years ago, by a man called Abdallah, whose brother was at that time Superior of the house. Not only did this person found the types himself, but he was author, as well as printer, of some twenty large volumes, for which the types were used. At present they are nearly worn out, and employed but seldom, for the American Protestant Mission Press in Beyrout executes orders better, more quickly, and at half the price.

There is a small library in Mar Hanna, but it appears to be in wretched order, and the manuscripts, however valuable, are lying about the floor, buried some inches deep in dust. The Syrian monks set little or no value upon literature, and seem to be utterly astonished that any one can take more interest in books than in coffee and pipes, or the silk crop of the season. There was a monk here who had been several years in Rome, and spoke Italian very well. I had a long conversation with him regarding the low state of education in his Church, which he appeared to regret very much, but for which he could perceive no remedy. He told me that he considered the new Arabic translation of the Scriptures, now being made by the American missionaries, to be by far the most perfect which had been yet published, and that he hoped to see it in the hands of every Arab

who could read. For a Greek Catholic priest, this sentiment was liberal indeed.

In the morning we started two hours before daylight, as I was anxious, if possible, to reach the top of Gebel Sannin—the highest point of Lebanon—before sunrise. The road was so bad that, for the sake of our own necks and our horses' legs, we walked.

For the first half-hour we got on pretty well; but the descent into the valley which we had to reach before mounting again, was so bad that even walking became painful. At the foot of the ravine we were joined by a village priest of the Maronite Church, who was travelling with his wife and six children on the same road as ourselves. We sat and partook of a pipe (no coffee this time) with this party, and then mounted our horses to ascend the far side of the hill, being told that there the road was pretty good. From the top to the bottom, the ascent was quite as steep as the steepest mountain tract which could be seen in Switzerland or Scotland, and the road was so narrow that after the first dozen yards, it was utterly impossible to dismount from horseback. Although accustomed all my life to riding, I own that my heart was in my mouth the whole way up. Some idea of the steepness of the path may be formed, when I say that in twenty-five minutes we gained an altitude of eighteen hundred feet; and this upon horses which had great difficulty in keeping their footing, owing to the large, round, loose stones, of which the path was formed. If anything had been wanting to establish the superiority of the Syrian horses over all others for hill-work, this morning's journey would have proved enough. A single false step—nay, even a stumble, for there was no room for a horse to recover himself—and the rider must have been dashed to pieces. The Arab travellers, however, not only seemed to think nothing of the danger, so accustomed are they to these dangerous mountain passes; but the Maronite priest pertinaciously drew my attention to the fact that this road had been made by the Bishop Agabeous, and praised this terrifying causeway as much as if it had been as broad and as smooth as a Middlesex turnpike road.

I never felt more truly thankful for escape from danger than when we reached the top of the hill, and I could pull up my horse in order to let him take breath. To stop for an instant during the ascent would have been fatal. We had therefore to push on from the bottom to the top as fast as possible. When we gained the crest of the ridge, the horses of my own party, and the mules of the priest's family, were (although the wind was quite cool, and we were yet in the grey of the morning) streaming with perspiration, from the great exertion they had made.

At the top of the hill, we turned at once

to the right, and proceeded towards the village of Beshkinta, which was at the foot of Mount Sannin, about two miles off. The road was pretty good; it seemed excellent after what we had gone through; and led in a gentle slope upwards towards the village. As we went along, we saw the crops of standing corn, hardly yet ripe for harvest; whereas in Beyrout all had been gathered in two months before. The cocoons, or silk-worms, which, in the plains, had been all ready six weeks ago, were up here only just being delivered over to their purchasers. Upon arriving at the village, the inhabitants of each house that we passed came out and begged us to stop, dismount, and stay with them; whilst the Maronite priest who had joined us on the road, lustily shouted out from behind that we were his guests, and must put up at his house. The natives of Syria are surely the most hospitable people in the world, and appear to exercise the virtue solely for the pleasure of it. The very poorest amongst them will be as eager to entertain a stranger as if he expected benefit for doing so; whereas, with the exception of a trifling present to the servant of the house, it would be considered an insult to propose any remuneration for the benefits received.

As time would not permit, we made no halt whatever in Beshkinta, but hurried on towards the top of Mount Sannin, at which we arrived about an hour past sunrise. The view from this place is most extensive, embracing as it does the whole line of sea coast from Tripoli in the north to Sidon, Tyre and Saint Jean d'Acre on the south. In the far off west, the island of Cyprus is also distinctly visible. After passing the village, we appeared to have left vegetation all behind us; the ridge upon which we stood seemed to have not one blade of green grass upon it. Although this was the middle of the hottest weather, we could see in rocky crevices of the mountain, nooks where last winter's snow had not yet melted. In all these higher parts of Lebanon, hoarding of snow in caves during the winter and spring, and the selling of it in Beyrout during the summer, form the chief occupations of the peasants. As all Sannin is claimed in feudal right by our old friend the Emir Moussa, of Mitayne, the tax upon this traffic forms no inconsiderable portion of his income.

A short way below the top of the ridge is a spring of water, which is celebrated all over the mountain for its healthful properties, and for its coldness at all seasons. So cold did we find this water to be, that we could only drink it in sips, being unable to take a draught.

Since leaving Mar Hanna I had felt that something was wrong with my horse. I now examined him attentively. To my great chagrin I found there was danger of a

sore back. This at once stopped my journey along the high ridge of Lebanon, and obliged me to turn my face homewards.

MR. W. SHAKESPEARE, SOLICITOR.

My own private belief is that W. Shakespeare was a hydropathic doctor, as I mean to prove from his works, and display to the world in a work of considerable magnitude that has been lately sent to press. In the mean time I interest myself about the opinions of others, and have just been buying two new publications on the subject of our mutual friend. One is by a clergyman, M.A. of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and displays from Shakespeare's works "the vastness of his Bible lore." The other is by an able lawyer, who believes that Shakespeare was a man of his own cloth, and that, if not actually in practice as an attorney, he was a man who could have passed a stiff examination in the common, criminal, and statute law. I, myself, being a hydropathist, declare that if he were living now, and paid me a sufficient sum for the good will, I should feel more than confidence in entrusting to him my establishment, and making it Shakespeare late Slush, in Brash House, Drenchmore. I need hardly observe that the very first play in our friend's works, the *Tempest*, is the story of a great water-cure worked in an exceedingly bad case by one Prospero, and we all know how much in another play the very soul of the Duke of Clarence was benefited by the bare dreaming about a cold water bath. What a fine knowledge of the efficacy of a cold douche in the excitement of mania is expressed in Lear's request, made instinctively to the descending flood of rain—as dogs when sick instinctively apply themselves to certain grasses—"Pour on, I will endure!" Undoubtedly the unfortunate gentleman who showed this knowledge of what was proper to his case, would be represented on the stage by any really subtle actor as placing his head carefully under the drip from the roof of the hovel, in order that he might the better secure a sustained stream upon the occiput. Compare with this Shakespeare's perception of malpractice in another case of madness, that of Ophelia, who, instead of receiving trickle on her head, died of complete submersion. "Too much of water hadst thou, poor Ophelia." Even I myself couldn't have drawn the distinction with more accuracy. Then there is the well-known application of a water-cure to the distemper of Sir John Falstaff, with temporary good effect, though this disease was at last only subdued by acupuncture. How clearly, at the same time, is it shown to us that all the gross humours and troubles of Falstaff arose from his not having been a water-drinker! Observe, too, the special mention made in the play of Coriolanus of the Publius and Quintus: "That our best water brought by conduits hither."

Would the poet make a Roman publish or acquaint us with such matters as that, if he had not thought qualities of water a great matter that might fitly be alluded to in a heroic play? Truly he was an epicure in water, who could talk as our friend does, in his *Timon*, of "the cold brook candied with ice." Crusted would have been the cross word of an unbelieving man, but candied was the sweet word of a true believer, and of one who could wish to recommend the thing candidly, in honey phrase, to candidates for dip and drink, say at Brash House, in Drenchmore.

I am not forestalling my book, for it is a thick one. I have but sprinkled you with a few beads out of a tremendous waterspout.

No; what forestals me is the boldness of men who are now setting Shakespeare up as a Divine and an Attorney. He is the Divine Attorney, forsooth. Let these gentlemen fling away ambition.

By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his maker, hope to win by 't?

Observe here, by the by, suggests the M.A. the vastness of Shakespeare's acquaintance with the first chapter of *Genesis*.

Constance says in *King John*, "For since the birth of Cain, the first male child—" Now look at that! The astounding poet had read all about Cain! But what is the profundity of Shakespeare to the profundity of the M.A.? Was ever before any mortal so acute as the M.A. is in this comment on *Macbeth*?—

ACT II.—SCENE 3.

[Enter a Porter.]

PORTER. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of Hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, if the name of *Beelzebub*?

[*Beelzebub*] Shakespeare is indebted for this word to the New Testament; in the present instance, perhaps, without being aware of it, or at least without a thought of detection, from 11th chapter of *St. Luke*:

Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.
To him that knocketh, it shall be opened.
He casteth out devils through *Beelzebub*.
(9, 10, 15.)

That the words knock and *Beelzebub* should be found in the 11th chapter of *Luke*, thus near each other, and should be thus connected by Shakespeare, is too strange to escape notice.

And yet Shakespeare borrowed that porter's cursing from the Gospel of *Saint Luke*, "without a thought of detection." Was there in his day no M.A. of four C's to force the secrets of his text and knock down any hope of a successful plagiarism? Shylock, happening to swear, like a good Jew as he is, by Jacob's staff: "By a word," says the M.A. of C. C. C. C., emphatic with italics, "by a word sometimes Shakespeare shows how thoroughly he must have read the Bible. Jacob mentions *his staff* in the tenth verse of

the thirty-second chapter of Genesis." Why was not such a pundit William Cantuar, instead of plain Mr. W. Shakespeare, Solicitor?

Light from Liverpool proves him a lawyer, and shows great legal acumen in so doing. "Be the attorney of my love to her," says King Richard the Third. Stanley says, "I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother." "I am still attorney'd at your service," says the Duke in Measure for Measure, and says Shakespeare in this pamphlet. "Why," asks the Lancashire illuminator, "why should Shakespeare make use of law terms in preference to the technical terms of the medical, clerical, or any other profession?" But then M.A. proves him a divine, and I know him to have been a water-doctor, though there certainly are passages about spermaceti, hellebore, and other drugs, which countenance a suspicion that he also kept a chemist's shop. "Why," asks the Northern Light, "should Hamlet, in his reflections on a skull, suppose that it belonged to a lawyer, in preference to a doctor or divine?" Observe the number of law terms in that speech over the skull. Quiddets, quillots, cases, tenures, action of battery, statutes, recognisances, fines, double vouchers, recoveries, purchases, double purchases, conveyance, and to contain all, finally, the lawyer's Box. "Shakespeare," says the corruseator, "displays his acquaintance with the custom of conveyancing lawyers in this passage: 'The very conveyance of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more?'" Why" he asks, "should Hamlet compare the grave to a box? Not because there is any resemblance between a box and a grave, but because conveyancers and attorneys keep their deeds in wood or tin boxes." True it is that the doctors put their pills in boxes, but then had Shakespeare been of the medical profession, we shall be told, the speech ought to have run something thus: "Where be his Turkey rhubarb now, his crab's eyes, his castor, his hartshorn, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him the dose must not be repeated? This fellow might in 's time be a buyer of spatulas," &c. &c. Shakespeare, in fact, must have been a limb of the law, or he would never have sung to his beloved in a sonnet:

I myself am mortgaged to thy will,

Or gone on with such lines as

He learn'd but surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take, &c.

As a sonneteer, too, he says he will be contented when

that fell arrest

Without all bail shall carry me away,

and he makes Hamlet observe how "this

fell sergeant death is strict in arrest," referring here to the sergeant-at-arms or mace.

"How now," cries Pandarus in Troilus and Cressida, "How now, a kiss in fee-farm." Who but a lawyer would have talked about kissing in fee-farm? Again, even in Venus and Adonis, he can't get out of the office and its associations, but makes a lover say, "Set thy seal manual on my wax-red lips." He stains even the face of Desdemona with his office ink. Desdemona says in the third scene of the third act of Othello:

For thy solicitor shall rather die

Than give thy cause away.

Note how well Shakespeare knew the letter of the law about a *præmunire* when, in Henry the Eighth, Suffolk tells the Lord Cardinal that his doings have "fallen into the compass of a *præmunire*," and that a writ is therefore to be sued against him:

To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection.

The statute itself says "that if any purchase or pursue in the Court of Rome or elsewhere, any translation process, sentence of excommunication, bulls, instruments, &c., which touch the king; or if any do bring them within the realm, or receive them, they shall be put out of the king's protection, and their lands, tenements, goods and chattels forfeited to the king."

Othello undertakes to show "what doings, what charms, what conjuration," &c., in accordance, of course, with the eighth cap., thirty-third Henry the Eighth, which enacts, "It shall be felony to practice, or cause to be practiced, conjuration, witchcraft, &c., to provoke any person to unlawful love."

Mrs. Page says of Falstaff, "If the Devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again." "Tenant in fee-simple," in the language of Littleton, "is he which hath lands or tenements to hold to his or to his heirs for ever; and fine and recovery was formerly the strongest assurance known to English law." Not to quote other instances of the mention of fee-simple in Shakespeare's works, I may take from the Northern Light the speech of Parolles: "For a quart d'écu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually." Before passing from Shakespearean remainders to his frequent mention and accurate knowledge of the meaning of reversion, we should read what is here told us by way of elucidation: "The difference between a remainder and a reversion is, that a remainder is something limited over to a third person on the creation of an estate less than that which the grantor has; whilst a reversion is that part which remains in the grantor himself, on such grant

of a less estate. Co. Litt. 22 b.; Watk.'s Prin. Conv., ch. 18; Burton's Comp. pp. 28, 29, 30; Noy's Dial, p. 30." Queen says in Richard the Second, "'Tis in reversion that I do possess." King Richard says, "As were our England in reversion his" and so on. Here then, is William Shakespeare's poetry proved to be quite up to the mark of Co. Litt., Watk.'s Prin. Conv., Burton's Comp., and Noy's Dial, argal he was or might have been Mr. W. Shakespeare, Solicitor. Why, he makes frequent legal use of additions, obligations, indentures, even indentures tripartite, counterparts, and talks of benefit of clergy. "What, billing again?" says one of his speakers to two lovers. "Here's IN WITNESS WHEREOF THE PARTIES INTERCHANGEABLY." A medical man would have compared soft kisses to poultices, and the long adhesive ones to cataplasms. Austria wouldn't say in King John,

Upon thy cheek I lay this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;

but rather "as strengthening plaster to my chest of love," with a play on the word chest, quasi medicine-chest, as containing any quantity of healing stuff. When Rosalind, in As You Like It, speaks of "bills on their necks:—Be it known unto all men by these presents, a blaze of light tails out of the dazzling comment." The bills Rosalind mentions are deeds poll, which commonly begin, Know all men by these presents. And when Macbeth says,

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate,

he does so, "referring not to a single, but to a conditional bond, under or by virtue of which, when forfeited, double the principal sum was recoverable." Will Messrs. Dyce, Collier, Singer, Halliwell, Staunton, and Company, be good enough to make a note of that?

Then what an exquisite sense of the spirit of the law Shakespeare shows, when he defines it as

past depth

To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.

It may be that the law is not the only thing into which gentlemen may plunge beyond their depth. Water, of course, is another thing. Such stories I could tell you of the other water doctors down here. Never mind, for the present.

There's a brother of mine in these parts who is bookish, but who lies in bed while his coats rot at the elbows. He read that law pamphlet in bed, and told me there was sense in it. "Shakespeare, you see," he says, "Shakespeare was one of your early birds. The other day, I sauntered into the city, and happened to become the ear of the walls of the City Library in Guildhall, when a great man, an alderman, perhaps, brought a friend to see the sights there.

One of them is Shakespeare's autograph. 'There's another,' said the beadle, 'at the British Museum. One is to a deed of purchase of land, that, by the other, he got rid of again immediately.' 'It would seem by this,' said the friend of the magnate, 'that Shakespeare was a needy man.' The magnate took alarm, and answered with a mighty air, 'Yes, no doubt. I must tell you that I never read him.' What but poor stuff, could a poor man write? The alderman wouldn't be suspected of attending seriously to the works of any pitiful fellow under the rank of a fundholder. Then, if the wall that had ears could but have spoken, it would have said, 'Cheese-monger, or tallow-melter, or whatever you might happen to be, there's not a man behind a ledger in this country, who has a clearer eye for business than this William Shakespeare had, who keeps his chin in better trim, pares his nails oftener, sticks to his work closer, intends more firmly to make a fortune. He was a gentleman so decent, that when Ben Jonson smoked every page of his comedies with tobacco, and the whole town was alight with it, Shakespeare never deigned once to name it in his writings. He was sober, civil, kind, and very canny, sir. He bought land, went deep into questions of tithes. He had his lawyer and his deed-box, and he made his money, sir, as surely by his plays as if they had been butter-firkins. I don't wonder that he knew a good deal of law business, as it was connected with his own successful thrift. He was just the man, too, to be precise over the general law matters that got to be involved in any of his pictures of society. What he did, I knew he could learn for the asking. They say he never blotted what he wrote. Of course he didn't. The methodical fellow got everything straight in his mind the moment it entered, and he couldn't bear to see a mess upon his paper. I believe that he kept needle and thread in his pocket, to sew on for himself any dropped buttons, or take up a stitch in the good time that saveth nine. There never was a minute in which he didn't—know—what o'clock—" My brother at this juncture fell asleep again; not knowing that it was eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read at NOTTINGHAM on the 21st of October; at DERBY on the 22nd; at MANCHESTER on the 23rd; at YORK on the 25th; at HULL on the 26th and 27th; at LEEDS on the 28th; and at SHEFFIELD on the 29th of October; at LEAMINGTON on the 2nd of November; at WOLVERHAMPTON on the 3rd; at LEICESTER on the 4th; at OXFORD on the 5th and 6th; at SOUTHAMPTON on the 9th and 10th; at PORTSMOUTH on the 11th; and at BRIGHTON on the 12th and 13th of November.

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AT A BULL-FIGHT.

"BORN under Taurus," said I, as I elbowed, jostled, pushed, and twined through the black, fluent crowd that poured in a dark tide, heads all one way, one burning afternoon in August down the street of the Holy Body in the upper part of the flourishing city of Malaga. "Born under Taurus and littered under Mercury," said a Shakespearean echo; but I did not quite agree with the voice, for the people seemed too intent on the one topic of bulls to care even for thieving.

"A Moorish custom," says a learned friend, a reading man, who is with us, eyeing everything through student-spectacles, using the world to understand books by, not using books as a comment on the world. Let us call him the Reverend Walter Monoculus, travelling tutor; "a custom peculiar to the Moors of Spain, much resembling the bloody struggles of the Colosseum prize-ring, and enabling a reading man" (what quiet pride he throws in those simple words) "to realise those death grapples, where blue-daubed Britons fought with black Nubians shining with palm oil, fur-clad Tartars with sinewy Gauls, et cetera."

I know he aims at the manner of Gibbon, does Monoculus; but, not answering, I push on, careless of corns and elbows, through the noisy, well-dressed crowd.

More narrow streets; more balconies purple with small oleander thickets; more pyramids of green and golden melons at shop-doors, and we at last reach the boarded gate of the Plaza de Toros, or bull-ring. I show my dark brown talisman slip of a ticket, marked *Secunda Funcion* (second exhibition), and am pushed past the quick-eyed Spaniard who takes the money.

The inside crowd is wider and more fluent, more scattered, and conflicting than that which has forced us in. No longer a black moving column of sight-seers; but a broad fan, as of sharpshooters spreading out to begin an engagement. Let us get to our seats. Monoculus is fretful and discomposed by the jostle and tidal war. Two young officers have joined us, hot from Gibraltar; Ensign Spanker, of the Light Infantry, and Lieutenant Driver, of the Bombardiers; lion-

hearted fellows, thoughtless as Mercurios, audaciously English, and travelling, as far as I find, with the scientific purpose of ascertaining the effect of climate upon bitter beer. I had seen them all the morning from my hotel balcony (they lodge opposite), conning Bass's yellow nectar in silver tankards, which they carry with them in their portmantaus for that scientific purpose. We had made friends, and had taken a box together. This was their tenth bull-fight, and they were great on the subject of correct blows, *chulos'* dresses, half-moons, and such tauro-machian technicalities.

Our ticket was, of course, a *Boletin de Sombra* (a shade-ticket); for *Sol* (sunshine), as the living-fire called sunlight is denominated in Spain, is only to be borne by muleteers, grooms, and the poorer amateurs in general. We were to be under shadow; but we stop first at the door before an immense basket of cheap red and yellow fans—a farthing each—buy one a-piece, pass the outer wall of the arena—to which a row of raw-boned, shaky cab-horses are tied up ready for consumption—and mount a wooden staircase to the row of upper boxes. There are mechanical-looking sentinels in brown great-coats with capes, and red epaulettes, who recognise us by a garlicky smile, as foreigners. We take our front-seats, close to the central governor's box, next to which sit some Spanish ladies; a greasy mother and a graceful daughter, who plies her fan with languid perseverance.

Below our ring of upper boxes, running in a crescent of shade along the one side of the Plaza, are sloping rows of seats for small tradesmen and the lower middle-class. On the opposite side, perspiring full in the eye of Phobus (who is specially aggravated just now by the dunning visit of the comet) are the plebs: noisy, turbulent; blasting at conch-shells, and working their red and yellow fans like tulip-beds in a state of insurrection. Their peeled sticks—the true Andalusian buck never moves without his stick—are rapping in a perturbed way, because the fat phlegmatic-looking city governor has just arrived, and is bowing to the boxes. The pit below us is shouting for the music, howling pass-words and street-cries, and waving flags. Amongst them rears up a mountain fan, big enough for the wife of Og King of Bashan, four feet

high at least. It is bright yellow, and hung with bells which jingle acclamation. Now, all at once, as the band begins to launch into strange sens of exciting sound, the fans work in a paroxysm of delight. The noise is as of windmills; of orange-groves in a storm; of wind in a fleet of sails. Some man, in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a white cigarette, is the *Palinurus* who raises or quells these acclamations. Bang! goes the drum, bang! bang!—more like a cannon than a drum. In and out slides the trombone, drawing out yards of sound. Clash! go the Moorish cymbals; and, over all, the clarinet screams like a mad wild-goose.

"This is something like music," says Driver, lighting a cheroot.

The band dies away in an apologetic squeak as the fat governor pulls a sort of bell-rope tied to the arm of a one-eyed deaf scarlet-clad trumpeter in the box below him; who, raising his shining horn three times to his lips, gives the signal for the doors of the arena to be flung open.

The procession enters.

"Observe their dresses," says Spanker, putting his chin between his two hands, "they shine like blazes, and cost two hundred pounds each, so Solomon (a Jew attendant) told me."

First come four picadors, or lancers, two and two, mounted on *Rosinantes*. They wear broad-brimmed, mouse-coloured hats, bobbed and tasselled with silver-lace. Their jackets are pink and silver, and thickly frosted with a glittering spider-work of embroidery, which laps them like a coat of mail. They have red sashes round their waists, and their legs are swollen and cumbersome with buff-breeches, plated with iron. They sit astride heavy, high, peaked war-saddles such as the *Cid* may have used, and their stirrups are huge green boxes, intended to guard the foot from heat as well as from the bull's horns. They look calmly brave and ready for any sort of death. Next come the *chulos*, or footmen, who are to draw the bull from the overthrown or hard-pushed *picador*, by the lure of those red and blue cloaks that trail from their left shoulders. They are agile as leopards; and, when they run, seem to fly. They wear short *Figaro* breeches and stockings, and their shining black hair is fastened up in the old silk nets of the *Iberians*. They are six in number, and wear liveries of green, red, yellow, purple, brown and blue. They walk with the strut of kings, and keep time to the music that is again uneasy by fits. After the *chulos* with their bare heads, come the two *matadores*, caps in hands. The first is the great *El Tato*, the rival of *Salamanca* and *Domingez*, who was once a rich solicitor. He is not unfit to compare with the immortal *Montes*, the slayer of hecatombs of bulls. He doffs his round black *Montero* cap to the governor, and, straightway at the sight of their favourite, the fans

break out into turbulent coloured breakers of applause. "Bravo, *El Tato*! Bravo!" shout two or three thousand voices, as many cigars, for a moment, leaving as many mouths. *El Tato* is all in torquoise blue velvet, and has a blue and silver cloak, the colour of the August sky above us. It hangs regally from his left shoulder. The deadly *Toledo* is not visible; nor are the paper-lace hoops of the tormenting firework spears. "Time enough for them," says Driver, biting a red hole in a pomegranate. The muleta, or little red flag, which is to rouse the bull to fury, and the dagger of mercy is also unseen. Last of all comes *El Tiro*, the tinkling mule-team, intended to draw away the dead victims, horse or bull. The four mules are trapped in vermilion housings, and wear tufted head-stalls. They bound and kick in chorus to the click of the accompanying runners with whips.

Then comes a deep hush like the hush of twilight, as, with a clash and crack, the procession retires through the open doors. The two *picadors* alone remain, and rein up their horses, put their strong lances in firm rest, and back to the furthest arena wall, waiting for their brute enemy. The other two are ready, out of sight, to fill up fallen men's vacancies. Again the trumpet sounds just, *Monoculus* remarks, as it did in the *Colosseum*-fights; and, trotting through the open folding doors, comes the manager on horse-back, looking rather clumsy and foolish. It used to be the *alguacil*, or constable. Then the fun was to let out the bull and laugh at *alguacil's* dismay, for fear he should be too late in retreat, and get gored. This amiable joke is no longer indulged in.

"That old rogue," says Spanker, "makes two thousand pounds a-year by his troop: so Solomon says."

The manager reins up his horse under the governor's box. He is to have a reward if he catch in his hat the key of the *Toril*, or bull-cell, that the governor throws to him. The key with the crimson bow passes in a fiery arc from the box into the arena. The manager makes a clumsy scoop at it with his hat, of course misses it, turns red, and then—being hooted like a butter-fingered boy who has missed an important catch at cricket—turns tail. His exit is followed by another trumpet. The government trumpeter is of course incompetent; being weak in the lung, and blows a wailing melancholy toot.

Hurrah! Bravo toro! Fans work like machinery. Eyes turn to one spot, as if they were so many dolls' eyes worked with a single string. Look out! the devil is broke loose. Here is the bull. Not a real *Utera* bull, not a *Jarama* bull, but a lean, dun, sharp-horned, ugly customer. *Seco* (dry), *carnudo* (lean), *pegajoso* (vicious), *duro* (tough), *chocado* (a charger), are the criticisms that flash around: a butchering, tough, hardy, fleet beast that will not flinch. As he

rushes out from his den beneath us with smoking breath and low carnivorous roar, we see a thread of blood running down his left shoulder from a red and blue cockade fastened to a spike, which has been pinned into him as he charges out of his pen. This is the devisa which the matador will wear to-night as a trophy, and give to his querida, or sweetheart; who now, in white mantilla and with red pinks in her black hair, is probably looking on from some snug part of the *sombra* which is now dividing the Plaza into two segments of golden sunshine and dark shade.

"Brave son of Guzman, chosen of ten thousand!" cries Monoculus to the picador.

The picador waits to receive Taurus in the middle of the ring. This is the most dangerous place. The bull, with one angry look right and left, one paw at the ground, charges round the ring; but at no one in particular. The *chulos* stand in a waiting band, or leap up on the stone rim of the fence of the round arena. Now he sees a victim. With head down, and eyes shut, he drives full butt at the first picador's horse. The spear slips from Taurus's broad sinewy neck, and his great crescent horn tears sideways into the white horse's belly.

"Wounded," says Spanker. "Dead, by Jove."

It was as if you had tapped a wine-cask with a blacksmith's heaviest hammer. One stroke, and the blood flooded out. The white horse reels, staggers, topples, falls. A sob, a heave: he is dead.

"Bravo toro!" burst out in a rebellion of sound. The ladies smile and put their heads together, as if they were taking wine with each other. The great fan works like an institution. The conch-shells Bray out as the bull, like a greeted champion, charges round triumphantly, shaking his neck, because the cockade stings him. His small malicious eyes get redder. He must have more blood.

Monoculus, turned pale. We looked down on the dead creature, and thought over this new reading of the old mystery. Death is terrible; even to think of when it is but a fly we crush.

But what of the fallen picador? He—heavy, lumbering, and helpless as a hog in armour; unwieldy, in fact, as a mediæval knight—has been drawn from under the dead horse, no longer white, but shining with wet and crimson blood, his spear restored to him: but he is bruised and shaken, and limps from the field at a funeral pace, between the two *chulos*.

Number two picador advances, lance in rest; he does not rush at the bull, because the law of the game is to wait for him; but he puts his lance in rest under his arm, and, reining his frightened horse, pushes onward. Taurus needs no excitement. He comes with the impetus of an avalanche; but the lance grinds in his neck the full inch deep, and turns him.

The question is, was Taurus, a little calf, to be discouraged by one dig of the garrocha; or will it only be as fresh fire and powder to his devil-blood, already hot for manslaughter? Now the *chulos* skim round him in a kaleidoscope intersection of colours, trailing their cloaks, and drawing him off, to give picador time. Taurus plunges this way, and that way; first at blue cloak, then at yellow. His fury, quoth Monoculus, is brutal and blind as that of the one-eyed Polyphemus when searching the ground with rolling rocks for the wily Ulysses. But I, remembering some Buccaneer reading, comfort myself with the old saying, that an enraged cow is more dangerous than a bull; because the female charges with her eyes open, the male with his eyes shut. Woe to the men, were it not for this mad blindness! But for this, such a bull as our friend would charge through an army, or clear a city of armed horsemen.

Again Taurus thunders on towards picador number two, who stands ready and quiet. No, not thunders; stops suddenly; stares fiercely round and then forward; puts down its head; waits to get impetus, and then, bears down heavily on the foe like a landslip. He braves the lance three times. He grapples with the horse, and ploughs him in the chest with his horn, that comes out of the wound each time red and shining as an autumn moon. There is a rush, a scuffle, and they separate. The *chulos* draw Taurus off, to fire him into a series of mad, fruitless rushes at waving and trailing cloaks. Again a whirl and race of black and orange, green and gold, blue and silver, red and green. His dun hide smokes. Every now and then, he lets drive at a *chulo*, chases him up to the outer fence; and, just as a neat shoe and plump silk-stocking are clearing the paling, pierces the fence with his angry horn. You hear the sharp prick, and shake of the blow; but the *chulo* has vaulted over in a twinkling, like a harlequin.

As the wounded horse limps painfully and bravely round the circus, picador number three, rides up and confronts the butchering bull; who, stolidly cruel, and easy to be outwitted as the giant in fairy-books, does not yet shrink from punishment. He believes in his strength, and remembers his victory. The fresh picador, gripping his heavy lance under his right arm, pushes on to the right and turns his horse; when Taurus, receiving the point, is rebutted to the left. I see his neck shake in fierce, impatient agony. He drives on the wounded horse, lifts him in the air, fierce as a mad rhinoceros, and stabs with his insatiable horn at the fallen, tumbled man; who hides his face with his arms.

The *chulos*, headed by El Tato, lure the bull off, and perform daring feats of contemptuous defiance; such as sitting down on the ground, and waiting till his spears, as the horns are called, all but touch them.

"Sometimes the bulls will not fight," says

Monoculus, who is up in Gomes, and Montez, and Pepe-illo and all the tauromachian books. "Then they ham-string them with the Iberian half-moon, or the butcher stabs them with the puntilla; but they, generally before this, try and rouse them with dogs and fireworks. These chulos are nothing. Montez used to sit for a second between the bull's very horns, or leap over his back with a hunting-pole."

See how those fellows there, with the rakes, who have been scooping up the sand over that pool of horse-blood to prevent the other Rosinantes losing courage, are plugging that great gaping wound in the third horse's chest with tow! They have not time just now to sew it up. See how he stumbles, staggers, reels! Now they bandage the eyes of the other horse.

"Dead, by Jove!" said Driver, "why, how many horses does that make. I never knew a bull kill more than a dozen."

I turned away my head for a moment to get rest and freshness for the sight. I looked again, and saw a fourth horse overthrown, and gasping on the sand. The bull's neck was red, as if it had been painted with thick wet vermilion. Another dash or two, and its rushes grew weaker. The brute begins to paw the sand and trot in an unmeaning way, chasing the chulos round the arena. The picadors canter round, or stand lance in rest. Taurus is cowed; gives no more quick angry one-two stabs. He is done for.

There is a great angry cry of "Banderillas! Banderillas!"

"They want the fireworks," says Spanker; and all the pit rise with shells blowing and fans working, and turn their faces to the phlegmatic governor. He gives a quiet signal, and the picadors trot discontentedly out. The first act of the tragedy is over.

The bull wants stimulants—tonics; and here they are. There is a bustle at the barriers, as two chulos—the green and red—leap over with the firework darts, ready lit. The darts look, from our distance, mere chimney-piece ornaments; but are literally spears about three feet long, with barbs an inch deep, and strong enough to kill a shark. The ash sticks of these instruments of torture are ornamented with hoops of red and blue cut paper, containing squib and cracker mixture.

The chulos—each holding one of these, in either hand, far above his head, so that they all look like large butterflies, and increasing the resemblance by fluttering the banderillas, to give them an impetus—run nimbly towards the bull. The other chulos—rolling up their dusty and torn cloaks round their arms—await the interlude with cruel, thoughtless gusto. Number one runs forward, and, meeting the bull, with quick eye and winged foot, just as his red horns go down to toss, lodges the two darts with light, strong thrust into the neck, so as to match exactly.

"Buenos pares!" a pretty pair, shout the populace; who think this quite a piece of epigrammatic humour. Blue follows suit, and lodges his pair; orange runs up and stabs in a third pair, and away goes the outwitted monster, shaking the darts that toss and rattle together like loose Indian arrows in a hunted lion's side.

A third trumpet—now for it. The chulos depart, as the great El Tato, throwing by his cloak, comes forward with bare, shining Toledo-rapier in his strong right hand, and, in his left the red muleta flag; which is to irritate the bull, and assist his stroke. He struts up to the governor's box. There is an awful silence that makes even the bull—who is clashing the banderillas together and trying to shake them out at the further end of the arena—look for a moment stupidly round. El Tato raises the sword, that shines like a sun-beam, high and threateningly in his right hand, kisses it, repeats in a loud, clear voice, an oath, in the name of all the saints, that either he or the bull shall die; and, so saying, with proud look, and flashing eye, tosses off his cap, and turns fiercely to achieve the deed of "derring do" amid a murmur of applause that passes round like a shudder,—it is so deep and earnest. Are there no such men to stride forth and battle with the vices of Spain—the cruelty, the bigotry, the lust, cowardice, and pride?

El Tato wraps his left arm in his red flag, and tosses it at the bull's horns, leaping aside as it charges, and tiring it with wheeling and vaultings. Suddenly the head of Taurus turns towards him favourably. He has already studied the bull: learned if it is cunning or sullen; hot or shy. He has drawn with his flag all the banderillas to one side. They are no longer lying in the way, dishevelled about the creature's neck. Suddenly El Tato presents the bright sword that he has kept behind his back. One steady, strong, deep thrust between the shoulders: the bull falls: is dead.

What cheers, like thunder! What brown showers of votive cigars and black caps! as El Tato, drawing out the steel, wipes it on the red flag, and bows to the governor, lowering the point.

"Give him the bull!" roar the two thousand; and so say the fans, and shells. All eyes turn with a black twinkle to the governor. He waves his hand. The bull is El Tato's. He must cut off the right ear that he may know it among the other dead eight which he and his assistants are yet to slay.

"Alas!" sighed Monoculus, "this chivalrous but cruel amusement is sadly fallen off and degenerated since the days of the Abencerrages. The picadores then were gentlemen, who displayed their courage and dexterous riding; not for hire, but to win smiles from their ladies, who sat looking on. The mere death-thrust was then a secondary thing; and, instead of those carrion

horses, they wheeled and circled on fiery Arabs, each worth a kingdom, and at whose death queens might have wept. Those turbaned men fought with simple javelins four feet long, and slew the bull unaided, and with their own hands. The bulls of Geryon, that Hercules stole, are still certainly strong and fierce; but they are, after all, lean and small, and not to be compared to the bulls of England for power or muscle."

"I believe you," says Spanker, brushing his moustachio, to conceal a yawn gracefully. "There was an English bull this year at Seville that bore down picadores, chulos, espadas, and all: cleared the ring; and was eventually (after leaping into the crowd) shot down by a file of frightened soldiers."

"But though no longer the amusement of high-born men," continues Monoculus, determined not to spare us, "the bull-fight is more popular than ever in Spain. Philip the Fifth, and French tastes, may have weaned the higher classes from actually dipping their own hands in bull's blood; but men who know the country well, assure me the taste for bull-fighting increases. Look at those ladies next us, in their black mantillas. They are calm and pleased as spectators of an opera. Look there below. Past the soldiers walks a respectable fat tradesman, holding the hand of his delighted child. See how the people, in the stiff round black caps, buzz and gossip between the acts, discussing the character of the last bull!"

Another bull. This one is a coward. He paws the sand as if he were trying to dig his own grave. He sniffs about, and does nothing. He makes rapid purposeless bolts at the tormenting chulos; but does not follow them to the fence; through whose slits they slip, or over which they vault. He will not face the stooping picador; who, staunch and eager, waits for him with protruded lance. He is a craven, in spite of his black chestnut hide, and the first fierce amble which raised public expectation as he burst from the toril. The people hiss, and express noisy dissatisfaction with their fans in a ribald and stormy way, that would hurt any respectable, high-spirited bull's feelings. Taurus looks round with a stupid air of inquiry at their hard, insulting faces, and the open, whooping mouths, but sees no pity. He is as a gladiator, when the fatal thumbs were turned down. He has but one object, we see—to get out of it. He dashes impotently at a runaway chulo, and springs at the palings. His forelegs are over; but he tumbles back helplessly, bruised and jolted; much to the delight of the water-sellers, and the soldiers who stand in the passage that runs outside the ring fence. "Cobardo, cobardo!" cry the despisers of Martin's Act; and instantly, the two picadors trot out like Castor and Pollux, side by side, and the chulos with the fireworks appear. The people cease for a moment to raise those thin blue whiffs of

cigar-smoke, that have hitherto given the circus the air of a large kitchen. The darts are planted in winged pairs. The craven bull trots off with them, rather inclined to be proud of his new distinctions. He takes them, on the whole, as strongly expressed, but pointed compliments. A smoke, a flash, a low flare, and, with a blue dazzle and smoulder, the hoops go off like a discharge of musketry. They fizz, and bang, and scorch, and scare, but nothing rouses him. He is stubbornly grand in his objection to the use of arms. He is a Cobden bull: he is of the race of Bright. He objects to fight on principle. He even stoops and smells at a burning firework-hoop that has fallen under his nose. He is a bull of an inquiring, meditative, philosophic turn of mind, and must have been the actual hero of some of Æsop's fables. He is now in the prime of life and health, clear of eye, and sound of skin, save where a red rope of blood twines down his shoulders from the banderilla wounds. El Tato repeats his oath hastily and carelessly, and advances with sword and red flag. A bull, untired and unhurt, is generally difficult to strike, because, unless the head is down for the charge exposing the spine and shoulders, the blow cannot be given. Shall he kill him by advancing or retreating? The thrust is a moment too soon. The bull runs off with the sword buried between his shoulders. He is sorely hurt; but may still live long. There is a disappointed and vexed stir of the fans, as El Tato runs after Taurus with his flag, to try and drag out the weapon; but, before he can do so, a soldier's strong hand, as the bull passes under the pit, drives the weapon down into the heart. Taurus stands quite still, the blood snorting out from its lips and nostrils; then, gathering himself together like a dying Cæsar, he falls gently on his knees, and sinks to the ground. The fans are at it again, as the head butcher of the town—a strong, stout man in black—leaps down, and, with a dagger, divides the spine. As by enchantment, or as if risen from the ground, the mule team appears, the dead bull is tied to the yoke, and swept out in a swift dusty whirl; the other team dragging out a picador's wounded horse that is just dead—racing for priority, and tearing out together with a clash of bells and a cracking of long whips. A whiff of smoke and a gunpowder smell is all that remains to remind us of the scene.

No shower of cigars or black turban hats this time. El Tato looks vexed, and thirsts for more bulls. This astonishes Driver, who has got some legendary impressions of insurrections that have taken place at Malaga bull-fights; the fishermen and employés of that town being proverbially restless and turbulent. I think he half-expects El Tato and the manager to be thrown to the bulls, if another blunder happens.

A bellow out of sight, and at the trumpet

call, like a new monster in a vision, and there leaps forth a cream-coloured bull, with brindled, thick, ropy neck, red eyes, and terrific crescent horns.

This bull gored and floored everything; drove one picador, with a smashing thump, against the barrier, to which he clung, a bruised ruin; ripped up a ghastly one-eyed brown horse, whose sight had been bandaged to prevent its shunning the charge; all but pinned a chulo; broke down in a stubborn squeltering leap, the top plank of the barrier. Finally, to crown all his honours, tossed a picador, and, after many strokes of his horns, which clicked against the man's iron-guarded leg, ended by simply tearing his costly jacket in the left shoulder. As for this picador's horse, I dared not look at it; but I saw something on the sand that looked like trays of butchers' meat that had been upset. There was a jet of blood, a gush, a flooding: so died three horses, with a drunken, blind stagger, a flicker, a kick, and then death. Three times the ferocious giant leaps on the barriers with unreasoning strength. It gores another horse under the left leg; it pounds along, a grand type of blind passion, fiery life, and brute power, a chulo's red cloak trailing from his horn. There are great spots of gore on him, and one of his horns is broken by striking at one of the stone supports of the barriers. A fat tradesman next us, with four feet of red scarf round his paunch, gets very hot, crying "Bravo, Toro!" This bull is decidedly a game bull: a hero, who will die surrounded by his dead enemies, which to the bovine, and even to the rough human mind, has before this been a satisfaction. The cigars are working in short excited puffs; voiding much blue sacrificial incense, and the barefooted attendants are busy stuffing tow, trying to plug a horse's chest, like ship-carpenters, intent on stopping a shot-hole.

Now the picador, who has been unhorsed, and has his rich jacket torn, amuses everybody, and sets the fans to work, by suddenly rushing at a mounted friend, and trying to pull him off by tugging at his leg.

"I really am afraid the men are coming to blows," says Monoculus.

A man in a white jacket, near us, relieves our mind by taking his cigar out of his mouth to tell us that it is only the picador wanting to be revenged on the bull, that has torn his jacket. The chulos, one leg over the barrier, furling up their cloaks, laugh as the picador unhorses his friend, leaps up in his saddle, seizes a heavy curved lance, and dashes off to face the bull; first making the oath, and dashing away his hat to show that he is deeply in earnest. The way he spurned the air and tossed up his lance, had a chivalric defiance about it. The bull drove at him with a sullen, blind, abstract stare. He turned the minotaur with his lance, twice three times, till the animal's courage and life began to

drain away. In vain groves of sticks descended in blows on the bull as it passed the arena-wall: it was of no use, it was spent and cowed. The banderillas were thrown, and, lastly, not El Tato, but his assistant, came forward with the death-sword in his hand, in strutting magnificent. He is the pet of the Calle di Mari-blanca: he is a promising bull-slayer, but still not a *prima espada* or premier. If a bull is slow and shy, heavy and cunning, he is difficult game; but a bold bull, that goes straight at the horse, always forgetting the man, is easy to slay. This is a bold bull. To be long killing a bull, is always resented by the people. This *sobrialiente*, or assistant, is a beginner: El Tato is looking on; the governor is there, and half Malaga. He has his laurels to win. He must give a *buen estoque*—a sure thrust: his *suerte*, or plan of killing, must be good: he must put the keen, strong blade straight in between the left shoulder and the left shoulder-blade bone. Now he drives it in up to the hilt; but the bull staggers on to the barriers.

The deed is done. The *media espada*, agile and lithe, with his netted hair and long pig-tail, coolly draws out the sword, wipes it, and returns it over the barrier. Fans may break out in petulant foolishness, but the *media espada* of El Tato's troop flatters himself rather that he has not lived thirty years for nothing, and at least knows how to kill a bull. He strides off like a king, and waits while the butcher gives the *coup de grace*—quick, sure, careless, and indifferent to applause. If he had missed, there would have been a rain of mere burnt cigar-stumps, and broken fan-sticks; now cigarettes make the air white as snow-time, and the round black caps heap up at his feet. The caps he flings back, with bows, the cigars are collected for him. The dead bull is drawn out in a dusty circle, his legs stiff and still threatening. High over all the rustle and flap of fans comes the shrill, melancholy cry of the bare-legged water-seller, *A-gua! A-gua!* like the wail of some sufferer in purgatory. Our tired eyes, wearied of blood, look up to the sky above us, where some doves are circling like wondering angels; or beyond, to the broad undulating horizon skirted by mountains, brown and purple, that are strewn with white houses, like giant's treasures laid out to sun. Here was unheavenly work doing within sight of paradise.

"Is it not horrible," says Monoculus, "to hear Christian men, seated beside women and children they love, tell you, when you pity a dying horse, it is worth nothing; or, when you shudder at the bull growling red, calling out that he has a *buen cuerpo de sangre*? It is exciting, but so is drinking. It makes the sight of bloodshed habitual. It hardens the moral sense. It debases, at least, women and children. No English lady could stop out a single course. Hand-Book Ford states that,

they are always frightened, disgusted, disappointed."

"Get out!" says Driver, "why a Malaga merchant told me that English ladies often get very fond of it, and become great amateurs in all the scientific points of skill; but you must come to our diggings after this, and discuss the moral question."

"Just look at El Tato," says Spanker.

We look round; for, jaded with the repetition of mere slaughter, we had talked with our backs turned. El Tato, gay in his tight-fitting dress of blue velvet, is labouring hard by feats of agile daring, to retrieve the character of his troop. A bull-fight costs some three hundred pounds, and is not to be trifled with. How he strikes the ground; how he rages and chafes the fresh bull with that long blue cloak that he holds up like a curtain before his inquiring horns. Now he turns it right—left. He flings it over the creature's head; he puts it on, and lets it drag before the bull to tempt him on. He laughs at him as he pursues his Parthian flight, looking back, first over his right shoulder then over his left. He sits—actually sits for a moment—before him; then leaps aside as the beast charges. He flaps him with his cap, he strikes him, kneels before him, and now—crown of all audacity—he positively turns and bobs down upon his head, then runs. No!—Yes!—No!—Yes! The bull has gored him slightly in the right thigh. The blue silk is torn and flaps. You see the red stain under it. El Tato limps: El Tato is faint, and the laughing of the two thousand dies away into a murmur. No! he is not hurt much; for he smiles and bows to the people; but, tying round a handkerchief, limps to the barriers.

But why more? when even Spanker droops and yawns, and Driver talks of dinner, and says it is "slow." One cannot expect El Tato to be gored every five minutes. We cannot expect every bull to sweep off a dozen horses "to his own cheek," as Spanker quaintly puts it.

Before the sport, now so wearisome, is over; before the populace break loose like a sea, and flood the arena, we hurry out like Lot from Sodom. We meet in the street the priests carrying back the host, which is always brought to the bull-ring for fear a matador might be wounded to the death.

"What about that beer?" says Spanker, inquiringly, as we take our seats in the Hotel divan, and discuss the moral bearing and effect of the scene we have witnessed. Spanker and Driver view it from the sporting point of view, and like the risky riding. Monoculus is lost in admiration of its antiquity. I rise, and pronounce the verdict, tapping my broken fan authoritatively on the table: "Gentlemen, the thing is a bad, cruel thing, it inures the mind to the sight of blood, and hardens the heart. No wonder the Spaniard is too fond of using his knife; no wonder he thinks not more of

taking life, when he can do it safely, than I do of snapping this fan I hold in my hand. It must brush the bloom from the youth, modesty from the maiden. All we can say for it is, that it may be tolerated in a nation who, neither sensitive nor thoughtful, are in many things two centuries behind ourselves. We once had our bull-baitings; we once used the knife as freely as the Spaniard. The coarser-nerved Spaniard, in seeing the bull-fight, sees an habitual thing, and has not the sense of sharing in a crime, as we have."

FAREWELL TO THE COMET.

WE ought not to let our cometary lore get rusty, because, although we must soon say Good-bye to our actual visitor, another famous comet is travelling, according to the best authorities, in the direction of our solar system. While we speed the parting, we may soon have to welcome the coming guest. Besides which, we may now always indulge the hope that any new-discovered telescopic comet may become, in the end, a brilliant phenomenon like that we have just witnessed, or may treat us to the spectacle of self-division into two, in imitation of Biela's comet.

When Donati, keeping watch at Florence, discovered in the sky a scarcely-perceptible telescopic glimmer, he could have no suspicion of the great splendour and the great renown which his modest nebulousity was shortly to attain. It has now taken rank amongst the most splendid of the wandering stars which European and Chinese history have registered on their annals. All those who have seen both, agree that Donati's comet certainly is more beautiful than the famous comet of eighteen hundred and eleven, which remained visible for five hundred and ten days. This latter was comparatively of a reddish hue. Both of them enjoyed the advantage of shining in a portion of the sky apart from the space occupied by the twilight, which was so injurious to the effect of the comet of eighteen hundred and fifty-three.

Donati's comet is a completely new visitor to our solar system; and, if it ever returns to see how we are going on, it cannot be, according to the calculations of a Prussian astronomer, till after the lapse of two thousand one hundred and one years and a-half; that is to say, in the year three thousand nine hundred and sixty of our era. Charles the Fifth's comet, whose next appearance is delayed by leave of absence expiring in eighteen hundred and sixty, was, doubtless, not so brilliant as this, and will probably not equal the present comet. It may still be called present, although it appears to have run away from us. It remains visible till the end of October in the feet of Sagittarius and in the Southern Crown. After that period, it will

yet be seen, by the dwellers in the southern hemisphere only, until January or February next. The temptation to cross the line and follow it must be great with hearty astronomers. It will therefore have remained visible to the earth for a total period of more than eight months. It is in no hurry to quit our neighbourhood; retiring, both from the earth and the sun, at no very rapid pace. Monsieur Babinet, of the Institute of France, demonstrates clearly the small quantity of matter contained in a comet; and that they are powerless for good or evil. A well-founded opinion admits that they are collections of matter so extremely light as to be unable to draw near to them, by the force of attraction, the portion which forms the immense appendix of their tails, which, in consequence of some unexplained cause, are turned in the direction opposite to the sun. Up to the end of the month of October, the change in the direction of the comet's tail offers an important subject for the observation of astronomers. About this, if there is much to say, there remains still more to learn.

From the eighteenth of September, the comet displayed very singular manifestations of luminosity. The intensity of the brightness of the tail, hitherto uniform or sensibly the same throughout its whole breadth, became greater towards the centre. On the same day, a sort of luminous phase in the nucleus was observed. The luminous envelopes detached themselves from the nucleus in the form of spirals, which soon became more and more separated from the central body, and formed close and narrow curves, which finally opened and assumed a parabolic form. In proportion as these luminous arcs were further removed from the nucleus, they gradually lost their splendour and at last disappeared in the confused light of the edge of the tail. On the twenty-third of September, Monsieur Bulard, an astronomical draughtsman, and also Messieurs Faye and Babinet, saw a luminous ring that had formed itself round the comet, which had then become smaller. This ring was imperfect, and was interrupted on the side opposite to the sun. Afterwards, it assumed the shape of a bright crescent, in the interior of which the nucleus was observed to be small, oval, and brilliant. On the twenty-eighth, the luminous crescent had considerably dilated, and resembled a large fan, with a sharp horn at each of its extremities. The head of the comet then appeared to be surrounded with a very distinct beard, and the appearance lasted for several nights.

The evening of the fifth of October will remain memorable to star-gazers. Several thousand years may pass away before a similar spectacle is offered to our admiration. Between half-past six and half-past seven, the comet passed before and a little below the brilliant star Arcturus, which

continued to twinkle with a splendour undiminished by the shining veil.

Donati's comet has had the effect of raising the telescopic comets to a certain importance in the popular opinion. Not long since, a Parisian street-astronomer offered to his eager customers, at eight o'clock in the evening, the hazy comet of Monsieur Faye, which did not rise till ten that night. Monsieur Babinet, happening to take a peep, discovered that the substitute offered to passers-by was the beautiful nebula in Andromeda: putting the annoyance of being deceived out of the question, the public lost nothing in the quality of the goods retailed to them.

It is to be hoped that the numerous observations made in all the observatories of every country, as well as by a great many amateurs, will furnish new elements for clearing up the question, still so obscure, as to what is the veritable physical constitution of the comets, and what part they play in the economy of the universe. Rarely have astronomers had a more complete and favourable opportunity of studying this class of celestial phenomena; for the year eighteen hundred and fifty-eight has been more propitious, in this respect, even than the year eighteen hundred and eleven.

Monsieur Porro's observations, made in conjunction with Monsieur Pigorini, are very interesting. Monsieur Porro believes with Zantedeschi that the universe is a compound of matter which disperses itself, and matter which conglomerates itself. The hypothetical ether, whose existence is necessary for the explanation of the undulatory theory of light, is nothing else, they say, than matter in its most extreme state of diffusion. Monsieur Porro thinks that between this state, and that which matter assumes in the shape of our most rarefied gases, there exist intermediate states of matter, of which the comets, the nebulae, and perhaps the zodiacal light, are examples. Humboldt thinks that the comets are the most ancient of all the planetary bodies, and that they form, so to speak, the original type of the diffuse matter which fills the heavenly spaces.

The cosmic matter of the comets is in two different states, both intermediate between the ethereal and gaseous states. The matter composing the nucleus, and the matter composing the air-like envelope of comets, differ from each other at least as much as the solid matter of the terrestrial globe differs from its atmospheric envelope. Matter in this state, according to Monsieur Porro, is incapable of reflecting the solar light specularly. This idea is contrary to Arago's observation of Halley's comet with a polariscope. Arago saw in the field of his instrument two images offering complementary colours, one red, the other green. He thence concluded that the light of the comet was not, at least entirely, composed of rays endowed with the properties of direct light. He found in it light reflected specu-

larly, or polarised, that is to say, light coming from the sun; and the experiment was considered a proof that comets are not luminous of themselves, at least in part. Porro holds (rather, it would appear, on theoretical than experimental grounds), that matter, in the state in which it exists in the comets, is incompetent to reflect the solar light, but that its atoms are capable of making luminous vibrations under the sun's influence; comets would therefore shine like light itself. Matter, in the two states in which it is observed in the comets, is distinguished from matter in the ethereal state mainly in this, namely, that when acted on by a centre of attraction around which it tends to agglomerate, it assumes a form with a definite outline and boundary.

In open space, and far away from the sun's attraction, a comet would necessarily be spherical: its nucleus, if it had one, would be in the centre. But, under the influence of the sun's attraction, and in consequence of the resistance of the ether (now admitted by several astronomers), this sphere would necessarily become a very long ellipsoid, in which the nucleus would occupy one of the foci. The form of comets is taken to be an evident proof of the resistance of the ether. If that resistance makes itself felt by the comets and not by the planets, the reason is that its density is an infinitesimal of the second order in respect to the density of the planets; whilst, although relatively very small, it is nevertheless comparable to that of the comets.

The outline of Donati's comet has always appeared perfectly clean and round, and the light of the nucleus has always preserved its planetary aspect. No ebullition, scattering of sparks, nor currents of cosmic matter, have been observed in any part of the star. Neither has anything been seen which allows us to conclude that either the nucleus or its ellipsoidal atmosphere revolve on any axis whatever. Lastly, the passage of the comet in front of Arcturus showed that the ring round the nucleus actually existed, and was not an optical deception.

Monsieur Porro's estimate of the excessive, the unimaginable lightness of the comets, goes even further than the opinions of Sir John Herschel and Monsieur Babinet, and quite relieves us from participating in Laplace's uneasiness lest a comet should possibly dash against the earth. It has been already proved that comets can pay a visit to planets and take their departure quite inoffensively. In seventeen hundred and seventy, Lexell's comet (which came nearer to the earth than any other has done) passed amidst Jupiter's satellites without in the least disturbing their motions, although two of them are inferior in volume to our moon. Biot calculated that, if the mass of the comet had been equal to two ten-thousandth parts of the terrestrial mass, it would have produced,

by passing at the distance at which it did pass, an alteration of three seconds of time in the duration of our year. As it has not produced any such alteration, the conclusion is that the density of this comet does not amount to the required two ten-thousandth parts of that of the earth; which is a very reassuring figure for those who believe in the possibility of an encounter with our globe.

If comets are thus constituted, it is scarcely possible for one of them even to enter the atmosphere of the earth. It is believed that the air, at an elevation of from thirty to forty miles, is in as rarefied a state as that in the receiver of an air-pump in which we have made what we call a vacuum; and yet, according to Herschel's opinion, the density of such atmospheric air would be thousands of times greater than that of the nebulous matter composing a comet. The inference from these facts is, that a comet which should dash full-butt against a planetary atmosphere, would no more be able to traverse it than the water from a syringe would be competent to force its way through the compact mass of a sea of mercury. As soon as the nebulous matter of a comet reached the upper stratum of a planetary atmosphere, it would slide along the surface of the stratum, and then fly off at a tangent, completely changing the form of its primitive orbit. From this we may derive some explanation of the enormous perturbations which the very same comet experiences between two of its successive appearances. The perturbation is sometimes so great, that its altered form and disturbed orbit render it no longer recognisable at the end of a very few years. There is no reason, therefore, to fear—at least, on the part of the nucleusless comets—either shock or suffocation by means of the deleterious gases which might enter into the composition of their nebulosity.

Up to the present time, there is nothing to give us certain proof that comets are furnished with a solid, and as it were, planetary nucleus: unless, indeed, we consider aërolites (some of which have attained proportions not less colossal than those of our ancient Gothic cathedrals) as cometary nuclei, which have been stripped of their nebulosity by being plunged into our atmosphere, and which, then obeying the laws of attraction, take fire by the friction of their passage through the air, and finish their course by falling to the ground in the shape of stony masses. This theory, in spite of its novelty, is not more improbable than other theories, its predecessors. A member of the British Association argued three years ago, with strong reasons, that the greater part of the phenomena which we call meteors are not engendered in our atmosphere, but that all their characters tend to connect them with the comets. There are luminous appearances, such as shooting

stars, which are believed to possess no solid body; but there are others, such as the fire-balls, which at the moment of their extinction scatter *aërolites* upon our globe. Why should there not be bodiless comets and solid-bodied comets, just as there are shooting-stars and *aërolites*? Perhaps Charles the Fifth's comet will favour us with a definite answer.

DOMESTIC CASTLE-BUILDING.

If ever I allow my husband, Mr. Popjoy, to have his own way, I always make a mistake. Mr. Popjoy is very well in his business, as a clerk in the City; but, take him out of that, and he knows no more of the world than a babe unborn. If I trust him to select our Sunday's dinner from one of the City markets, he brings home a huge watery fish; a side of meat sufficient for a barrack-full of soldiers; or a goose, as large and fluffy as a child's feather-bed, and no sweeter than it should be. Mr. Popjoy (though I am grieved to say it of my own husband) is frequently taken in by designing persons, who ought to be picking oakum at the Old Bailey, or some other penal settlement. Whenever I see him pass the parlour window at exactly half-past six in the evening (his usual time of returning from business) with a peculiar smirk of satisfaction upon his face, I know that something is wrong. When, after delaying a little, to excite my curiosity, he proudly places a brace of pheasants upon the table which he has bought for one and sixpence, of a man in the street, dressed in a smock frock, I know, before I examine the birds, that they are stuffed with sand, and that one half of them will go to feed the cat, and the other half to the dust-bin. When Mr. Popjoy brings home a pair of patent boots as an unexpected present for one of the children, I know, before I put my hands upon them, they are made of brown paper; and when the soles burst clean away from the upper leather in trying them on the child, I can only say, "It's just as I expected." Mr. Popjoy buys stationery of men who stand in the gutter, and we are, consequently, always well stocked with note-paper upon which no one can write, because it sucks up the ink like a piece of shirting. We have a dozen umbrellas in the house, none of which would shelter a dog, Mr. Popjoy having bought them of people who were selling off under prime cost, because their premises were coming down for a new street, or a new chapel. Sometimes Mr. Popjoy's bargain-hunting propensities get him into serious difficulties, out of which he expects me to extricate him.

On one occasion he strayed into a nest of swindlers—a mock auction mart—and before he had been there twenty minutes, he had nodded himself into two cart-loads of trashy furniture, at prices six times higher than

their proper value. When the rascals came after him with the goods in vans, I refused, of course, to take them in, and as Mr. Popjoy solemnly assured me that he had only bid for a dressing-case as a present to me on my approaching birthday, of course I believed my husband, snatched the dressing-case from the hands of one of the men, put the money upon the door-step, and slammed the door in their faces, after telling them to do their best and to do their worst. Mr. Popjoy would never have had spirit to do this, but I had; and, as I never heard any more of the wretches from that day to this, I feel that, as usual, I did what was right.

Mr. Popjoy's failing for bargain-hunting at one period extended to houses; and, during the time we have been married (about fifteen years), if we have moved once we have moved a dozen times. Mr. Popjoy usually employs his holidays in searching for new dwellings, and new neighbourhoods, although we have taken a long lease of the house in which we now reside; and I have positively resolved never to move again, unless compelled by utter necessity, until I am carried to my grave.

Mr. Popjoy, as I have said before, moves in City circles, and very often, I am sorry to say, becomes acquainted with persons who do him no good, and only cause him to injure his family. More than once he has made himself surety, and has had to pay sums of money for worthless scamps, which I have had to provide out of a legacy securely settled upon me by an aunt. He is always coming home with a story of how he could make a little fortune if he only had a hundred pounds to play with for three months; but I have turned a deaf ear to him, or I know very well where poor aunt's little property would be, and what would be left for the dear children when they grew up.

One evening Mr. Popjoy came home about his usual time to tea, and brought with him a person whom he introduced to me as Mr. Gasper. I never take kindly to strangers, because I believe they have designs upon Mr. Popjoy, and I am generally right. I consider my own and my husband's family, and our old friends quite as large as we can afford to keep up with and entertain, without adding fresh faces continually to the number. I did not like Mr. Gasper, the moment he came into the room, and my unfavourable impression did not alter upon further acquaintance. He was much too polite to please me; inquiring after my health and the children's, as if he had known us twenty years. He was younger than my husband—perhaps about forty years of age—and had a sneaking expression upon his countenance. When he spoke he lifted up his head, half-opened his mouth, and half-closed his eyes, as if very short-sighted, and made much use of a double eye-glass. I believe he was a good

deal sharper in his sight than either Mr. Popjoy, or myself.

When we were seated at the tea-table, Mr. Gasper opened the conversation, my husband remaining very quiet, and appearing more nervous than usual, as if he had something upon his mind.

"Mrs. Popjoy," said Mr. Gasper, "I am indebted to a very unexpected circumstance for the pleasure of your esteemed acquaintance: Mr. Popjoy has this day expressed a wish—in fact, I may say, has made arrangements—to participate in the many advantages to be derived from the General Freehold Society of the Banded Brothers of Freedom."

I hate to be addressed with anything like an oration; it shows me plainly that the speaker is not straight-forward.

"Mr. Gasper," I said, "my husband, Mr. Popjoy, has joined many absurd societies in his time, to his children's cost. He has walked in a procession with a band of music in front of him, and a ridiculous sash round his waist, to dine with his company at Hornsey Wood, or some other remote tavern; but I never yet knew him want to join any society that sounded so much like a family of acrobats as the one you mention."

"It's a very beneficial investment, my dear," broke in Mr. Popjoy.

"My dear madam," returned Mr. Gasper, laughing in a forced manner, "Mr. Popjoy very properly does not like to do anything without consulting you, and hence my present visit. The Banded Brothers of Freedom is not, in any way, a convivial society. We never had such a thing as a public dinner, and we never shall. We exist only for plain and profitable business purposes."

"I'm very glad to hear it," I replied, "for your own sakes; but profitable business, on his own account, is what my husband is least fitted for. He makes an excellent servant, but a very bad master."

"My dear," said Mr. Popjoy, meekly, "you know I never failed in anything but for want of capital."

"My dear Mrs. Popjoy," continued Mr. Gasper, becoming more bland and familiar every moment; "I need not point out to you, as a woman of the world, the necessity of providing for a rising family, by seeking the most favourable investment for any little money it may have pleased fortune, in its bounty to bestow upon us."

"I don't believe in anything but the funds," I replied shortly.

"You will pardon me for saying that is a very great mistake. Suppose, for example, you have five hundred pounds in consols. It brings you in fifteen pounds a-year—safe, it is true; but what is it?"

"A comfortable little sum," I replied, "and one which some people find very convenient, at times."

I said this rather warmly and pointedly to

my husband—for I now began to see the object of Mr. Gasper's visit.

Mr. Popjoy, wanting the courage himself, had doubtless brought home his new friend to persuade me into supplying the funds for shares in the Banded Brothers' Society, of which, I afterwards learned, Mr. Gasper was the manager.

Mr. Popjoy winced under my remark, and said nothing; but Mr. Gasper continued his argument.

"There are other duties which we owe to society, Mrs. Popjoy, and, through that, to our families, besides seeking for large dividends. Your esteemed husband has now lived in the world for five-and-forty years, without knowing what it is to enjoy a vote in the government of his country."

"He's none the worse for that," I returned.

"Pardon me," replied Mr. Gasper, "a vote is money; and even if it was not, no intelligent man should be without it."

"I quite feel that," echoed Mr. Popjoy.

"The General Freehold Society of the Banded Brothers of Freedom," continued Mr. Gasper, "gives you that vote in the proportion of one to every five shares; besides creating in you that ennobling feeling of satisfaction and independence which every man must experience who digs in his own garden, and lives in his own house."

"That depends very much," I replied, "upon the character of the house and garden, and where they are situated."

"Very true, Mrs. Popjoy," said Mr. Gasper, "very true, and in that remark I at once recognise the woman of experience. The position and prospects of the property belonging to the Banded Brothers of Freedom (whom I have the honour to represent,) I am happy to say, cannot be assailed by any man with justice; and are only attacked by those who envy our social and political advantages."

Mr. Popjoy nodded approval at this speech, but I said nothing, allowing Mr. Gasper to enlarge upon the details of his society without further interruption. Mr. Popjoy was evidently bitten with the idea of becoming a small freeholder. It seemed to him to be the very thing he had been in search of for so many years, without success. We had moved restlessly from house to house,—taking no permanent root anywhere; but now we had come within sight of the promised land, and there seemed to be rest and happiness for us in the future. This was Mr. Popjoy's feeling, fostered by the judicious statements of the plausible Mr. Gasper. I listened to the explanation of the complicated system under which the Banded Brothers of Freedom worked, without understanding half of what I heard; and I am afraid that my husband was no wiser than myself, although he nodded assent to every assertion, and seemed to be highly delighted with the whole

scheme. A plan of the Banded Brothers' Estate was laid upon the table, after the tea-things were removed; and it looked, to me, very much like a large chess-board. Mr. Gasper pointed to little square patches upon the paper, and told us how five shares purchased one patch, ten shares another patch, and fifteen shares a third; how A was a church, and B a dissenting chapel, C a projected park, D a row of shops, E an Artesian well of the purest spring water; how the broad lines were roads, the narrow line along the top the railway, and another line, close to it, the canal; and how the whole was twenty miles from London, in a salubrious part of a southern county, perfectly sheltered from the north winds, and to be reached in one hour by the railway. Then with regard to the financial system of the society, he told us how rent became capital, and the more we paid, the richer we became; how interest charged to the fathers was a benefit to the children; how every time we painted a water-butt, we added a value to the heirlooms of our family; how the old snarling relations of landlord and tenant, creditor and debtor, were utterly destroyed, to be replaced by a mutual-advantage state of existence. Then he drew a glowing picture of the toil-worn clerk, flying every evening from his city labour on the wings of steam to his happy country retreat, proud in the consciousness of being a free and independent burgess, who had by prudence and co-operation wrenched an acre of his birth-right from the grasping usurpation of the aristocracy. Such was the discourse of Mr. Gasper until a late hour of the evening. His advocacy had no effect upon me, although it was conclusive with my husband, and I set my face resolutely against becoming a freeholder in the Banded Brothers' Estate.

Some few days after Mr. Gasper's visit, I was attacked with a severe illness, which lasted for some weeks. When I recovered, I was ordered to Worthing for the benefit of one or two months' sea-air. Mr. Popjoy came down every Saturday evening, and stayed until Monday morning. His mind still ran upon the idea of becoming a small freeholder—for he talked of little else during his visits. He enlarged very much upon the permanent benefit I should derive from a southern air; and he backed his arguments with a corroborative letter from my doctor, which I am compelled to believe he had obtained by connivance. I saw that there was little chance of domestic peace unless I consented to become a Banded Sister of Freedom, and, in a moment of bodily weakness, I gave him authority to sell out one hundred pounds of stock, and invest the money in any form he desired. I had a very slight hope that the Banded Brothers' Estate might turn out better than I had expected.

I had no hand in the moving—that was agreed between us—Mr. Popjoy gladly super-

intending the whole of the arrangements. What things were broken, what things were lost, what the dear children suffered, is more than I need tell. My poor sister (she is now dead and gone) who came up from the country to assist my husband, told me afterwards she had seen many movings in her time, but nothing to equal this. It was worse than government emigration. It took them from six o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night to reach the Freehold Society's settlement. There were three vans and six men, who did just as they thought proper with Mr. Popjoy, stopping at every roadside ale-house, until at last they got almost unmanageable. The way they threw the things from the van into the road was awful and heartrending; and my poor sister said it was a mercy that everything was not shivered to atoms. As it was, the loo-table, which poor mother gave me when I was married, was so injured that it would never stand upright again; and her portrait in oil, painted by a gentleman who might have been a Royal Academician if he had thought proper, had the legs of a kitchen-chair thrust through its face and neck in no less than three places.

At last the place was got into what Mr. Popjoy considered something like order; and I left Worthing to return to my new home. It was late at night when I arrived, and very dark, and I noticed nothing until I reached the house, carefully guided by my husband.

"My dear," said Mr. Popjoy, "I am afraid you will not find the place everything you could wish; but Rome, you know, was not built in a day."

I did not like the tone of this remark. It foreboded no good; but I made a cheerful reply, without leading him to suppose that I suspected anything.

When I entered our dwelling I noticed a smell of earth, damp mortar, and new wood, and I thought I saw traces of shavings in the passage. Further acquaintance with the premises showed me many other shortcomings and peculiarities. There were no banisters up the stairs, and no paper upon the walls; which were ornamented with fantastic figures formed by the wet upon the plaster. The children's bedroom and nursery were like stable-lofts, and the roof was only lathed over, without a ceiling. Luckily the weather had been fine and dry for several weeks, or the poor creatures might have been washed down the stairs. The back parlour was closed up; and, for some time, Mr. Popjoy hesitated when I spoke to him about this apartment. At last he admitted that it was in a very unfinished state. In fact it had scarcely been commenced; there was nothing but a brick skeleton; there was no window, the hole being boarded over; and there was no floor, but a deep gulf half filled with rubbish, which, when cleared out, would form a very commodious back-kitchen. Mr. Popjoy had prudently nailed up the door in the passage,

and the two folding-doors in the front parlour which communicated with this rude outline of an apartment, because one of the children had accidentally fallen into the gulf, and had been lost to his brothers and sisters for several hours. This state of things required some explanation, and Mr. Popjoy reluctantly and timidly proceeded to give it.

"Mr. Gasper,—" he began.

"I thought so," I could not help interrupting.

"Well, my dear," he continued, meekly; "I did all for the best, and it would have been better, no doubt, if I'd been governed by you."

"It ought to teach you a lesson," I said, "for the future."

"Mr. Gasper," he resumed, "gave me five shares in the society of the Banded Brothers of Freedom in exchange for the money received from the Consols you authorised me to sell out. These five shares entitled me to a plot of land and the bare skeleton of a house; the society undertaking to finish the dwelling in the best style within two months, in consideration of my taking ten other shares (value two hundred pounds) which were to remain in the hands of the manager and committee until I had paid them up by quarterly instalments in the form of rent; when they would be delivered to me, constituting me the proprietor of the land and premises, to have and to hold for ever."

"And you took the other shares?" I inquired.

"My dear," replied my husband, "I am sorry to say I did, under an arrangement by which, if the quarterly instalments were not kept up, the amount was to stand over indefinitely at ten per cent. per annum; one half of which interest went to pay working expenses, salaries, et cetera, and the other half formed a benefit fund for the relief of sick Banded Brothers of Freedom, or the support of their widows and orphans remaining on the estate."

"A very pretty scheme," I said,—"upon paper."

"The finishing of the house," he continued, "went on very slowly, even over our heads, and I begged your sister not to write to you about it, as I thought it would only worry you in the weak state you were in."

"Well, Mr. Popjoy," I replied, when my husband had concluded, "your restlessness has brought us to a cheerful dwelling, at last; but I suppose we must make the best of it. One thing I wish to have distinctly understood: I shall not associate with any of the Banded Brothers' wives, and I hope that you will keep equally aloof from any of the husbands."

"Yes, my dear," replied Mr. Popjoy, much relieved by my tone and manner. "I don't think you will be much troubled with either."

It was not until the next day that I fully

understood the meaning of this last remark; for I found that, with the exception of two other families, we were the only settlers upon the freehold estate.

The morning did not improve the aspect of the place. There was no washhouse at the back of the premises; nothing but a vast wild desert of gravel-pits. In the front of the house there were no area railings, although there was a deep area, and there was clay enough to make bricks for a hundred settlements. I found, upon looking over the children's wardrobe, that it had much suffered by this clay; and, when I inquired about several pairs of boots that were missing, the clay was still the only answer I could get in explanation. Mr. Popjoy had departed at an early hour, before I was up; for it was three miles to the station, four-and-twenty miles by railway to London, nearly two miles more into the City, and my husband had to be at business by half-past nine in the morning. After breakfast, I started to walk round and survey the settlement; but I had not gone far when I was stopped by more soft clay, large ponds of water, and impassable gravel-pits. There was no sign of life in my immediate neighbourhood; but I saw some children in the distance fishing with what appeared to be a small clothes-prop in one of the ponds, and I correctly supposed them to be members of the two other unfortunate settler families. There were several houses like our own in a very unfinished state; about a dozen half-raised carcasses; a few scaffold-poles lying amongst gravel heaps, rubbish, and old bricks; and this, as far as I could see, comprised all that was visible of the Great Estate of the Banded Brothers of Freedom. A, B, C, D, E—churches, chapels, projected parks, artesian wells, canals, and even roads, were no more visible than Mr. Gasper; but, instead, many ponds of water in which that plausible villain ought to have been soaking.

I returned to the house, and was astonished to see no workmen engaged in completing the building. I found upon inquiry from the children, that no one had been there for a week. The servant-girl, perhaps, might have given me more information; but, when I put any questions to her, she burst into violent fits of laughter, and seemed so thoroughly to enjoy the fun of living in such a wilderness, that I lost my patience, and gave her a month's warning upon the spot. When dinner-time arrived, I found there was no provision in the house, and no chance of getting any within eight miles. I then learned that Mr. Popjoy was in the habit of bringing home supplies from town (with his usual judgment as to selection) about twice a week, and that the last supply had been exhausted a day sooner than was expected. I waited impatiently for the approach of evening, sitting at the window, watching the road along which I was told Mr.

Popjoy would arrive, and preparing a severe attack upon his carelessness and stupidity in taking such a place, without a thorough investigation of Mr. Gasper's flowery statements.

About half-past eight, one of the children (my little girl) ran out of the door, and by the window, and shortly afterwards I saw Mr. Popjoy coming over the gravel heaps, looking very tired, with a great carpet-bag in one hand, and a basket in the other. He put these things down, to kiss the child, who bounded towards him, delighted at his return; and, for some reason, at that moment I forgot all my indignation—the damp walls, the nailed-up parlour, the ponds, and the Banded Brothers of Freedom—and went to the door to give him a welcome, as our little child had gone before me.

The bag and basket, as I expected, contained a curious mixture of food, all thrown together,—meat, grocery, and fruit, with one or two toys, and some pastry-cooks' pies for the children. Those children who had gone to bed seemed to be aware of the arrival, and there was a commotion up in the loft (I cannot call it a bedroom), until the expected purchases were taken up and shown, with a promise that they should be punctually delivered in the morning.

I learned from my husband, by degrees, over the supper table, that the General Freehold Society of the Banded Brothers of Freedom had turned out to be nothing but a well-organised swindle, Mr. Gasper, the leading rascal, having disappeared, and the offices in town (where Mr. P. had called that very day to ascertain why the workmen were not completing our premises) being cleared of everything except a dusty fixture desk, and a few shreds of paper thrown into the fireplace. My husband admitted he had made a great mistake; but he did not tell me he had drawn fifty pounds from his employers, by Mr. Gasper's pressing request, the whole of which had been handed over to that crafty manager, with the idea of keeping the carpenters and bricklayers in motion. I did not find this out until some time afterwards, when he got very shabby in his dress, and I then discovered he was paying it off by degrees out of his savings.

The next day I went to town with Mr. P., and, finding the house we had left a few weeks before, still vacant, I took a lease of it for one-and-twenty years. As we were moving away from the Freehold Land settlement, a few days afterwards, just as I had locked up the empty house, and was turning to follow the vans, I saw three gentlemen standing by Mr. Popjoy, the eldest of whom, a fat, red-faced man, seemed to be the spokesman.

"My dear," said my husband, as I came up, "will you see to this? There appears to be a little difficulty."

"We are here," said the fat gentleman

pompously, "to demand possession of those premises."

"Which," I replied, "I must respectfully decline to give, without compensation."

"Compensation!" shouted the fat gentleman. "Compensation! Are you aware that you are squatters?"

"I am aware that my husband," I answered, "has sunk between one and two hundred pounds upon those premises, which I intend to have back before I give up the key."

"Very well," returned the stout gentleman, "very well; the whole thing—the whole place—is a swindling, squatting settlement, from beginning to end, and ought to have been nipped in the bud. Jones, serve notice of ejectment."

My husband received from one of the other gentlemen, a piece of paper, which we have carefully kept for many years. We still retain the property at the gravel-pits, which we visit, for amusement, now and then; and the memory of the fat, testy gentleman with the red face, has almost died away. Perhaps he has died away also, and his successors have lost my husband's address.

A SABBATH HOUR.

I HAVE the privilege—and that is a great privilege I am perpetually being reminded—of residing in the most respectable city of the most respectable nation in the universe. "How will it look?" and "What will they say?" are the questions which it is so continually propounding to itself, that it has forgotten, in many of its internal regulations, to consider "How will it do?"

The indomitable virtue of its edicts, therefore, contrasting themselves occasionally with the weakness of our mortal nature, has obtained for it; from some, the designation of the City of Whited Sepulchres. I need not say, however, that such persons (who are rather numerous nevertheless) are by no means taken any account of by our citizens, but are spoken of by them with a pity that is not very much akin to love, as The Godless. Our city washes its hands of them—a moral ablution at once so inexpensive and satisfactory that it performs it on the slightest provocation—and is pure. It was but lately proposed by one of our rulers, that no vessel shall be permitted to start upon the Sabbath from our city's port, and when some unregenerate member of the council suggested, that that would not prevent the ship arriving upon the Sabbath day at the ports of others, he was met with the characteristic observation of "that is their own look-out."

We do not indeed altogether object, I think, to see the wicked misbehaving themselves; it affords us a pleasant comparison, imparts a certain sense of security, and

provides inflammable material for the fiery eloquence of our favourite preachers. To look upon one half of our respectable city—that moiety which comes principally under the observation of strangers—you would imagine it, and rightly, to contain nothing but well-to-do responsible inhabitants, who have each their sitting in this or that select conventicle, admission to which is commonly only to be obtained by ticket, and where the doctrines enunciated would suggest a somewhat snug arrangement in futuro. The poor, the dirty, the ill-lodged—all the miserable sinners, in short—are kept in the other half of our respectable city to themselves, and out of sight. To cross from one to the other on the Sabbath day, is to behold a very remarkable social contrast. In the wicked half, the low shops of the general dealers—so low indeed that in some cases their whole neighbourhood appears underground—drive a roaring trade; in the other—the righteous moiety in which I have the great privilege of residing—the very blinds in the private houses are drawn down.

On the second Saturday of my arrival with my wife and family at these present lodgings, my landlady, an elderly maiden lady of extreme views, whose stern asceticism of course precludes the suspicion of dram-drinking, which certain features of her personal appearance might suggest, requested permission to say a few words to me before the Sabbath should dawn, as any reference to earthly matters on such a day must be put out of the question.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I do hope that you will give directions to have your nursery-blinds drawn down to-morrow. The neighbours have complained to me of their having been up, last Sunday."

"Of whose having been up," asked I, in complete bewilderment.

"The blinds, sir," replied the lady, folding her arms.

"Is it wrong, then, to let my children have the light and air upon a Sunday, which they get in the week-day, madam?"

"I know nothing about wrong, sir," remarked my ascetic friend, with a pious shiver; "me and you are as different as light and darkness, happily; but it's not the custom in this city to have the blinds drawn up on the Sabbath day, and it shall not be done in my house, I assure you."

With my usual desire to conciliate, I protested that, rather than hurt the religious feelings of the neighbourhood, myself and family were prepared to pass our Sundays in the coal-cellar.

"By the bye," I added, by way of turning the conversation out of its personal channel, "how can I obtain my letters to-morrow morning, Miss Macstarchskin?"

"To-morrow morning, sir, is the Sabbath."

I did not wish to enter into the lists of argument with this female theologian, who,

in the matter of quotation, was I, knew, a text-revolver of the most tremendous nature; so I merely repeated my question.

"From ten till eleven, I believe," she said, reservedly, "the General Post Office is open for the delivery of letters upon the Sabbath, to such as desec—"

"Thank you," said I, interrupting her, "that will do, my good woman!" I did not choose to tell her that the child, which we had left behind us in the country, was so unwell, that a bulletin was sent to us daily; and if I had done so, it would probably not have affected Miss Macstarchkin's views.

The aspect of the principal street in our city, at ten o'clock upon a Sunday morning, is that of a place which the plague has recently depopulated, and where the houses have gone into mourning for their late inhabitants. The train itself has hurried away, as if ashamed of an Erastian railway—the only one which permits its wheels to revolve on the Sabbath day—at earliest dawn, by way of long, dark tunnels, bearing all the wicked people that could be collected into the unsanctified fields. The very statue of the grim old Duke looks apologetic and deprecatory, in consequence of being seen mounted upon horseback in our city upon such a day. The pavement has scarcely a living creature upon its surface except the cats, who are misled by the stillness to imagine that it is quite early yet, and see no reason for putting a stop to their flirtations. But, inside the portico of the General Post Office, there is at this time occurring a scene which befits the pit-door of a minor theatre upon a Saturday night; much more than a public office upon a Sunday. The time (one half hour) allowed for giving out letters is so short, that even if the godless were so few as our city delights to represent them, they would scarcely be all served within it. Moreover, although the righteous do not come themselves for their letters, and plentifully anathematise those who are bold enough to do so, they send their servants upon that errand in considerable numbers.

Opposite to those grated windows—to the bars of which those who have obtained a good position at first, hold on with a wise tenacity—is an expectant crowd of enormous size, and of all conditions. The stone staircase in the rear is filled to such a height, that upon the upper steps you can see nothing but legs, which it is the peculiar custom of the wrong half of our city to exhibit in a primitive state.

In the outer hall, beyond, there is even a still more numerous throng, who are only prevented from pouring in and compressing us within to a jelly, by the efforts of several gigantic policemen, whose superior elevation is occasioned by their being raised by the unceasing pressure off their feet.

The heat, the smell, the crush is something inconceivable. On the occasion to which I

refer more than one person fainted. One old man in particular—I do not say that he should have been there on such an errand, or that it was not an especial judgment upon him, but I merely state the fact—was carried out insensible, and as white as any conscience in the city. These horrors were rendered (I believe purposely) the more piquant by reason of our all being able to look in, at one or other of the windows, upon an enormous, well-aired room, where the officials were engaged in sorting the letters with a quiet ease that was, under the circumstances, maddening. They made no more account of us, as we helplessly gibbered upon them through these iron bars, than did the Indian sentinels of old who watched over the struggling sufferers in the Black Hole of Calcutta.

There was one bald-headed, complacent official, especially, whose venerable ear, if I could but have obtained a nip of it, I would have But I am sensible that no feeling which was aroused in any of us on that occasion is a subject fit to be here dwelt upon. The epithets flung about on all sides it was easy to understand by the accompanying gestures were the reverse of polite, although, from the peculiarity of the language in use among our citizens, a stranger cannot readily discern whether the speakers are in a good humour or a furious rage. There was a good deal of digging in of elbows and of striking out of heels, whose effect upon bodies of different densities and characteristics was proclaimed by various ejaculations. There were several dogs amidst this crowd—engaged to attend there, as I believe, by the Sabbatarians—who added their howls of torment to the universal hubbub. I myself rescued from under the feet of our hotel Boots one poor little miserable lassie, who turned out to be Miss Macstarchkin's maid-of-all-work, dispatched privately by that good soul (who was anxious to hear from a certain bidder for her parlour flat) upon this epistolary enterprise. It certainly was not a mission fit for a girl to undertake. When, at last, after three-quarters of an hour (for the mail was late), the three windows were simultaneously thrown open, the scene baffled description. A hundred directions were screamed out by as many voices, and the like number of unsavoury hands agitated the atmosphere with anxious violence and threatening entreaty. The pressure was redoubled; the policemen were carried in on the crest of an enormous wave—which might, for one particular, have been composed of Thames water—and for the space of several minutes all was suffocation, and filth, and frenzy.

How I got my letters I cannot tell, but I am bound to confess, that somehow or other I did get them, and battled out with them into the fresh air. My hat was dented, my coat was torn; I had a sensation, peculiar I should imagine to one who, having been

drunk and disorderly, has passed the night in a police station; but still I did come out of that post-office pandemonium alive.

The principal street was now crowded with the respectable classes who ignore the existence of such a state of affairs as I have been describing, and whose footmen and servant-maids alone knew the hideous things which I knew.

Putting my hands before my eyes for very shame, I was staggering alone to the stand of cabs—reduced from the week-day thirty-six to six, and those six half occupied with the tracts that are rained by the ream in at their windows—when I came bump against Miss Macstarchkin, psalm-book in hand, precise, severe, and confident, on her way to her peculiar tabernacle. I did look very far from respectable, I know, and the contrast between us must have been striking indeed; but then I had not enjoyed the advantage of being able to send a maid-of-all-work for my letters: and surely did not quite observe the glance with which she favoured me: eternal condemnation seemed to struggle in it with a notice to quit her apartments.

I am at present, therefore, in search of other lodgings, which shall be in the country, and not offend the eyes of my neighbours, for since I do not admire the spirit (by which I mean the favourite stimulant) of the country to the extent of indulging in it in the daytime, nor have any other reason for wishing to keep down my window-blinds one whole day in the week, the compulsory darkness is to me an unmitigated inconvenience.

In conclusion, I must say for this city (great as my privilege of residing within its sanctified walls may be) that there is no other place in the civilised world which can exhibit a scene in one of its public offices such as I have been describing, or where such a Sabbath Hour can be possibly passed.

NATIONAL CONTRASTS.

THE Chinese will not read Buckle; they will not believe in Combe; they will not adopt hydropathy, nor homeopathy; they will not study comparative anatomy, and will go on teaching the young medicos in pigtailed and green spectacles all the hideous trash of their ancient anatomical fancy sketches; they will not leave off calling us foreign devils and barbarians, nor own that they are beaten, when even they are begging for their lives; they will not drink honest beer, and will smoke filthy opium; though whose the blame there, and whether the political economist's gospel of supply and demand square with the Christian man's duty to his neighbour, patriotism forbids us to determine. But, setting this aside, it is almost impossible to teach them what is good and true. Wrapped up in their own stolid conceit, it would really be easier to expand one of their little miserable crushed water-lilies into the foot of the

Milo Venus than to develope the brains of the present generation of Celestials into the dimensions of truth and reality.

The Chinese do nothing like other people, and very little reasonably, in any way. When they mount a horse, they get up on the right side, and where we would say a man has a glorious brain, they say he has a capacious stomach; for this they make the seat of intellect. There are certain tribes in the west—the Miautsz—said, by the by, to have tails like monkeys, who are even more than commonly contradictory to the received traditions and customs of the rest of mankind. They conduct most of the ceremonies of life in an odd way; but those relating to birth and maternity in quite an original manner. When the husband is made a father, he goes to bed with the new-born baby, and the wife gets up and scrubs the house. If a Chinaman wants a wife, he sends a go-between, and buys one; and if a family wants a servant, the young son has a young wife purchased for him, and thus the house secures a wife and a servant in one. Their old men fly kites, and their young boys look on with grave approval. A man may divorce his wife for want of slavish respect to his mother; but a woman may murder her child and no questions be asked. If they want rain or cool weather, sunshine or heat, they go into a temple (chin-chin joss), burn some silver-paper, fee the bonzes, if it be a Buddhist temple, and depart, shaking their fat sides and wagging their long queues, convinced that Joss will be good and Buddha complaisant, and both will do as they are bid. One Chinese worthy, though a governor, a man of rank and education, who had passed through his four examinations, and received pay for his supreme talent—as all the fourth examination men do—thinking Joss not quick enough with his rain-clouds, when he honoured him by begging him to send them, for it was very hot, and the great man wanted a refreshing shower, cried out: “He thinks I am lying when I chin-chin him and ask for rain; for how can he know, seated in his cool niche in the temple, that the ground is parched and the skies hot? Let us change places, and then he will know that I do not lie.” Whereupon he flung a rope round his godship, and hauled him into the burning sun, his excellency himself taking Joss’s place in the shaded niche, till he was cool, and the poor god’s paint and gold-leaf all blistered and shrivelled with the heat. Of course the rain followed; and we are left in admiration of his excellency’s proficiency as a weather-prophet. To be sure the Italians do much the same with their saints, when, in times of plague and pestilence, they carry them in procession through their towns, and scold and scourge them to make them more efficient sanatory reformers. For not the least wonderful part of fetishism is the contemptuous familiarity with which the

worshippers oftentimes treat the worshipped. The Chinese have the further oddity of being superstitious, unpoetical, and irreligious at once. They cast horoscopes to determine the good or evil moment for an enterprise, and undertake nothing that has not its auspicious conjunction; yet they have no grand conception of a God, they have never imagined to themselves an angel, and all the graceful fancies of Faërie are hidden from them. They have made some progress in experimental science, yet nothing which they have discovered, of all that has revolutionised the West, has borne fruit with them. Their compasses have guided no merchant ships upon the waters; their gunpowder has neither simplified the art of war nor led to the study of strategy; their knowledge of optics has opened up no microscopical world, nor brought the bright glories of the heavens down to earth; credulous as children, they are as ignorant; but, with all their credulity, they are sceptical and unbelieving as well. They believe in evil genii and dragons, in the phoenix and the primordial dragon; but ask them to credit an electric telegram, to understand a steam-engine, to acknowledge the microscopic revelations spread out before their eyes, to put faith in the Atlantic cable, or the East India House, and they will tell you that you are a barbarian with blue eyes, a fan-kwei, and a sayer of that which is not. The dragon and the phoenix are true; but the rotifer and the message, the sixty miles an hour, the cable, and the captive kings are false.

What can be done with such people? People who place their emperor above laws, and class humanity by glass buttons and fox tails? People who, to make sure of a beautiful daughter, and one that shall perhaps redeem the fortunes of her family by a good marriage, bandage up her feet so that she may go hobbling and deformed for life? Who build Baby Towers, where dead infants may be cast without inquiry and without fear, then gravely reason against female infanticide, asking philosophically, in governmental placards, how the next generation are to get wives if so many female infants are slaughtered in this? Who regulate all life by bows and ceremonies, and whose emperor would rather lose his throne than suffer a barbarian ambassador to approach him without the necessary rites of the Ko-tau? What can one make of such an extraordinary race? Yet they are human beings like ourselves; they eat and drink, and marry and die, just as if they understood physics and had correct views of history and the exact sciences. And the world goes on, carrying this mass of pig-tailed wrong-headedness on her bosom as contentedly as she carries the Manchester man, whose god is in the cotton-mill, or the Liverpool merchant, who thinks that Paradise must have been incomplete without an invoice and a bill of lading.

Then the Hindus. To think of a whole nation slaughtering its rulers because a few cartridges were greased with bullocks' fat. To think, too, of their tamely submitting to all manner of national indignities—to be Pariahs, Sudras, and what not, because of the virtues and ordinances of a fabulous caste. Caste here and caste there, above, below, and on one side—caste everywhere, and humanity and helping love nowhere. The whole framework of Hindu society is built up of division, distrust, and enmity. The subdivisions, even of the two or three great nominal divisions, follow the rule of the rest; and the most trifling distinctions in manners or customs, are sufficient to break down brotherhood and establish small communities of enemies instead. The Brahmins of Bengal, divided into two great classes, are split up into one hundred and sixty-eight subdivisions, not one of which will eat, drink, or intermarry with the rest. This is purity of caste carried out to its ideal, if you will! It makes the Spaniard's sanguine azul (pure blood) a mere mud-pool by its side. Again, a certain tribe of wise oil-makers in Telingana, who use two oxen in the mill when pressing out their oil, will hold no communication with another tribe which uses only one. They will follow neither the same gods nor the same leaders; they will not marry nor give in marriage, they will not eat nor pray with them, for the two-oxen men hold their one-ox brother a being accursed, degraded, and outcast. And both together would think themselves lost for ever, if they were to eat bread with a Christian or drink water with a Jew. As for the roast beef of Old England, that would seem to them a crime scarcely to be expiated by the infidel butcher's death, and the cook's, and the feaster's. Indeed, had he been a Hindu who had so sinned, death would have been only a slight punishment for time, and eternal condemnation a need of infinitely smaller dimensions than his guilt. For a cow's life is of greater value than a man's, in the Brahminical scale of worth; and he who kills one accidentally, must be excommunicated, but if with intent, then must he die. On the other hand the Abyssinians—Christians like ourselves, receiving the sacraments, making monks, and performing other Christian offices—hew out cutlets of flesh from the quivering sides of a live ox; and, making a sandwich of the slice by putting it between two tef cakes, devour it raw and palpitating: as we would not devour the wing of a chicken or the breast of a partridge. Humanity presents some fine contrasts. Careful of the life of his sacred cow, even over that of his unblest brother, as is the Brahminical Hindu, he recognises the divine right of Thuggee, and holds that Devi might be more shabbily worshipped than by the offering of an oblation of human lives. For Thuggee is a religion, and the Thug a high priest; and it is only an exemplification of the old axiom—

doing evil that good may come. The assassins of the mountain, too, hold swine's flesh in abhorrence, and most of their brother men accursed; but they smoke nachish till they are mad, then rush to paradise and the houri, bathed in their own blood or their neighbour's: it mattering little to them whether they kill themselves or any one else, provided only they kill some one. If all these follies, and others as wild and pernicious, were driven out of men's heads, what a much braver and happier world it would be!

Opposite in the scale to the caste of the Hindu, is the idea of the phalanstery; on the left hand of the way of life stands Thuggee, on the right, the Peace Society. Then again, look at absolute monarchies and socialistic communities, as theories of polity emanating from the same race of beings; look at the courtier with his breast glittering with orders, and the Friend in dull drab, who will not so much as say "sir," nor remove his hat, while the Siamese crawls on the ground like a dog, and the Chinaman ko-taus like an ape. See what contrasts we have even in Europe itself, where one would most look for likeness.

Who knows anything about that severe, primitive, model little republic of Andorre, in the Pyrenees, a republic dating as far back as Charlemagne, lying between France and Spain, but respected by both, and annexed by neither? There the Andorrians live—an almost stationary handful of some eight or nine thousand republicans; stern as the Spartans, simple as the Romans; a quiet, patriarchal, immovable set, without one overweeningly wealthy member among them, and with no paupers—all possessing enough, no one lacking, yet none with much superfluity. What a strange little nest to be perched on the mountains in the midst of luxurious, flaunting Europe,—where vice and virtue, wealth and starvation, jostle each other in the streets, and whirl side by side down the great mill-race of society,—without vices, without ambition, fearing the great world rather than hating it, and caring only to keep their customs intact and their primitive simplicity unsullied, changing in nothing, and adopting none of the fashions which flutter past them on the highway. They live in as complete isolation as the Chinaman of the interior, or as the Circassian in her hareem. They are more like the old stories of the Moravian households than anything else we know of; as pious and as primitive, governing the state according to the model of the family, and making indeed of the whole community one great family, simply divided into younger and elder branches. Andorre and Paris—Andorre and Madrid—the sheepskin of the republican and the gants jaunes and crinoline of the Parisian—the severe morals of the Andorrian matron and those of the Spanish señora. Can you wish for a more striking contrast of human life, or can you find one more complete?

Passing from the free and independent republic of Andorre down into Spain, that beautiful country with its perilous black eyes, its stilettoes, its bull-fights, and its absurdities about blue blood and the like, we come to the Biscayans, or Basques, the Euskaldunacs, or the people of the skilful hands, as they call themselves.

In the destruction of a former world, which took place when the Euskaldunacs were a nation, they hold, only a few people escaped, "as few in number as the olives which remain on the tree after the fruit has been gathered in, and as rare as the grapes which hang upon the vines after the vintage is over." Of this number was Aitor, the ancestor and progenitor of the Euskaldunacs, who, with his wife, retired into a cave in a high mountain, waiting until the tremendous battle between fire and water should be fought out. He was so frightened at the tumult that he forgot his own language and invented a new one, which new one became in time the dialect of the Basques, called by them the Eskuare, or the Euskara language. This is the language of Adam and Eve; the language of Noah; the one primitive speech of humanity, as natural to all men as cooing to the dove, as bellowing to the bull, or as braying to the donkey.

The Euskaran language, they say, has sufficient radicals for all the seventy-two languages which sprang into grammatical being at the foot of the Tower of Babel. So that, after all, every other tongue is only an alternative and a twisted flow; the pith and marrow through every curve being still and ever Euskaran. It has its roots in the very nature of things; and they say that if you learn it thoroughly, you have the keys to all the sciences and all the arts. The names of its thirteen numbers include in those thirteen words, all the fundamental principles of natural philosophy, and the numerical mysteries of Plato and Pythagoras. Its alphabet is in itself a revelation; it is called *Yesus*. However, despite these absurdities, the Spanish Biscayan speaks a tongue undoubtedly homogeneous, and different to all the surrounding Celtic languages, approaching more nearly, according to Humboldt, to some of the dialects of the North American Indians than to anything else. It is impossible for strangers to learn it.—An argument somewhat against the theory of its primeval use and universal radicals; against, too, the assertion that it is the natural language of mankind,—the tongue which the Caspar Hausers of philological experiment would speak of themselves; but favouring the genealogist who made Aitor, Noah, and this wonderful tongue a relic of a past people. For it is marvellously rich and flexible, far in advance of all the civilisations that surrounded it when it was young and newly formed, and now standing as the oldest language of all spoken in Europe; old perhaps when Rome was young, and grey-

bearded when Greece was in her teens. Every one knows that the Spaniards are descended in a direct line from Noah through Tubal; but it was a grand stroke of genius in the proud Biscayan to make their own immediate progenitor Noah himself. For the Biscayans hold themselves as demigods over the Spaniards, despising them with a very ferocity of contempt, and having no word of contumely too hard to be flung at them; but more especially at the Gallicians and Castilians, who are more the objects of their scorn than any one else.

They are extremely beautiful—the women especially lovely, and of a perfectly pure type. They have large black eyes and glorious black hair, clear brown skins, and necks, and shoulders; hands and feet that would make the fortune of a petite maitresse of the cities. The men are perhaps not so superbly handsome as the women: excepting in the country places in Italy, they seldom are: that is a matter of course; but when they are seen with their red girdles, their jackets thrown hussar-fashion over their left shoulder, and their caps set jauntily over one ear, they are a fine-looking set, so supple, active, and sinewy, that they seem to have almost something of the panther or the leopard in them. They keep their Sundays puritanically strict in one thing,—the amusements of the sexes are separate. The men play at bowls by themselves, and the women dance apart without cavaliers. They are famous for their improvisatori, who meet at festivals and challenge each other in songs called *sorsicos*. One song is as ancient, or rather assumes to be as ancient, as the reign of Octavius in Rome, to whom it gives a sufficiently proud defiance; and another, retained and quoted by our authority, is one of those exquisitely plaintive national ballads about a doleful love and a dying maid, which have no parallel in the poetry of civilised and high-fed life. But they have a custom analogous to that of our western celestial friends, the *Miautzs*. When a child is born, and as soon as the mother can go about the house, the husband places himself in bed with the infant, and receives the congratulations of his friends. This is a custom traced up to Aitor, or Noah, to whom, when they were in exile, his wife bore a son. As she was afraid to stay by herself, for fear of being discovered and murdered, she bade her husband take care of the child while she went out to seek for food and firing. The practice has been kept up to the present day, and the explanation may be received at its value.

To come nearer home. In France the peasantry believe that toads have teeth, and bite like dogs, and *La Salette* and her companions are articles of faith as strong as credos and aves; while both they and our own people have a profound respect for wizards, and a reverential belief in sorcery, as may be almost seen daily by the Times reports.

In Scotland all sorts of superstitions are rife, fairies or good people and bogies, or boggles, among the most general; while Ireland is the very cradle of moonshine and poetic falsifications, from the legend which makes Saint Patrick the great vermin hunter of the kingdom, to that which bans Saint Kevin's soul for Kathleen's eyes of most unholy blue. To prolong the idea into satire would be to write an article of illimitable length; for there is scarcely one among us who has not his own private bit of insane superstition, certainly not one who has not his own private bit of insane eccentricity; and the national peculiarities—from mammon worship down to crinoline—are prominent enough for the dullest marksman to hit. Fancy a rational people consenting to wear chimney-pots on their heads, and steel hoops round their bodies; fancy stays being considered more sacred than lives, and consumption and disease as nothing compared to the divinity lying in a deformed waist; fancy soldiers sent to serve in India with stocks and bear-skins, crimson cloth and skin-tight coats; fancy dead bodies left unburied, because two officials quarrel, and the duties of a parish are not accurately defined by Act of Parliament; fancy a prison full of rogues better treated, fed, and lodged, than a work-house full of honest men, who have worked the flesh off their bones, or who can get nothing to do for their daily bread; fancy the rage for cheapness blossoming out into all kinds of adulterated abominations, and no stop put, because of a political theory: fancy all these things, and many more of the same nature, and then say whether Chinaman or Hindu submits to more absurdities than the Englishman of the nineteenth century does, and whether the Book of Rites of the one, and the Institutes of Menu of the other, are less tyrannical than custom is with us, or that terrible old fairy godmother, the immortal Mrs. Grundy!

THE GREAT DUNKERQUE FAILURE.

I SUPPOSE that nothing could exceed the astonishment of the whole population of Smallport, including both natives and visitors, when it came to be pretty generally known that my half-brother, James Chowler, and our dear and mutual friend Purkis had taken it into their heads to undertake a voyage to Dunkerque and back in a lugger. Here was a thing to do! If they wanted to go abroad, there was the steam-packet. Why couldn't they go in that as other people did? If, on the other hand, they wanted a sail, why not join one of the many excursion parties to the neighbouring town of Bluffybeach? Or if they must be alone, forsooth, why not take a two-hours' sail in a pleasure boat—there was the Fairy, ten feet long by five in the beam—what did they want better than that? Pleasure boat, indeed, to them, who had known

better days, and what it was to cruise about that very coast in a schooner yacht—that lovely little jade, the Brunette, with her rakish masts and bowsprit pointed down till it almost touched the surf. Pleasure boat, indeed!

Any men less bent upon their project than my half-brother and that old sea-dog who was to be his companion, would have been discouraged and daunted from their purpose four times over when first beginning to move in the affair, by the obstacles and difficulties that came in their way. They had made up their minds, however, for the cruise, and I must own I don't wonder at it. Gladly, most gladly, would I have joined them but for one infirmity, which unfortunately quite unfits me for all marine purposes—I am a bad sailor, and yet by a strange and ironical combination of qualities an ardent lover of the sea, of ships, and all things maritime. 'Tis a hard case, but so it is; consequently, the only share I could have in the cruise was connected with the preparations and negotiations which had to be carried on, on shore, before the start could be effected, and numerous, intricate, and perplexing enough these negotiations were, as the reader shall see.

In the first place, it was deemed advisable to secure our friend Balchild to make a third in the expedition; and he, being a solicitor in large practice, could not choose his time, but was detained in town longer than had been anticipated, by a great will case in which it was his desperate object to contend that the deceased party, who was distinctly proved to have spent fifteen thousand pounds on works of art by the old masters, was yet at the time of his doing so of sound mind and in the full possession of his faculties. A case so outrageously hopeless as this necessarily involved long and repeated delays and one change of the appointed day for starting; but at length, the cause having been brought before a jury, and the counsel for the insane view of the case, who, by the bye, must have been a very knowing fellow indeed, having had one of the pictures, a landscape by Polemberg, of a dark and gloomy tone, brought into court, and having put it to the jury whether any person of sound mind would part with seven hundred and fifty sovereigns (which was the price of the work)—“bright golden sovereigns, gentlemen of the jury, for that”—the counsel for the side against our friend having acted in this astute and convincing manner, and having, it is needless to say, gained his verdict, our solicitor was able to leave London at last, and devote himself to the promised cruise.

Immediately upon the arrival of our legal friend, there commenced a series of harassing disputes and bargainings with the long-shore sailors, as to the moneys for which they would covenant to undertake the voyage. At length the part proprietor of one of the largest

luggers in the place surrendered to terms, and said that he thought he knew a crew of four men who would consent to go for the sum which my brother and our friends offered. Well, this was as it should be, and we began to rub our hands—I say we, because, in all the preparations and in the voyage itself, I was as much interested as anybody, though, owing to my infirmity of s—kn—s, unable to engage in the cruise itself. We began, then, to rub our hands, and to say with Richard, “Now, by Saint Paul, the work goes bravely on.”

Then came a new obstacle—passports. On applying at the neighbouring town of Bluffy-beach, it was found that the power of granting such credentials had been taken from it, and that there was no place nearer than Diverly where they were obtainable. “You see, gentlemen,” said the stupid official at this place, “if you had been going to Calais or Boulogne in the excursion steamer, you would not have required passports.” Yes, exactly; but then, you see, we were not going to Calais nor to Boulogne, nor in an excursion steamer, and so we had to suffer for it. There, I have said we again—I really cannot help it, and must petition to be allowed the use of that pronoun till the start in the lugger is absolutely made. Well, nothing daunted, the Dunkerque cruisers started for Diverly, though that city was distant enough to involve a steam-boat journey. But there, at any rate, no difficulties awaited them. The “Charged with Affairs” at this place had no sooner cast his eyes on Balchild, whom he had never seen before, than he inquired, as by some strange intuition, “Are you a solicitor?” Being answered in the affirmative, he proceeded to inform our adventurers that the recommendation of a member of that honourable profession would be quite sufficient for their purpose.

“But surely,” says the modest Balchild, “I can’t recommend myself?”

“O yes, you can,” replies the officer, preparing the documents.

So, having first affectionately and in the most flattering terms recommended himself, our legal friend proceeds with equal cordiality of expression to recommend his two companions, and passports, attributing to our travellers all the cardinal virtues, and two or three more into the bargain, were put into their hands. It was in coming away from this ordeal, which proves so complete a safeguard to foreign power, that our friend Purkis (he’s a dence of a fellow for knowing patriots is Purkis) exchanged greetings with a courteous foreigner who was passing.

“Who’s that, now?” says my half-brother, Chowler. “I think I know the face.”

“That,” replies Purkis, “is M—zz—ni.”

There remained still one very important part of the proceedings to be attended to. Hitherto, all the negotiations with regard to the cruise had taken place through a third

person, the part owner of the boat before alluded to. It became now highly desirable that we should be brought in contact with the skipper and the crew themselves, and make their personal acquaintance. It was therefore arranged that my brother Chowler and I—our two friends having gone up to town for a day—should, by way of making a beginning, descend to the little quay at once, and there go through the ceremony of introduction. Arrived at the pier, we very soon came upon our original friend the part owner of the lugger—Sargent by name, and as good a fellow as ever handled a rope. Lounging by his side was a somewhat aged man, in a tall beaver hat, which had once been black, but which had got very brown with sea-air, and which had the aspect of having all its life been brushed the wrong way. This person, it should be added, presented the appearance in costume and all other respects of a market gardener in a profound state of depression.

“Well, Sargent,” said my half-brother Chowler, cheerily, “I want to make acquaintance with some of our crew.”

“This, sir,” replies Sargent, indicating the market-gardener by a wave of the hand, “is one of them.”

The man with the un-nautical hat betrayed by no movement, sound, or gesture, any indication that he was conscious he was being alluded to—except by slowly turning his back towards us, and looking despondingly out to sea with the air of one who had no hope but in the grave, and that a watery one. There was an awkward pause.

“Where are the others?” says my half-brother.

“Well, sir, they will wait upon you this evening if it will be convenient.”

“By all means,” says my brother; and so the interview terminated.

“This is a nasty beginning, Charley,” said James Chowler, as we walked away.

Of course it was in the middle of dinner that the announcement was made that the sailors had arrived, and wished to see us. So we got up, acquiring an instant indigestion then and there, and went out. There was nobody at the door, but looking up the road, we saw, about thirty yards off, three obese old men, drawn up in a row, and apparently waiting to be “spoke.” They remained perfectly stationary as we bore down upon them, and gave no signs of life, save that one of them, who appeared to be in a profuse perspiration—a condition which we afterwards discovered to be chronic—did incessantly wipe, and, as it were, staunch his palms on a pocket-handkerchief, which, compressed into a compact and tight ball, he continued to roll over and over, and to pass backwards and forwards betwixt his hands. The perspiring man was accompanied by the market-gardener, to whom we had been already introduced, and by a short and captious-looking

mariner, in a straw hat, and mahogany coloured trousers, with no folds in them. Still no fourth man. Where was that fourth man? Was he even older than these? And his decrepitude such that he could not be got up the hill, and would he be carried down to the lugger on the morning of the start, and placed in an arm-chair to steer?

We had some difficulty in coming to terms with our crew, owing to some misunderstanding, by which they had got it into their heads that, beside paying the sum which we had offered, we were to be at the expenses of their keep as well. So that, when it came upon them that we had no such intention, decided symptoms of mutiny began to appear. It is true, indeed, that the market-gardener took no part in the dispute, and remained a despondent, but unconcerned listener to all that went on; while the perspiring man—who, besides the infirmity I have alluded to, was the victim of an indecision of character of the most disastrous kind—walked softly backwards and forwards, wiping his hands upon his pocket-handkerchief, and leaving all the talking to be done by the skipper in the foldless trousers. A long argument ensued between this gentleman and my brother Chowler, ending in a declaration on the part of the irritated skipper, that he would have nothing more to do with the transaction; and in his retiring up, as the stage phrase goes, in a state of furious indignation, he was slowly followed, in his departure, first by the market-gardener, and subsequently by the perspiring man in agonies of indecision.

Here was apparently an end of the affair. Not so. In the course of the evening a message was sent up that the crew thought they could come to terms. Then we felt our dignity at stake, and declined to stand off and on in this manner. Then the mariners capitulated. Then we consented to give them some beer and a bottle of rum into the bargain, and so the dispute was amicably settled.

From the departure of the lugger, Pride, the next morning, till its return, any information I have to give to a public thirsting for tidings of this memorable cruise, is necessarily secondhand. I propose to describe, first, what I saw myself, and next, all that I was able to gather from these hardy adventurers on their return to their native shores.

I saw them off, then, with a noble hamper of provisions, and in as good a lugger as ever knocked the waves away from her bow—a tight-built sea-boat, broad in the beam, and fit to encounter a tornado in the Gulf of Mexico. I watched them as they got more and more distant, till the lugger's mainsail was but a speck upon the horizon.

That day (they started very early) and the next I was thrown much on my own resources. The morning sun blazing aslant upon the crisp ripple of the slowly advancing tide, reminded me that the greatest of all

luxuries, the morning's dip, was yet in store. Then I could take the sculls in hand, and getting into my little skiff, could make my solitary cruise under the cliffs, hugging the shore for many a pleasant mile. I always found, by-the-bye, that my cruise took me round that particular part of the cliff on which stood the solitary house where that very pretty girl with the flashing eyes—pooh—it was mere accident. Well, with all these resources, besides being a studious and finished flâneur, I got on pretty well, though now and then I missed my playfellows sadly.

On the third day, at any time after two p.m., I was told our navigators might be looked for; so I spent the greater part of the afternoon on the look out. So, I must add, did the largest part of the population of Smallport, for the Dunkerque expedition had, as I have said, made a prodigious sensation in the place, and everybody was anxious to be present at the return of the cruisers. There was a good breeze that afternoon, and they would have come into port creditably. But the day passed by, and no signs of the lugger Pride.

The next was one of the most sultry days we had had all the season. Not a breath of air stirring. It seemed a hopeless thing to expect the return of our travellers in a calm like this; yet I was on the look out for them more or less all day. I had just been informed by the proprietor of an opposition lugger, that "it was out of the question that my friends could return to-day," when a sailor stepped up to me, and said, "the Pride has come in sight, sir;" and, taking the glass from his hand, there I made her out, sure enough, but at a considerable distance off. However, there she was, and there she seemed likely to remain; her progress being so slow that it could hardly be detected in half an hour.

Whether it got to be noised abroad that the Pride was returning, or whether it was from accident, I cannot say, but in the course of the next two hours every soul in Smallport was on the pier. How I longed for that breeze of yesterday, which would have brought them into port with a wet sheet and a flowing sail. For, be it remembered, as I was the known friend of these hardy adventurers, my credit also was involved in their making a satisfactory entry, instead of creeping towards the shore in this ignoble wise. They had within three hours from the time we first perceived them, got at length near enough for all their manœuvres to be distinguishable, and I watched their movements with intense anxiety. Is it in language, then, to describe my feelings when I suddenly beheld one long and skinny oar emerge from the side of the lugger (she had all her sails set), and perceived the same to rise and fall in the water, as that instrument does when used in the act of rowing! The covert titterings of my neighbours on the pier

while this wicked proceeding was going on, are yet in my ears. My torments, as such extraordinary sufferings generally are, were happily of short duration, for, as the oar which had been so distressingly "put in" was about as useful as a lucifer-match might have been, employed for the same purpose, it was not long in being withdrawn. I afterwards found that my dear friend Purkis, knowing my regard for appearances, had caused its use to be discontinued in simple and merciful consideration of what my feelings would be on seeing it. But the way in which that lugger diminished its rate of movement—if that could be diminished which did not seem to exist—after it had got to that particular point when the faces of my unfortunate companions became visible. The gloom, the sullenness, nay, the dusky savageness, if I may be allowed the expression, which characterised those faces. These are things terrible to dwell on, but which, in a faithful narrative, must not be wholly passed over in silence. Long coming in! Why they were so long coming in, that, after they had got within easy talking distance, it became necessary at intervals to enter into light conversation with them for half an hour or so while they did the last fifty yards, to relieve the embarrassment of the scene.

Well, well, ultimately some mysterious power of suction on the part of the pier, or the attraction of the nails of the vessel to the pole—for they were going north—or some other hidden means of propulsion, did end in bringing them within boat-hook reach of us, and they were hauled in at last. But my degradation was not to end even there. The whole mass of human beings gathered together to witness the arrival of the Dunkerque party, had now assembled on the side of the pier against which the *Pride*—the *Humiliation* it ought to have been called—was moored. From this exalted post the population—and amongst them that pretty girl with the black eyes, who I once thought—but no matter—I say, the whole population looked straight down upon the lugger, raking with their eyes, and the more distant spectators with opera glasses, the whole interior of the hull.

"Well," you will say, "I see nothing in that."

"Nothing!" Was it nothing, that the revenue officers came now on board of her, causing the unfortunate men in whose destiny my own was so deeply involved, to make disclosures which I shudder to think of? Was it nothing, to see three carpet-bags, in which you were in a manner mixed up, yawning beneath the gaze of the multitude, and under the eyes of that—but I will not speak of her—when it is a question of such things as the opening of those bags revealed—was it nothing to see the mass of dirty linen which those accursed wallets contained, disgorged beneath your eyes? Was it

nothing, to see fluttering in the breeze that eternal red shirt of Purkis's, which somebody has darned on the shoulder, where the braces come, with pale-blue worsted, and which somebody has not darned where that great hole in the back lets the revenue officer's hand suddenly and unexpectedly through—a circumstance so suspicious in itself, as to cause him to examine the garment again, and again to expose its weaknesses to the throng above, among whom irrepressible symptoms of giggling now began to develop themselves? Was it nothing, to see those tattered trousers of my half-brother's—how glad I felt at the moment that he was not my whole brother—was it nothing, to see those tattered trousers which I have so often entreated him to give away, extended on the deck while their pockets were turned inside out?

But it is over, and the three voyagers ascend the pier—silent, dirty, ferocious. In vain do I try to lure them into any account of their voyage as we walk home. "Charming sail there!" from the voice of Purkis, is all the information I can get, and even this is said in a dreamy and undecided manner. There is a suspicious eagerness, too, in Purkis to question me as to what I have been about which is most extraordinary, considering that I have been vegetating at a watering-place, while he has been engaged in a cruise, as I fondly supposed, of surpassing interest and excitement.

Taking all these things together, a horrible suspicion began dimly to suggest itself to me. It came upon me slowly, and I fought it off; but it returned again and again. Just Heaven! I thought, suppose the Dunkerque expedition has turned out a failure!—and after my half-brother having gone there with the intention of introducing a chapter on the subject into his work on true and false Shandyism—and after my having been requested to get up the subject of Dunkerque when in London, which I did, spending four long days at the Museum in Dunkerquian researches.

The continued depression of my companions so confirmed my worst suspicions on this subject that, being of a humane and considerate disposition, I forbore to administer those probing questions which were on my tongue's end, lest I should wound them in a tender point. Yet I was bursting in ignorance, and far from satisfied with the small oozings of information which occasionally dripped out in the course of that day's dinner.

It oozed out that the French authorities at Dunkerque had behaved in a very unsatisfactory manner. They had boarded the boat; insisted that, since she had got passengers on board, she was, necessarily, a passage-boat; had, consequently, lost her claim of a pilot-lugger to come into the port free of expense, and must pay two pounds three shillings for harbour-dues—the French measurement attributing ten tons burden more to the lugger

than she bore in England. (The very men, by the bye, who extorted this charge might have sailed unmolested in and out of our own harbour at Ramsgate free of charge.)

It oozed out that these officials were not only rapacious, but seemed to consider themselves deeply injured by the manner in which the travellers had come to the place.

"Mais c'est très-génant," said these gentlemen, "these voyagers come neither by the steamboat nor the railway—c'est très-génant!"

It oozed out that the captain of the lugger had turned out a capital fellow, and that he had got into a state of the most uncontrollable exultation at having gone up the harbour, which is about two miles long, with his mainsail and jib set; a feat which would have been more astonishing, perhaps, if it was not done every day by ships of five hundred tons burden. Nevertheless, he had insisted on considering it an extraordinary achievement, and said, "The French don't often see anything like that." This officer had spent the day of their return (that day of mighty calm) in saying, "Pretty breeze," softly to himself as he stood at the helm, as if to persuade himself that they were getting on rather at a slashing pace than otherwise.

These things, and a few other small matters, did then at intervals ooze out. But what were they to my thirsty soul? I felt that it was all very well to be considerate, but that I owed it to myself (I don't know why, but it is a useful expression, when you want very much to do a thing, to say that you owe it to yourself to do it), I owed it to myself to understand once for all what had been the actual impression left on the minds of my friends by their late excursion. So I watched my opportunity, and when, after certain potations of whiskey-punch, I detected a slight gleam of cheerfulness dawning upon their faces, I deemed it the right moment to administer one or two searching questions which should set my mind at rest as to the success of the Dunkerque cruise.

"Well!" I said, cheerily, coming to generals, after having tried one or two questions as to particulars, which I did not find a good plan; "well, now, how have you got on altogether?"

"O! pretty well, you know," replied my half-brother, who took upon him principally to answer for the party.

"Charming sail there!" observed Purkis, from a distant sofa.

"How did the crew turn out?"

"O! they were capital fellows when we got to sea."

"Ah! But now, about Dunkerque, you know—about the place itself?"

"Yes; what about it?"

"Well; that's what I want to know.

Come, now, was there any interest about the place at all?"

"Well; they couldn't say there was!"

"Had it a Shandyan look?"

"No; it hadn't a Shandyan look—O, no!"

"Were there any fine buildings about the place?"

"No; no fine buildings."

"Any antiquities?"

"No; no antiquities—but, then, they had had such a delightful sail there!"

"Yes; and how about the sail back? That didn't look very delightful?"

"No; that wasn't so successful, certainly."

I forebore to press them further. Very shortly the morose and sleepy stage of whiskey-and-water set in, and no more tidings relative to this memorable cruise were to be obtained.

One piece of information connected with it, by the bye, which had already forced itself upon my attention, was destined to reach me in an official form. I had just got into bed, and was thinking of my first sleep, when I was disturbed by hearing the door of my bedroom opened gently, and the voice of Purkis calling me softly by name.

"I say, Charley," said Purkis.

"Well!" I shrieked; "what's the matter?"

"O, nothing!" said Purkis; "but with regard to our cruise to Dunkerque."

"Yes—what about it?"

"Why, don't say anything about it, you know; but the fact is, it was a failure."

"Good gracious me!" I said; "I was afraid of that."

"Yes," said Purkis. "I thought I'd mention it—good night!"

"Good night, my dear fellow! I'm so sorry."

"Charming sail there, though!" muttered Purkis, as he left my room.

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A PICTURE OF MERCHANDISE.

FRENCH Protectionists of great wealth and influence, aided by able literary allies, are now fighting hard for supremacy, and are defending themselves with might and main against Free Trade. They are terribly afraid of an English invasion, when it is threatened in the shape of a broadside of sugar-loaves; of a charge of cutlery from Sheffield and Birmingham; of a battering with iron pigs from Merthyr Tydvil; of a smothering with cotton goods from Manchester; of a choking with salt fish from our maritime towns; of a torturing by machinery; and even of a stunning by music, and a bewitchment by philosophical and optical instruments.

Against all these dangers, the French coast is well defended, and is not likely to capitulate, much less to surrender. Meanwhile, it may be instructive for us to know by what repulsive forces got in action by laws, ordonnances, and decrees now in vigour, our commercial missiles are prevented from penetrating to the heart of Gaul. These duties are the subject of a Government publication, called the *Tarif Général des Douanes de France*, and dated eighteen hundred and forty-four. Two supplements have since appeared, one in eighteen hundred and forty-five, the other in eighteen hundred and fifty. During the following years, fresh alterations have been made; and, to serve the requirements of the day, in eighteen hundred and fifty-three a new edition was published of the *Tableau des Marchandises Dénommées au Tarif Général des Douanes de France*. At this *Tableau*—this picture, catalogue, or list—the reader shall be treated to a peep; perhaps, by looking sharp, he will be able to detect a few curiosities of Customs Literature.

The original weights and moneys of the *Tarif* will be intelligible if the English reader will only bear in mind that French accounts are kept in francs (value tenpence), and in centimes (the hundredth part of a franc). As ten centimes make a penny English, nothing is easier than the reduction of centimes into pence, by simply rejecting the accompanying cipher, when there is one, or by taking any odd five centimes to

represent a halfpenny. Thus, fifty centimes is fivepence; twenty centimes, twopence; fifteen centimes is a penny-halfpenny; seventy-five centimes, sevenpence-halfpenny. To reduce large amounts of francs to pounds sterling, divide the sum by twenty-five; thus, a hundred francs is four pounds; a million francs, forty thousand pounds. The weights mostly quoted on the *Tarif* are kilogrammes, or thousands of grammes, often abbreviated into kilos. A kilo is two French pounds; therefore half a kilo is a pound, which is considerably heavier than the English pound avoirdupois.

The foremost group of the fiscal picture is composed of living animals. Horses and mares pay twenty-five francs a-head; while he-asses and she-asses pay only twenty-five centimes. That is, an ass is considerably more inferior to a horse than a tailor is to a man; an ass is reckoned as, not the ninth, but the hundredth part of a horse. Notwithstanding which, good asses fetch such a good price in France, that the importation of a few would be a promising speculation. Colts pay fifteen francs; mules, the same. But mules imported by French and Sardinian ships, or by land, pay a duty of only six francs a-head. There is a special convention with the Sardinian states respecting these and other products. The duty on oxen is fifteen francs per head; a safeguard for native graziers. Cows pay twenty francs a-head; bulls (being uneatable, or nearly so) only fifteen francs; calves, three francs. Rams, ewes, and mutton-sheep, are taxed five francs a-head, amounting, together with the cost of transport, to a heavy duty on a flock; lambs, only thirty centimes; and kids, put on a level with asses, twenty-five centimes. Goats, he and she (either sex uneatable when adult), are let in for a franc and a-half per head. Live poultry pay two per cent. on their value. While the useless (for the national benefit) sporting-dog is admitted for half-a-franc, the useful pig is kept out by a lofty barrier twelve francs high. It is not often that pigs are sufficiently buoyant to clear that gate. A pig is thus four and twenty times as formidable as a pointer or a retriever. Sucking-pigs may enter for forty centimes; but a really sucking-pig, alive, is a helpless babe without his mamma.

Live game, tortoises, and turtles, are received with open arms, untaxed. Swarms of bees pay a franc each, the hive included; it would be curious to see a return of the annual number of live swarms so imported. Leeches are taxed no more than a franc the thousand in number, or exactly the hundredth part of a penny each, a nominal tax which presses lightly on the patient. But though leeches are bred in France itself, and are cheaper than they are in England, the French people have a decided passion for phlebotomy, or bloodletting, with the lancet.

Fresh-water fish, fresh, pays fifty centimes the hundred kilos, or next to nothing, in all cases; fresh-water fish, prepared, is mulcted forty francs for the same quantity, if brought in by French vessels; forty-four, if by foreign vessels, or by land. Note, that the favour shown to French fishing and French bottoms is carried out throughout the whole of this portion of the Tarif. Foreign-caught oysters pay a franc and a half the thousand; French-caught, nothing; the same of lobsters, except that, when taxed, they pay only a franc the hundred kilos. Mussels and other shell-fish rank with lobsters. For French-caught sea-fish, nothing is exacted, if brought into port in French vessels; otherwise, eleven francs the hundred kilos. Foreign-caught sea-fish, dry, salted, or smoked, pay from forty to forty-four francs the hundred kilos. Fish marine, or preserved in oil (like sardines) of whatever fishery, pay (note this) the heavy tax of a hundred francs the hundred kilos, or half a franc a pound, if from the stranger; but only ten francs for the same weight if from any of the French colonies. Marinated oysters pay twenty-five francs for the same quantity.

The French Tarif is particularly jealous of all goods, preparations, and provisions, that are salt, either naturally, artificially, or accidentally. Lot's wife could never contrive to get into France, except by the payment of an entrance-fee, amounting to considerably more than she was worth. Red herrings are persecuted with a degree of virulence which almost amounts to spitefulness.

You reside in France; salmon is scarce; you long to taste an English fish. Similarly, you pine for Yarmouth bloaters, of the kind just dashed with a grain of salt and delicately perfumed with the smoke of smouldering oak-wood. There arrive for you, simultaneously, at some French port, a fine cut from the middle of a Scotch river-monster, and a sweet-smelling hamper from the Norfolk coast. Now, fresh-water fish enters duty-free, when in small quantities, while salt fish pays, practically as you find to your sorrow, more than fifty francs the hundred kilos. Therefore, Mr. Customs' Officer, inspired with protectionist patriotism, whips

your salmon and your bloaters into the same scale at once, weighs them together, and makes you pay the salt fish duty on the whole. You protest in vain. Are they not both addressed to you, arriving by the same vessel, on the very same day? If you will commit the sin of introducing salt fish into France, you must take the consequences. You see the effects of evil companionship; you would have had your salmon for nothing, had it come alone. But the innocent salmon is justly condemned by its association with the guilty bloaters. It must suffer the fate of the stork caught with the cranes. The fact, though not logical, is historical.

The hard knocks which red herring, Newfoundland cod, Finnon haddocks, and every other species of the saline genus, thus receive, are instigated by a double motive. The first is pardonable; by depriving the nation of those luxuries for the rich, those necessities for the poor, when derived from any foreign source whatever, French sailors are driven to fish for them themselves, and a permanent school for seamen is established. But—there is a considerable but belonging to it. Nature often thwarts man's best intentions. The fish especially adapted for salting, to supply commerce with the provisions of whole populations, are almost all northern fish; besides which, a cool climate is necessary for their proper preparation. The fleets of fishing-boats which annually start from Dunkerque in the spring, to catch cod between the north of Denmark and the south of Iceland, answer admirably in every way; they bring home ample supplies, and they form hardy seamen. But for herring, the north coast of France is about their southern boundary; they make their appearance in the Channel late, often in scanty quantities and of inferior quality. So French fishing-boats go and buy ready-caught fish, of English boats, thereby committing an illegal and a punishable act, or they infringe and poach on English fishing-grounds, giving rise to squabbles, which at any time may assume a grave importance. On the Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts of France, what fish is there to salt? Nothing but a few sardines and anchovies,—things to tickle the palate, not fill the stomach; holding to cod and herring about the same relation, if so much, as the little bit of Stilton after dinner does to the dinner itself. Nature obstructs France in her attempt to procure the self-supply of salt-fish necessary for an empire whose subjects observe a great many meagre days in the course of the year—necessary also for the health of the vast inland population of the central region, where iodised and saline elements scarcely ever enter into their food by a natural course, as happens to the dwellers on the line of coast.

But there is another motive for the cool reception given to all salted foreign goods; and the sooner the French get rid of it

utterly, the more it will be to their credit. Its abolition and rejection will be only consistent with their claim, just in very many respects, to march in the van of European civilisation. This motive is the old, old privilege assumed by the government (formerly by the feudal tyrant and the monarch) to a right to a monopoly in the sale of salt, and to all the profits directly and indirectly thereto appertaining. A right to a monopoly in light and air would have pretty nearly the same foundation in justice. In France, the whole contents of the sea itself is, actually, a contraband article; that is, the contents of the salt sea, of the English Channel or the Atlantic Ocean. A freshwater sea, such as the upper part of the Baltic or the Black Sea, would not lie under the same restrictions, pains and penalties. Were the Bay of Biscay to dash an extra-high wave into the streets of Bayonne, distributing sundry tuns, gallons, and pints, of clean salt-water amongst the inhabitants, the bay would be guilty of a heinous breach, not merely of any dykes or dunes which may exist, but of the French revenue laws. It is not lawful to fetch salt water from the sea without a permit from the Customs officials. If you take a dip in the sea, at Trepport or Dieppe, and after swallowing, voluntarily or involuntarily, half a pint of the briny wave, you return to dress yourself in France, instead of starting for England or America to perform the operation, you actually do defraud the revenue by the act. What you ought to do, legally, is this; instead of drinking salt in solution from the billow, you ought to buy the same quantity of taxed salt at the grocer's, and swallow it then and there, or throw it away, no matter which, so long as you pay for it. In old times, when salt was exorbitantly dear, famishing peasants have been severely punished for fetching a little water from the sea, to season their miserable insipid soup. That a baker, instead of putting salt into his bread, should mix up his flour and meal with clean sea-water, was a crime to be put down by the severest inflictions of fine and imprisonment.

You cannot, at the date at the head of this number of the Household Words, have a sea-water bath without observing the prescribed formalities to obtain the water. Staying on the French coast, I have kept sea-anemones alive in glasses, and have been warned to be careful how I fetched my water from the sea, lest the Customs' officers should interrupt me. My bottle being very small, they let it pass on the principle that the law does not care about extreme trifles; had it been a pailful, the case would have been different. A lady, keeping a marine aquarium, explained her wants to the local head of the Customs. He came to see it; found it beautiful; and being a gentlemanly man, with some love for natural history, he gave a written order for the procuring of any reasonable quantity

of water from the sea. Every time the needful element was brought from the shore, it was accompanied by its passport, as formally as if it had been a cask of wine, or a suspicious stranger. French salt-sellers thus enjoy the height of protection; they are protected even from their colossal competitor, the sea.

The pages of the French Tariff contain a couple of columns which are the height of absurdity in our eyes, namely, those which treat of the export duties. It would seem to us scarcely possible that a nation endeavouring to attain commercial prosperity should cut its own throat by the imposition of export duties, going to the length of absolute prohibition in certain cases. The sending out of the country either charcoal or poles, such as hop poles, is prohibited; why, it would be hard to tell, as the growth of timber suffers no greater checks in France than elsewhere. From high to low, the people cannot understand exportation. The French populace is notoriously excited whenever any large shipment of corn or potatoes is made. A certain French port had sent a great many calves to England, and was driving a thriving trade in the offspring of the cow. But the butchers got up a calf riot, which assumed the character of a regular political émeute, by persuading the people that they were going to be starved, and that there would be no meat left in the country to eat. The imbecile rioters forgot that man does not live on veal alone; that the calves, moreover, were not given for nothing; and that the money paid for them would purchase bread and bacon, even if the payment were not made in kind by a shipload of flour.

One instance of the pleasant and convenient working of the export duties, is the following. China silk pays ten centimes the kilo in its unboiled or raw thrown state, but pays three francs thirty centimes in a stained state whether raw or boiled. The difference is made to gratify the jealousy of the French dyers. A party whom we will call X, after the fashion of the French newspapers, imported some China silk dyed black and boiled, and of course paid the duty of three francs thirty centimes. But finding that the quality of the silk did not suit his market, he wished to send it back again, and applied to the Customs for permission to do so. The answer he received was, that he could not do so without paying an export duty of six francs seventy centimes the kilo. Had the same silk only been raw, X would have had to pay just the ten centimes to come in, and nothing at all to go out. X wrote to Paris to the Director-General, to get a special permission for this particular case; his answer was that, whether the silk had paid duty or not, it must be assimilated to the Tariff of the French for exportation.

An article of apparently trifling importance will illustrate the spirit of the French and English tariffs, and their effects. English

lace is prohibited altogether in France. The same kind of lace, made in France on the same machines, is allowed to come into England without the payment of a farthing duty. It is a singular fact that this French lace (a considerable portion of which goes to England, either there to be consumed or to be re-exported) is actually made from English cotton upon which the French government charges an import duty of from fifteen to fifty per cent. on its value. The lace, returned in its new shape to England, becomes an object of merchandise, of course with a profit to the vendors through whose hands it passes. England reaps the advantage of being made the market for foreign goods. American and other buyers are saved taking a journey to France; they find what they want in London, and they spend their money there, instead of in Paris. England gains by her liberality; France loses by her illiberality. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

A page of the Tariff now stares me in the face, in which the word prohibited, with a capital P, assumes all the forms, singular, plural, masculine, and feminine, of which French grammar renders it capable. Cutlery, arms of war; munitions of war, comprising gunpowder, capsules, and projectiles; metal works in cast-iron, plate-iron, wrought-iron, tinned-iron, and steel, in copper, tin, or zinc, and other metals not denominated, are prohibés or prohibées, according to their gender. A few slight exceptions are made (amongst them, armes de commerce and leaden wares), but so heavily encumbered with impediments as scarcely to suffer them to pass. Tools, wire-cloth, needles, and hooks, are dressed up with figures that render them frightful in an importer's eyes. Hatred to cold iron is evinced throughout in several ingenious ways. Thus, empty barrels, containing a hectolitre, pay twenty-five centimes each, if hooped with wood; the same casks pay two francs twenty centimes if hooped with iron. On anchors and iron cables the duty is from fifteen to upwards of forty francs the hundred kilos. Umbrellas and parasols pay from seventy-five centimes to two francs each, the difference depending on the material and not on the size. Carriages on springs or lined and painted are absolutely prohibited; agricultural carriages, waggons, and tumbrils may come in for fifteen per cent. on their value. Be it remembered that the value of all new things is estimated on a very different principle to that of old things; with the latter, the officials may be yielding and good-natured. They often are. With the former, they dare not; everything is screwed up to the highest pitch; and they are not seldom incredulous when the true cost-price of goods in England is stated. India-rubber articles are taxed at from twenty to upwards of two hundred and twelve francs the hundred kilos.

The French Tariff performs a work of supererogation, by taxing heavily many articles in which the people themselves excel, and which they are much more likely to export than to import. It is as if Newcastle were to petition for a crushing protective duty on coals. Artificial flowers, and other details of fashionable adornment, to enter France, must pay twelve per cent. on their value. Wooden shoes (untrimmed with fur) pay from twelve to upwards of thirteen francs, and from twenty-five to upwards of twenty-seven francs the hundred kilos weight, according as they are common or painted and varnished. Mercury is mulcted either in one or two hundred francs the kilo, the amount depending on whether it is common or fine. Buttons—listen, Birmingham, and tremble—of all kinds, whether silk, cotton, wool, metal, or mixed, are smitten with the same heavy measure of exclusion.

French duties on musical instruments are droll, being severe on domestic and devotional harmony, but lax towards the means of outdoor and uproarious performances. Fifes, flutes, and pipes (galoubets), pay the odd sum of sixty-three centimes each; flutes, kits, and triangles, seventy-five centimes; citherns, mandolines, psalteries, lutes, drums, tambourines, kettle-drums, dulcimers, and cymbals (the pair), one franc fifty centimes; altos, viols, violins, bassoons, guitars and lyres, bird-organs, horns, serpents, bugles, trumpets, and trombones, pay three francs each. Clarinettes and hautbois are admitted for four francs; simple hurdy-gurdies are charged five francs each. Basses, counter-basses, chapeaux-chinois or chinese hats (triangular pieces of brass on a pole, garnished with little bells), and double-drums, rise to the admission ticket of seven francs fifty centimes. Spinnetts (surely a retrospective levy), harmonicas, organised hurdy-gurdies, and portable organs, mount to the impost of eighteen francs. A harp pays six-and-thirty francs. Square piano-fortes, pay three hundred francs each. Cabinet, cottage, or grand, suffer the heavy infliction of four hundred francs. Of course, nobody in France ever puts money into the Government pocket by paying a duty of twelve pounds sterling on a foreign piano. A usable French one can be bought for the money. In the very frequent case of English families resident in France, who get over their own furniture from home, an English piano, which has been used and bears marks of usage (an indispensable condition), is admitted on the same terms as worn furniture, namely, the payment of fifteen per cent. on its present value (not on the value of its original cost), besides the additional supplementary charges. For the duties here given are what may be called the net duties: there are tenths over and above, sometimes two-tenths over and above, to pay, besides stamps and droits, which swell the amount considerably.

Similar augmentations, in various shapes, are applied to most other articles. It would not be easy for the same family to get in two second-hand pianos at once; they might be suspected of making a trade of them. It is not that the Customs' officers are unfair or exacting in respect to the estimated value of such instruments; but the French instrument-makers look upon their arrival with a very evil eye, and will get up a piano-riot some of these days, to the cry of "Protect us!" if a too formidable invasion of second-hands goes on. The duty on a church-organ (from which a good chamber-organ would have a difficulty in escaping) is four hundred francs.

It will hardly be believed that an enlightened nation, one of the pioneers of scientific progress, should virtually exclude all optical instruments, all instruments of calculation, observation, and precision, by a duty of thirty per cent. on their value, besides the additional load of over-and-aboves. Respecting these instruments there is a special proviso; as the people at the Custom House are likely to be ignorant of the true value of philosophical wares, and might be misled by a false declaration of value, you cannot take possession of your English telescope or box of mathematical instruments, on their arrival, without signing a declaration that you will pay any additional duty that may be adjudged by the Consulting Committee of Arts and Manufactures at Paris, supposing that they estimate the value differently to you. The tax adds next to nothing to the revenue; it is a vexatious check on mutual and international instruction; and is merely a protection to some half-dozen makers of scientific instruments. In any case of a dispute with the Customs in respect to the value or the merit of an instrument, you must receive judgment from those very men, or their intimate friends and colleagues; because the choice of a scientific tribunal is necessarily limited; they themselves are the only experts. An English microscope, value forty pounds, must pay three hundred francs, according to the Tarif, to get into France. But it does not get in for so little as that, on account of the additional décimes, and so on. Surely it shows that French opticians, with all their pretensions, which are justifiable to a certain degree, are nevertheless terribly afraid of English competition. Meanwhile, a serious hindrance is put to opportunities of scientific observation. But if Nachet, and others, can make better and cheaper microscopes than ours, they need not be alarmed at the admission of our instruments. Let them petition the Government to take off the illiberal and obstructive tax. They won't do any such thing.

The Diana of the Ephesians shows her spirit down to the very question of spoons and forks. Instead of the precious metals being welcomed, gold and silver plate find

the door as good as closed against them. French silversmiths are delighted to have your family plate excluded by a barrier of five-and-twenty per cent, unless you like to have it broken up and refashioned by them, in which case you get it in at a cheaper rate. This, and the tariff on scientific instruments, defeats itself rather than benefits the Government. An optical instrument is a combination of metal and glass, whose value consists in the skill of that combination; disjointed, it is valueless and unintelligible to ordinary beholders and manipulators. Once well fitted together, it can be unscrewed again into bits of brass and bits of glass, whose use is unknown to those not in the secret. And so, morsels are smuggled in, one at a time, till the forbidden help to knowledge is reconstructed. That is how the law works, in numerous instances. The same of plate. There is an immense deal of foreign plate in France, daily displayed on dinner-tables, which entered without submitting to the fine of twenty-five per cent. I have even partaken, with relish, of repasts that were served and eaten by the help of these surreptitious utensils.

A Government is only fulfilling its duty when it teaches its children to walk alone and to lean on as few foreign crutches as possible; but there is a difference between encouraging home-made machinery and giving way to a perfect machinophobia. French-made machinery, sent to the Great Exhibition at London, has had great difficulty in getting back home again, and has even had to pay duty for the privilege of landing on its own coast. The very name of a machine puts the whole army of douaniers into feverish excitement. Of this weakness X. had a laughable proof on the occasion of his importing, for the use of his family, a homely utensil which, unluckily for him, had received the sounding title of American Washing-machine. The pretentious word machine condemned it at once. Ambition was its ruin. But, poor thing, it was a very humble attempt at machinery. It was nothing but a tub lined with zinc, containing a few loose wooden balls, and having attached to it a simple lever with a cast-iron ball at the end. For this unpretending vessel the same duty was demanded as for the most complicated machine possible to be constructed, and all because it had been raised by the maker to the style and dignity of a washing-machine, thus levying a duty of five-and-thirty shillings on a thing which cost only fifty shillings in England, and so priced as a patent article. If free from the patent, it could be built for twenty shillings.

Let us cull a few final flowers from the Tarif, and tie them together as a parting bouquet. Salt pork pays from thirty-three francs to thirty-six francs thirty centimes the hundred kilos; fresh butcher's meat, nineteen francs eighty centimes. The taxes on

skins are so intricate that I give up the task of unravelling them; ditto for all sorts of fur and peltry. Dyed wools, of any kind, pay more than three hundred francs the hundred kilos. Quills pay ten francs; cut pens, two hundred and forty for the same weight; feathers for beds, sixty francs; feathers for adornment, from one hundred to four hundred francs. Fish-oil, spermaceti, and whalebone pay an infinitesimal duty if caught by the French, a considerable duty if caught by the stranger. At the head of the substances proper for medicine and perfumery, stand—What?—Vipers, which are taxed ten francs per hundred in number, or a penny a-piece for the charming creatures. Musk pays a hundred francs the single kilo; civet, a hundred and twenty-three; musk-rats' tails twenty-five, if coming by French ships; otherwise, more. Amongst these articles we find dried he-goat's blood, bezoars, castoreum, the eyes of crayfish, the bones of stags' hearts, and the feet of the elk; the last, probably, intended to be used as an antidote to epileptic fits. Sponge ranges from sixty to upwards of two hundred and twelve francs the hundred kilos. Five francs is the gentle tax on the same weight of the scales of the bleak, for making false pearls. Mother-of-pearl oscillates between five, and seventy francs; wolfs' teeth, between five and five-and-a-half. On these there is an export duty of twenty-five centimes.

Here we will hold; enough of complexity worse complicated. Yet there are people living who esteem it patriotism to maintain the now existing Tarif as a protection to national productions. If they prefer bad and dear iron, dear cotton goods, dear indifferent flannel, dear sugar, to good and cheap, let them have them, by all means; but they might clear away a few scarce items which are only a subject of ridicule.

THREE MASTERS.

I WAS never anything but a fine, old country gentleman, living upon my property, and passing the whole of my days in the sports of the field. The gun or the fishing-rod was seldom out of my hands, except when a scarlet coat was on my back, and I was on the back of my favourite steed. I was the steady, persevering amateur-butcher of my county, known and dreaded by the brute creation for miles and miles, and no huntsman's dinner—no angler's festival was considered complete unless I consented to grace the board, either as the president or the honoured guest. No one ever thought me cruel, no one ever called me a brute; on the contrary, I was looked upon as a manly representative of a manly race, whose gradual decline and probable extinction was a great and irreparable loss to the country.

One day I went wild-duck shooting. My water-boots were out of order—in fact, I

wanted a new pair; but the weather was so favourable for the sport, and I was so eager, that I could not wait until a proper equipment arrived from London. I knew I was flying in the face of danger—my old house-keeper (I have neither wife nor children) told me so; and when I came back at night, wet through to the legs, with very strong symptoms of inflammatory cold, no one in the house expressed any surprise, unless it was at my obstinate folly.

The sequel is soon told; a high fever followed, and as I had always been very free with brandy and old port wine, I was peculiarly open to an attack of this kind, and in a few days I gave up the ghost.

On knocking for admission, in the usual way, at the door of Elysium, I met with a very cold reception at the hands of the porter.

"I think, sir," he said, "you're a little afore your time?"

"How can that be?" I asked, "I died in the regular way."

"Not exactly in the regular way," he replied, "as far as I understand it; howsoever, it's nothing to do with me; I've only got to obey orders, and to tell you that your little place inside is not half ready, and won't be finished for some years."

"Come," I said, getting indignant, "enough of this nonsense, open the gate."

"Oh," he returned sneeringly, handing me a written paper, "this game won't do with me; I've seen too much of it."

"You rascal," I shouted, now fully enraged, "this impertinence shall be reported to your employers."

"Report away!" he replied, laughing, "two can play at that. If a gent goes and commits suicide, or the next thing to it, he must take the consequences, that's all."

Before I could turn and strike him to the ground for this insult, he had closed the wicket, and I was left to grope my way once more in the outer darkness.

It was some time before I again reached daylight, and was able to read my paper. It fully authorised the remarks of the surly porter, by reproving me for the manner in which I had prematurely, and almost knowingly, put an end to a not very valuable or wisely spent existence. It showed me how very closely such a piece of folly as I had been guilty of, in standing up to my waist in water half a-day in leaky boots, bordered upon the prohibited crime of self-destruction. My place in Elysium was not prepared for my reception, as I was not due for the next five and twenty years; and I was ordered to fill up the remainder of my allotted time on earth in the disagreeable condition of the metempsychosis.

Scarcely had I got to the end of his mandate, when I was felled to the ground; a darkness came over my eyes, which seemed to me to last for many hours; and when it

cleared away, my soul had transmigrated, and I found myself a dog—a wretched, full-sized, half-fed cur, the property of a costermonger in the streets of London.

My master was poor, and considered savage; but as I had seen so much of sportsmen in my former state, I did not altogether agree with this opinion. We lived up a filthy court without a thoroughfare, just at the back of a pile of stately mansions, and my duty was to trot by the side of my master's barrow during the day, and to keep guard over it all through the night. The work was hard and the food was scanty; but the latter was as much as my master could afford; and I was not in a position to complain of the former, when I recollected that I had put many animals to much more pain for my idle pleasure, than this man was compelled to inflict in the hard pursuit of a bare existence.

I was chained by a log to the street-door, which was kept open, day and night, and my bed was a little rotten straw thrown down in the middle of the passage. I could not complain of this, as there were many children—dozens, perhaps—sleeping in the same house, who had no greater luxury under them. The square yard of our court was always half full of barrows, the property of the other inhabitants, who were all costermongers, like my master. There were many dogs who guarded these barrows, as I guarded my master's; and when business was flat, and my master with some of his neighbours wanted a little amusement to raise their spirits, or to occupy their leisure, I was brought out, being a powerful dog, and set on to fight one or more of my fourfooted companions. Here my master and my former self seemed to meet as sportsmen upon common ground, but it is surprising with what different feelings I regarded a dog-fight, when I was one of the combatants, instead of being one of the spectators. Sometimes a couple of precocious urchins—the glory of the court—would drag me out to make a match while their parents all the time stood joyfully by, delighted at the signs of promise exhibited by their hopeful offspring. I could not, however, complain in my secret heart—the heart of my former self—for I well remembered the day when my father took me, a little rosy-cheeked boy of four or five years of age, to pull the trigger of a gun which was placed across a gate, by which I shot a poor sparrow that was sitting chirping on a hedge, and blew his body into a hundred pieces. The policeman on duty in the neighbourhood of my master's court, sometimes came up, and put an end to these frequent dog-fights; and arbitrary as this interference of authority undoubtedly was, it struck me it might have been exerted with great advantage upon half the great sporting estates of the country. Sometimes lady-visitors from the fine houses at our back came round, protected by gentlemen, to investigate the condition of the lower

orders. Of course they were shocked at our brutal habits, and our savage nature; but one of the loudest-complaining ladies of the party forgot the time when I had seen her at her country-house, looking with delight through her gold eye-glass at the drawing of a sturdy badger.

One morning my master, either forgetting, or being ignorant of the state of the law, fastened me to his barrow to help in drawing a heavy load—a task that I had anything but a relish for. I was obstinate, and would not pull, which so exasperated my employer, that he struck me several times with a stick across the back, as I had often struck an unruly horse in the country. This brutality—as it was called—was seen by several people who cried “shame;” and by a policeman, who took my master and his barrow into custody.

“What’s the meaning of this flying in the face of an Act of parliament?” asked the magistrate.

“I don’t know anythin’ about hacts,” said my master, “I’m tryin’ to get a livin’.”

“Very likely,” returned the magistrate, “but you’re not allowed to get it with dogs. You’re fined one pound.”

“More shame for ’em,” shouted my master, “he’s as strong as a ’os.”

“You’re fined a pound,” repeated the magistrate, closing all further controversy.

My master was not prepared to pay the fine upon the spot, and his barrow was, therefore, impounded while he went in search of the money. The policeman unhooked me to let me walk about the yard, and seizing an opportunity, I squeezed myself through a small space under a gate, and turned my back, for ever, upon my unfortunate master and his barrow.

I wandered for many hours about the town, getting very tired and hungry, for I had had nothing all day, except some milk which I had stolen out of a milk-can that stood open by some area-railings. My walk during the afternoon and evening had been through a very genteel, not to say aristocratic, part of the metropolis, where the roads and gutters were swept so very clean, that they formed a desert of perfect hopelessness to a half-starved dog, like myself. Shortly after dusk I found myself in a low outskirts of the town, that would have been country, but for a long range of cinder heaps, that blackened the whole prospect. Going some distance past these black hills—still on the main road—I came suddenly upon a small, wretched hut, one half of the rafters of which were visible through the roof. As I was lingering in front of this building, the door suddenly opened, and a man stood full in the doorway. He seemed astonished and glad to catch sight of me, and beckoned me in with friendly signs, and the additional temptation of a piece of bread. I did not altogether like the place, but the man appeared friendly, the food was very

tempting after a long tramp, and a longer fast, and at last I entered. The man closed the door behind me, as I was eating the bread, and then called to some one who was in the back part of the premises. A shrill voice answered the call, and shortly afterwards an old, sooty-faced woman made her appearance, who was much more repulsive in my eyes than the man. He was powerful, rough, and gipsy-like in aspect; while she was sinewy, witch-like, and fierce in expression. They stood at some distance from me, conversing in a low tone, while I was busy with the food the man had given me.

"Three 'arf crowns, at least," said the woman, eagerly, "for a skin like that."

"No," said the man, sternly, "I won't 'av' it. I can sell 'im alive for that."

"Keep 'im, then," replied the woman, sharply, "an' see 'im eat 'is 'ed orf in two days."

"I'd like to keep 'im altogether," returned the man, looking at me with admiration,—"a fine fellow."

"We don't want the money, do we?" asked the woman, with a savage expression; "cinder-sifting will bring it in a 'urry, won't it?"

This last speech seemed to have the desired effect upon the man, for the next moment I found myself in his powerful grasp, out of which there was no escape, and I saw the woman coming towards me with a bright, sharp-pointed knife. Putting the previous conversation and these signs together, it was not difficult to understand that their object was to skin me alive for the sake of my skin, which is twice the value when taken from a living animal. Looking back at my past self, I was conscious of many things that I had connived at in quiet country places, not very different from this, without having the excuse of hard necessity as some sort of palliation. These were my human reflections; and while I was indulging in them, my animal instincts had taken care of my miserable body, by causing me to yell and howl at the top of my voice. The man tried to stop this uproar, by claspings my jaw, but I gave him so much trouble to hold me down in my struggles, that he was compelled to let me howl to my heart's content. Just as the old hag had got me into a position favourable to her operations, the door of the hut burst suddenly open, and several men stood in the room, and crowded round the doorway. The old woman dropped her knife, and the man dropped me to face the unwelcome intruders, who were a party of excursionists going home in a van, and while passing the hut they had been arrested by my howls of distress. The man and woman offered some rambling explanation, but it was of no avail, and the two miscreants, as they were called, were taken to town by my deliverers, to answer the charge of cruelty to a dog. The next morning, before a magistrate, they were sentenced each to three

months' imprisonment with hard labour, amidst the applause of a crowded court; and I slunk away once more unobserved, to seek my fortunes in another direction.

My last night's experience had taught me to avoid the outskirts of the town;—of the country I did not feel a very high opinion; and I therefore turned in a way that I supposed must lead me towards the centre of the metropolis. I had not gone far when I entered a spacious park, with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, with livery servants, horses, carriages, and every sign of luxury and wealth. I again began to feel the pangs of hunger, which came on with most annoying regularity; and as I could find nothing eatable upon the trim gravel walks, I took the liberty of snapping a large bun from the hand of a grossly over-fed boy in a velvet dress. The child was almost paralysed with fright, and before it could turn round and complain to its nurse, who was flirting with a very long, thin soldier, who seemed all legs, I was fairly out of sight amongst the trees. Going past a seat in one of the most pleasant parts of the park, my attention was drawn to a very benevolent-looking, stout, middle-aged gentleman, who wore spectacles, through which he was reading a book. There was something so delightfully calm,—so comfortable,—so good-humoured and respectable about this person, that I could go no farther, but lay upon the ground with my tongue hanging out, and my tail wagging in a most imbecile manner. If fate, I thought, had but given me such a master, I could have carried baskets, fetched sticks out of ponds and rivers, stood upon my hind legs, or performed any other well-known canine feats in a transport of joy and thankfulness. I was not long in this attitude before I attracted the attention of the placid gentleman, who gave me such signs of encouragement, as he slowly arose to go away, that I followed him meekly without any hesitation. We did not go far before we entered a quiet, spacious square, at a large corner house of which my new acquaintance appeared to reside. When he rang the bell the door was immediately answered by a servant in livery.

"George," said the old gentleman, very mildly, "take this dog in and see him properly provided for."

The benevolent gentleman's commands were instantly obeyed; and, in a few minutes, I found myself in a large dog's-house in a stable at the end of the garden, with a large pan of water and a large dish of bones and broken meat before me. When I had satisfied my hunger, and began to feel more happy, I looked about me, and I saw three other dogs' houses of various sizes. In one of these was a small black-and-tan terrier; in another a dog much larger, of the Scotch terrier breed; in another a still larger dog of the bull-terrier kind; while I made the

fourth and largest, being a mixture of the Newfoundland and the shepherd's dog. I learned in conversation with my new friends, who were all very sociable, that one had been bought of a man in the streets, another had been presented to the old gentleman by a friend, and the third had been encouraged to follow our master in the same way as I had. They were all well-fed and well-attended to, being taken out in turns by the servants for exercise, but never by their master. They had speculated much upon the character of the old gentleman, but they had not arrived at any satisfactory conclusion. He was not a dog-fancier, that was certain, nor was he of a sporting turn (I winced at this phrase), for he never went to the country; and why they were kept there, as if to be looked at, and yet were never looked at, was a mystery they were unable to unravel, even with my intelligent assistance.

For some weeks I was kept in the state my companions had described, and I began to get rather weary of the monotony of my life, when one morning there seemed to be an unusual stir in the house, and shortly after breakfast several servants came down to the stable, and took the whole four of us in a body into the dining-room. The placid old gentleman, our master, was there, and several other old gentlemen equally respectable in appearance, equally adorned with spectacles, and equally placid in their manners.

"George," said our master, mildly, to one of the servants, "is the surgery prepared?"

"Quite prepared, sir," replied the servant.

"Will you be kind enough, then," said our master, very blandly, "to carry out my instructions?"

Upon these orders the black-and-tan terrier was first taken away, and, after the lapse of a few minutes, the servants returned for the Scotch terrier, and, after that, for the bull-terrier. Although we were walking about the dining-room before being removed to the surgery, the gentlemen assembled with our placid master took no notice of us, but kept up an animated conversation amongst themselves near the windows that looked into the square in front. At last, my turn came, and I went with my conductor, and some little misgivings, towards the surgery. When I got there, before I had time to observe what had become of my companions, I was seized by several men, and fastened on a rack which held me firmly, face upwards, extended by the four legs, and in my mouth was placed a round block of wood, which prevented my making a noise. Scarcely had the servants settled me in this uncomfortable position, when I was conscious of the room being filled with the placid gentlemen, and of a very strong smell of drugs and physic.

"Since our last meeting, gentlemen," said a voice, which I recognised as our master's, "as you are probably aware, I have carried on a controversy in the public prints with

a correspondent who signs himself Canis Familiaris. It is not for me, in this room, to speak of my own triumphs, but it must be evident to you all that a mere theorist like my anonymous opponent can have little chance in an argument with an unflinching experimentalist like myself. When Canis Familiaris asserts that a decoction of Apocynum (the common poisonous plant known as dog's-bane) will not kill a healthy dog; I silence him for ever when I reply that I have administered with my own hands fourteen different doses of this vegetable poison to fourteen different dogs of various sizes, and that I have their lifeless bodies now in my dissecting-room, as a proof against all the world."

A murmur of satisfaction was heard from the placid gentlemen after this speech, mingled with the clatter of glasses. At first I supposed our time had come, and that draughts of dog's-bane were being poured out for our immediate destruction; but I found from the smell that sherry was being drunk, and from the thick voices of the placid gentlemen that biscuits were being eaten.

"Doctor Borax," said our master, with an ill-suppressed air of triumph, "do you still adhere to your assertion that the fossil we have here is not the remains of the common dog?"

"I do, distinctly," replied Doctor Borax, rather indistinctly, for his mouth was half full of biscuit.

"Very well," returned our master, with a chuckle; "I assert the contrary; and what is more, I am prepared to prove, by direct comparison, that the fossil is the remains of one of two dogs—the Scotch terrier, or the bull-terrier."

Another murmur of satisfaction ran round the room at the close of this confident remark, mingled still with the clatter of wine-glasses, and the crunching of crisp biscuits.

"Here," said our master, with the air of a conjuror, placing his hand upon a substance which made a hollow sound, "I have a full-grown, healthy specimen of the bull-terrier, and here" (there was another hollow sound) "I have an equally favourable specimen of the Scotch terrier."

There was a general movement at this point amongst the placid gentlemen, as if for examination; and I judged rightly from the two hollow sounds that my unfortunate dog-companions were similarly situated to myself close to where our master stood, and that he had caused the noise by dropping his hand upon their extended stomachs. When the placid gentlemen appeared to be satisfied, our master clicked a small table bell, which was immediately answered by the usual servant.

"George," said our master, "take those two dogs down to Mr. James in the dissecting-room, who will prepare them according to my instructions."

While these orders were being carried out, my master resumed his discourse.

"Gentlemen," he said, "to return in the interim to this question of the effect of the vulgar poison known as dog's-bane, upon the common dog; I am prepared to show you how erroneous is the general impression that the greater size of the animal, the greater will be his power of resisting the action of this deadly herb. I have proved by the fourteen dogs that I have already destroyed, that dog's-bane is not merely an ignorant, groundless title for a common plant (as asserted by *Canis Familiaris*, and many others), but that it is the most nauseous and effective poison that can be administered to the whole canine-race."

Another murmur of approval followed this speech, still joined by the clatter of wine-glasses.

"Let us understand you, distinctly, doctor," said a very mild gentleman in the room, who appeared to be taking notes; "you say a large dog will expire under an equal dose of dog's-bane, earlier than a smaller dog?"

"I do," returned the doctor, proudly; "and to carry out my invariable plan of experiment, I have provided a small black-and-tan terrier, and a large specimen of the mixed Newfoundland and shepherd breed, upon both of which it is my intention to operate, before your eyes."

Alarmed as I was at the danger of my position, I could not help indulging in reflections upon nice distinctions; and as I had learned how fine was the line which divided suicide from an obstinate running into fatal danger, I was now anxious to know why my two former tormentors were punished by an offended law, while this little knot of half-employed doctors, without any secrecy, could destroy a hundred animal lives for the sake of a crotchety theory, and be protected by the broad shield of cold-blooded and pretended science.

While I was occupied with these thoughts, I heard a faint gurgling sound, which I presumed came from my small companion, the black-and-tan terrier, as he swallowed the fatal dose. My master then came towards me with a funnel and a goblet containing a dark liquid; and I endeavoured to soften his heart by a piteous, appealing look. My effort was thrown away upon a pompous, self-sufficient, shirt-frilled, attitudinising smatterer of science: the funnel was inserted in my half-opened mouth, by the side of the gagging-block; the horrid draught was poured down my parched throat; my heart sickened, as the fumes of a hundred druggists'-shops arose to my brain; my eyes closed, and I seemed to fall headlong through the earth.

Ill, I had been—very ill—and weak, I remained, without a doubt, lying upon my bed

in my own room in the country, attended by my doctor and my old housekeeper. The cold I had caught in the duck-pond had turned to brain-fever, and I had been long delirious. The first use I made of my slowly returning strength, was to put a little more humanity into my field-sports; to change my rod and gun for a ball and a bat, and to make a bowling-green and a cricket-ground of unrivalled excellence upon my estate; to which all the lads of the country are always welcome.

MY MODEL THEATRE.

EVERYTHING depends upon management. Put talent by itself, and what is it? Put capital by itself, and what is that? Put talent and capital together, and what can they do without management?

I am the manager of the Gloriosa Theatre. I have no unrivalled stars, no tremendous successes, no last appearances, no performances by particular desire displayed upon the bills; my arrangements are securely made in another, and a more substantial, direction.

Next to a theatre given up, in Passion Week, to an orrery and an astronomical lecturer, the most melancholy picture in the world is a house with empty boxes, and a few people huddled together for warmth in the exact centre of the pit. There is one obvious remedy for this which will at once strike the most uninventive mind with the force of an inspiration. Paper—orders—free admissions? No. Paper audiences are cold, unimpassioned, fretful, patronising: nothing, in fact, if not critical. Their latent power of quiet stage damnation is something awful. Not only do they look what they are, but three or four free admissions will spoil them for life. They will come to consider the inside of a theatre, like a situation in Her Majesty's Treasury;—a place that any persons can get for nothing, if they only know how, when, and where to apply for it. They will never pay at the doors again as long as they live. These hastily-collected, sour-visaged, fastidious, ill-dressed people are never seen in the Gloriosa Theatre, their places being occupied by a hundred or more of the regular stage supernumeraries, engaged at any cost, who are carefully dressed in the theatrical wardrobe of private dresses, and then judiciously spread through the half-empty house. There, they act in divisions, under the eye and orders of their leaders, in exactly the same way as they are regulated behind the curtain; and one of them is, at all times, found equal to any half-dozen of the general public promoted from the pit to a private box by a suddenly received pass-ticket from a bewildered manager.

In the company of the Gloriosa Theatre, as in every other company, there are many minor performers who cannot be employed upon the stage every night in the week, or

in every piece performed in the course of the evening. Rather than let them stand idly at the wings, obstructing the business of the stage, and forming an annoying lateral audience to their acting companions, I always make them useful in the front of the curtain. How damaging it is to the character of a theatre, when a gentleman in one private box raises his eyes and sees his box-keeper—the man to whom he has just given a shilling for a place and a bill—standing or sitting in the box immediately opposite, peeping at the front of the house round the box curtains, like a burglar in ambush, and holding a bouquet in his inexperienced hands, which, in a few moments, he will level, with unsteady aim, at the principal performer? Such rude preparations in aid of the usual outburst of delight at the close of a performance are unworthy of theatrical management; unworthy of a common barn. They have no place in the beautifully regulated Gloriosa Theatre.

That remarkably fine man, as the ladies call him, in the big private box, whose blue dress-coat with velvet collar, white waist-coat, whiter necktie, and fine curly flaxen wig, remind the audience of the once finest gentleman in Europe, is not his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke of Meddling-beggar Seidlitz, as the profusion of brilliant orders upon his slightly-exposed left breast would seem to imply; but poor old Hobbler, my third old man comedian, who is 'past the regular business of the stage, and earns his salary by sitting for aristocracy in one or other of the empty boxes. Put him in the hands of the best dresser in the theatre (who alters his appearance every night), let him be conducted, when ready, to his allotted seat, and he does more good to the treasury in this quiet way than he ever would by gasping through a part upon the stage. That tall thin man, in the small private box, with the lofty brow, severe expression of face, and a plain blue ribbon across his breast, is a gentleman who has mistaken his vocation as a light comedian, and, having sense enough to see this, he is prevailed upon to personate the form and aspect of overwrought ministers of state, who are reposing from the cares of government by witnessing my excellent comedies and farces. To-night he is sitting for the Right Honourable the Earl of Beerhousie; to-morrow he will, perhaps, change his character for the Marquis of Needham; and the next night he will appear with a lady, whom I have engaged for the purpose, as Lord and Lady Longwyndham.

That respectable middle-class looking gentleman with his two sons, sitting in the front of the dress-circle, and conversing loudly between the acts upon the distinguished merits of the pieces and the performers: that stout lady in the upper boxes, who is obliged to be held down in violent fits of laughter, several times in the course of a farce: that genial

countryman in the centre of the pit, who swears he will send up the whole of Stoker-in-the-Marsh by excursion train to see the comedy; and those half-dozen rough, red-faced sons of toil in the gallery, who carry an encore, or initiate a call, are all familiar faces at the treasury of the Gloriosa Theatre, every Saturday afternoon from one to two o'clock.

Perfect as all this organisation seems, it is not sufficient for me without the aid of machinery. To rest entirely for support upon human agencies, would be to go back a hundred years in the progress of improvement; and I have an ambition to be rather before than behind my time. For this reason I have invented a clapping machine, worked by an engine of one-horse power, which stands under the stage near the orchestra, and is equal in its action to a thousand pairs of human hands. It can be worked by a child, or a call-boy, with a, delightfully-regulated crescendo and diminuendo movement; and it never fails to carry a flagging audience after it, like a flock of sheep following a sheep-bell.

It is not only before the curtain of the Gloriosa Theatre that the influence of good management is felt; but it extends behind it. Half the troubles of managers arise in the heart-burnings, the jealousies, the ill-regulated ambition of actors. Every man wants to play Hamlet; every woman Constance. I take little heed of talent in my green-room—I assume that to be equally divided—and in the troublesome allotment of parts I am governed almost entirely by weight. At one end of the room, by the side of the pier glass, is an unerring weighing machine, in which every performer of my company is placed every Saturday night, the individual results being conspicuously registered in the apartment for the ensuing week. A list of parts, with their proper weights, is hung up by the side of this document, so that any one may compare them. I give an extract:

ROMEO	Nine stone.
HAMLET	Ten stone.
JULIET	Seven stone.
JULIA (Hunchback)	Eight stone.
CONSTANCE (Love Chase)	Eight stone.
HELEN (Hunchback)	Seven stone and a half.

By this it is easily seen that if Mr. Firkin, my aspiring tragedian, weighs thirteen stone, he is completely shut out of the second of these parts; and with regard to the first, no sensible manager could rest quietly in a theatre while young Alderman Romeo was waddling about the stage.

If I had done nothing else with the Gloriosa Theatre, I should still have obtained a favourable notoriety by the philanthropic and patriotic tone which I have imparted to the house. I have permanently set aside two large boxes; one for the sole gratuitous use of any Greenwich-pensioners with one leg or one arm; and the other for any Chelsea-pen-

sioners who may have been similarly maimed in the service of their country. Not stopping here, I have placed every man upon my free-list, who was in the gallant company of the four hundred and twentieth African brigade, who fought so nobly in the last, but three, of our glorious Kafir wars. Nor do I stop, even here; but once a year I have a grand lottery; when every member of the audience is presented with tickets in proportion to the parts of the house they occupy; the holder of the lucky number being entitled to a magnificent prize. What is this prize? Not a vulgar, common-place distribution of sweet-meats, or copies of a new song, which has been sung by a young lady (her first appearance upon any stage); nor the gift of several free passages to Australia, reducing the great life-long undertaking of emigration to a game of pitch and toss; not the prize of a tea-service, or a silver punch-bowl, these things being reserved in the property-room for testimonials which are periodically presented to me in public by my grateful and delighted actors; not the prize of a richly-bound and illustrated volume of Shakespeare, which everybody would affect to admire, but which no one would come to receive; not any of these very usual and very obvious prizes do I provide for my annual lottery audience, but the gift of one presentation for a boy to that public institution which is vulgarly known as the blue-coat school. I find no more difficulty in purchasing this privilege in the open market, than in buying a share in a railway; and although the price is something considerable (about two hundred pounds) it would be cheap to me at double the money for the excitement it causes in the public mind, and the highly respectable character which it gives to the Gloriosa Theatre.

If the day should ever come (which I never expect) when my popularity will begin to wane; when my judicious management will fail in its usual beneficial effect; when my treasury will be insolvent, and my benches as empty as a nature-aborred vacuum, I have still one great card left to play, which I doubt not will raise the fallen fortunes of my house. I would become a martyr, a victim, an opponent, from conscientious scruples, of the detestable licenser of plays. Three pieces should be performed in a single night, not one of which had paid the regulation fee—not one of which had received the regulation sanction of the regulation official; I would be unmoved in my determination; I would not pay, apologise, or allow any inspection of the manuscripts; I would stalk into a law court; I would rot in a loathsome dungeon, taking my stand upon the great free principles of unlicensed speaking and printing. The country would be aroused, the whole press would be in my favour, the whole rotten governmental supervisory system would fall to the ground; I should be elevated into the proud

position of a theatrical Wilkes, and the great Gloriosa Theatre from that day would become both profitable and historical.

SEVILLE.

If from the neck of the long, transparent green bottle of Manzanilla I was this day week drinking, a golden-haired fairy had suddenly emerged, and offered to convert me into one large eye, so that I might take in all that is beautiful and strange in the City of Oranges, I should at once have waived all right to the use of every other organ, have felt grateful, and gone out to look about.

I had nearly been put to an ignominious Juggernaut death by stopping to stare at the meek brown-eyed oxen, with long red-tasselled taras jutting up for the sake of ornament between their horns: I had sat down entranced under orange-trees, and gazed myself stupid looking up at the great Moorish tower of prayer: I had thrown myself into appropriate attitudes of meditation over Columbus's grave, afterwards finding that it was his son's: I had loated on the muddy Guadalquivir, and had visited the Moorish Palace: Charles the Fifth in moonlit armour had chaperoned me by night up the Serf's Street, and round the site of the old Mosque: Pedro the Cruel, arm-in-arm with a sultan who carried his green turban under his arm, because he had had the misfortune to lose his head, chatted with me in the old Alameda, as we passed the shop of Figaro, or looked in at the door of Don Juan's old house: the coloured darkness of the cathedral, the sunny twilight of the veiled streets, shaded by striped tent-like awnings: the sombre, monastic streets, hot at noon as the desert sand: the dusty, scorched suburbs, brown and barren, were all known to me. I had sucked the city of Seville like one of its own oranges, and only the peel was left. A long hot day remained, and how was I to spend it?

I look round my room at the Fonda de Madrid, Plaza Magdalena. It wants ten minutes to the table-d'hôte dinner. What do I see? A bare white-washed room, the floor paved with large, red, glazed tiles; the walls hung with theatrical prints of Mazzeppa, with a good deal of white horse, and a good deal more gymnastic struggling. The broad, tall glass windows are wide open: for it is burning fiery-furnace hot, though it is now half-past four o'clock, and the tumbling, tipling fountain, that is always trying to empty its Danaë bottle, splashes and trickles in the great hot square, coolly and pleasantly enough. Not that I see the said frolic-silver fountain; because, to keep out the heat, there is a tent-like awning twisted over my iron square window-frame, and tied down all round to the railing of the balcony. I am just up, hot and steaming, from a short but pleasantly sottish siesta, after a tiring walk in

search of the house where Murillo, the last great religious painter of Europe, was born. My bed, in that corner, is a dry, bouncing sort of bed, built on a frugal and ascetic principle suited for hot climates, where a feather-bed would be a mild term for asphyxia, and is stuffed, I suspect, by the mouldy smell, with maize straw. The green mosquito-curtains I have rolled up round the iron frame of the top of the bed, because I usually get helplessly entangled in them, and resemble a mariner in a mermaid's tangle of sea-weed. I lift my red, damp cheek from the pillow, which bounces up after me in an obdurate and unfeeling way, being by nature singularly unresponsive and incapable of soft impressions. I look round at the wall, for fear of scorpions, and with a dreamy sense of that pleasant serenade from a distant guitar that lulled me to sleep last night.

A bell rings. It is the dinner-tocsin. "La comida e parada; dinner is ready, gentlemen," says Rose, the waiter and guide, in a double-barrelled proclamation, he being one of those split-tongued sons of Gibraltar who act as guides and waiters all over Spain.

I shuffle off my yellow slippers, that I bought of Yoo-soof Yacoub, the Moorish Jew, in the Street of Oranges, hurry on my boots, brush my beard, twiddle my moustachios into dagger-points, and hurry down.

Always the same company: the Gibraltar Colonel Martinet, and his pretty, satirical-looking wife. They are too proud to speak, though they are dying to know how to get on to-night to Cordova; so he chews his moustachio, and tries to joke at the Spaniards with his wife, in a playful and superior way. Then there is a priestly-looking man, of a rich Murillo red brown, with shaved blue head, who is soaking golden slices of apricot in his wine; a far-German baron, all spectacles and beard, who wears an immense gold ring on his dirty thumb; a young olive-coloured Don Juan, who I suspect is a billiard-marker; several Englishmen, who are cursing the mosquitoes and the heat; and a fat Canon, who has just tucked up his gown, ready for action, and has hung his black shovel-hat, which is at least a yard long, on the wall behind him. Rosy apples bedded in orange-flowers are on the table, and half the company are soaking their Muscatel grapes in water, ready for dessert. The dishes come in in that peculiar succession common to Spain. Soup, all alive with twining threads of white vermicelli; then some mysterious little sweetbreads, fried, the exact colour of a new-laid gravel walk; then delicate red mullet; then slices of savoury veal, smothered in orange-coloured tomato-sauce; then a small repast of endive-salad alone, much to the insolent amusement of the English bagmen, who laugh till their great teeth show like so many sharks' mouths rising at a bait; then quails and partridges, carefully dismembered; and, lastly, giant slices of a

huge Valencia melon, that melts to nectar and sugar in the mouth, green figs, citronised by the sun, musk-grapes, ratafias, more wine, and a light sifting in of sweetmeats to fill up the chinks.

No wonder the Canon crosses his hands on his butt or stomach, and turns his eyes heavenward, I trust in thankfulness. No wonder Don Juan leans forward to the central stand and selects the longest toothpick, that he may display a glittering paste ring on his lean, sinful little finger. No wonder the conversation so lulls that the chatter of the white-jacketed waiters in the hall, where the fountain dribbled and trickled, grows more and more audible. There is a dreadful noise of nothing, as Horace said of the country. I bow to the company, thrust back my chair, and stroll into the hall, where the landlord, cigar in mouth, is entering the visitors' names in the police inspection-book. The doors of the bath-rooms are open, gaping for air; the great apocryphal maps of London and Paris, on the walls, have no air to fan them up and down; the huge banana-tree, with the broad, split lined leaves, here and there spotted with whitewash, is silent, and shakes not with any fear. Drip, drip, drip, goes the fountain. I look at the notices on the walls. Great bull-fight at Cordova; a chocolate bull, leaping at a man mounted on a black Leviathan.

That won't do. Steamer to Cadiz, Miercoles-Domingo? That won't do. Ball to be given to-night by the celebrated dancing master, Pepe Blanco, Street of the Mulattos, near the house of Pilate. Opens at nine o'clock. That *will* do. Rose (my guide), we will go.

"Very well, gentlemen."

"Will there be any gipsy dancers at Pepe's?"

"Yes, my gentlemen."

"Fandango?"

"Yes."

"Bolero?"

"Yes. Yeas, Signor, Cachuca; everythings, my gentlemen. Pepe is first dancing-master in Seville. Perea Nina came through his school; he prepared the muchachas for the opera; he is good dancing-mans, my gentlemen."

It is nine, and we are on our way, by starlight, to the Street of the Mulattos and the dancing school of the filles d'opéra. As we go along the narrow, paved street, we are delighted with the beautiful interiors that we see through the painted iron-work of the hall-gates. The dark, unglazed grated windows, with the rolls of red matting hung over them; the flat roofs and watch-towers are strange and Moorish enough; but they have no charm, in comparison, with these family pictures,—so beautifully framed, and so carefully guarded within their chapel-like screens of iron (like so many twining flower-stalks turned to metal) that seem sometimes

to be the geometric cobwebs of spiders of the Tubal Cain period,—so lace-like and sharp, and tender are the knots, the twistings, and the intersections. Here is a house-door in the Street of Jesus, number seventy-nine. We disregard the great blind, yet jealous-looking outer street wall, which might be a prison—may be a convent—and we look through the one passage or marble-paved porch, which opens to the street; at the end, some ten feet up, is the gate of cobweb iron, wreathed and scrolled as if the design had been flourished in on paper by some Arabian master of complete penmanship. The curves are as of the waves and the clouds, or are stolen from the flowing roll of flower-cups or of vine-tendrils. They present no impediment to the eye, and—though safe and strong, to keep out thieves and lovers—are only seen when looked for. Inside, is the hall, the Patio or small quadrangle, which is the lungs of the Spanish house. The bed-room windows and the balcony leading to the upper rooms look down upon it. There may be a central Arabian fountain of melting silver, of flowing music, of singing water; where marble basins seem scooped out of melting ice, and brimmed with flint pearl. There may be a little pensive marble statue like a Roman Penates, guarding the lavish, generous water which gushes as freely as good actions do from a good man's heart. It has been the honest mirrors where dear, dead Dolores has seen her fairy eyes glistening a thousand times. It is the refreshing bath where the bouquets warm from her bosom were laid to lap and drink. It may now be a little green and mildewed, and oozing about the joints; it may have been a proconsul's bath, or a sultan's palace of ablution. There is a small grove of glossy-leaved orange-trees, at the corners on one side, or there may be a huge banana-tree, like a thing of Paradise, flinging abroad the generous arched leaves over the family circle below. And the happy circle consists of an old Don, with head yellow and shiny, who broods over a cigarette; a comely mother with black face, languidly busy, and perhaps one or two black-eyed daughters, Immaculata, and Rufina, with lace mantillas trailing from their hair-knots over their shoulders, who are listening with meaning smiles to a mellow, merry voice and guitar in the next garden, that are calling upon all the saints in heaven to bear witness that he, Juan (chwang) loves Inez (chwang, twang) and Inez alone (chwang); or perhaps there is only a single yellow light near a window on a back-table, and an old Duenna nurse is playing with some children, and laughing at Pedro, the waiter at the Café of Julius Cæsar, next door, who is smoking his cigarette outside the gate.

Once we look through the enchanted gates of gold wire, and see a dark court-yard filled with a thick odour of orange-blossom, and see a small forest of slender marble pillars, each no bigger than a palm-tree, and marvel

at the white glimmer of their reflections. Another time, an empty courtyard with only a glimpse, through the dark, of a winding marble staircase, up which Don Quixote or his duchess may have just passed. Passed or not, I don't see even Sancho Panza—not even a grinning Maritornes—sweeping up the place.

I pass the Street of the Sacrament, and reach the festive house of the dancing-master. I go up with a small crowd, what the Scotch call "a common stair." The next door is a lottery shop, and the door-way is covered with printed sheets of numbers. I pay at the door and enter. There is confusion in the passage—a spirt and crack of matches—which is unremitting. A Spaniard, when he is silent or looking on, must smoke. The men are evidently shopmen and clerks, a few decent mechanics; but there is no vulgar impudence or noisy bashfulness about them; no strut or stare,—they are unpretending and self-possessed, grave and almost dull. Are these the men who cap you in proverbs, who knife you in quarrel, who are the dandies and bullies of Spain? Are these the far-famed Andalucians, who are half Moors, and are the dread of the more stolid north?

They are dressed in short jean and gam-broon jackets, brown or grey. A few wear buff or white linen. They are all grave and brown, and have neat feet, and thin but shapely limbs. They all carry sticks, and wear the Andalucian cap,—a stiff black cap, with a low conical centre, and a high, round, stiff brim, which curves up round it like the walls of a burnt pie. Every one has a thin paper cigarette between his scorched thumb and forefinger. Every one has the end of his handkerchief sticking from his outside jacket-pocket. They seat themselves gravely along the wooden forms, which are placed round the room, at the end of which the royal arms of Castille and Leon are rudely painted, underneath a tawdry canopy. There are few women, and they are plainly dressed in black, with mantilla, and the inevitable fan. The cigar-smoke is as the smoke of a great battle, and the red sparks shine through the blue vapour like frosty stars, on a foggy autumn night.

The gipsies—the chosen dancers of the Macarena, the ragged quarter, whence Murillo drew his dusty-footed, melon-eating beggar-boys,—are there all by themselves, away from the Busné in a corner near the two guitars, who are burning to get at it; and near the half-dozen red-tasselled castanets who presently will go off together like so many hundred dice-boxes, shaken by mad gamblers in a drunken tavern.

There are six of them. First, their great singer, a half-idiotic paralytic boy, who, writhing in a big brother's lap (big brother is a kind fellow, but a horse-stealer and farrier) he sings *Las Casas*, which he draws out in a melancholy low passionate voice; so that it seems part a love song, part a dirge for an

exiled Indian race; partly an eastern incantation for some Cybele or Isic ceremony. He reminds me, with his staring eyes and outstretched neck, of the demoniac boy in Raphael's Transfiguration. He sits on the farrier's lap, a sorry sight for cheerful people's eyes. He helps in the low monotonous burden of hand-clapping (*palmeado*), the beating of feet and the *palmeado*, or final chorus. On the whole, it is awful to see him, for he writhes like a person possessed.

His big brother keeps looking on with a sort of knavish pleasure, while some Leporello in the corner sweeps the tinkling and wedded strings with his hand, and beats the guitar-board with his thumb. Another brother who, though of royal Romany blood, looks distressingly like a sweep—having a grimy, mean, sordid face—stares dully at the opposite wall, for he is blind. As for the sullen big brother, his little, weazel, black bead eyes, are always smiling out with hard suspicious cunning from underneath his depressed and bumpy brows. There they go, the whole happy and ancient family, shuffling their feet in time, beating with monotonous and unceasing regularity their horny hands, sweeping the guitar in rapid *rasqueandos*, flourishes, or *floreandos*, and drum-like *golpeandos*. Ten to one it is the barber of the street, Figaro himself, who now sings. There is an intense air of conviction about the whole group that they are essential to the night's amusement; and there is a twinkle of the eyes that seems to say, "O ye Busnó, how soon, if we chose, could we clear every pocket, and slip off to dear Macarena," the snug beggar's quarter.

As for Pepe Blanco, he, in his loose, unbuttoned jacket and staff of office, is preternaturally busy. He bows to me, he jokes with the gipsies, he condescends to Rose and the guitar; he seems a shrewd, busy, rather pompous man, who presumes on old saltatorial skill.

And where are the performers? O, here they come. That black-browed, hard beauty, is Pepe Blanco's eldest daughter (and manager, too, I should think). Her short, boufféed balloon dress is striped horizontally, with red and blue; she struts in it, with toes out like a reduced Lady Macbeth. She shines with bugles and tinsel bobs. She is all black bushy dots, as if she had adorned herself with stubby tufts, made of the beards of dead lovers. She is a little painted; her blush would be natural were it not perpetual, and were there not an unfortunate tell-tale spot of whitewash in the midst of that hard red that ascends to her lower eyelid. I should not like to say her eyelids were not darkened, but certainly her black hair is wet with liquid grease. On her stiff white hands are several rings set with sparkling rubies from the Philippine islands: her large feet twinkle in white

satin slippers, and her leg is a miracle of robust shapeliness. Her poses are masculine and abrupt, her recoil has the flexibility of steel. Her younger sister is a much prettier daughter of Eve. She is charming in pink silk and black lace, a piquant mixture of colours, and her complexion, though of the unhealthy-looking pale olive, is crystal clear, though no flash of rosy red glance across her cheek, be she pleased, surprised, or angry. She waves a glittering sceptre of a fan, and looks on everything with that jaded, lifeless, mechanical look peculiar to public performers. Her fat father's jokes she takes as mere professional matters of course: she knows the peculiar joke for each peculiar hour. Sometimes she gives a rueful smile at her sister, or oftener still, a sickly ogle, which is the mere result of theatrical habit. This is a sorry life, Dolores. This is poor work compared with Perea Nina, in her gilded rooms; or that favourite of Seville, La Campanila,—the daughter of the keeper of the Giralda bell-tower. It puts one out of patience, Dolores, does it not, to think of dancing before a set of clerks and tourists. What does Lady Macbeth think. Saint Apollonia, how like a Jezebel she looks, as she stretches her feet or crosses them softly as if they had on Cinderella's glass slippers, one over the other. The guitar gets more like a tin-kettle than ever. More running up and down the buzzing rigging of the strings, more rat-tat of the castanets, as if the room were full of cats, with walnut-shells tied to their feet.

I fell into a musing eulogy of the dance. I thought with gratitude of how it brings lovers together, and welds firmer love's half-forged chains: how it quickens the blood of society; how it makes the poor for a time happy as the rich, and how it makes the rich natural for a time as the poor.

"You seem as if you were going to sleep, gentleman," says Rose.

"No, no, not at all," says I, crying "Encore!" out of place, to show I was alert, and not to be caught.

Then began the Bolero, the Jezebel and Pepe Blanco's assistant joining: the painted Jezebel, stately in her parti-coloured dress, her waist tight and buckramed with a breast-plate of bugles, her white satin slippers twinkling like flying ermines over a Siberian plain, her strong blanched arms swaying round her head in perfect and harmonious balance. The assistant is a leopard sort of Pierrot, who wears a brown cloth jacket, a dark red sash, and light canvas shoes, which, intended to checkmate the heat, look like slippers, and give him an undress, reckless air. He is one of those thin oval-faced young old men one sees in Spain, with dry brown hair, and no beard or moustachios. He may be a barber, but at all events he has a serious air of intense devotion to his amusement, which savours of chivalry, and is amusing. I, who go every-

where through Andalucia, looking for Don Quixote, thought I had a descendant of him here; but no, his name is José-Maria, and he is waiter at the café next door, which bears the great name of Julius Cæsar; though Julius Cæsar certainly never took coffee next door. He is a small thin man, with no great gift of muscle, is José-Maria, the lithe waiter; but how he leaps and bounds and comes down, as if through the ceiling, like mercury, on the top of his elastic toes! He is this moment seated next the guitar, discussing a dance tune. Now he springs forward, meets the smiling Jezebel, and seems determined to dance her down. Their hands do not meet, but they turn and encircle, and *dos à dos*, each with the clicking castanets, which are answered by half a dozen other pairs scattered through the room. Even phlegmatic Pepe Blanco rattles a pair, and so does a little muslined-out sister of Jezebel, whose name is Lola. The gipsies work on with their droning chant and sleepy, unceasing hand-clapping, and the guitar tinkles and chimes, in threading the pattern of the dance. Now they end suddenly, with a clash of the castanets, which sounds like a smashing of targets, and everybody laughs at the vivacious vigour and surprise of the ending, which leaves the dancers standing, like statues.

Now they dash off again, as if disdaining and ashamed of rest; José performing miraculous feats of skill, turning as if his back was India rubber, and his feet spring-heeled. Herodias-Jezebel is quite a match for him, and stands up to him manfully, her great coloured dress swaying and tossing like a dahlia in a high wind. The canvas-slipped men with the black turban caps, fan themselves, as if seeing other people red-hot made them red-hot, too. They shout some sort of *Brava* and *Ancora* and *Bis*, that sound like *Se repeta*. They hark on the tiring dancers with encouraging *Jaleos*, such as the contrabandistas use to their flagging horses. José flings about his legs as if he were a *Fantoccini*, ties himself in knots, springs up in the air, and comes down in a step that instantly wheels him on round Jezebel; he pursues her, she flies, wounding him, Parthian like, with her great gig-lamps of eyes. She wheedles him with her wanton and swaying arms: now she follows him, he turns and bends to kiss her; now she again flies, and so winds the cat's cradle of the dance, that the castanets emphasise and punctuate, like the rattle of so much summer hail. The horny, dry click-click goes on in a loud cricketing as of a woodpecker's tapping, cheery, shrill, and loud. A man next me, with black velvet embroidery about his jacket sleeves, and with brass tags down the front of it, can hardly keep his feet still, so suggestive and stimulating is the sound of castanets to the Spanish ear. It is as a trumpet to a soldier, or a gun-fire to a sailor. How the gipsy

girl laughs and shows her great white horse teeth! How the possessed boy screams! How the big brother works away at the suffering guitar, as Jezebel and José-Maria see-saw at the *Cadiz Cachuca*, with its merry grasshopper accompaniment. Is not this better to Englishmen than the dull rites of a quadrille, or the giddy, but unvarying waltz of Germany? What a pity the old Zarabanda, that James the Second's court indulged in, before the vulgar romp of the pillow dance set all in confusion, is now forgotten, except by retentive yellow old music-books: but still we have the *Bolero* and the *Fandango*, with their staccato steps, and their abrupt, clashing pauses. As for the *Bolero*, it is a complete dancing-duel,—graceful and agile as the gambols of leopards. How beautifully the hands seem to sympathise and join in the dance, compared with our English performances, where hands seem mistakes and superfluities intended to hamper and embarrass shy people! How the feet run, and match, and pair, as if they had separate wills to the joined and bending bodies! Beautiful expressions of superabundant joy and youth, hope and fervour; beautiful similitude and pantomime of love; free, healthy, agile exercise, which really is dancing, and not walking to pattern. No wonder, then, that as the castanets cease to shake, and the hard dry hands to beat, the whole company of Pepe Blanco burst out with universal cries of "*Orza! orzazas, punalada!*" Jezebel strutting to her seat with toes rigidly out, and José-Maria sitting down, and lighting a cigarette, with not a hair turned. What wonder that since Martial's time Spain has supplied the world with dancers?

Make way for the gipsy-girl, who is going to show us how the Egyptian ghawasses and the Hindoo nautch-girls dance. She will dance the *Romalis*, which is the dance which Tiberius may have seen, and which no one but a gipsy dances in Spain. She will dance it to the old oriental music of hand-clapping, and to an old religious eastern tune, low and melancholy,—diatonic, not chromatic, and full of sudden pauses, which are strange and startling. It will be sung in unison, and will have a chorus, in which every one will join. Ford, the great authority in Spain, says these tunes are relics of the old Greek and Phœnician music. Even their guitar, of that strange calabash shape, is Moorish; it is worn and played just as it was four thousand years ago, before King Wilkinson came to Egypt and unpotted the Pharaohs.

The dancing-girl is, to tell the whole truth, not romantic; no antelope eyes; no black torrents of overflowing hair; no sweeping fringe of eyelash; no serpentine waist; no fairy feet; no moonlight voice. No. She is rather like a sailor's wife at Wapping. She has ropy black hair, drawn back behind her

ears, in which dangle heavy gold ear-rings. She wears a large red caulflowered-pattern gown, and her small neat feet are protected by strong high-lows; she is stout and thick-set, and by no means a sylph. I don't think the harebell would ever lift up his head again, if her strong foot had once come on it. She rises to the incitement of that quivering nasal wail that the wriggling cripple doles out from his straining throat, and, amid cries of Jaleo, and various exclamations of delight, aways herself slowly with balancing arms and shuffling feet that hardly seem to move. Gradually, as you get accustomed to the dance, you learn to distinguish the dull thump of the heel from the lively quick one-two tap of the toe of her shoes, as, like a young witch of Endor, she seems to swim and float along the room, as if her arms, with their balancing—right now up and left down, then left down slowly and right up—propelled her through some invisible medium of sea or cloud. She might be a sea spirit or a daughter of Lucifer, who is prince of the powers of the air. On her face there is no appearance but a beaming glow of quiet pride and smouldering excitement. Every now and then the girl lowers her arms and begins to beat the palms of her brown hands together to the same low incantation tune that stirs you strangely by its supernatural and untiring ceaselessness. Her arms, when they sway, move in curves of perfect harmony; and her hands, when they beat, beat in low unison like a muffled drum. As for the recitative song, it is more fit for Irish wake-singers or Arab serpent-charmers than for festive dancers, who dance to the pulsation of their own heart-music, and what other extraneous help Heaven may send them. The perpetual hand-clapping is exciting just as the perpetual low beat of the Sioux calabash-drum is exciting. It keeps the mind in a state of fevered tension highly stimulating to the imagination—táp, táp, táp, táp, it goes, like the perpetual drip, drip, of a wet day. Now the witch-dance grows fiercer and faster, now the lady of Endor wriggles from side to side, backing and sidling like a shy horse, and the double-shuffle going on all the time in a way that no sailor could equal; and now, to our extreme horror, Endor suddenly twists up her pocket-handkerchief, and, as the solitary dancer sways nearer to me, flings it in my lap, and closes the dance, her eyes laughing, her ear-rings bobbing. She sits down mid shouts of applause and cries of Jaleo! the paralytic boy wriggling like a scotched snake to express his delight and patronising approval. The big brother is also ultra-cunning and much satisfied. The guitar bends forward and bows his personal thanks. José-Maria looks not pleased. José-Maria thinks the Romalis nothing to the Bolero, and is evidently jealous.

Rose comes to me, after much dumb-show

and unsuccessful telegraphing. I get him to understand that I want to know what I am to do with the Witch of Endor's handkerchief. Did not sultans sometimes fling ladies handkerchiefs for Mormon purposes? Could I have won the witch's heart at a glance? I, who never won anybody but old Miss Truffles, who is always falling in love with quiet, unresisting men? Rose answers me (in spite of all my signs that he should speak very low) in a loud, unfeeling, vulgar voice, evidently despising Jezebel; who smiles stiffly through her paint, and fat old Pepe Blanco, who pretends he is not looking my way, engages in conversation with the guitar with unmeaning and spasmodic earnestness. Rose tells me in a blustering voice (to show everybody that he is my chief adviser, counsellor, and friend) that this throwing the handkerchief is a regular custom, and merely means that, as a stranger and foreigner, I am expected to make her a present. I must roll up half a dollar in the handkerchief, and return it with a careless bow (as if she had shown me a favour) to the lady. I do not much like the ceremony—am afraid of giving too little, not too much—and grumble like a true Englishman at paying twice over. I do it with a bow worthy of the roué young Duke of Richelieu, and, defying Jezebel, return to my seat, falling over my own stick, and disregarding all stares and whispers.

Then comes a Malaga dance and various Sequadillas, Boleros, Manchegas, Malagenas, and Rondenás. There are romances sung on the true Figaro principle, that "what they did not think worth saying they sang."

"Now then, gentlemen, they are going to do the Malaga dance, describing the bull-fight."

It is not Jezebel, nor the Witch of Endor, nor Herodias, who dances the Malagena, nor that little five year old puppet who, with side-curls, fan, and castanets, apes the woman with grave accuracy. No; it is Lola, a baker's daughter, a neat little quiet girl in black, who laments her want of the short dancing dress of a real Maja. She misses the waves of rose-colour and silver from which a Maja floats in the dance, like Venus rising from a sunset sea; but still, with a smiling face and brave heart, being the only Malaga girl present, and not without views of the stage, Lola, nodded on by an encouraging mother, passes from stately walk into stately dancing positions and, crescendoing by degrees, rises to the full free dance, which is of a measured minuet character, and seems to need no partners. It is a performance, in fact, of grave beauty, rising to swiftness like a fire that fans and waves itself into wider flame, and resembling the court minuet that cost John the Baptist his head. Her arms are Diana-like in their curving sway and balance. But now, passing a small scarlet flag over her left arm, she waves it to and fro in time to the dance.

Then, putting on a black montero cap, she arches it, and trifles with it, and finally places it in the bend of the arm on which the flag was, and goes through all the ceremonies of the bull-fight—the flag and hat passing for her lover, and she herself tossing and fretting with her head to imitate the action of the bull. Now she beats with her pretty feet or apes the pawings of the king of the herds that chase each other through clouds of dust in the low earth-banks of the Guadalquivir. Then cap and flag pass away, and she ends with the oriental beating of hands and the low, monotonous chant which is rude and simple yet impressive.

We tear ourselves from the perpetual motion, and with bows to the company and Pepe Blanco, pass down the rude stairs out into the street. What a contrast from the hot glare and noise. How quiet! I can hear the crickets discussing the price of flour down in the baker's cellar on the other side of the way. The image shop is shut; the slippers and plaids and scarfs are all put by for the night. The pedlar is gone from the blind church door, where he used to sell all day, castanets, old bottles, books, small-tooth combs, knives, and worm-eaten flint guns. There are no porters or Doloreses round the tumbling fountain. The church doors are shut, and the paradise smell of incense, that puffs out all day far into the street and into the market-place, is gone up to heaven like an exhaled prayer. The strings of mules no longer trip and clink and patter and stumble over the slippery trottoir. The band is hushed in the Square of the Constitution, and the fuego (match) boys are gone to their straw. The fierce Pagan-looking herdsmen, with their long pike goads and their strange rough sheep-skin jackets and leather gamashes are not yet coming into early market. The great pyramids of pot-bellied and toad-speckled melons are all eaten or rolled away. The great green peppers and the terra-cotta-looking pomegranates are hidden behind those gratings, and so are the chumtos and the prickly pear fruit. I see no one but a sturdy watchman; who, with a clear voice, calls out sereno (fine) as if it was a cathedral response, and he were minor canon. I observe he wears a broad yellow leather baldrick, and has a sheath on the spear blade from which his lantern swings.

Rose, addressing "my gentlemen," bids him look at a man eating iron. I ask him what he means by such ostrich-diet, and he tells me, pointing to a dark slim figure clinging to the window-bars, that it is a lover having a secret night interview with his Juliet, his Lola, or his Katinka. He is clinging like an angry parrot to the tall window-irons, pouring his delicious temporary insanity through the bars into her ear. That gleam of white is she, and that distant guitar that sounds so pleasantly up the quiet

street is some securer lover, serenading. Why, if one choose to be fool enough to pick quarrels, one might soon be, as Don Quixote promised Sancho, up to one's elbows in adventures. A finer city to get one's head broken in, I never saw.

I pass the Alcázar, with its horseshoe-gate tinge of Arab conquest and their conquering cavalry. I tread the broad steps and terrace round the cathedral where Shylocks and Antonios once used to meet as on 'change, cheered by whiffs of anthems and breaths of incense; now, white and bleached in the moon, it is lined with shadows of the great chains and broken Roman temple-pillars that fence it in. I steal a look through the Moorish gateway—the old court of purification—where the orange-trees are all black and silver with the moonlight and the shadow. I pass under the great Giralda Tower, the work of the pyramid-builders, its sharp brickwork, its faded frescoes, now all silvered out by the moonlight, and I reach the Fonda-Madrid. A sleepy porter receives me with a blessing, that sounds to me like an inverted curse, and I jolt up to bed, fastening my folding-doors with those long primitive bolts peculiar to Spain. Rose I hear under the balcony, expressing to the porter his doubts as to whether I shall eventually give him more than twice as much as his proper courier's hire per day.

I shuffle off my husk, my disguises, my properties, and cunningly slip under the green mosquito-curtains, leaving the little winged monsters thirsting for my blood outside the thin fence, like devils outside the walls of Paradise.

A great dark curtain of cloud lifts up, and I am in the fairy region of sleep. Hark! here rises old Seville; and from the gilded minaret comes the cry of the followers of Mohammed, "Come to prayer—come to prayer! Prayer is better than sleep—prayer is better than sleep!" Floods of white turbans roll by, in the midst, Yoo-soof, surrounded by his black eunuchs, with their golden breastplates. Suddenly, the train stops, and from a plumed litter a sultana, with eyes of the gazelle, hails me. She says—

"Time to get up, my gentlemen!"

It was Rose. Seven o'clock? Why I have not been asleep five minutes!

BLACK, WHITE, AND WHITY-BROWN.

For years have I sought him. From the days when I started in all the hope and freshness of youth, to the present hour, when I am sick and feeble with age. I have cried aloud for him until my voice is hoarse and broken. I have looked for him until my eyes are blind with eager watching. I have listened for his footstep, to find but the echo of that which I instinctively avoid. I have consulted those who should have been my

guides, my philosophers, and my friends; but their way of life had not led them across his path: their learning and experience had not taught them where to seek him. Black men they had found in numbers countless as the insects of the air: white men they had found in masses like clouds of dust, men whose whiteness was almost too dazzling for mere earthly eyes; but the whity-brown man was more rare to them than the black swan, the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, the blue dahlia, the lost books of Livy, or the site of the Garden of Eden.

It is hard to be told, even by the oracular voice of recognised authority, that we live in a world composed entirely of black fools and white geniuses, of black demons and white angels; in which the moderate, mediocre, happy medium, whity-brown man is totally unknown. If we go into those numerous lesser worlds that exist within the greater, there is still the same parochial faculty for imitating the manners and echoing the dogmas of the parent state. There is the literary world or parish, carefully guarded by its appointed beadles, who have strict instructions not to admit any stranger into the temple if he does not wear a dress of unexceptionable whiteness, scrape his feet upon the critical scraper, and wipe them well upon the critical mat. Can it be that, during all these countless years and centuries, no whity-brown man ever knocked at the sacred gate, to be admitted with a welcome, or sent away howling with a kick? The appointed beadles have never seen a man of that peculiar tint; those who have been refused admittance are all jet-black idiots; those who are assembled round the anointed altar, are pure snow-white men of genius. Look, and judge for yourself. Books, I am told (as every man must know who reads them), are of two kinds, and of two kinds only; those that overflow with wit, imagination, humour, pathos, and constructive ability; those that have neither constructive ability, pathos, humour, imagination nor wit, and are, moreover, indebted to a printer's reader for what little grammatical correctness they may fortunately possess. The first are the sole, inspired productions of snow-white geniuses; the second, the feeble ravings of mistaken jet-black fools. The moderate, sensible, mediocre, whity-brown man, if he exists at all in the literary parish, must live in carefully preserved seclusion from the public eye; for he never comes forward either to challenge opinion or to satisfy curiosity.

There is the great and equally well guarded parish of art, in which the whity-brown man was never known to penetrate. The parish of art knows of only two productions; the white man's delicious masterpiece, and the black man's unsightly daub. Everything is either priceless or worthless. There is no happy medium. From a Raffaele we

descend to a sign-board; from a sign-board we ascend to a Michael Angelo. The oracles have spoken, and we are bound to believe. There is the pure white man artist, let him be crowned with diamonds. There is the jet-black man painter, let him be broken upon the wheel. The whity-brown man has made no sign.

Architecture has only two kinds of building, to show an eager and expectant public. The scaffolding is removed, and the great work either stands as a noble palace or a mean county jail. The white man has had a limited fund to deal with, but has raised with it a structure which combines the practical solidity of the Grecian, with the spiral lightness of the Gothic. The black man has squandered unlimited funds upon a miserable abortion; a patchwork nightmare with towering steeples suggestive of a Christian temple, and porticoes like a combination of gigantic four-post bedsteads: utterly heathen, from the soles of their plinths to the crowns of their capitals. The whity-brown man has sent in neither design nor tender.

Sculpture also knows nothing of the existence of the whity-brown man; for he neither comes forward to adorn the metropolis, nor to disgrace his country; to caricature our greatest heroes in stone, nor to hand them down to admiring posterity in graceful attitudes of marble. The black man and the white man are still the only visible artists; the first to be execrated for his ignorance of the commonest anatomy; the second to be worshipped as a worthy wearer of the mantle of the great Praxiteles.

If I go into the large and important parish of music, I meet with no better success. Black composers are reigning like false usurpers, without the power of putting together two harmonious notes. Discordant productions are being scraped upon discordant instruments by discordant black executants, listened to and applauded by indiscriminating black audiences, while white composers are lying neglected in unmerited obscurity. Suddenly the picture is reversed; the white composer is raised on high; ovations, money, testimonials, decorations, all are too small to reward his merits; all executants are too black to give adequate expression to his immaculate inspirations. But the whity-brown man, whether singer or composer, has never yet been heard of in this parish.

The great parish of the drama is filled entirely by black and white. There are obscure traditions existing that one or two whity-brown men have appeared upon the stage in the course of a century; but the evidence is not to be relied upon. Whatever may have been the original colour of the leading artists, they used every means in their power to alter the shade; and, rather than not be considered white, they even consented to be daubed black.

In the more important parishes of politics, war, and diplomacy, I entirely lose even the bare tradition of the white-brown man. All politicians, warriors, and diplomatists, I am told, are absolutely black, or absolutely white; benefactors, or curses to their country, patriots in exile, or dangerous despots in power; bloated place-holders, or disinterested guardians of the public weal; warriors who have neither courage, prudence, nor the faculty of combination; warriors who have the faculty of combination in the highest degree, who overflow with courage, and whose prudence is unequalled; diplomatists who are decorated moths who cut into the national finances, or subtle strategists who preserve the interests of their beloved country from the insidious attacks of rivals and wily monarchs. Nothing between these two extremes—nothing in the shape of a white-brown man.

I go into a law-court and look upon nothing but black and white: the plaintiff pure and spotless; the defendant a villain of the deepest dye. If the jury, in their ignorance and with their defective vision, fancy they see before them a white-brown defendant, and a white-brown plaintiff, I hear them reproved at once by the clear-sighted judge, who requests them to declare that they look upon nothing but perfect black and perfect white.

Over the convivial dinner-table I hear that all men are of the purest white, and have been so from their cradles upwards. Here is the furnace which purifies the blackest man amongst us, at least as long as the bottle circulates and the chairman is proposing the regulation health. The white-brown man is never seen at these gatherings of the good and pure; the stewards have not invited him; the oldest waiter does not know him. What am I to conclude, but that there is no such a moderate, mediocre, happy medium, rare, priceless creature as the white-brown man in any parish?

A BACKWOODS-PREACHER.

In the spring of eighteen hundred and one, John Page, one of the powerful orders of Backwoods-Preachers, held a camp-meeting in the Kentucky district. To this meeting repaired a lad of sixteen, by name Peter Cartwright. He was breaking down under the weight of unpardoned sins; which sins were, that he went into young company, rode races, played at cards, and danced. He found his consolation in that excited Methodist meeting. Suddenly, after much weeping and struggling with the Enemy of Souls, a divine light flashed all around him, unspeakable joy sprung up in his soul. The leaves on the trees, and the grass blades on the turf, and indeed everything about him, seemed eloquent and vocal, as if they were in very deed singing Hallelujahs

and heavenly choruses. His mother "raised the shout," his friends shouted, he shouted; for shouting is a Backwoods Methodist exercise and sign; and Peter Cartwright, aged sixteen, was pronounced soundly converted, and dedicated for ever to Episcopalian Methodism.

Peter took to preaching immediately; and, in the following year, at the ripe age of seventeen, received from the Methodist Church his formal appointment as exhorter of the people. There were only fifteen travelling preachers in the whole sect. The first two who had been appointed were James Haw and Benjamin Ogden; but Haw had gone off to O'Kelly's Republican Methodist Church, and "Ogden backslid, quitted preaching, kept a groggery, and became wicked, and raised his family to hate the Methodists." Yet, during a glorious revival of religion in a certain camp-meeting presided over by our Peter, Ogden got under strong conviction, and professed to be reclaimed; so was relicensed to preach, and went out as an itinerant again, "saved by mercy, as all seceders from the Methodist Episcopal Church will be, if saved at all."

They were an uncouth set these preachers; and even Cartwright, no exquisite himself, was sometimes almost ashamed of his colleagues. One Brother Axley came over to him, in Chillicothe, to preach, and they both went to Governor Tiffin's house to sup and sleep. Sister Tiffin had a lap-dog, and the lap-dog came in to sup with the rest. Brother Axley was helped to the leg of a chicken. Disdaining knife and fork, he took the leg in his fingers, gnawed it quite clean, then whistled for the lap-dog, and flung the bone to him on the carpet. The Governor laughed; so did Peter; but Sister Tiffin frowned and shook her head; which helped Peter very much. Worse than this though, Brother Axley talked about his stomach; and then it took all Sister Tiffin's forced frowns to keep governor and preacher in order. When they went to bed—

"Brother Axley," said Peter, "you surely are the most uncultivated creature I ever saw. Will you never learn manners?"

Said he: "What have I done?"

"Done!" said Peter; "you gnawed the meat off of your chicken, holding it in your fingers; then whistled up the dog, and threw your bone down on the carpet. More than this, you talked, right at the governor's table, and in the presence of Sister Tiffin, about scalding your stomach with tea and coffee."

Axley burst into tears, and said:

"Why did you not tell me better? I did not know any better."

Next morning when we awoke, continues Peter, he looked up and saw the plastering of the room all around.

"Well," said he, "when I go home I will

tell my people that I slept in the governor's house, and it was a stone house, too, and plastered."

Brother Axley had been "raised in a cane brake," and had never slept in a stone or plastered house before—in nothing but a log cabin.

These itinerant preachers, ignorant enough themselves, unable to construe a verb or parse a sentence, "and murdering the king's English every lick," had to deal with congregations even more ignorant than themselves, and oftentimes found themselves in uncomfortable dilemmas thereby. A Mr. Lee preached to a large congregation on the necessity of each man's taking up his cross—no matter what it was, it must be taken up and borne. Now, in that congregation were a miserable little Dutchman and his brawny wife, a vixen and a notorious scold, who left poor Mynheer no peace in his life. The discourse touched them, the "great deep of their hearts was broken up," and they left the camp determined to bear their respective crosses as best they might. Mr. Lee, riding homewards, overtook a small man staggering under a huge, heavy woman, who sat perched upon his back. It was the Dutchman, carrying his wife; and, on Mr. Lee asking if the woman were lame, and what was the matter, and why did he carry her, the little man groaned out: "Dish woman is de createst cross I have in de whole world, and I take her up and pare her, as you told us." The story ends by the wife being cured of her scolding, and the Dutchman getting clear of his cross, of his repeating his experience at every love-feast he attended, and of it being evident to the whole world, that "God could and did convert poor ignorant Dutch people," which Peter seems to think a fact infinitely note-worthy, as demonstrating the exercise of a special act of mercy, and an unusual manifestation of divine condescension.

It was in the revival which our boy-preacher was mainly instrumental in effecting, that the "jerks" broke out. He calls it a new exercise, overwhelming in its effects on the minds and bodies of the people. No matter whether they were saints or sinners, they would be taken under a warm song or sermon, and seized with a convulsive jerking all over, which they could not resist; for the more they resisted the more they jerked. More than five hundred people would be jerking at once. Proud young ladies and gentlemen, dressed in silks, jewellery, and prunella from top to toe, would take the jerks. At the first jerk you would see their fine bonnets, caps, and combs fly, while their long, loose hair would crack like a waggoner's whip. Two fine-dressed young ladies, attended by their two brothers with loaded horsewhips, came to a camp-meeting to hear the Kentucky boy. The Kentucky boy, being out of sorts, had a phial of peppermint, which he drank before the congregation. The

young ladies took the jerks, and the young gentlemen swore they would whip the boy, whom they had seen with a bottle which had some "truck" in it that gave their sisters the jerks. But Peter scared them by brandishing his peppermint bottle, which held the jerks, and which he threatened to pour out upon them. The fashionable young men with loaded horsewhips ran away; the ladies continued jerking, and the boy-preacher laughed heartily at his ruse. Before the year was out, all four were soundly converted, and received into the church. A very large drinking man, in William Magee's encampment, heading a party of rowdies, each with a bottle of whiskey in his pocket, took the jerks, and started to run, but could not,—the jerks were too powerful: he then started to drink, but could not get the bottle to his mouth, though he tried very hard; at last, in one of his jerks, he broke his bottle against a tree, and then he fell to swearing awfully. In the midst of all this blasphemy, he fetched a very violent jerk, broke his neck, and died.

Peter is famous for his spiritual excitements. Whenever he holds a camp-meeting, the mighty deeps of wicked hearts are broken up. There is an awful shaking among the dry bones: sinners fall right and left by hundreds, like men slain in mighty battle. There are shrieks and cries and groans, and powerful struggles with the Evil One; and then there are shouts and cries of victory, and converted sinners rush leaping and skipping over the encampment, crying out they are saved! they are saved! They are then held to be soundly converted: for Peter thinks that when once they are "happy, shouting Christians," "shining, shouting Christians," they are all right: for, no one with a devil can shout, unless, indeed, he be a Baptist or an Arian, or anything but an Episcopalian Methodist: and then he shouts because the devil is in him. Peter's theory is, that all men who have no good religion are possessed—bodily or absolutely possessed; and conversion, therefore, means exorcism. He has some wonderful stories of these exorcising conversions. One was the conquering of a "devil as big as an alligator," in a woman, who was a violent opposer of religion; though the wife of a preacher. "She would not fix her husband's clothes to go out to preach," and would not allow grace or prayers to be said in the house. When he attempted to pray, she would tear about, upsetting chairs and tables: and if nothing else would stop him, she would fling a cat into his face, which one may suppose was not very conducive to spiritual concentration. Peter undertook her. He went to the house of the afflicted preacher one evening, intending to sleep there. After supper, said the afflicted preacher, very kindly: "Come, wife, stop

your little affairs, and let us have prayers." She boiled over, saying, "I will have none of your praying about me." Our Peter then began expostulating very mildly, and trying to reason with her. But she answered him only with bad language. He then put on a stern countenance, and said:

"Madam, if you were a wife of mine, I would break you of your bad ways, or I would break your neck."

This called forth another volley, "almost beyond human endurance," says Peter, whose patience was worn threadbare.

"Now," said he to her, "if you do not be still, and behave yourself, I'll put you out of doors."

At this she clenched her fist, and swore she was one half alligator, and the other snapping turtle, and it would take a better man than he to put her out. So Peter caught her by the arm, swung her round in a circle, brought her up to the door, and shoved her out. She jumped up, tore her hair, and foamed; and such swearing as she uttered was seldom equalled, and never surpassed. Determined to conquer or die in this attempt at exorcism, Peter began to sing a spiritual song as loudly as he could, to drown her cries in the yard. The little children, four or five in number, crawled under the bed, scared to death, poor little things: what the afflicted husband was about we are not told. Still the tumult went on: the half-alligator, half snapping turtle, raging, roaring, screaming, foaming, in the yard: Peter, within, shouting out his hymn at the top of his thundering voice. In a short time the woman, having foamed out all her fury, knocked at the door, saying, meekly, "Mr. Cartwright, please let me in." He opened the door, and she entered, bathed in perspiration, pale as death, and quiet as a lamb.

"O!" she said, as she sat down by the fire, "what a fool I am!"

"Yes," answers Peter, "about one of the biggest fools I ever saw in all my life. And now, you'll have to repent of all this, or you must go to the devil at last."

So they had prayers, and the cat was not in request; and "in less than six months after this frolic with the devil," the woman was soundly converted, and lived and died a shouting vehement Christian.

Another exorcism was wrought on the person of a certain Major, who was suddenly seized and grievously tormented, because he had resented an impertinence of Peter towards his son. He was seized on the camping ground, in the middle of the night. He was in an agony, and roared and prayed so as to be heard all over the camp. His wife sent messages to Peter full of entreaty; but Peter was inexorable. He sent back word only: "The Lord increase his pains! for he has legions of evil spirits in him, and it will be a long time before they are all cast out." However, when he thought the time was come, he

went to the tent of the roaring major; whom he found grovelling among the straw, "praying away at a mighty rate." Peter prayed too, and called on others to pray, so at last the major got relief, and professed comfort in believing. At least a legion of very dirty little devils were cast out of him.

Another gentleman was uneasy at the extreme affection of his wife and daughters for Cartwright, who had converted them, and to whom, by his own showing, they were profoundly and dangerously attached. Cartwright at once says the man is possessed and must be converted. At a camp meeting where he went with his wife and daughter, to watch them somewhat more narrowly than usual, the programme of his conversion is arranged. "You must pray hard," says Peter to the daughter, who had warned him of her father's angry surveillance, "and the work will be done. It is not the old big devil that is in your father: it must be a little weakly, sickly devil that has taken possession of him, and I do not think it will be a hard job to cast him out. Now if God takes hold of your father and shakes him over hell a little while, and he smells brimstone right strong, if there was a shipload of these little sickly devils in him they would be driven out of him just as easy as a tornado would drive the regiments of musquitos from around and about those stagnant ponds in the country." Seeing him so confident, the daughter wept and raised the shout in anticipation. Peter succeeded. On Sunday night, when a tremendous power fell on the congregation, and the rowdies were struck down by dozens on the right and left, that special persecutor, the over anxious father and suspicious husband, fell suddenly, as if a rifle ball had been shot through his heart; being powerless, and cramped all over until sunrise, when he began to come to. With a smile on his countenance he then sprang up and bounded all over the camp ground with swelling shouts of glory and oratory that seemed to shake the encampment. The daughter went skipping and leaping to Peter, crying out that those mean and sickly little devils were cast out of her father, and they all went home, and for days did little but sing, and shout, and pray.

At a camp meeting, where a large number of Arians attended, there was wholesale exorcism—quite after Peter's own heart. An Arian must of necessity be possessed, according to our backwoods-preacher; it is the inevitable logic of the situation; so that when many attending that camp meeting recanted, it was because the legions that had distracted them for years were cast out, and they came to their right minds.

In that meeting the crowd fell by hundreds; mourners were grovelling on the ground in every direction; the cries of the penitents and the shouts of those who had got religion went up without intermission night and day;

and "it was remarked by many that it seemed the easiest thing for sinners to get religion here of any place or time they ever saw." To which, Peter's answer was, that it was plain to him that the Lord had given marching orders to the legions of little Arian devils to the lake, as He had done to the swine in the days of old, and when these were cast out it was quite easy to come to their right minds. But in one woman a sly little devil still lingered among the folds and arteries of her heart: and Peter and his prayermates had much trouble to dislodge him. Indeed the fiend baffled the preacher, although he struggled and wrestled so that the very heavens seemed to bend down. It was only after a fit of insanity, and a vision, that the evil spirit was routed; and the poor excited bewildered creature lived and died a shivering, shouting Christian. A New Light lady was not so amenable. She would attend the Methodist meetings, not to believe but to controvert. Peter ordered her out. She refused to go; but, instead, sprung to her feet, and began to shout and clap her hands. Peter allowed no shouting excepting among his own people. He saw a scuffle was to take place between him and the New Light lady, so stooped down, gathered her up in his right arm, with his left tore her hand away from the cheek of the door, and set her down outside. When put down she began to jump and shout, crying, "You can't shut me out of heaven!" "Be still," says Peter sternly, "you are not happy at all. You only shout because you are mad, and the devil is in you." When she ceased shouting, he said very coolly, "I knew you were not happy, for if God had made you happy I could not have stopped it; but as it was the devil in you, I soon stopped his shouting."

Peter does all sorts of strange wild things among his penitents and rowdies. One young man with a mighty, bushy "roached" head of hair. (What is a roached head of hair?) He punishes for sitting among the women by having this said hair cut off. Meeting the preacher immediately after, he said, "Pale as a cloth;" and, taking off his hat, "See here, Mr. Cartwright, what them rowdies have been and done!"

Mr. Cartwright, who had ordered the shearing, had "very hard work to keep down his risibilities;" but he told him to hold his tongue and be quiet; and soon the roach-headed youth left the encampment. Another reviler, who has come to the altar with a string of frogs, strung as a necklace on a bit of hickory-bark, which he intended to slip over Peter's head, is converted at the very moment of the outrage. While Cartwright was at the altar labouring with the mourners, William came up, leaning on the pall. The preacher kept his eye on him, when suddenly he leaped over into the altar and fell at full length, roaring like a bull in a net and crying aloud for mercy. Just about day-

break William raised the shout of victory, after struggling hard all night, and instead of gaining a necklace of frogs Cartwright expelled a demon. A lady, the mother of two young daughters, who had been caught by these very questionable camp-excitements, he takes by her feet, as she is sitting in the preaching-tent, slyly kicking her daughters shrieking and foaming at the altar. Catching the offending foot, in the very act of another gentle kick, Cartwright flings the mother back among the benches. And "being a large, heavy woman, she had a considerable trouble to right herself again." Another mother he struggles with, and puts bodily out of the tent, for the same reason, namely, her interfering to prevent her daughters being led away by the religious mania which Peter was so successful in inducing. In this instance the mother was victorious. She rescued her daughters, and married them to sober men of their own church, whereby they were lost for ever, says Peter. Two young sisters, Universalists, came to a Revival from curiosity, not conviction. One sister was attacked with the Methodist form of grace, and, on the mourners' bench inside the altar, gave way to her excitement. The sister was annoyed, as well she might be, and declared that she would have her out of that disgraceful place. Peter opposed, and the young lady slapped his face. This was too much for our Boanerges. He caught her rudely by the shoulders, and shoved her through the assembly to the door, calling out, "Gentlemen, please open the door, the devil in this Universalist lady has got fighting hot, and I want to set her outside to cool." She was no sooner handed out, than her sister at the altar rose and gave them a heavenly shout, then another and another, till five in rapid succession raised the shout. It ran like electricity through the congregation, some weeping and shrieking for fear; others yelling and shouting for joy. This was called a glorious meeting.

At an inn, where Peter puts up for the night, there is a party going forward and a dance. A beautiful, ruddy young lady walks up to him, sitting in the corner, dropped him a handsome curtsy, and pleasantly, with winning smiles, invited him out to take a dance with her. He rose as gracefully as he could, with many emotions. Grasping her right hand with his, while she leaned on his left arm, he walked on the floor, when suddenly he fell down on his knees, praying with all the power of soul and body that he could command. The young lady tried to get loose, but presently she, too, fell on her knees. Some of the company kneeled, some stood, some wept, some screamed. The black fiddler ran off into the kitchen, crying, "Lord a mussy, what de matter, what is dat mean?" The young lady was now in the true Methodist state, writhing on the floor, crying aloud for mercy.

Peter piled up the excitement. He sang and prayed all night; and, before morning, about fifteen converts had professed religion. This was the beginning of an enthusiastic Revival in that part of the country.

Peter was no respecter of persons. Intolerant and insolent, he was, at the least consistent, and the same to all, as he proved himself to General Jackson, when he had the chance. Preaching one evening in a brother Methodist's church, who should come in but the General. He walked up the aisle to the middle post, where he stood, leaning very gracefully, for want of a seat. Brother Mac, the preacher of the church, pulled Cartwright's coat-tails, whispering, "General Jackson has come in. General Jackson has come in." "I felt a flash of indignation run all over me like an electric shock," says Peter, "and facing about to my congregation, and purposely speaking out audibly, I said, Who is General Jackson? If he don't get his soul converted God will damn him as quick as he would a Guinea negro!"

"The preacher tucked his head down, squatted low, and would no doubt have been thankful for leave of absence;" but the congregation and the General, too, laughed right out, and the next day General Jackson thanked the rough backwoods-preacher and shook him by the hand. All finery, too, he hates. To one man with a ruffled shirt he calls out, that it was no doubt borrowed. To a Doctor Bascour, playing with his seals, Brother Axley, the hero of Governor Tiffins's supper, stopping suddenly in his sermon, says, "Put up that chain, and quit playing with those seals, and hear the word of the Lord." The claret rushed to the surface of his profile.

A lady, very fashionably dressed, he preached into Methodism and hysterics. Anxious to join the next day's excited love-feast, she was troubled about her fashionable attire. So she sat up all night altering and fixing the plainest gown she had, that she might go to the love-feast in the clothing suitable to a Methodist. At the love-feast she rose, gave her experience, and told of all the trouble she had taken to fix herself a dress proper for the occasion. She was a glorious Christian. Two young ladies, going through the same process of shrieking, struggling, wailing, and ultimate triumph, shouting necessary for conversion, took off all their chains, rings, earrings, &c., and handed them to the preacher, saying, "We have no more use for these idols."

A gentleman with a ruffled shirt and an awakened conscience could not get to the shouting part. It seemed as if there was something he would not give up. Suddenly he opened his shirt, tore off his ruffles, and flung them down in the straw, and in less

than two minutes he was converted, and, springing to his feet, shouted with the rest.

Peter has a grim sense of humour. When any who have been very violent against the Methodist church and "exercises," as their fits and feelings are called, are themselves overtaken, the preacher never fails to task them with all kinds of sarcasm and contempt.

We have no room for further anecdotes, though we have left behind as many as we have selected. But the curious, who would read the book for themselves, may find them all in *The Backwoods-Precacher*; or, Peter Cartwright's autobiography, just published in London. It is a most interesting work; the life of an earnest, racy, impudent, ranting, but perfectly sincere, Methodist itinerant preacher. Full of the richest Americanism, and quaintest anecdotes, it gives the details of a religious phase of society almost unknown in England. Camp-meetings and revivals, with their hundreds of men and women falling here and there, like men slain in mighty battle; screaming, shrieking, crying, writhing on the ground, dishevelled and disordered—the blazing pine-torches flashing upon them, wild and excited as the Corybantes of old—then, when the morning sun rises over them, shouts and songs of victory swelling up to heaven, and frantic rushings over the encamping-ground, and frenzied calls to all to come and witness the power of the Lord on their souls—this is the kind of religious life to which the preacher introduces us, and which is the only kind he knows or respects. Anything else is tame; nay, it is not religion at all. But, in spite of his extravagance and coarseness, the preacher's figure is a noble one, as he moves through that wild backwoods life. Rugged and in earnest, he shrinks from no peril, and he flatters no sensibilities: his heart is in his work, and he does his work faithfully, through every trial, and against all opposition. And if his words are broader, and his deeds rougher than any of which we know, here, in silken-shod Europe, we must remember the condition of the society in which he lived, and the material on which he wrought; and if we cannot love him for his meekness, nor admire him for his refinement, at least we must honour him for his truth, and respect him for his zeal.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read at LEICESTER on the 4th of November; at READING on the 8th; at SOUTHAMPTON on the 9th and 10th; at PORTSMOUTH on the 11th; and at BRIGHTON on the 12th and 13th of November;

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RAILWAY NIGHTMARES.

SOME men are born to be madmen; some to be idiots; and some to be hanged; but I was born to be a shareholder. Some men spend their money like noblemen and princes; some lose it at the gaming-table; some on the turf; some hide it in gardens, in wells, in brick walls, and die, forgetting to reveal their secret; but my property is securely sunk for the benefit of my country in the Direct Burygold, and the Great Deadlock Railways.* While, on one hand, I am lowered to the condition of a beggar; on the other, I am elevated to the rank of a patriot. What I have done would, in the ancient days, have earned me a statue; but now, under unheroic forms of business, it is silently accepted as a matter of course. If I had sunk my property in endowing a hospital, I might have secured the immortality of a tablet, and the gratitude of a committee; but my prodigal generosity has only taken the form of an investment. I sign a deed of settlement, pocket my liability, see my name recorded in a ledger of shareholders—and that is all.

Having no faith in reformers, I have joined no Committee of Investigation; I have subscribed to no society for improving our prospects. I have quietly accepted my position as a melancholy and accomplished fact. I have sold my withered shares for the trifle they would fetch; and, having, no family or kindred depending upon me for support, I have taken to opium-eating.

I am surprised that I never turned my attention to this agreeable investment before. Like my former ventures, it pays me no dividends, except in dreams; but then those dreams are of the most varied and amusing kind. They come to me without effort; they cry to me for no food; they make no calls. When they leave me, I feel no regret; for I know that a few pence will, at any time, call them back. Beggar as I am, I recline in all the state of kings, with no painful memories of yesterday; no care for to-day; no thought for to-morrow. Relieved from the dull checks and surroundings of active life, my fancy runs riot in a shadowy world, where all distinctions are reversed; and

those things that were once my sorrow and my dread, have now become my pleasure and my toys.

The long, silent panorama of the Direct Burygold Railway passes before me: the whole line in Chancery; choked and stiffened by the icy, relentless hand of legal death. The Burygold station, once so full of life, is now an echoing, deserted cavern; its crystal roof is an arch of broken glass; its rails are torn away; its rooms and offices are empty, or boarded up; and its walls are defaced with old ghastly time-bills, the mocking records of its former wealth and activity. The long refreshment-corridor is dusty and bare; its fixtures are rudely torn from the walls, its floor is strewn with remnants of placards and broken china; and nothing living is now left, except a wild, half-famished cat, ravenously gnawing a bone as smooth as glass.

Passing out of this ruined station to the open line, I find no signs of traffic. Carriages are not to be seen, and the rails in places have been torn up by the roots. Rank grass has spread across the once busy way, and sheep are calmly browsing, with no fear of coming danger. Breaking through a narrow cutting between two lofty hills, whose passage, once open and bare, is now grown over with underwood and brambles, I emerge into a broad amphitheatre of landscape, saddened with ruins, like the plains of ancient Greece. Standing at the extreme verge, upon the ragged edge of what was once a smooth, lofty, curving viaduct, I gaze down far below into a winding stream, whose course is broken and turned by the fallen arches which once spanned the broad, deep valley. Large iron girders, spreading masses of brickwork, and blocks of heavy masonry, lie helplessly in the clear, glassy stream. In the distance another ragged edge of tall, narrow, broken arches, issue from a cleft in the opposite mountain. The blue, misty hills close in the scene on every side; and the solemn stillness of undisturbed nature reigns over all. Struggling down the steep sides of this chasm, I pick my way, across the ruins, to the divided limb of the railway on the further side. Here I turn for one final look at the silent valley, and then pursue my course.

* See page 265 of the present volume.

The first sign of life which I meet on the ruined line is a small side-station, once bright, clean, and new, but now damp and mouldy. Seeing smoke ascend from the short chimney of this hut, I look through the window, and find an old woman in dirty rags crouching over a wood fire, formed of parts of the building, rocking her bent body to and fro, and chanting a low wail. Before I can retire from the window, a dwarfed boy, whose huge head, with a long pale oval face and large watery eyes, forms one half of his withered body, rushes to the door of the hut, and draws the attention of the woman to my presence by uncouth gestures, and a wild, babbling noise. The woman rises quickly, and I see from her eyes and manner, that her mind has sunk under the pressure of some heavy affliction. Something tells me they are mother and son, and sufferers by the ruin which is before us, and behind us, and around us. A vague notion enters their minds that I have either come to molest them, or that I am a member of that class which has been the cause of all their misfortunes. Their actions become gradually more frantic and hostile; and their aspect is at once so melancholy and so hideous, that I fairly turn away, and run along the line. They do not attempt to follow me; but their voices, which at first were raised in triumph at my flight, become by degrees fainter and fainter, until at last they are lost in the distance at which I leave them behind.

Passing along the line, and under many broken arches, I come to more life, of a much more agreeable character. Beneath a lofty iron bridge, which spans the once busy Bury-gold Railway, I find a group of healthy country children playing on a swing, formed of ropes tied firmly in the open spaces between the girders. Other country children look down from the roadway on the top of the arch, and drop small pebbles upon the heads of the children beneath; aiming especially at the child in the swing, as the motion of the ropes sends him beyond the shelter of the arch. Sometimes those above raise a mocking cry of danger from a coming train, which is received with shouts of merriment below.

I proceed a little further, when I come upon the broken parts of an old rotten locomotive engine, lying half-embedded in a side embankment. The boiler has been half-eaten away. Rats have made it their home. While I am gazing at this picture, an old man in mean clothing, leaning on a crutch, has joined me by climbing up the embankment on the other side.

"Ah!" he says, with a deep, heavy sigh, "Wenus isn't what she was when you an' me was younger, mate!"

"No, indeed," I reply, cautiously, not knowing what he refers to, and judging him to be another maniac victim of the surrounding railway ruin.

"When I ran away with 'er," he continues, "acos they wanted to sell 'er in a sale, more than twenty year ago, she was young an' 'ansome. Look at 'er now!"

"Exactly," I return, thinking he alludes to some romantic elopement.

"I took 'er hout o' the station at night," he resumes, "afore the brokers 'ad put 'er in the hinventry; got hup 'er steam, an' bowled 'er here, when she bust her biler, an' sent me flyin' into the ditch,—a cripple for life."

Close to this spot is the entrance of a long tunnel, the mouth of which is covered with a dense cobweb, whose threads are thicker than stout twine. In the centre of this cobweb are several huge, overgrown spiders.

"Is there no passage through this place?" I ask of the old engine-driver.

"What, the haunted tunnel?" he answers, with horror and astonishment. "No man's dared to go through that for twenty year!"

Curiosity prompts me to advance nearer the great cobweb, and look through its open spaces into the dark cavern beyond. Perhaps the words of the old engine-driver have acted upon my excited imagination; but I think I see the outlines of smoke-coloured human monsters, who coil round each other, and seem hungry for prey. There is nothing fierce and active about their savagery, but it has that dreamy, listless, quiet, bone-crushing appearance of destructive power, so fearful to contemplate in bears, and certain monsters of the deep. Perhaps I am gazing upon the spirits of departed directors.

Declining to go through this passage of horrors, I ascend the sides of the cutting; and, leaving the aged engine-driver mourning over the shattered remains of his Venus, I pass along the roads on the top of the haunted tunnel, and descend upon the line, once more, at the other side.

Here I again come upon life of a more genial kind. Squatters have taken possession of many side-stations. Some stations that I pass are more neatly kept than others, showing the different character of the tenants. Some are quite unoccupied; and one is in the temporary possession of a band of travelling showmen, whose caravans of wild beasts and curiosities are placed across the line. Pursuing the same route for some hours—always with the same prospect on either side—I pass under rotten bridges, and through groups of women and children assembled in the centre of the line, until, at last, day dwindles into twilight, and twilight gives place to a cold, clear sky, and a large, moon. I come, after some time, to a deep cutting through a lofty, wooded hill, the sides of which are rendered more gloomy by dark, overhanging fir-trees. Winding along this narrow, artificial valley for a considerable

distance, I arrive at a sharp curve round a bend of the hill, and see an exhibition almost as strange as any I have yet met with upon the line. In the centre of the valley, between the rails, there is a blazing wood fire, over which is suspended an enormous gipsy-kettle. Numbers of men in strange, stable-looking dresses, are seated on each side of the valley; many of them drinking, and nearly all of them smoking. In the distance, beyond the fire, are several four-horse stage-coaches, fully horsed, harnessed, and appointed; and, round the fire, dancing wildly with joined hands to the rough music of some half-dozen Kent bugles, played by old, half-resuscitated stage-coach guards, are some dozen aged stage-coachmen, dressed in the familiar garb of former days. I see the meaning of this unusual festival at a glance. It is a mid-night picnic from some adjacent country-town, met to triumph over the fall, and to dance over the ruins, of a paralysed railway. While I am gazing at the spectacle, a number of fresh roysterers, coming up from behind, sweep me into the middle of the dancing, drinking, shouting group, and I am immediately questioned as to my sudden and uninvited appearance. Almost before I have considered my reply, the fact of my being a ruined shareholder making the melancholy pilgrimage of my sunken property, seems to strike the whole company as if by inspiration, and I am welcomed with the loudest mocking laughter, and the heaviest slaps on the back that the boisterous villagers are capable of administering. One dozen of men ask me in sarcastic chorus what has become of my "foine carriages;" while another dozen ask me, also in chorus, where my "sixty moile a-hour be now?"

It is the morning of the second day when I reach the grand London terminus; now grand no longer, but showing its decay even more glaringly than the rest of the line. Its interior is vast, naked, and deserted, and its exterior has long been given up to the mercy of the bill-stickers. Its classical portico is a mass of unsightly blistered placards; its courtyard is silent and untrodden, except by the footsteps of a few old servants of the company, who yet live in the hope of seeing the old busy days revived.

Turning my back upon the sad remains of the Direct Burygold Railway, I proceed at once to the rival Great Deadlock line, which has now been taken under the permanent management of Government. Here at least is life, if not activity; and the great terminus looks very different to what it did when it was simply a public joint-stock undertaking. The familiar policemen and guards are all gone, and, in their places, are many fat porters in leathern chairs, and messengers in rather gaudy liveries. The chief booking office, once all bustle and energy, is now as calm and full of dignity as a rich Clapham conventicle. Its hours are short, and strictly

adhered to, especially as regards the closing. While its work is decreased two-thirds, its clerks are increased one-half, and are dressed in a much more elegant and correct manner than they were during the days of its joint-stock existence. Literature is now more generally patronised; and the leading newspapers and periodicals are not only taken in, but diligently read during three-fourths of the short business hours.

The forms of application for tickets are much more elaborate than the old rude method of simply paying your money, obtaining a voucher, stamped instantaneously, and walking away. Every man who wishes to go to Burygold, or any intermediate station, must apply for a printed form; such application to be countersigned by at least one respectable housekeeper. The form has then to be filled up according to certain ample printed directions, which occupy about a folio page and a half. The man who wishes to go by rail to Burygold, or any intermediate station, must state his age; must say whether he is a Dissenter or a Church of England man; must state whether he is a housekeeper or a lodger; if the first, how long he has been one; if the second, of what degree; must state whether he has been vaccinated; whether he has had the measles; whether he has any tendency to lunacy, or whether his parents have ever exhibited that tendency; must say whether he has ever been to Burygold, or to any intermediate station, before, and if so, how many times, and upon what dates, and upon what business; must state what is his present object in going to Burygold, and how long he is likely to stay; must state the exact weight of luggage he intends to take, and what the nature and contents of such luggage may be; must state the number of his family (if any), and the ages of his wife and children respectively; and must send this return in, accompanied by a letter of application, written upon folio foolscap with a margin, and addressed to the Right Honorable the Duke of Stokers, Governor-General of the Great Royal Deadlock Railway. Having allowed three clear days, for verification and inquiries, the passenger may attend at the chief office of the Great Royal Deadlock Railway, between the hours of one and three, p.m., and receive his ticket upon payment of the fare authorised by Act of Parliament. If there be any informality in his return, he is sent back by the unflinching clerks. He has to go through the same form over again, and to wait another three clear days, before he again applies for a ticket.

With much exertion, the Government managers of the Great Royal Deadlock Railway are enabled to start two trains during their working-day, at an annual cost to the country, of about eight thousand pounds per mile.

A number of grants and privileges have

been made to many members of the governing class, who now hold positions, and reside upon the line. There are the Grand Ranger, the Deputy Grand Ranger, the Secretary to the Deputy Grand Ranger; the Lord Marshal, the Under Marshal; the Lord Steward of the Coke and Coal Department, the Deputy Lord Steward; the Grease Master, Deputy Grease Master, and the Keeper of the Oil Cans. These officers have the privilege (besides grants of land upon the line) of running special trains for themselves and friends, without any formal notice to his Grace the Governor-General. This privilege has at present been sparingly used, and no particular accident has sprung from it, except the smashing of a ploughman who was crossing the line, and the running, on one occasion, through the end wall of the London terminus, into the middle of the public road.

The Civil Service Staff of the Great Royal Deadlock Railway is the pride and glory of the country. Compare it now, for efficiency and completeness under Government superintendence, with what it was in the days of the late bankrupt Joint-Stock Company. Every man who enters upon even such humble positions as stoker, ticket-taker, or porter, must be able to tell the names of the Kings and Queens of England, give a scientific analysis of coal (including the chemistry of coke), and of the theory of combustion, and must show some respectable knowledge of conic sections, trigonometry, and the use of the theodolite. The principal appointments are numerous, varied, and complete. There are fourteen Gentlemen Ushers of the Great Board Room, and one Assistant Usher; eight Grooms of the General Manager's Office, and one Assistant Groom; fourteen Pages of the Locomotive Department, and one Assistant Page; one hundred and fifty Inspectors of Stations, and one Assistant Inspector; one hundred and fifty Examiners of Bridges, and one Assistant Examiner; one hundred and fifty Surveyors of Tunnels, and one Assistant Surveyor; sixty Regulators of Refreshment Rooms, and one Assistant Regulator; ten Hereditary Grand Judges of Iron Girders, and one Assistant Judge; and fifty-six Gentlemen Lamplighters, with one Assistant Gent: The nameless crowd of minor offices are as numerous in proportion, and as carefully filled, as the posts of trust and honour. The system of the Civil Service is carried into the minutest corners of the railway, and wherever there is a department with thirty or forty clerks, there is always to be found one assistant clerk. Every engine is manufactured upon the premises, by a body of workmen, overlooked by another body of surveyors. The cost of every locomotive is about double the price usually charged by a regular manufacturing engineer. To avoid even the remotest chance of accident by explosions from over-work, no engine is kept in use

more than three months, and some not even that small number of weeks. So careful are the stoker and driver of the passengers' lives, that where there is the slightest chance of an accident from the obstinate refusal of a home-made locomotive engine to move on; rather than irritate it by a dangerous pressure of steam, they desert the unruly one, and the passengers walk with perfect safety to their destination along the tranquil and beautifully regulated line.

Such are the railway nightmares that haunt me, and will not pass away.

SHERRY.

"Time flies," says the epicurean idler of Cadiz, who is fond of proverbs;—"meanwhile, take a boat."

I obeyed the proverb; and till the Xeres, or rather Port Saint Mary, steamer was ready (it was now puffing as if to test the strength of its lungs), I took a latteen-sailed boat, and skimmed over the luminous green water, which washed and rolled like so much tinted sunlight in the Bay of Cadiz, through which the red mullet steered and caracolled, like enchanted fish, laughing to scorn all those bare-legged fisher-boys, who, with cane rods at least fourteen feet long, bob for them all day from the quay-ledges.

I was tired and burnt up with lounging about among the men in buff-coloured jackets and black and red scarves round their waists; with reading the list of voters on the post-office wall; with cheapening green figs the dew still on them; with talking to a Moor who sat on his counter grave as a Cadi in rhubarb-coloured slippers; with watching the lazy warehousemen on the quays throwing up golden red maize into dry pyramid heaps; and with looking at the rows of street-songs, all about guerillas and bull-fighters. So now, abroad on the delicious light-green water, in the trusty boat known as La Bella Gaditana, I lay on a seat, and paddled about my brown hands in the lukewarm waves that glittered and frothed about the boat.

There lies Cadiz, that new-built Venice, with its yellow and rose-coloured palaces, its tall miradores (watch-towers), where anxious Antonios sit waiting for the first sight of their Indian argosies; the flat eastern roofs, where the Dons repose and smoke and the Donnas chat and sing; the yellow porcelain domes, so like mosques; the long, dark batteries, like sharks' jaws, which are teathed with cannon; the barracks, and the hospitals. There they all are, crowding to the seashore as if to welcome some conqueror. It is a new and brighter Venice, trooping down to the strand to welcome some new Columbus who comes not yet. It is the city that our Essex sacked; in fact, the city of sack; that old admirals of ours long since laid in pickle

in the great salt sea in their laced waistcoats and cocked-hats, have fired and frowned at a thousand times.

We must return. Friend Pepe puts me on board the Saint Mary steamer, that is now snorting angrily at delaying passengers; and snorting like a war-horse thirsting for the charge. I humour the monster, and go on board, Pepe saying "Ombre," I have paid him too little; but he laughs as he says it, and lights a cigarette, which he takes from the hollow rim of his black montero cap.

The boat is full of little cane cages of emerald-necked pigeons; frails of grapes, covered with vine-boughs, already drooping with the intense sunheat; protuberant melons, the white netting over which I spend sometime in trying to decipher; being quite sure it was a congeries of old Asiatic inscriptions, now unreadable except by afrities.

The deck is crowded with people: neat, thin, rather short men, in light-summery jackets, and canvas shoes. One I observe in a yellow nankeen jacket, with black spots. All have the red faja (sash), and the round turban cap. The richer wear white linen jackets, and leghorn hats, lined with black, sit on their portmanteaus smoking, and are easy and courteous in their manner. There are a few real Andalusian dandies, with puce-coloured and chestnut-coloured jackets, the sleeves and edgings covered with figured velvet, their gaiters hung with leather fringes, like Indian mocassins, knives in their bright red sashes, and their leggings embroidered like those the Albanian wears. Of course there are frolicking brown children, that skim about like birds, and mothers and sweethearts by the dozen. The women have no bonnets, nothing but the graceful, nun-like mantilla, drawn jealously over the face, or streaming over the neck; long black rays (which the world calls eyelashes), darting from their passionate eyes, and black fans that never are still. Look at the Zuleika who sits on the low camp-stool, with her back to those immense oleanders planted in olive-oil jars which are going to the Don Sanchez Montilla, the very wine-merchant of Xeres to whom I have letters of introduction in the ambuscade of my left-hand pocket. How beautiful she is! not beautiful with the rose-blood of English beauty; but beautiful with a pale, spiritual light in her colourless brown face. Her black hair, profuse as Cleopatra's, is braided in loops round her ears; which are pink as sea-shells. A great gold pin below her high comb of pierced tortoise-shell, fastens up her back hair. She has not those dangerous little side-curls gummed over the temples which the Spaniards call picardias (rogues). There are blood-red cloves in her hair, and she trifles back the lace folds of her mantilla with her fan to prevent their being ruffled. She talks playfully with an

old Figaro, who has a heavy club of a stick, with a brass lion couchant as a handle. Is she going to play at work: to net, to sew? No. She unfastens a bundle which she takes from her reticule: a luncheon of those famed Cadiz dainties, the "bocas de la Isla,"—small pink and white claws torn from the living crabs that frequent the marshes of San Fernando. How she sucks and cracks them; caring no more about the maimed creatures stumping about the marshes like so many armless Chelsea pensioners, than I do for the men who fell at Agincourt.

We touch the shore and hurry to the railway station, with one backward glance at the vessels laden with fragrant empty wine casks; now soulless and disenchanted; no longer caskets of hope and love, joy, death, and madness: mere hollow hooped-up barrels, yellow or red, lined with a dry crust of tartarous-looking dregs. The carriages are comfortable, and filled with wine merchants and their clerks returning from bathing at this port. We are now at Saint Mary's; which is the shipping port of the wine district of Cadiz. A demon scream, a champ as of a thousand horses, and we are away on the wings of the wind to the region of your nutty, full flavoured, unbranded, Amontillado sherry, the golden juice I have so often held up to the light with ridiculous affectation of knowingness; the stuff, to use Binn's the wine merchant's affectionate phrase, that Falstaff grew witty and racy on, and called his sherris sack—by which he meant the seco, dry wine of Xeres or Cheres. The guttural X rather teases an Englishman.

But to see, as Pepys would say, the dusty barrenness of the country! Why it is mere white, sun-baked, turnpike road turned into fields; sprinkled here and there with patches of melons and tufts of the Indian corn now just in tassel. The hedges are lines of cactuses and prickly-pears growing in a dry bloodless, eccentric manner, and looking like spiky fish turned into vegetables; or—especially the prickly-pear—like a collection of green hairbrushes that have stuck together at all sorts of odd angles, and so taken root.

But what are those hills of stony shifting chalk that look like railway embankments, and are studded with stunted green gooseberry bushes? Those are the real sherry vines. One small shed of a station, and we are at Xeres.

I—disdaining a certain mild stupor and desire of sleep, which, even just after breakfast, will sometimes come over you in Spain—push past the expectant omnibus and a mosquito swarm of hungry boys who want to act as guides and show me the cellars (the bodegas), and toil up the city's long, hot streets, past clanging cooperages, blue-domed collegiadas, and long barrack wine stores; past the flame-shaped battlements of the

old Moorish citadel, now whitewashed. At last I reach the house of Don Sanchez Montilla, the great sherry wine-merchant—a house gay with gilt balconies and shaded windows.

A ring at the hall bell. A few words of Spanish, and I am at home with my kind friend, who I find is of Irish descent. He is a grave caballero; chivalrous in manner; a great smoker, but one who never sips his own wine but to select it or to reject. We are followed, as we go towards the cool cellar (which is above ground, and entered from the garden court-yard) by his capataz, or head man, who is a quiet, shrewd looking Asturian. The various cellars contain about four thousand casks. We entered the first; its grey, cool shadiness only here and there stabbed by a golden dagger of sunbeam, which pierced some stray chink. Pedro, the Asturian, follows us, with a long round deal stick to the side end of which is attached a sort of tin extinguisher which holds about a wineglass full. Don Sanchez himself (his father's name was Doolan) carries gingerly in his left hand a long stalked glass, which ought to have turned topaz colour, so many thousands of times had it received that tin extinguisher full of Amontillado—curious, dry, clear and generous.

We pass along rows, three deep, of casks, standing stolid in rank and file; cold in exterior; but their heart-blood warm as that of your grave Englishman. There they are of all degrees of ripeness, and of all ages, from the green wine of last year, mere white sap, to the thirty-year old wine; fit drink for heroes, statesmen, and poets. They are all silent; there is no buzz of fermentation, no sign of the prisoned life within. A few chalk scratches indicate to experienced eyes their respective grades of age and merit. How can we tell the stripling of last summer from the veteran who has mellowed through twenty summers? We shall soon see. Our foreign eyes are soon to be opened. The witch oil is to be rubbed on our eyes, we shall look round and awake in another country. We shall be like Thomas the Rhymer who fell asleep at Ercildoune and awoke in Fairyland.

There is something judicial, far-seeing, and thoughtfully benignant in the eye of Don Sanchez, as he ejaculates in a low voice to Pedro,

"Toma!" (take), and he holds out the expectant glass.

In an instant Pedro lunges at a ten year old cask, and whips the golden liquor into the glass. He hands it to me, and dashes out half a glass to wash it first, to prevent any extraneous chill, or taste of the last water the glass was cleansed with. I toss it off and shake my head. I do not want to commit myself.

"Toma!" Fifteen years.

The next glass-full is flung away with

regal recklessness to wash out the ten year old.

I smack my lips and look thoughtful.

Toma, again. Another sip; twenty years.

I hold up the glass and smile. I think that a safe game.

"But these are poor wines," says Sanchez. "Not yet cooked for the London market."

I nod to express that I know all about that. There was no taking me in.

Pedro smiles inside the extinguisher. I am afraid he sees through me.

Old tasters only sip the first glasses; for the old wines are shown last.

Five-and-twenty years.

Not to be done, I sip and hand it back to Pedro, who slips it back into the cask. This is too "curious" a wine to be thrown away. I almost wish I had drunk it.

Thirty years.

I am safe now, and I assert that this is a very full-bodied, nutty wine, with a rich aroma and a wonderful bouquet.

"It is our best Amontillado; but, as you see, pale—a faint straw-colour. It is one of what we call our mother wines, with which we flavour and strengthen less favoured vintages: Pémartin nor Domique, nor even Garvey, nor Duff-Gordon could beat that. It is Xeres wine, rich and pure. Pedro, fetch the Doctor!"

"The Doctor!" Was he afraid I should suddenly lapse into dangerous inebriety. I need not be alarmed. Pedro brings the Doctor in a moment, in the shape of a glass-full of rich, tready-looking liquid, like Tent.

"This is boiled wine which we employ for colouring. We do not use burnt sugar or any chemical infusion, and very rarely brandy. We do not use chemical means to obtain 'pale sherries,' for sherries are naturally pale. The Doctor sweetens, colours, and gives body. The English palate would not like our thin, raw, weak sherry; and we cannot drink your sherry, except as a liqueur after dinner; just as you take brandy after goose or plum pudding."

I don't know what I did next; but I remember seeing a variety of different yellow colours, varying from straw to citron, luminous saffron, and deep orange: some thin, sharp-witted, and dry; others thick and fiery; some oily and sweet; others brown-red, and nectareous. There was the camomile flavour and the dry bitter; the aromatic and the musky. I learned to turn the wine-glasses into hour-glasses, and to decide which was the oiliest wine by watching the last drops race in two rival glasses. There was wine I could have written epigrams on, and wines that would have driven me to the grandest epic failures.

Don Sanchez, who considers my quotation of Falstaff's praise of sack, "decidedly clever," proposes a cigar and a

bottle of Hock in the cool, marble-paved hall.

Seated in rocking-chairs, softly cushioned, Pedro places before us two long, green bottles of the Rhineland wine, some Tolosas (or sugar-cakes), and some fragrant Havannahs. "But," says Don Sanchez, diving into a side-pocket of his white linen jacket, "you must first try one of the cigars from my own petaca (cigar-case made of coloured aloe thread). You know the prime of our Cadiz youth go as merchants to Havannah, which is Spain's Hesperides. We, as old school-fellows, keep up correspondence, and now and then exchange the best Spanish wine for the best Havannah cigars. Spare no expense, I say, but send me over the very best. Here they are."

"Their age?"

"They do no good after one year. Then a cigar is in its prime. The sea-voyage mellows them as it does our sherry. They are expensive. Even at first price, and without any profit going to my friends, they cost me fourpence each. Judge what your London cigars must be."

"How many cigars does a tobacco debauchee smoke per day?"

"At the most a dozen. This is my seventh. This is the second time this has been lit. I see, you stare;—you English throw away a cigar after a few puffs, like the Dutch epicure, who said that, after two glasses, the bloom was off the bottle, and called for another. A Spanish smoker thinks, on the contrary, what you call rancidness is flavour, and likes a re-lit cigar. Shall I roll you a cigarette just as he does? remember the pecho, or last burning puff of a cigarette when the bit of paper all but scorches your lip."

"Do ladies smoke here?"

"No, it is thought a vice, like drinking, for women; and the few who do it, do it by stealth. Try a cheroot?"

I took one.

"Excuse me—be a Spaniard for once. Never light a cheroot at the large end, but at the small; do not hold it between your teeth, but between your lips. To epicures these small things are important."

Our episodical discourse then fell upon cigarettes. The Don assured me that paper cigars were introduced partly from their cheapness, partly for their cleanliness and their suitability for smoking at odd moments when there was no time for a cigar—at church-doors, for instance; before going into mass; in the market over a bargain; at lunch over a "nip" of aguardiente flavoured with aniseed; or between the acts of a sword-and-cloak comedy.

Then we drove back to the old highroad, and got again on wines. Did I remember the glass from the Saint Barbara cask, just after the brown-gold one in the Saint Antonio? That was real Amontillado. What was Amontillado? Where did it grow?

Bless me! why, nowhere. It was an accidental quality discovered by tasting. It had an almondy, dry, bitter flavour, which rendered it of rare value to mix, because I must clearly understand (and it was only fair to tell me) that English sherry was a chemical compound, made, like a French side-dish, of many ingredients, and of various ages and qualities of wines.

In Xeres there were five hundred thousand arrobas of wine—thirty of which went to a bota (butt)—made annually. This made thirty-four thousand butts, nine thousand of which were of first quality. Sherry is too strong and too dear for Spaniards, and too feverish for the climate. The best is, in Xeres, a dollar a bottle. The best in the bodega is worth from fifty to eighty guineas a butt; and, after insurance, freight, and sale charges, it stands the importer in from one hundred to one hundred and thirty guineas, before it reaches his cellar (say) in Belgrave Square.

"How many gallons to the butt, Don Sanchez?"

"About one hundred and twelve. This will bottle into about fifty-two dozen, and the duty is five shillings and sixpence the gallon. So you may form your own opinion about cheap London sherries, which are, generally very 'curious' indeed—mere doctors' draughts, in fact, made up according to certain swindling prescriptions."

Here was a blow for my old friend Binns, who opens a bottle of forty-eight shilling sherry with the air of an antiquarian unswathing a mummy Pharaoh. Thought I, the next time the deluded man points to the oily stickiness of his glass, I will leap up, seize him, and say in a hollow voice:

"Binns, you are the victim of a life-long delusion; that stuff you drink, you think is the juice of Spanish grapes, plucked by men playing guitars, and smoking cigars; you call it, in poetical moments, bottled sunlight, sunfire, and so on—bah! (after the manner of Napoleon) it is only a chemical compound made up of drugs and infusions like Daffy's elixir or James's powder. It is cooked up with boiled, treacly wine and brandy. It is a compound mixed from a dozen barrels, and made to order for a particular market. If the vines of Xeres grew till they got black in the face, Binns, they could not yield wine like your forty-eight shilling sherry."

The Don laughed, and said that certainly the sherry wine district was very small; not more than twelve miles square. Therefore, it could not yield honest wine enough even for half London. The sherry grape grew only on certain low, chalky hills where, the earth being light-coloured, is not so much burnt—did not chap and split so much by the sun, as darker and heavier soils do. A mile beyond these hills, the grapes deteriorate. The older the plants the better; but the fewer the grapes.

There was something serenely contemplative in Sanchez as he discussed with fatherly affection tin extinguishers full of Pedro Ximenes and the wine of Pajara; or the rare grape fluid grown at Mr. Dorney's pleasant villa of Maclarnudo, which Pedro tossed out in a legerdemain style, that reminded me of a conjuror's trick. We rocked and sipped in the cool, quiet hall, where the perpetual fountain measured itself out like a Danaid's bottle ever decanting. Heat and glare were fenced out, we were cool and shaded by the green arches of the ribbed banana-leaves that tossed themselves over our head. The cicalas outside on the aloes and dusty olive-trees spun and sung in a sharp, shrill drone, like the buzz of a spinning-wheel, or as if chafed by the sun. A pecked locust shuffled about in the dust at the door. The only restless life near us was a chamelon in a small cane cage. Oh, what a monster that was! Mixture of toad and lizard, with rough, spiked, brown skin, and large head like a perch. If you pushed it, it opened its fleshy red mouth and hissed in impotent rage. Its eye projected from the head in a small cone of leathery skin, which came to a point, and was generally closed like a telescope out of use, but sometimes slid back like the lid of a night-glass, and disclosed a shining and revolving bead, maliciously dull, yet twinkling with a certain latent mischief and spite, like the eye of a dwarf eunuch. Sanchez tried to make it change colour by wrapping it in a crimson silk handkerchief; but, like a restive "phenomenon," it would not go through that performance.

"It is an idle, quiet life," said Sanchez, filling my glass and dismissing Pedro, who had work to do in the cooperage, "with its measured occupations and siesta-sleep at noon. First thing after breakfast, I mount the Arab stallion you shall presently see, and ride out to my farm and vineyards. The way out to it lies up the Street of the Idols. I look at the men, give directions, and return. Then comes siesta and dinner; in the evening, music with my sisters, cards, or a read at the Casino, and bed. Sometimes, I ride out to Port Saint Mary, and bathe. I am fond of pictures, and play sometimes at billiards."

I asked about the labourers—if they worked hard.

No. They had a respite, for a cigarette, once an hour. Had two hours for dinner, so that they might sleep.

Here he clapped his hands, as people do in the Arabian Nights, and Pedro appeared, like one of Aladdin's afrites, when he rubbed his ring. At a signal (Sanchez was too lazy to speak), Pedro re-appeared with a large Moorish water-jar, so cool and porous that its stony surface was covered with a thick pearl-dew. A mysterious case accompanied it, which was so small

that it seemed a sort of page to the big bottle.

"Toma, amigo mio," said Sanchez. "This is our home-made Spanish brandy; take care, it is strong."

Strong! it flew through my blood like electric fire. It seemed to scorch my lips; it made my eyes water; and all with a spoonful.

"There," said Sanchez, "that's what we could make, if there was a demand for it. We could easily give it more flavour: indeed, I have no doubt that we could even rival the French champagne, by using unripe grapes with the dew on them."

I felt glad, for a moment, to put into such a quiet haven as this; far away from those ceaseless cries of "A-gooa," shouted like insults, and that ceaseless patter and stumble of fruit and charcoal mules, cheered along with the unintermitting "A-r-r-r-è, A-r-r-r-è," and the sound thwack of cork-sticks. Here, I was far from the screams of green and crimson paroquets in glistening gilded balconies; out of ear-shot of castanet rattle and guitar twang; decanting, with thoughtful pleasure, a glass of scented vine juice from the choicest Hock district of the Rhine-land. A tree, with the beautiful name of the Dancing Shade, moved timidly at the grated window, where grapes hung, and terra-cotta pomegranates poised and swayed. For a moment, I thought, happy is the man who can give his life to the noble object of concocting wines. I fell into a reverie, and when I turned, Don Sanchez gave a start, and made me a low bow, worthy of the Don of Dons himself.

"I am afraid," he said, "I was what Spanish wits call 'fishing,' that is, nodding like old gentlemen after-dinner. The steady burning of a Xeres noonday is too much for any one. In a stand-up fight it beats down all pluck and resolve, except when one is just fresh from leaving England, the real country for the utmost strain of bodily and intellectual exertion, and where, with all its faults, as Charles the Third, one of our kings, said, (Sanchez had grown quite a Spaniard), there were more days really available for exercise than in any other country of the world. Come, and let us go over the house."

So up the broad marble stairs we went, and into the long, richly furnished rooms, crimson cushioned, like the divan of the Sultan Shalabala, of fairy-book celebrity; the walls not hung, but hidden with a patchwork of indifferent pictures;—goggling family portraits of a livid and carrion colour; for art is very low in Spain: extravagant effects of light; liquorice views of trees in a fog; and a few Damon and Phyllis scenes, that seemed all in a blue mould, so livid was their simpering gaiety. Still, in spite of El Tio Tom (Uncle Tom) that lay

in state on a loo-table, and in spite of illuminated books of devotion, *Pickwick*, and some books of *seguidillas*, the deserted rooms, though the sunshine did pour in hot and strong, were rather deathly and melancholy. The piano, covered up with brown holland, looked like a large sarcophagus, and the pictures had a painful hopeless way of lifting up and down with a flap when we opened the white and gold doors. I never saw such a hospital of art, I think, before, not even at the Pantheon. There were the works of the great imitated with every fault exaggerated: blustering vulgar *Salvator Rosas*; invisibly black *Poussins*; expressionless *Raphael*s; simpering *Murillos*; loathsome *Brauers*; meretricious *Greuzes*. There was only one beautiful thought in all this menagerie of art, and that shone out like a star. It was a head of Christ with a hand removing the crown of thorns; but never did I see the sorrowing forgiveness of a martyr shine out of such suffering, saintly eyes. It was only a sketch, perhaps, thrown off by Guido to pay some gambling debt.

Again we went down in the court and chatted.

I am lost in admiration of the quiet sleepy orientalism of this scene, and listen, with half-shut eyes, to the quiet, hopeful prophecies of Spain's future, that Don Sanchez is enunciating; the splashing fountain—his pleasant chorus—running on in a gay rippling treble; a clock in the adjacent dining-room, rings out the hour with such a silvery clearness, that every stroke seems to puncture me as with a fine gold needle; rousing, but leaving no wound.

I leap up, nearly upsetting the green hock-bottles; and, so startling the usually imperturbable Don Sanchez, that he dropped his cigar.

"I shall lose the train," I said, chafing to depart.

"Wait till *Mañana*," said the dilatory Spaniard, who never hurried.

Was he sure the train went at thirty minutes past four?

"Che sabè (who knows). Antonio, look at the trainbill." O, the idle Moor!

No, I had still ten minutes to waste.

"O *jolah*," said the Moor; "would it were forty. Come, look at my Arab—*Maugraby*."

We went through groves of oranges and spice-smelling bushes; past kitchen gratings that smelled vociferously of garlic, to the stable where *Maugraby*, branded on the right flank in large scorched letters, S. M., churned and fretted. Its large liquid eyes turned towards us as we entered; and, as I said "*Ajour*," (the Spanish-Moorish adieu) looked almost sadly, as I thought, at me.

I just saved the train, and rushed back in a white cloud to Cadiz; thinking of what the Don had told me, as a fervent Catholic and

from long experience, that there were signs of awakening in Spain. Education was increasing; indeed more children, taking the percentage, were educated in Spain than England. There were hopes of constitutional government. The dry bones began to stir and come together. The great country that had once ruled the world, that kept one armed foot in Flanders, another in Germany, while she held America in her arms, and threatened Africa with her glance, may again revive, and stand like a freeman among the nations.

The boat stopped. "Cadiz!" cried a voice at my elbow; I looked up and saw the "Silver plate," as the sea-washed city is called, bright and happy, before me, with the yellow dome of its cathedral, its coloured walls and watch-tower *miradores*.

As I passed down the *Delicias*, towards the *Alameda* and *Blanco's Hotel*, the lamp-lighters were beginning to flit about with their ladders and lighted linstocks. The great sentinel palm-trees at either side of the *Delicias* steps, were cutting their dark and drooping shapes against the rose, and orange, and pale emeraldine *crisolite* of evening. The strange, husky-banded stems were dark as ebony pillars. The *Ave Maria* was over; but the love-making and fan-signalling had only just begun. There was *Guzman*, pretending to fan *Inez*, and *Lola* signalling to *Perez*: as for old *Pedro*, he was enjoying the fresco, quite unaware how near that scapegrace *Juan* was to his pretty niece *Caterina*.

On the low stone benches with iron backs that faced the public walk, there was a great gathering of honest, portly bourgeois, with their graceful daughters; jovial priests, with their long rolled hats; and lively, proverb-quoting *majos*, with the cups of their caps full of spare cigarettes. It was pleasant, strolling there on the *Cadiz Alameda*, under the dusty, burnt-up *acacias*, and in the purple hush of the evening, to hear the surf far away out beating against the *Puercas* (hog-back) reefs.

I do not particularly recollect getting into bed, but I know I dozed uneasily to the chorus of a clump of mosquitos, who were all repeating, like the ghosts of so many Master Bettys, that great eulogium of sack which Don Sanchez had patronisingly pronounced as "Decidedly clever."

"A good sherris sack hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forge-itive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which, delivered over to the voice, become excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood, which, before cold and settled, leaves the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and

makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face," &c.

Here I fell asleep soundly.

MONSTROUS CLEVER BOYS.

A PEDAGOGUE in a periwig covered with the dust of ancient books, sat as librarian and tutor in the dry library of a parched French lawyer; to whose shrivelled little son (who was swallowed up between the leaves of a gaping folio) he related for his encouragement what monuments of learning many boys have been.

I am an old boy myself, with little of the monumental in my knowledge, and, perhaps, in my ignorance I misrepresent the Dominie Baillet—Adrien Baillet—who may to other men be known as a brisk light of literature, and I feel that I may terribly commit myself when I describe as a dry chip his patron, Monsieur de Lamoignon, Advocate-General and chief of the Senate of France in and about the year one, six, eight, eight. The boy I am quite sure about. He had a yellow skin and a bald head, and crow's feet running from the corners of his spectacles. He was writing a learned book in the year I have just named, and his preceptor, to reassure him in his character of Infant Solomon, wrote him another, which was published in that year, all about erudite youngsters, and addressed throughout "to Monsieur de Lamoignon, son of Monseigneur the Advocate-General." The book is dedicated "to the Best of Parents," by the picture of a medal, obverse and reverse. Or did the State give such a medal to the Monseigneur? The small boy who is a historical authority will know. Probably the small boy who is a numismatist does not require to be informed that one side of this medal represents the Monseigneur with a soul above heigh diddle diddle, the right man to go hunting not for a hareskin but a lexicon to wrap his little baby in. The other side of the medal shows a classic genius encouraging a bird to stand upon one leg, typifying doubtless the propriety of keeping a boy well up on his wise leg, and getting him to tuck away his merry leg as a contemptible excrescence, and disdain to stand upon that also. The small boy who is also a mythologist will tell me that the female in this symbol is the genius of education, who is holding up a lamp well filled with oil for delectation of a bird which is a pelican, known as the model parent in all schools. As the pelican gave up its own flesh to its young, so should the wise lawyer read Blackstone with his baby, and the divine put his young children through a course of Fathers.

Now that I have sufficiently exposed my ignorance before the rising generation, I will profanely jest with those who are as old and stupid as myself over the book of Monsieur Baillet. The little boy whom he addresses

was aged twelve. This I know, because in the course of the book Master le Baif's performance at the age of fourteen is compared with that of Monsieur de Lamoignon, who was but two years his junior. My own baby has worked out for me that problem on his slate, and informs me that Monsieur de Lamoignon was "ætatis suæ anno duodecimo," or, as old blockheads like myself would say, a boy of twelve.

And what a boy it must have been! At every turn he is addressed by his respectful teacher with "vous savez, Monsieur;"—you know, sir, what Origen observes;—you know, sir, that defect in Aristotle;—Scaliger, you know, Monsieur. The game at which this boy played in his infancy was hide and seek, on a good intellectual scale. He himself, we are told, called it "the game of the masks of authors," and it consisted in detecting ancient and modern authors, who had hidden themselves behind anonymous names, or otherwise concealed their persons. Gustation in literary styles gave him the joy that coarser boys find in tasting tarts and gooseberries. There were existing games of chronology and genealogy, to which he would descend; but football he spurned from him with something nobler than his toes.

We are to begin, says the Dominie, by conceding him the opinion of which he intends to demonstrate the truth by example, that since learning has thriven in the world, and refinement spread, we have found out what breadths and depths there are in a child's mind, and have discovered it to be capable of something better than sheep-watching or the trifling over toys. Socrates had made that discovery when he taught that a child who has learnt to speak is not too young for the sciences. Eupolis, who lived, "as you know, Monsieur," in the time of Artaxerxes Longimanus, wrote seventeen comedies in the first seventeen years of his life, and won the prize for seven of them. Alexander the Great was scarcely born when his father engaged Aristotle to be his preceptor. From the time when he first left the breast of the nurse he never was idle; his sports were studious; he deprived himself to the uttermost of sleep. If he had only written, he could have displayed himself before the age of twenty as one of the greatest of all ancient philosophers. His desire to possess the world was the result of a grand philosophical conception. He wished to develop his ideas on a large scale, by establishing a model universe. At the age of twelve or thirteen Cicero first wrote his treatise on the art of speaking. Tiberius at nine years old delivered the funeral oration of his father. Marcus Aurelius having become a philosopher at twelve years old, then made a profession of philosophy, and put on the philosopher's mantle. He abstained from pies and bullseyes, or whatever delights of the palate were then sought

by the young, and went to bed stark naked on the earth. This great prince was not killed by his early application to his studies. He lived to the age of fifty-nine, and then he only died because he had a son who did not follow in his track. The Emperor Gordian, when he was a little boy, wrote a book of unfavourable criticism on the antiquated style of Cicero, and himself composed a historical poem called the Antoniniad, in thirty books.

Does any one urge that this is all to be condemned as Pagan work? "You cannot have forgotten, Monsieur," one of the most beautiful traits in ecclesiastical history, relating to the infancy of Origen, who puzzled his learned father with wise questions, and whose little bosom his father sometimes, when he went to bed, uncovered and kissed respectfully, as a sanctuary of divine wisdom. At the age of sixteen or seventeen, when his father was seized, he would have rushed out of the house to martyrdom, if his discreet mother had not taken away his trousers, or whatever other clothes any small boy may tell us that he wore. Then says the Dominie Baillet, Origen being unable to leave his chamber, would at least do what he could, and wrote a letter, giving new proofs of the excellent education he had received.

Saint Augustine says that he was frightened at the wisdom of his son Adeodatus, whose real discourse at the age of sixteen forms one side of the talk in the dialogue of his father, *De Magistro*.

Now turn from Christians to the barbarians—the Arabs out of Barbary—and look at Avicenna. At ten he knew all about the Koran and the Humanities. He mastered the arithmetic of the Indians, astronomy, geometry, and mathematics, logic, and the *Almagest*, before he turned to medicine; and, when he had mastered medicine, he was sixteen years old. This learned boy worked far into the night; and, when he did sleep, never failed to go on with his studies in his dreams, and often worked out the solution of a difficulty by the time of waking. Before he was eighteen, he had passed on to the study of theology, and had completed it. It was begun by reading Aristotle's *Metaphysics* forty times, so that he knew the book by heart, without having found out the use of it. But when the treatise of Alfarabius, on the end and object of metaphysics, came in his way, he was suddenly enlightened.

What must have been done in his boyhood by Nicolas Heliot, who, when not yet twenty years of age, appeared at the University of Paris as the Prodigy of the Fourteenth Century; and was declared, by the astonished world of letters, "perfect in languages, in all arts, liberal or mechanical, a finished philosopher, a physician, a juriconsult, a canonist, a theologian." Here was a youth with an intellect like a many-bladed

knife, which is also a saw, a toothpick, a boothook, a pen, and a corkscrew! The fifteenth century saw such another prodigy, the "Anonymous youth of the year fourteen hundred and forty-five," who was declared, by good judges, to be the son of the foul fiend himself. He was perfect in all arts and sciences, and was regarded by some as the Antichrist. Verini wrote, at fourteen, a book of moral distiches which, being received as a classic, superseded that bearing the name of Cato in many colleges of Italy, France, Spain, and the Netherlands. Politian, when a boy, used to bring out of the Library of the Medici Latin and Greek odes or epigrams, composed by himself, and succeed in palming them upon the learned as discovered fragments of Catullus or Anacreon. Hermolaus Barbarus, at the age of eighteen (and in the year fourteen hundred and seventy-two), had read all the books that were then printed, and all the manuscripts that he had seen. The invention of printing in Europe was then thirty-two years old. It is not told us whether the above statement is meant to include the books printed in China.

Beroaldus the elder, when a child of very tender years, wrote most judicious strictures on the Commentaries of Servius upon Virgil. Cristofle de Longueil was a learned boy who made it a point of conscience to read fully and to the end every book that he began. He lived two or three centuries ago, and has had no successors.

I have to mention next a little boy, whose name was Quirinus, and who was a friend of the famous Cardinal Bembo. He proposed and maintained publicly in the city of Rome four thousand five hundred theses, and there was no philosopher, whatever his sect, who was not satisfied with his answers, and whom his arguments did not convince. This argumentative boy has had successors, as I know; for I have myself been argued down and overrun by herds of them. I think, also, that we need not go to Friesland for the three brothers, Andrew, Peter, and James Canters, who had a little sister like themselves, and who seemed to know everything at the age of ten. Their country was too small to hold their fame, and they travelled through Germany, France, and Italy, exhibiting proofs of their universal knowledge, and astonishing the nations.

Louis Stella was, in the sixteenth century, a boy professor, Master Star at the University of Orleans. He is said to have lectured upon Greek authors to large assemblies at the age of fifteen; especially expounding Lucian and Aristophanes, Greek Grammar, and Theodore Gaza. I must take an early opportunity of asking some small boy who Theodore Gaza was. Stella on Gaza seems to bring heaven and earth together in some sort of astronomical conjunction.

It is a descent from the sublime to talk next about young Jacques Grevin, who, at

the age of thirteen, electrified the University of Paris with a tragedy and two comedies, which he immediately followed up with pastorals, hymns, and a collection of sonnets, under the amazing name of *Gelodacria*. Ronsard was jealous of the boy. Cardinal Jérôme de la Rovere, afterwards archbishop of Turin, was a poet at the age of seven or eight, and published his poems at the age of ten. To anything of that sort, however, we are, in these days, well accustomed. To this course of proceeding British babes are driven daily by advice of friends.

A child of the Aldine house of printers wrote, at fourteen, a commentary on orthography; which is but a simple and quiet thing to mention before recording that Zamoiski, the Pole—who called himself *Joannes Sarius Samoscius*—was, at thirteen, the perfect master of Greek, Latin, Turkish, German, Slavonian and Tartar. He wrote them all, and spoke them all rightly and glibly. He was at that time learning Arabic.

It is from this book of Baillet's that Mr. Shandy quoted marvels of wise sons to Uncle Toby, when that worthy made his famous commentary upon the legend that Lipsius composed a work the day he was born. This, Monsieur Baillet explains as meaning, not the carnal, but the rational life of that scholar. Lope de Vega made known his poetical attainments as soon as he could speak, and dictated, before he had learnt to write, his compositions. Monsieur de Peirese, at the age of seven, obtained leave to educate the faculties, moral and intellectual, of a younger brother, and proved, young as he was, a perfect tutor.

Monsieur Bottillier de Rance, afterwards Abbé de La Trappe, published, at the age of thirteen, a new edition of *Anacreon*, with notes in Greek, and in the year sixteen hundred and seventy-seven, a nameless young rhetorician, studying at Toulouse, published, at the same age, in folio, an *Universal History*, written in Latin. *Salmasius* the grammarian, Milton's victim, who was, in spite of all that Milton said to him, an able and a worthy man, made an exact version of *Pindar* at the age of ten.

But the best lesson to fathers who have sons to form, was furnished by the father of *Fortunio Liceti*. That philosopher was born prematurely, and came into the world no bigger than the palm of a hand. His father, who was a physician, saw that there was some life in the very little fellow, showed him to brethren of the faculty, and made up his mind to bring him on by hatching in an oven, comfortably furnished and kept at an uniform artificial heat. The result of his industry was a child whom he taught himself; who lived to the age of eighty, and was, even as a youth, the author of a treatise on the *Philosophy of the Soul*, to which he gave a name worthy of his great erudition, *Gonopsychanthropologia*.

At the door of the oven in which this philosopher was baked, I will lay down my batch of solemn boys.

A PARADOXICAL EXPERIENCE.

It was certainly a dull, little dinner-party. Of the four guests two of us were men between fifty and sixty, and two of us were youths, between eighteen and twenty; and we had no subjects in common. We were all intimate with our host; but we were only slightly acquainted with each other. I think we should have got on better if there had been some ladies among us; but the master of the house was a bachelor, and, except the parlour-maid, who assisted in waiting on us at dinner, no daughter of Eve was present to brighten the dreary scene. We tried all sorts of subjects; but they dropped in the most disastrous manner, one after the other. The elder gentlemen seemed to be afraid of committing themselves by talking too freely within hearing of us juniors; and we, on our side, restrained our youthful flow of spirits and youthful freedom of conversation, out of deference to our host, who seemed once or twice to be feeling a little nervous about the continued propriety of our behaviour in the presence of his respectable guests. To make matters worse, we had dined at a sensible hour. When the bottles made their first round, at dessert, the clock on the mantelpiece only struck eight. I counted the strokes; and felt certain, from the expression of his face, that the other junior guest, who sat on one side of me at the round table, was counting them also. When we came to the final eight, we exchanged looks of despair. "Two hours more of this! What on earth is to become of us?" In the language of the eyes, that was exactly what we said to each other.

The wine was excellent; and I think we all came, separately and secretly, to the same conclusion—that our chance of getting through the evening was intimately connected with our resolution in getting through the bottles. The Port was of some famous vintage, I forget which; the Madeira was forty years old; the Claret was a present from Bordeaux. As a matter of course, we talked wine. No company of Englishmen can assemble together for an evening without doing that. Every man in this country who is rich enough to pay income tax, has, at one time or other in his life, effected a very remarkable transaction in wine. Sometimes he has made such a bargain as he never expects to make again. Sometimes he is the only man in England, not a peer of the realm, who has got a single drop of a certain famous vintage which has perished from the face of the earth. Sometimes he has purchased, with a friend, a few last left dozens from the cellar of a deceased potentate, at a price so exorbitant that he can only wag his head and

decline mentioning it—and, if you ask his friend, that friend will wag his head and decline mentioning it also. Sometimes he has been at an out-of-the-way country inn; has found the sherry not drinkable; has asked if there is no other wine in the house; has been informed that there is some “sourish foreign stuff that nobody ever drinks;” has called for a bottle of it; has found it Burgundy, such as all France cannot now produce; has cunningly kept his own counsel with the widowed landlady, and has bought the whole stock for “an old song.” Sometimes he knows the proprietor of a famous tavern in London; and he recommends his one or two particular friends, the next time they are passing that way, to go in and dine, and give his compliments to the landlord, and ask for a bottle of the brown sherry, with the light blue—as distinguished from the dark-blue—seal. Thousands of people dine there every year, and think they have got the famous sherry when they get the dark-blue seal; but—and, by no means, let it go any farther—the real wine, the famous wine, is the light blue seal; and nobody in England knows it but the landlord and his friends. In all these wine-conversations, whatever variety there may be in the various experiences related, one of two great first principles is invariably assumed by each speaker in succession. Either he knows more about it than any one else—or he has got better wine of his own even than the excellent wine he is now drinking. Men can get together, sometimes, without talking of women, without talking of horses, without talking of politics; but they cannot assemble to eat a meal together without talking of wine; and they cannot talk of wine without assuming to each one of themselves an absolute infallibility in connection with that single subject, which they would shrink from asserting in relation to any other topic under the sun.

How long the inevitable wine-talk lasted, on the particular social occasion of which I am now writing, is more than I can undertake to say. I had heard so many other conversations of the same sort, at so many other tables, that my attention wandered away wearily; and I began to forget all about the dull little dinner party, and the badly-assorted company of guests of whom I formed one. How long I remained in this not over-courteous condition of mental oblivion, is more than I can tell. But when my attention was recalled, in due course of time, to the little world around me, I found that the good wine had begun to do its good office. The stream of talk, on either side of the host's chair, was beginning to flow cheerfully and continuously; the wine-conversation had worn itself out; and one of the elder guests—Mr. Wendell—was occupied in telling the other elder guest—Mr. Trowbridge—of a small fraud which had been lately committed on him by a clerk in his employment. The first part of

the story I missed altogether. The last part, which alone caught my attention, followed the career of the clerk to the dock of the Old Bailey.

“So, as I was telling you,” continued Mr. Wendell, “I made up my mind to prosecute, and I did prosecute. Thoughtless people blamed me for sending the young man to prison, and said I might just as well have forgiven him, seeing that the trifling sum of money I had lost by his breach of trust was barely as much as ten pounds. Of course, personally speaking, I would much rather not have gone into court; but I considered that my duty to society in general, and to my brother-merchants in particular, absolutely compelled me to prosecute for the sake of example. I acted on that principle, and I don't regret that I did so. The circumstances under which the man robbed me were particularly disgraceful. He was a hardened reprobate, sir, if ever there was one yet; and I believe, in my conscience, that he wanted nothing but the opportunity, to be as great a villain as Fauntleroy himself.”

At the moment when Mr. Wendell personified his idea of consummate villany by quoting the example of Fauntleroy, I saw the other middle-aged gentleman—Mr. Trowbridge—colour up on a sudden, and begin to fidget in his chair.

“The next time you want to produce an instance of a villain, sir,” said Mr. Trowbridge, “I wish you could contrive to quote some other example than Fauntleroy.”

Mr. Wendell, naturally enough, looked excessively astonished when he heard these words; which were very firmly and, at the same time, very politely addressed to him.

“May I inquire why you object to my example?” he asked.

“I object to it, sir,” said Mr. Trowbridge, “because it makes me very uncomfortable to hear Fauntleroy called a villain.”

“Good heavens above!” exclaimed Mr. Wendell, utterly bewildered. “Uncomfortable!—you, a mercantile man like myself—you, whose character stands so high everywhere—you, uncomfortable, when you hear a man who was hanged for forgery called a villain! In the name of wonder—why?”

“Because,” answered Mr. Trowbridge, with perfect composure, “Fauntleroy was a friend of mine.”

“Excuse me, my dear sir,” retorted Mr. Wendell, in as polished a tone of sarcasm as he could command—“but of all the friends whom you have made in the course of your useful and honourable career, I should have thought the friend you have just mentioned would have been the very last to whom you were likely to refer, in respectable society—at least, by name.”

“Fauntleroy committed an unpardonable crime, and died a disgraceful death,” said Mr. Trowbridge. “But, for all that, Fauntleroy was a friend of mine; and in that character

I shall always acknowledge him boldly to my dying day. I have a tenderness for his memory, though he violated a sacred trust, and died for it on the gallows. Don't look shocked, Mr. Wendell. I will tell you, and our other friends here, if they will let me, why I feel that tenderness, which looks so strange and so discreditable in your eyes. It is rather a curious anecdote, sir; and has an interest, I think, for all observers of human nature, quite apart from its connection with the unhappy man of whom we have been talking. "You young gentlemen," continued Mr. Trowbridge, addressing himself to us juniors, "have heard of Fauntleroy, though he sinned and suffered, and shocked all England, long before your time?"

We answered that we had certainly heard of him, as one of the famous criminals of his day. We knew that he had been a partner in a great London banking-house; that he had not led a very virtuous life; that he had possessed himself, by forgery, of trust-moneys which he was doubly bound to respect; and that he had been hanged for his offence, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-four, when the gallows was still set up for other crimes than murder, and when Jack Ketch was in fashion as one of the hard-working reformers of the age.

"Very good," said Mr. Trowbridge. "You both of you know quite enough of Fauntleroy to be interested in what I am going to tell you. When the bottles have been round the table, I will start with my story."

The bottles went round—claret for the degenerate youngsters; port for the sterling, steady-headed, middle-aged gentlemen. Mr. Trowbridge sipped his wine—meditated a little—sipped again—and started with the promised anecdote, in these terms:

What I am going to tell you, gentlemen, happened when I was a very young man, and when I was just setting up in business on my own account. My father had been well acquainted for many years with Mr. Fauntleroy, of the famous London banking-firm of Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy, and Graham. Thinking it might be of some future service to me to make my position known to a great man in the commercial world, my father mentioned to his highly-respected friend that I was about to start in business for myself, in a very small way, and with very little money. Mr. Fauntleroy received the intimation with a kind appearance of interest; and said that he would have his eye on me. I expected from this that he would wait to see if I could keep on my legs at starting; and that, if he found I succeeded pretty well, he would then help me forward if it lay in his power. As events turned out, he proved to be a far better friend than that; and he soon showed me that I had very much underrated the hearty and generous interest which he had felt in my welfare from the first.

While I was still fighting with the first difficulties of setting up my office, and recommending myself to my connection, and so forth, I got a message from Mr. Fauntleroy, telling me to call on him, at the banking-house, the first time I was passing that way. As you may easily imagine, I contrived to be passing that way on a particularly early occasion; and, on presenting myself at the bank, I was shown at once into Mr. Fauntleroy's private room.

He was as pleasant a man to speak to as ever I met with—bright and gay and companionable in his manner—with a sort of easy, hearty, jovial bluntness about him that attracted everybody. The clerks all liked him—and that is something to say of a partner in a banking-house, I can tell you!

"Well, young Trowbridge," says he, giving his papers on the table a brisk push away from him, "so you are going to set up in business for yourself, are you? I have a great regard for your father, and a great wish to see you succeed. Have you started yet?—No? Just on the point of beginning—eh? Very good. You will have your difficulties, my friend—and I mean to smooth one of them away for you at the outset. A word of advice for your private ear.—Bank with us."

"You are very kind, sir," I answered, "and I should ask nothing better than to profit by your suggestion—if I could. But my expenses are heavy at starting, and when they are all paid, I am afraid I shall have very little left to put by for the first year. I doubt if I shall be able to muster much more than three hundred pounds of surplus cash in the world, after paying what I must pay, before I set up my office. And I should be ashamed to trouble your house, sir, to open an account for such a trifle as that."

"Stuff and nonsense!" says Mr. Fauntleroy. "Are you a banker? What business have you to offer an opinion on the matter? Do as I tell you—leave it to me—bank with us—and draw for what you like. Stop! I haven't done yet. When you open the account, speak to the head cashier. Perhaps you may find he has got something to tell you. There! there! go away—don't interrupt me—good-bye—God bless you!"

That was his way—Ah, poor fellow! that was his way!

I went to the head cashier the next morning, when I opened my little modicum of an account. He had received orders to pay my drafts without reference to my balance. My cheques, when I had overdrawn, were to be privately shown to Mr. Fauntleroy. Do many young men who start in business find their prosperous superiors ready to help them in that way?

Well, I got on—got on very fairly and steadily; being careful not to venture out of my depth, and not to forget that small beginnings may lead in time to great ends. A prospect of one of those great ends—great, I

mean, to such a small trader as I was at that period—showed itself to me, when I had been some little time in business. In plain terms, I had a chance of joining in a first-rate transaction, which would give me profit and position and everything I wanted, provided I could qualify myself for engaging in it by getting good security beforehand for a very large amount.

In this emergency, I thought of my kind friend, Mr. Fauntleroy, and went to the bank, and saw him once more in his private room.

There he was at the same table, with the same heaps of papers about him, and the same hearty, easy way of speaking his mind to you at once, in the fewest possible words. I explained the business I came upon, with some little hesitation and nervousness; for I was afraid he might think that I was taking an unfair advantage of his former kindness to me. When I had done, he just nodded his head, snatched up a blank sheet of paper, scribbled a few lines on it, in his rapid way, handed the writing to me, and pushed me out of the room by the two shoulders before I could say a single word. I looked at the paper in the outer office. It was my security from that great banking-house for the whole amount, and for more, if more was wanted.

I could not express my gratitude then; and I don't know that I can describe it now. I can only say that it has outlived the crime, the disgrace, and the awful death on the scaffold. I am grieved to speak of that death at all. But I have no other alternative. The course of my story must now lead me straight on to the later time, and to the terrible discovery which exposed my benefactor and my friend to all England as the forger Fauntleroy.

I must ask you to suppose a lapse of some time after the occurrence of the events that I have just been relating. During this interval, thanks to the kind assistance I had received at the outset, my position as a man of business had greatly improved. Imagine me now, if you please, on the high road to prosperity, with good large offices and a respectable staff of clerks; and picture me to yourselves sitting alone in my private room, between four and five o'clock, on a certain Saturday afternoon.

All my letters had been written, all the people who had appointments with me had been received—I was looking carelessly over the newspaper, and thinking about going home, when one of my clerks came in, and said that a stranger wished to see me immediately on very important business.

"Did he mention his name?" I inquired.

"No, sir."

"Did you not ask him for it?"

"Yes, sir. And he said you would be none the wiser if he told me what it was."

"Does he look like a begging-letter writer?"

"He looks a little shabby, sir; but he doesn't

talk at all like a begging-letter writer. He spoke sharp and decided, sir,—and said that it was in your interests that he came, and that you would deeply regret it afterwards if you refused to see him."

"He said that, did he? Show him in at once, then."

He was shown in immediately. A middling-sized man, with a sharp, unwholesome-looking face, and with a flippant, reckless manner; dressed in a style of shabby smartness; eyeing me with a bold look; and not so overburdened with politeness as to trouble himself about taking off his hat when he came in. I had never seen him before in my life; and I could not form the slightest conjecture from his appearance to guide me towards guessing his position in the world. He was not a gentleman, evidently; but as to fixing his whereabouts in the infinite downward gradations of vagabond existence in London, that was a mystery which I was totally incompetent to solve.

"Is your name Trowbridge?" he began.

"Yes," I answered, drily enough.

"Do you bank with Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy, and Graham?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Answer my question, and you will know!"

"Very well, I *do* bank with Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy, and Graham—and what then?"

"Draw out every farthing of balance you have got, before the bank closes at five to-day."

I stared at him in speechless amazement. The words, for the instant, absolutely petrified me.

"Stare as much as you like," he proceeded coolly, "I mean what I say. Look at your clock there. In twenty minutes it will strike five, and the bank will be shut. Draw out every farthing, I tell you, again; and look sharp about it."

"Draw out my money!" I exclaimed, partially recovering myself. "Are you in your right senses? Do you know that the firm I bank with represents one of the first houses in the world? What do you mean—you, who are a total stranger to me,—by taking this extraordinary interest in my affairs? If you want me to act on your advice, why don't you explain yourself?"

"I have explained myself. Act on my advice, or not, just as you like. It don't matter to me. I have done what I promised; and there's an end of it."

He turned to the door. The minute hand of the clock was getting on from the twenty minutes to the quarter.

"Done what you promised?" I repeated, getting up to stop him.

"Yes," he said, with his hand on the lock. "I have given my message. Whatever happens, remember that. Good afternoon."

He was gone before I could speak again.

I tried to call after him, but my lips had suddenly got dry, and the words seemed to stick on them. I could not imagine why, but there was something in the man's last words which had more than half frightened me.

I looked at the clock. The minute hand was on the quarter. My office was just far enough from the bank to make it necessary for me to decide on the instant. If I had had time to think, I am perfectly certain that I should not have profited by the extraordinary warning that had just been addressed to me. The suspicious appearance and manners of the stranger; the outrageous improbability of the inference against the credit of the bank towards which his words pointed; the chance that some underhand attempt was being made, by some enemy of mine, to frighten me into embroiling myself with one of my best friends, through showing an ignorant distrust of the firm with which he was associated as partner,—all these considerations would unquestionably have occurred to me if I could have found time for reflection; and, as a necessary consequence, not one farthing of my balance would have been taken from the keeping of the bank on that memorable day.

As it was, I had just time enough to act, and not a spare moment for thinking. Some heavy payments made at the beginning of the week had so far decreased my balance, that the sum to my credit in the banking-book barely reached fifteen hundred pounds. I snatched up my cheque-book, wrote a draft for the whole amount, and ordered one of my clerks to run to the bank and get it cashed before the doors closed. What impulse urged me on, except the blind impulse of hurry and bewilderment, I can't say. I acted mechanically, under the influence of the vague, inexplicable fear which the man's extraordinary parting words had aroused in me, without stopping to analyse my own sensations,—almost without knowing what I was about. In three minutes from the time when the stranger had closed my door, the clerk had started for the bank; and I was alone again in my room, with my hands as cold as ice and my head all in a whirl.

I did not recover my control over myself, until the clerk came back with the notes in his hand. He had just got to the bank in the nick of time. As the cash for my draft was handed to him over the counter, the clock struck five, and he heard the order given to close the doors.

When I had counted the bank-notes and had locked them up in the safe, my better sense seemed to come back to me on a sudden. Never have I reproached myself before or since, as I reproached myself at that moment. What sort of return had I made for Mr. Fauntleroy's fatherly kindness to me? I had insulted him by the meanest, the grossest distrust of the honour and the

credit of his house—and that on the word of an absolute stranger, of a vagabond, if ever there was one yet! It was madness, downright madness in any man, to have acted as I had done. I could not account for my own inconceivably thoughtless proceeding. I could hardly believe in it myself. I opened the safe, and looked at the bank-notes again. I locked it once more, and flung the key down on the table in a fury of vexation against myself. There the money was, upbraiding me with my own inconceivable folly; telling me in the plainest terms that I had risked depriving myself of my best and kindest friend henceforth and for ever.

It was necessary to do something at once towards making all the atonement that lay in my power. I felt that, as soon as I began to cool down a little. There was but one plain, straightforward way left now out of the scrape in which I had been mad enough to involve myself. I took my hat, and, without stopping an instant to hesitate, hurried off to the bank to make a clean breast of it to Mr. Fauntleroy.

When I knocked at the private door, and asked for him, I was told that he had not been at the bank for the last two days. One of the other partners was there, however, and was working at that moment in his own room. I sent in my name, at once, and asked to see him. He and I were little better than strangers to each other; and the interview was likely to be, on that account, unspeakably embarrassing and humiliating on my side. Still, I could not go home. I could not endure the inaction of the next day, the Sunday, without having done my best on the spot, to repair the error into which my own folly had led me. Uncomfortable as I felt at the prospect of the approaching interview, I should have been far more uneasy in my mind if the partner had declined to see me.

To my relief, the bank-porter returned with a message requesting me to walk in. What particular form my explanations and apologies took when I tried to offer them, is more than I can tell now. I was so confused and distressed that I hardly knew what I was talking about at the time. The one circumstance which I remember clearly is that I was ashamed to refer to my interview with the strange man; and that I tried to account for my sudden withdrawal of my balance by referring it to some inexplicable panic, caused by mischievous reports which I was unable to trace to their source, and which, for anything I knew to the contrary, might, after all, have been only started in jest. Greatly to my surprise, the partner did not seem to notice the lamentable lameness of my excuses, and did not additionally confuse me by asking any questions. A weary, absent look, which I had observed on his face, when I came in, remained on it, while I was speaking. It seemed to be an effort to him, even to keep up the appearance of listening to me. And

when, at last, I fairly broke down in the middle of a sentence, and gave up the hope of getting any farther, all the answer he gave me was comprised in these few civil, common-place words:—

"Never mind, Mr. Trowbridge; pray don't think of apologising. We are all liable to make mistakes. Say nothing more about it; and bring the money back on Monday if you still honour us with your confidence."

He looked down at his papers, as if he was anxious to be alone again; and I had no alternative, of course, but to take my leave immediately. I went home, feeling a little easier in my mind, now that I had paved the way for making the best practical atonement in my power, by bringing my balance back the first thing on Monday morning. Still, I passed a weary day on Sunday, reflecting, sadly enough, that I had not yet made my peace with Mr. Fauntleroy. My anxiety to set myself right with my generous friend was so intense, that I risked intruding myself on his privacy by calling at his town residence on the Sunday. He was not there; and his servant could tell me nothing of his whereabouts. There was no help for it now but to wait till his week-day duties brought him back to the bank.

I went to business on Monday morning, half-an-hour earlier than usual, so great was my impatience to restore the amount of that unlucky draft to my account, as soon as possible after the bank opened. On entering my office, I stopped with a startled feeling, just inside the door. Something serious had happened. The clerks, instead of being at their desks as usual, were all huddled together in a group, talking to each other with blank faces. When they saw me, they fell back behind my managing man, who stepped forward with a circular in his hand.

"Have you heard the news, sir?" he said.

"No. What is it?"

He handed me the circular. My heart gave one violent throb the instant I looked at it. I felt myself turn pale; I felt my knees trembling under me.

Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy and Graham had stopped payment.

"The circular has not been issued more than half an hour," continued my managing clerk. "I have just come from the bank, sir. The doors are shut—there is no doubt about it. Marsh and Company have stopped this morning."

I hardly heard him; I hardly knew who was talking to me. My strange visitor of the Saturday had taken instant possession of all my thoughts; and his words of warning seemed to be sounding once more in my ears. This man had known the true condition of the bank, when not another soul outside the doors was aware of it! The last draft paid across the counter of that ruined house, when the doors closed on Saturday, was the draft that I had so bitterly reproached my-

self for drawing; the one balance saved from the wreck was my balance. Where had the stranger got the information that had saved me; and why had he brought it to my ears?

I was still groping, like a man in the dark, for an answer to those two questions—I was still bewildered by the unfathomable mystery of doubt into which they had plunged me, when the discovery of the stopping of the bank was followed almost immediately by a second shock, far more dreadful, far heavier to bear, so far as I was concerned, than the first. While I and my clerks were still discussing the failure of the firm, two mercantile men, who were friends of mine, ran into the office, and overwhelmed us with the news that one of the partners had been arrested for forgery. Never shall I forget the terrible Monday morning when those tidings reached me, and when I knew that the partner was Mr. Fauntleroy.

I was true to him—I can honestly say I was true to my belief in my generous friend—when that fearful news reached me. My fellow-merchants had got all the particulars of the arrest. They told me that two of Mr. Fauntleroy's fellow trustees had come up to London to make arrangements about selling out some stock. On inquiring for Mr. Fauntleroy at the banking-house, they had been informed that he was not there; and, after leaving a message for him, they had gone into the city to make an appointment with their stockbroker for a future day, when their fellow trustee might be able to attend. The stockbroker volunteered to make certain business inquiries on the spot, with a view to saving as much time as possible; and left them at his office to await his return. He came back, looking very much amazed, with the information that the stock had been sold out, down to the last five hundred pounds. The affair was instantly investigated; the document authorising the selling out was produced; and the two trustees saw on it, side by side with Mr. Fauntleroy's signature, the forged signature of their own names. This happened on the Friday; and the trustees, without losing a moment, sent the officers of justice in pursuit of Mr. Fauntleroy. He was arrested, brought up before the magistrate, and remanded, on the Saturday. On the Monday I heard from my friends the particulars which I have just narrated.

But the events of that one morning were not destined to end, even yet. I had discovered the failure of the bank, and the arrest of Mr. Fauntleroy. I was next to be enlightened, in the strangest and the saddest manner, on the difficult question of his innocence or his guilt. Before my friends had left my office; before I had exhausted the arguments which my gratitude rather than my reason suggested to me, in favour of the unhappy prisoner, a note, marked im-

mediate, was placed in my hands, which silenced me the instant I looked at it. It was written from the prison by Mr. Fauntleroy, and it contained two lines only, entreating me to apply for the necessary order, and to go and see him immediately.

I shall not attempt to describe the flutter of expectation, the strange mixture of dread and hope that agitated me, when I recognised his handwriting, and discovered what it was that he desired me to do. I obtained the order, and went to the prison. The authorities, knowing the dreadful situation in which he stood, were afraid of his attempting to destroy himself, and had set two men to watch him. One came out as they opened his cell-door. The other, who was bound not to leave him, very delicately and considerately affected to be looking out of window the moment I was shown in.

He was sitting on the side of his bed, with his head drooping and his hands hanging listlessly over his knees, when I first caught sight of him. At the sound of my approach, he started to his feet, and, without speaking a word, flung both his arms round my neck.

My heart swelled up. "Tell me it's not true, sir! For God's sake, tell me it's not true!" was all I could say to him.

He never answered—Oh, me! he never answered, and he turned away his face.

There was one dreadful moment of silence. He still held his arms round my neck; and on a sudden he put his lips close to my ear. "Did you get your money out?" he whispered. "Were you in time on Saturday afternoon?"

I broke free from him, in the astonishment of hearing those words.

"What!" I cried out loud, forgetting the third person at the window. "That man who brought the message—?"

"Hush!" he said, putting his hand on my lips. "There was no better man to be found, after the officers had taken me—I know no more about him than you do—I paid him well, as a chance messenger, and risked his cheating me of his errand."

"You sent him, then!"

"I sent him."

My story is over, gentlemen. There is no need for me to tell you that Mr. Fauntleroy was found guilty, and that he died by the hangman's hand. It was in my power to soothe his last moments in this world, by taking on myself the arrangement of some of his private affairs, which, while they remained unsettled, weighed heavily on his mind. They had no connection with the crimes he had committed, so I could do him the last little service he was ever to accept at my hands with a clear conscience. I say nothing in defence of his character, nothing in palliation of the offence for which he suffered. But I cannot forget that in the

time of his most fearful extremity, when the strong arm of the law had already seized him, he thought of the young man whose humble fortunes he had helped to build; whose heartfelt gratitude he had fairly won; whose simple faith he was resolved never to betray. I leave it to greater intellects than mine to reconcile the anomaly of his reckless falsehood towards others, and his steadfast truth towards me. It is as certain as that we sit here, that one of Fauntleroy's last efforts in this world, was the effort he made to preserve me from being a loser by the trust that I had placed in him. There is the secret of my strange tenderness for the memory of a felon—that is why the word villain does somehow still grate on my heart, when I hear it associated with the name—the disgraced name, I grant you—the forger Fauntleroy. Pass the bottles, young gentlemen, and pardon a man of the old school for having so long interrupted your conversation with a story of the old time.

NEAPOLITAN ENERGY.

IN the month of May last, I sent you some details collected on the site of that awful event, the great earthquake of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven.* They told a tale of suffering, such as the world does not often hear; and recorded instances of Neapolitan misgovernment, and of British energy which, happily in the one case, and deplorably in the other, are sufficiently frequent.

The resident and the visitor in this country pass a great portion of their summer as dormice are said to do their winter; that is, in sleep—or at least in inaction—so that it was only a few days since that I repeated my visit to Mr. Major, who so honorably distinguished himself by his humanity and intelligence during a protracted visit amongst the sufferers by the earthquake.

That gentleman informed me that, although the official journal publishes the names of contributors of grains even (a sum of about the value of a farthing); and though, by the sweet flattery of publicity, and the appellation of pious offerers, people have been persuaded to subscribe upwards of one hundred and seventy thousand ducats, little of the money has been appropriated to the object for which it was intended. A few orphans have been provided for, it is true, and perhaps some monasteries have been assisted; but the houses have not been restored, nor have the parochial churches been repaired. A certain Jesuit has been active in pulling down houses, and clearing streets; making the proprietors pay for his handy-work. Some thought it rather a hard thing to be compelled to pay for the destruction of their own property, ruined though it might be; still

* See page 558, Volume Seventeen.

harder, when, as in some cases, their houses had been rendered somewhat habitable. "There is one house, especially," continued Mr. Major, "which I regret to think is under the doom of destruction. It belongs to a poor woman who had lost her husband by the earthquake. As it had three sides standing, I added a fourth, and the widow started a café and an inn, for curious travellers; and she made, for a time, a little fortune." All other places in the earthquake district are a desert, notwithstanding the pious offerings which are almost daily advertised in the official journal, and the general surmise is, that the Church will absorb a great portion of this fund. Indeed, the fund subscribed for the relief of those who suffered by the earthquake at Malfi, a few years ago, has not yet all been distributed.

Amongst other places visited by Mr. Major was Montemurro. In that single place six thousand persons had been buried under the ruins. The anxiety and distress of the survivors must, it will readily be conceived, have been at the height; and, in England, any one who came forward at great sacrifices to assist them, would have been regarded as an angel of light; "but," says Mr. Major, "I offered to take fifteen of the orphans to my own house, and, moreover, selected them. The judge took their names, ascertained their destinations, and the objects I had in view; namely, to teach them some useful art by which they might hereafter provide for themselves; he could not, however, give his final assent to my taking them up to Santo Torio, near Portici, without first asking permission of the Intendant. It was asked, and it was refused. These children were in the last degree of misery, and it was deemed better to let them wander about the streets like half-famished dogs, dependent on the food which any humane neighbour might throw at them, and grow up in ignorance, than be clothed and fed like civilised beings, and taught some useful knowledge which might redeem them from penury all their lives. Shortly after my return, however, seven orphan children were sent to me from other villages: four from Viggiano, one from Montemurro, one from Sacconet, and another from Saponara. Two of these were boys, but were not suited to my purpose, and I was glad to get rid of them. One of the girls ran away from me, robbed, got into service, and robbed again. What has now become of her, I do not know. Those who are with me now come from Viggiano. At first, poor little creatures, they were very home-sick, and pined after their native place as most mountaineers do, but they are more reconciled now. I have hired a woman to teach them to sew and to 'tailor,' and a man to teach them to read and to write."

On my expressing a wish to see them, Mr. Major took me into his garden. There were

sitting these four young children, and seven others nine or ten years of age. Grouped together as they were, it seemed as if the consciousness of a common misfortune constituted a kind of bond among them. They were dressed alike in plain cotton frocks with a blue ground and red stripe, and appeared so clean and neat that one was struck with the contrast between them and other children of a similar rank in the neighbourhood of Naples.

"And where do you come from, my children?" I asked.

"From Viggiano, Signor," was the reply.

"Now tell me your names—I want to know you all."

There was a dead silence.

"What, will no one speak? Now let me see if you have any tongues."

This awakened a smile, and the sharpest immediately called out:

"I am Agnese, Signor, and that is Philomena, and that girl there is Anna Maria, and this one is Rosa."

So our introduction was completed, and a kind of electric telegraph established between me and their hearts through the medium of their names. The two first were sisters, and had a mother.

"It was she who kept the café of which I spoke," resumed my friend. "I found her wandering about the streets with six children in a state of utter destitution. I did what I could for them at the time, and afterwards she brought up those two little girls to me. The other two whom you see lost both parents on the night of the earthquake."

Having ascertained that I should not give any pain by talking with the children about the incidents of that terrible disaster, I asked, "Do you remember the night of the earthquake?"

"We all do."

"I was dragged out in the morning," said Agnese, "a great stone lay upon me, so that I could not move. Anna Maria was under a mattress, and large stones were on the top of her—her eyes" (putting a hand on either side of her face and squeezing it) "were both nearly out of her head."

"Mother," said another of the girls, "was taken out dead, and I was by her side."

And so they prattled on like children unconscious of their loss about sufferings which so nearly affected themselves, and disasters which have awakened the compassion of the whole world. I asked them now to show me their writing, and away they ran as merrily and light hearted as nine and ten might be expected to do. Presently they came back, and were very proud of their progress—eager to let me see that they were out of pithecks and had got into capitals. Their writing and their figures did them and their master great credit, I told them, and now for the reading.

"Agnese and Anna Maria are the best

readers," said one, "and Anna Maria is the youngest."

Nothing could induce either to utter a word, so formidable did the trial appear. At last Anna Maria made a start, and I believe would not have come to a stop very rapidly had not I myself been compelled to leave. I was much struck with the familiarity and affection which they seemed to feel towards their benevolent patron. They talked and laughed and ran about as children should and do talk and laugh and run about in the presence of grown-up people, when grown-up people have the milk of human kindness in them; and this happy freedom seemed to make their friend as happy as themselves.

"I should be sorry if these children were taken from me," said Mr. Major.

"And so should I too," added his daughter. "One becomes attached to them insensibly, and then the history of their sufferings and their destitute position have won our hearts."

The children had just kissed the hands of their patrons, and were running across the court-yard. We stood and looked after them in silence, and I don't know which was the more touching feature in the scene, the kindly beaming smile of the good man who had saved them from want, and perhaps from worse, or the unconscious delight of the children themselves. It would be worth a fortune to be able to create such a scene as that—a man need not envy a prince who could feel that amount of satisfaction derived from the contemplation of his own benevolent acts. In some part of the present month Mr. Major again goes through the earthquake districts—his sole object being not to distribute alms to stop the importunate voice of the poor, but to relieve them practically and permanently, by teaching them how to help themselves, how to build, how to work, how to save, and how to think. There are many who look upon his efforts with great jealousy and suspicion; many of the priests and of the authorities do not like him; the latter like to have the management of money matters in their own hands; the former are afraid of cultivating independence of character; so that, generally speaking, he has worked alone, trusting to his own indomitable courage and perseverance for success. Some contributions to the work he has received from Switzerland; more would be desirable, and would be well disposed of.

In the month of June my attention was attracted by two young boys, who were playing on small harps and singing in the streets of Naples. On inquiring whence they came from, they told me from Viggiano, that traditional country of music, where, for I do not know how many generations, the people have been bred to the harp, and the violin, and the flute, and whence they have carried the music they created to all parts of the world. The lads were aged twelve and four-

teen years; the eldest had been to Paris, the youngest was making his first start in life; but they were now prohibited from leaving the country, so that they were trying to get smaller gains by playing and singing (and they did both very well) in the capital and the neighbourhood. They remembered the English gentleman who had been amongst them in the beginning of the year very well, but they did not know that four children, younger than themselves, from the same village, were now residing under that Englishman's care.

Since I began this article his Majesty has resolved, at last, on the distribution of a portion of the funds subscribed amongst the sufferers by the earthquake. Upwards of thirty-two thousand ducats are to be given to the monasteries and churches, and a large sum to be devoted to the establishment of offices for lending money on pledges. Other sums are to be distributed amongst the poor according to certain conditions. More than nine months have passed away since the occurrence of that dire disaster, and yet only now has it been even resolved to distribute the charitable fund. The English, with their subscriptions, were on the ground in a month or two. We may estimate by these facts the comparative energy of the Englishman and the Neapolitan authorities.

LIFE AND DEATH IN SAINT GILES'S.

THE Medical Officers of Health,—captains of sanitary militia,—in this Metropolis, at the end of their second year of work, have marshalled and sent out on general home service, a second squadron of reports. Last year we passed under review the entire squadron, and applauded its equipment. This year we might do the same, but let us avoid sameness. We take, therefore, a single man out of the ranks, and question him.

The bulkiest of the reports is that which depicts the condition of Saint Giles's during the year of grace last past. And because Saint Giles's is a name, that stands for a large thought in London, a parish that we are accustomed vaguely to regard as the Inferno set over against the Paradise of Saint James's; also because its medical Officer of Health, Doctor George Buchanan, has evidently spent no little time and skill in working out his report with an elaborate care that gives it a particular importance, we will fasten upon the report about Saint Giles's for a few minutes.

The district contains the two parishes of Saint Giles and Saint George, Bloomsbury. It is a three hundred and eighteenth part of the area of town within the bills of mortality, and it lies at the heart of London. Why should it there represent a heart disease, why is it sickly? Far above high water-mark, it has the rare blessing of standing over gravel, and there is no quarter of

London so distinctly made by Nature to be drained with little trouble. For there is an almost uniform slope from north to south, and west to east, from its highest elevation of eighty-two feet above Trinity high water-mark, on its northern border, somewhere in Tottenham Court Road, to its lowest, of fifty-three feet, on the southern border, below Lincoln's Inn Fields. This part of the town has nothing to do with the malarious flats of Bermondsey and Lambeth, but has right to some of the fresh breezes of Highgate, Hampstead, and Saint Pancras. Since Lincoln's Inn Fields and Russell Square belong to the same sanitary district as the courts of Monmouth Street, there are diversities of wholesomeness no doubt; contrasts which we shall find very well worth noting, and defining, as we go on with the sketch. But there are in that district, setting aside mews, more than seventy streets, courts, and alleys, in which there is no such thing as a free entry of sunshine, or a current of air passing through, close alembics for the generation of a fever poison, courts with blind endings, or lanes entered by passages under houses. Nature's gift of good air is thus disposed of. The gift of good soil and water, again, is a blessing very nearly turned into a curse. The porous gravel, where there is little or no good artificial sewerage is invaluable as a means of natural drainage. The rains wash into it putrefying matter, which, being thus diluted, filters through, losing much of its noxious character, and descends to the river, or to the large sewers by which it may be intercepted. But, on the clay bottoms under gravel, wells are formed by the filtration downward of the water, till it comes to the basin of stiff clay which holds it. If the gravel be full of the refuse of centuries, riddled with cesspools, leaky sewers and gaspipes, with here and there thick heaps of corpses in a churchyard that contains the graves of generation after generation, it is not pure water that filters through the gravel, and through all these its contents. Precisely because it is a good natural drain for putrid things, it is a bad source from which to draw the water that must run with them. The water that rises in the parish well of Saint Giles's district is, in fact, nothing more than highly diluted sewage. The filth, no doubt, has undergone a great deal of decomposition. Much of it is changed into living plants and animalcules, nitric acid, and other comparatively harmless things.

But there is a limit to this purifying process, and no wise Londoner will swallow water from a well formed on the top of the bed of London clay. Dig through the clay, and below it come to the deep water, bearing strata into which flow the pure rains from gathering grounds on wholesome country soil in Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire. Drink and enjoy the cool, pure water of those deep wells, but in the water of the surface-wells suspect

the death that lurks. That caution no Londoner should put out of his mind. In Russell Square they have an Artesian well sunk through the clay. The water of it being tested, after standing four and twenty hours in a warm room, was very bright and clear, containing nothing alive, nothing beyond a little flint and a few accidental fibres of cotton.

Compare with this the clear water from a surface-well in Bloomsbury Market. This contains nitric acid and distinct traces of iron. It teems with animal life. *Paramæcia*, *oxytricha*, *acineta*, *vorticella*, and monads—to drink this is like swallowing the Zoological Gardens on a small scale—with *amœbæ*, *confervæ*, and spores, and filaments of fungi, decaying vegetable matter, dirt and flint. We say nothing of the contents of dirty tanks with inches of mud at the bottom. The artificial water-supply of the whole district is from the New River Company alone, which furnishes a flat but decent fluid.

The sewerage of Saint Giles's, as a whole district, is better than the average of London. Between one and two hundred cesspools have been abolished by the Board of Works, but many still exist, and they are not much more likely to be found below the dens of the wretched, than under the mansions of the polite tenants of Bloomsbury Square, upon whose privacy the profane officer of health is not yet strong enough to intrude, for want of a sufficient emphasis of public support to justify and back him in the absolute discharge of his most important duty.

Now, let us ask how, as to its social state, Saint Giles's stands in its relation to surrounding districts, or to London at large. One fact, to begin with, Doctor Buchanan puts in the clearest possible form. Saint Giles's covers one three-hundredth part of the area of London, yet it contains seven three-hundredths of the population. The men of Saint Giles's, then, are pretty closely packed, eleven or twelve to a house; two hundred and twenty to an acre is the thickness of the sickly-living crop there yielded to the bills of mortality. For the town at large the numbers are four to a house, and, considering the parks and so forth, only thirty to an acre. For the whole of the close central districts nine or ten to a house, and about two hundred to an acre.

The houses, however, in the Strand and Holborn districts form even a denser crowd than that of the district of Saint Giles, which is lightened by the large vacant spaces of Lincoln's Inn Fields, Russell and other Squares. But this fact is an essential one in the consideration of Saint Giles's, that where the houses are there is the crowding greater than in any other of the central districts of the town. The Strand district is little better, but it is better.

Saint Giles's, then, is beyond all surrounding regions overcrowded with inhabitants. And the next fact is, that of its inhabitants an

unusually large proportion is made up of poor Irish. Eight and a half in a hundred of the inhabitants of London are natives of Ireland. In Saint Pancras the proportion is two in a hundred less; in the Strand and Marylebone one in a hundred more. But, in Holborn, the proportion is seventeen in a hundred, and in Saint Giles's three in a hundred more than even that. It is noticeable also that of the Irish in Saint Giles's and Holborn the proportion, under twenty years of age, is one-third, instead of as elsewhere one-fourth or one-fifth of the whole. This shows that the Irish immigration into these districts is young, vigorous, and steadily increasing. Unfortunately the number of Irish in an English town district is a pretty sure test of its wretchedness. In this respect Saint Giles's stands foremost among the localities of London.

The principal test of health in any place, which we shall presently apply to Saint Giles's, is the proportion of disease and death among the children in it. At the last census it appeared that there were—in the proportion of about five to six—fewer children to set against the adults in Saint Giles's than in the town at large. Therefore, for health, in any such comparison, to be proved equal, it should be shown that the proportion of disease and death among children is in Saint Giles's by one sixth less than the average of London. There is no increase of population now. In ten years, at the beginning of the century, Saint Giles's grew as Saint Pancras is at this day growing, and it then added twelve thousand to the number of its people. In the twenty years preceding eighteen hundred and forty-one, the increase was but of two thousand five hundred. In the next ten years there were improvements made. By the pulling down of lanes and courts to form new streets, two hundred and fifty-nine houses were blotted out. We have urged very often what must be the result of these London improvements, when the roofs of a hundred wretched people are pulled down to make room for perhaps ten who are more prosperous. New and clean homes must be provided with the right hand, while with the left hand old and dirty dens are tumbled down; or else the consequence must be, as it has been in Saint Giles's, where, although two hundred and fifty-nine houses, which had contained nearly three thousand people, were got rid of, the people were not got rid of; there was a decrease only of seventy-eight in the population. More than two thousand seven hundred wretched creatures pressed themselves, therefore, on the already over-crowded inmates of the dens that were left standing.

There is a curious fact about Saint Giles's, seeming to contradict the established maxim, that where deaths of children are most numerous, there is compensation in an increase of the frequency of births. Births in

the district of Saint Giles are somewhat below the average, and yet the number of the marriages exceeds the usual proportion.

The excess of births over deaths would add four hundred persons yearly to the population of the district; but, since closer packing is impossible, some must go out to make room for new comers. There must be a migration out of Saint Giles's to the extent of about four hundred persons yearly. Of this number almost a fourth goes out to die in the surrounding hospitals, or to wander abroad after discharge from their sick wards. The Workhouse Infirmary admits yearly a thousand cases of disease, and gives out-door relief to six or seven times that number. The death rate, from the nature of the cases, is twice that of an ordinary hospital.

There are no trades in the district that affect in a remarkable degree the health of its inhabitants; there is nothing worse than the fifteen not ill-managed slaughterhouses, and the noisome cowsheds.

In Saint Giles's there are sixty-nine common lodging-houses, all in the parish of Saint Giles in the Fields, none in Bloomsbury. The improvement made in these by the working of the Common Lodging Houses Act has been immense; but their inmates are the very poorest, often the most depraved of the poor, and after every conceivable correction has been made for chance of error, it is found to be a fact, that in Saint Giles's the mortality in them is greater than in other houses of the same streets. They do not, however, bring disease and death into the parish. More of that goes out than comes in; for there is no local hospital, and the sick population of Saint Giles's looks for relief to the hospitals in adjoining parishes. The greater number of them, it is found, go to King's College Hospital, many go to the Middlesex and Charing Cross Hospitals, some to University College Hospital, and a few of the little ones are sent to the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street.

Because of the name it has for misery, Saint Giles's has been much favoured by the Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes. One-fourth of all that has been done in London, by societies and by the benevolence of private persons, for improving the dwellings of the poor, has been done in Saint Giles's, where there are furnished improved homes for, altogether, two hundred and forty families, and for two hundred and eleven single men. There is much yet to be done by these institutions, "whose larger acceptance," says the Health Officer, "would save the lives of hundreds, and improve the morals of thousands." Saint Giles's has the Model Houses for Families, in Streatham Street, at rentals of from half-a-crown to six shillings a-week, containing about three hundred and thirty people, of whom two hundred are children. Here there is a long list of applicants for vacancies.

There are the thirteen improved houses in Wild Court, let out in a hundred and eight separate rooms, at a weekly rent of from one and eightpence to three shillings. They contain a population of about three hundred and fifty, one half of them children, and they are in good demand; but there is no list of applicants for vacancies, one or two rooms being always empty. "This," says the superintendent, "is because of the neighbourhood, and because there are still a good many low Irish, who keep the decent, respectable English from living there." Eleven similar houses, but of a somewhat lower character, containing two hundred and sixty-three people, in eighty-six rooms, are in Clark's Buildings, where a new resident superintendent is trying to induce a better class of persons to reside. But the Medical Officer of Health asks, "in what way is the condition of the labouring classes improved, if the superintendent gets rid of the labouring man from his renovated dwelling, in favour of a superior class of persons, clerks, postmen milliners, and artisans?" The houses in George Street lodge very comfortably a hundred single men: their lodging-house in Charles Street, Drury Lane, holds not quite so many; [and the house in King Street, Drury Lane, holds five and twenty. That is the sum of the work done here on behalf of wholesome dwellings for the poor.

As we have said, there is no general hospital in Saint Giles's. The Lying-in Hospital, in Endell Street, receives one or two hundred cases in a twelvemonth. The Bloomsbury Dispensary prescribes annually for two or three thousand patients; and there is also a smaller dispensary connected with the Ragged Schools in Brewer's Court, Great Wild Street.

Before we turn to the diseases of this health district, a few more words must be said of its diversity of character in divers parts. Its sub-districts are the parish of Saint George Bloomsbury, Saint Giles South, and Saint Giles North. Saint George's is the richest, Saint Giles's South the poorest of the three. Saint Giles's North contains Church Lane, but it contains also Bedford Square, and holds, therefore, the middle place as to its average prosperity. In Saint Giles's South the density of population on the inhabited acres—all free spaces being left out of account—is more than twice as great as in Saint George's Bloomsbury.

Again, as to the number of children under five years old in the district, which is less than in the rest of the town, Saint George's Bloomsbury goes far to secure that result, for it contains scarcely more than three-fourths of the number of such children that would be found in an equal population elsewhere in London. That is, probably, because this district is occupied by many men who have earned somewhat late in life the power of moving to large houses with families of

children that lived elsewhere when they were younger and before their parents had made good way in the world. In Saint Giles's South, however, there is also a deficiency of children; but it is much less marked. The reason just given accounts for the fact that in Saint George's Bloomsbury there are much fewer births than in the town at large, only two dozen instead of nearly three dozen a year to every thousand. But Saint Giles's South exceeds the three dozen. Then, however, in Bloomsbury there is only one child in fifty born out of wedlock, while among the inhabitants of Saint Giles's South every eighth child is so born.

The maid-servants in the census give to Bloomsbury more than the usual excess of females in the population. But it is a singular fact that in Saint Giles's South, at the census of eighteen hundred and fifty-one, there were found to be two hundred and forty-five more males than females; a reversal of the almost constant rule that men are outnumbered by the women.

That is the district. Now let us stand at the churchyard gates, and see what enters them. About every second coffin is that of a child less than five years old. Of a thousand persons dying in Saint Giles's three hundred and sixty are not two years old, and of those in the thousand who survive their second year another hundred and seventeen perish before they have reached the age of five.

The natural death-rate, hardly exceeded indeed in Bloomsbury, is of seventeen persons annually out of every thousand. To have established that rate throughout London would have been, last year, to have saved nearly fifteen thousand lives. But if the whole town had been in the position of Saint Giles's, sixteen thousand persons more would have been lost. Between the death-rate of Lewisham and the death-rate of Saint Giles's, if either were to prevail over the whole town, the difference would be a saving or a loss of thirty thousand lives every year. The death-rate is higher in Saint Giles's than even in the adjoining districts of the Strand, Holborn, and Saint Martin's. "Holborn," says Dr. Buchanan, "situated on a lower level, with houses as crowded together and as poor as Saint Giles's, with almost as many Irish among its residents, comprising in its boundaries the hopeless maze of courts and alleys about Gray's Inn Lane—this district of Holborn, in every respect so similar to our own, had only two hundred and forty deaths last year, where Saint Giles's had two hundred and eighty-six." A climax is found for this picture of distress when we have learnt that, as matters stand, the comparison promises to become every year more unfavourable to Saint Giles's. Last year the death-rate of all London was twenty-two in ten thousand below the average of the preceding ten years. In the southern districts the improvement was

greatest, there was a fall of forty-six in the ten thousand deaths (ascribed to improved water supply). In the central districts—to which Saint Giles's belongs—the fall in the mortality was fourteen in the ten thousand; but in Saint Giles's the fall that represented progress was no more than three. There was no special epidemic to account for this, only the customary wretchedness.

Such a fact prompts us to ask what are the diseases that produce this excess of mortality. It is found that of diseases called zymotic—chiefly in the form of whooping-cough and measles—death was the result in an average of five cases instead of the usual four. Scrofulous diseases—chiefly in the form of consumption and water on the brain, and diseases of the brain and nerves—chiefly in the form of convulsions of children—show similar excess of mortality; and the diseases of the breathing apparatus—chiefly bronchitis and pneumonia—killed four where in London generally they kill three. There is a great excess also of deaths by the premature birth and debility of infants. The especial sufferers, in every case, are the children. Contagion has little to do with the cause of these fatal disorders. They are diseases clearly traceable here to bad water, and yet more emphatically to bad air.

Be it remembered also, that the calculations just given relate to the whole health district of Saint Giles and Bloomsbury, within which there is Saint George's Bloomsbury, with a death rate only half that of Saint Giles's South. In Saint Giles's South the death rate by those zymotic diseases which are a sure sign of unwholesomeness, is three times greater than it is in Bloomsbury. Of ten thousand people there would have died last year in Bloomsbury one hundred and eighty-four; in North Saint Giles's, two hundred and eighty-eight; in South Saint Giles's, three hundred and sixty-four!

The Medical Health Officer proceeds in his report to subdivide his district into ten distinct localities, and to make elaborate comparisons full of suggestion in their issue. Thus, it appears that death by consumption was last year in the Bedford Square region nine per cent. of the total mortality, in Northern Drury Lane thirty per cent., and, what we might not have expected, twenty per cent. in Russell Square. In the lodging houses, consumption is found to be the most fatal disease. Of other fatal disease in the lungs, fourteen died last year in the Russell Square locality, to twenty-two in that of Bedford Square, and two-and-thirty in Church Lane. As these numbers relate only to limited districts for a single year, they are to be received, of course, with great reserve; but, in evidence of the general fact that overcrowding is one of the main causes of the

excess of deaths in the whole district, Doctor Buchanan presents, side by side, two tables which speak with a painful eloquence. He compares Little Coram Street, a street of far the most part very poor people, in which the mortality is at the usual high average of the surrounding district, with Dudley Street, Seven Dials. Both are streets of seven-roomed houses, none of them common lodging houses.

In Dudley Street there are eighty-two houses, and one thousand seven hundred and twenty men, women, and children. In Little Coram Street there are thirty-three houses and three hundred and seventy men, women, and children. The proportion of children in each street happens to be exactly the same, forty-four per cent.

In Dudley Street there is an average of twenty-one persons; but, in Little Coram Street, the average is only eleven persons to a house. Of the houses in Dudley Street, one half are dirty and the kitchens are closely tenanted; the houses in Little Coram Street are good and clean.

What follows? There died last year in Dudley Street a proportion of thirty-eight people to the thousand; but, in Little Coram Street, not thirty. Of those who died in Dudley Street the children under five years old bore a proportion of fifty-eight to the hundred, in Little Coram Street but twenty-seven to the hundred; the proportion of deaths among little children in the street little more than half as crowded as the other, was even less than half as great. Deaths from zymotic disease in Dudley Street were more than twice as many as are usual in London, but in Little Coram Street there was not one.

The report goes on to tell of work that is now being done. What we have learnt from it will leave us plenty of room to imagine something of the work that has yet even to be begun.

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IN SEARCH OF DON QUIXOTE.

I NEVER really got tired of that hot Spanish City of Raisins, where the people were all of a mild liquorice-brown colour. My objection to it was, that I found the proverb of the Arabs too true,—that Malaga was a perfect Paradise, "only that the fleas are always dancing there to the tune played by the mosquitos." It was the fleas I feel sure, that finally pulled me out of bed and made me send, impromptu, for a calesa and rush violently down a steep place to the quay and embark in the Alhambra, Peninsular and Oriental steamer. Indeed, I am convinced that the Turkish saying, that the King of the Fleas lives in Galilee, was really first said of Malaga.

What I went through at Malaga; the hardship of being always driven to drink Manzanilla because the water was lukewarm; the constantly being peppered with the dust from scuffling strings of donkeys laden with boxes of dried raisins, I dare not attempt to tell. Still, though sore of foot, my face covered with the red itching bumps of mosquito bites so that my own creditors would not have known me; turned to a brown amber-colour by the furnace sun; drained by perpetual perspirations and want of the chief nourisher in life's feast (I allude to balmy sleep), I still carried out with that peculiar tenacity of purpose, which my friends call obstinacy, the object of my Spanish tour—searching for Don Quixote.

For, if the lean, lantern-jawed, warm-hearted Don ever was a type of the best Spanish character, he must still exist somewhere; and, therefore, is, I say, to be wormed out, in church, market-place, shop, steam-boat, posada or correo (diligence); his chivalry, spiritualism, unworldliness, generosity, unselfishness: in a word, his gentleness.

Sour, cynical men—men of the Croaker class—told me that Spaniards now were all a set of idle, cowardly, bragging, cigar-smoking, bull-fighting, stabbing guitar-players, who spent their time in gossip or worse things. Other men—the quiet, shy epicure, diletante, Tory-prejudiced class, told me that I had quite mistaken the thing (quoting something from Calderon de la Barca);

that Don Quixote was no abstract Spaniard, but only a La Manchian; that every allusion to his travels was a local, parochial allusion; and that going to Moorish Spain to look for the gaunt, nankeen-faced knight, was simply a blunder. I took out my Don Quixote and proved, smilingly to myself, that all this was wrong and that I was right. National types cannot die. Robin Hood still poaches down in Yorkshire; Richard Cœur de Lion only the other day knocked down three Russian generals with the butt-end of his musket at foggy Inkermann.

Yes, I said, every ugly inn-drudge with rough, red arms, I see, will be Maritornes. Every landlord will be like the knavish Asturian, who invented the ingenious reed by which the illustrious man, born after his time, contrived to drink the red wine through his barred-helmet. There shall I see his Dulcinea, round of face and large of limb, at every barn-door where they are sifting maize. There shall I meet Sancho and the barber, the curate, the housekeeper, the black-eyed, tight-waisted niece, and indeed all the pleasant Smollet company. I shall see them, through whirls of fiery dust, on vine-clad mountain sides, from diligence windows, in fire-coloured boats, on broad blue bags in steamer-cabins, on horseback, with wide jacketed guides, beside droves of red-tasselled tinkling mules, such as fill with itinerant clangour the knubbly streets of Spanish cities; in fact—as writers say after a long sentence which has taken away their breath—everywhere. But the Don, the loose-limbed, aquiline-nosed Don, with the faded, yet kindling eye, the intermittent teeth and the raw-boned impracticable horse, I shall have more trouble with him. He will be, perhaps, hidden in some old book-shop at Toledo, devouring, with immense dark-lantern spectacles, some worm-eaten book of chivalry—Tirarte the White or Palmerin the Cruel, and writing by help of spoonful-pinchers of the black, fragrant rappee of Seville, a short treatise to show that the great Spanish General, Blake, who, it is not generally known, kicked the French over the Pyrenees, derived all the finer points of his character from the study of Amadis of Gaul. Or he may now be some pot-bellied canon living in a little

sacristy-room in the Archbishop's palace at Seville, and who is writing a folio on Murillo's Concepcion Inmaculada, with a slight glance at the history of art from the time of Dædalus. Perhaps I shall see his old eye firing up at a bull-fight, or meet him at the corner of a moonlit street at Granada; his cloak wrapped round his left arm, defending himself with a guitar only from the swords of ten bravos, two of whom he will brain with that frail weapon. Shall I find him looking at that horrid rasca! Gines de Pasamonte, being garrotted at Algeciras; or, will he be clothed in brown, the pompous governor of some wasp-nest of a place on the green coast of Morocco, where leather is daily made, and Spaniards are daily tanned? I shall find him cheapening the jaquete—those little whitebait fish in the creels of the Malaga Masaniellos, that shine so like new-cast type. I shall meet him talking politics with the alguasil at the little marble tables of the demure Spanish café. I shall know him beside the green field of a billiard table, or listening to the evening band in the new Plaza. I shall have much difficulty, but find him I know and feel I shall.

I will not deny I occasionally forgot the object of my search. Once when I watched the dusty-footed perspiring negroes, trampling down the Malaga raisins surrounded by crowds of dismounted muleteers in chestnut-coloured leather breeches, tight as the skin, and ornamented with rows of silvery buttons down the side. Also, when on a drizzling foggy morning, I turned my back on pleasant Seville, and steamed up that dismal Lethe stream, the Guadalquivir, on whose low, earthy banks, broad and flat as deserts, scampering herds of half wild oxen tossed and charged through clouds of dust-smoke, blown up angrily as by some simoom the Arabs had left behind, in the hurry of their packing, and pursued by mounted herdsmen, shouting hoarsely and brandishing their long spears like so many Bedouins. I forgot thee again, O Don of the wavy moustachio and crow's-foot eye, as in the coloured darkness of that dim cathedral in Adrian's birthplace, I groped into cedar-scented sacristies—holy chapels where the candles shone like yellow stars, and silver bells tinkled solemn warnings to the kneeling women with drooped fans and veiled mantillas. I forgot thee, O exquisite Don, too, for a moment, when I was riding through the raisin country; when I slept in the Alhambra garden; when I plodded up the ramps of the Giralda.

But let me return to where I remembered thee, and sought thee with all the zeal of those childish days when I first read thee through Smollet, and alternately laughed and cried at thy generous thunders and most wise follies, thou proprietor of the craziest head and noblest heart! thou paladin of a scoffing and unbelieving age!

First, in the church. It was a September morning; the sky already at nine o'clock bright, clear, and hot as so much fire-water one hundred degrees above proof. I strolled into the market-place of Granada, to wile away the half hour which the angel whose breathing we hear in every clock-case was slowly doling out. I determined to try if I could not ferret out among the chattering crowd that Don who played at hide and seek with me. I might find him, watching with lean, hungry eye, while he shaped his rusty moustachio, the shining half pound of tough beef that would go to form the small olla which would be his scanty dinner at twelve o'clock. I take mental notes of the water-sellers, with their trays of pence, and of the itinerant bakers with rings of bread upon long kabob-skewers, just such as Fadladeen might have carried in that gorgeous city where the celebrated unlucky cream-tarts were made. I then patrol cautiously round the wandering potter, who sits sullenly, surrounded by his green-glazed pipkins and cream-coloured pans, like an Israelite praying amid the brick-kilns of Pharaoh. I shun the one-eyed beggar with the guitar, and the dirty gipsy-chief with Indian blanket and gold ear-rings, though he does govern a thievish tribe in the hill-caves round the Alhambra towers. For some say, though now a blacksmith, he was once a leading murderer in José-Maria's notorious gang, and he is not quite a man to rub elbows with, if you carry a purse or valuables. But I follow a breath of incense, which draws me with gentle violence, as good influences draw us, to the wide door of the cathedral, thrown open for early mass. That perfumed breath winds through the rugged, garlicky, jostling, ignoble crowd, and picks me out—me, the meanest in Israel. I follow it as the old chivalric seekers for the mystery of the sacred chalices (the Sainte Graal), followed all miraculous calls, whether of singing bird, or vocal flower, or current air, or calling water. I here may find the Don; his old horny knees bent before some painted waxwork Saint Iago, or some daub of Saint James smiting the Saracen; his fevered eyes turned absently towards the priest in white and gold, and the kneeling acolyte with the giant psalter, all a-shine with unfading colour.

Persistently bowing my head under the great Chirugueresque portal, I was washed in by a spring flood of impatient worshippers. What a sight it was to see littered over the broad-chequered floor, flocks of prostrate ladies, their black fans working like undertakers' plumes on a clearing-up day after a great, good, rich man's funeral; strewn about in groups before the mouths of the side-chapels, where cross lights shone and glowed, or kneeling in agonies of downcast sorrow at the silver railing that warded in the high altar, where Madame Tussaud seemed to have been especially busy; though her work

had rather an infantile fantoccini puppet character, as if she had done it when rather young and frivolous. Side by side with the highest ladies in Granada, crawled hideous cripples; their dirty crutches lying beside them, like so many monsters at the Beautiful Gate, returning thanks to God for recent miraculous cures; or, are they real Lord Aldboroughs and Bishops of Jamaica, recently healed by some Spanish advertising quack?

"Caridad, caridad, per l'amor de Dios," said a subterranean toad-voice at my feet.

"Charity, charity, for the love of God!" I repeated, with a sigh. "But where to find it, my poor woman?"

She was a crippled old devotee, with no mantilla, and her handful of grey hair was drawn back into a sort of Tartar-knot. She was seated humbly on the ground, her worn crutches were under her lean, naked arms. She got her living by lifting up the great quilted, leather curtain—greasy and black-brown—for those worshippers, true or false, who wanted to pass from the nave of the great cathedral to the inner Virgin's chapel.

A priest passed through, muttering "Ave Maria purissima," bowing and crossing himself five times, as he caught a glimpse, through golden smoke, of the distant altar of the mass.

"Sin pecado concebida" (Conceived without sin), replied the woman, muttering the religious countersign in an earnest but mechanical underbreath.

I think it was "Demonio!" the priest exclaimed, as he set his dapper foot unconsciously on the end of one of the crutches, and it flew up angrily and hit his fat paunch.

"Charity," says the woman again, replacing the crutch with a deprecating smile. Perhaps it was "God bless you!" the priest replied.

Instantly, the organ burst out, with its exulting quire.

Good woman! how she fell to at her beads. Here is one of a religious race, and so are those poor market-women, who, coming in and kneeling beside their baskets of sweet herbs, snatch an earful or two of the musical mass.

"Charity, for the love of Heaven, Señor!" droned out the woman again.

I gave her a *cuatro*. She held out her skinny palm for more, and shook and wagged her grey head mockingly.

I remembered the old Ford specific, and bowing, exclaimed, "Perdoname, hermana mia, per l'amor de Dios" (Pardon me, my sister, for the love of Heaven). She bowed as I reluctantly slipped a peseta in her hand, in gratitude for her moral lessons; she heaped what I thought were blessings on me. When I got home I unpacked my memory, consulted the Dictionary, and found what the

good old woman had really said was, "Quede usted con diablo, Don Fulano" (May you remain with the devil, Don Thingumbob). "Calavera atolondrado" (Empty noodle). "Mucha bulla para nada" (Much ado about nothing). "A los pies de mi señora" (My respects to your wife). "Viejo rey Wamba" (Old King Wamba). "Venida en batea" (Looking as if you came on a waiter).

O the dreadful old woman!

How I did look about that cathedral for the Don! In the parroquia, or parish church, which opened out of it, and which had a snug clique service all to itself; in the royal chapel, where Ferdinand and Isabella lie praying eternally for Spain that so much needs their prayers; at the broad marble water-stoup, where the true believers dipped their brown fingers, and crossed themselves on brow and breast, quick as a juggling pass; in the silent unused choir, where the dark-carved thrones of the seven deadly sins were, and where the blazoned books lay open for the simoniacal bishop to intone out of. The Don stood not at the vacant lecterns, nor was he (for I inquired) up-stairs, looking over the organist's shoulder in the dusty organ-loft. He was not in the stone recess of a pulpit; he was not behind the gilded purchase railing, or behind the *eredos*, with the rows of church militant saints drawn up on parade in niche and on shelf. He was not looking at the Virgin, gay in opera satin and tinsel crown; nor at that Saint Sebastian, of the lively buff-colour, smeared with red from the arrow-wounds.

"Where is he?" I said, half aloud, and an hotel-waiter behind me replied, "Perhaps, señor mio, at the Fonda Europa."

I replied, I thought not, and went peering about again. There, where the crowd was thickest round the chapel rails, and where the ministering shaven-headed priest in the white satin robe, with the great cross of gold tissue on his back, stood with a sinister-looking deacon to hold the enormous winged book, and troops of white-clad acolytes to light and snuff out candles, to ring soulless, unfeeling bells, to bow and kneel according to receipt. There is Guzman, my landlord, a little, mean, bill-broking Jew, whose looks tempt you to beat him; and there is my lean guide in the *Marselles* jacket, and round black cap. I am afraid they have come to get joint absolution for having cheated me. There is Quesada (not Quixote) kneeling and sitting back on his own legs; watching that young votary who is passing out through the beggar crowd at the door. His eye—perhaps his mind—wanders. But, being just in the shadow of this great picture of the Crucifixion, by Murillo, let us be charitable, and not act as witnessing spirits against our weaker brothers.

I hurry back nervously for fear I should

be too late for the *Correo*. It has not yet come. Yes; it is just putting to. I hear the mule-bells clash and tinkle warningly. I get in, huddled back my melons and straw bags under the seat, and effect leg-alliances with my three fellow travellers; who, before we are a good league up the red earth-hills studded with vines, begin squeezing crimson threads out of their wine-bags, some of which go into their mouths; but a percentage soak in blots into their shirt-fronts, or spurt up on to the carriage roof, and descend in vinous rain; inclining me to do as Lord Bacon used to do in a shower, and take off my hat to receive the benediction of heaven.

But what was the *Correo* like, in which I made a journey from Granada to Loja to look for Don Quixote? It was like a covered market-cart projected on the basis and body of a small stage-coach. Four sufferers inside, knee to knee,—no room to stir a leg, to remove the exquisite torture of the *os coccygis*,—and three persons, including the driver, seated on the front seat, which formed the front wall of our interior,—the three persons being specially adapted to jam out all air. Inside, to sleep was impossible, not to sleep was impossible. Outside, the heat was as of a fire-wind. Stir, breathe, sleep, read, or move, was impossible. No one of my fellow travellers could be the Don, I was sure, for I read the names on their luggage.

I can imagine how that real self-denying gentleman the Don, who never tried to give pain to any one, would have struggled to appear cheerful, and have coiled up his long legs, anxious to incommode nobody, but longing to be once more on Rosinante; how he would have beguiled the time by twiddling his moustachios, and telling stories of Don Belianis of Greece, and Tristan the Lover of Yseult; railing, with generous ardour, at the treachery of Sir Galaad, after he escaped from Fez with the emir's daughter. But my companions were three poor ignoble Spaniards, in dirty jackets; blue of chin, mean of face, all day bagpiping their wine-bags, and cutting up cold quails with immense dagger-knives, which they took from their dirty red sashes, smelling of garlic. Then they sliced up a melon, gnawed at the section, and flung the rind out of the window at barelegged boys, who ran after us for pence. They rolled perpetual cigarettes, subsiding into restless joggling sleeps. When we changed horses, at the house where the strings of hot red peppers hung up to dry against the white-washed wall, we got out, so that we might have, if only a minute's change of position. I remember it was so blistering and screeching hot, that I ran for shelter to the narrow slant bar of shade cast by a post, though it only took in one of my legs, and left the other with the sensation of being dipped into boiling water. At last driven from that refuge, I tore into

the *posada* stable, where the mules' halters were tied up to pegs made of ham bones, and where the muleteers were snoring on the stones, wrapped in their cloaks. Yet not even here did any one answer to my description of Don Quixote.

Nor at the *venta* that I rode into at noon of the next day, followed by my guide; where the paving-stones were red-hot, and the ground dazzling and blinding with the sun. The two rooms of this small inn opened right and left from the court-yard, whose gate I entered; the one a kitchen, the other a store-room. I called for dinner. They had everything but beef, mutton, veal, and fresh pork. An idiot girl, who watched me as if I was a new sort of cannibal, pointed up at a ham hanging from the rafter, and began to cluck and cackle like a hen. I accepted the omen, and called for ham and eggs. A crowd of idle muleteers and vine-dressers gaped and pointed at me. To appear at ease, I took off my gloves, smoothed out the fingers, brushed my hat with my arm, looked down at my boots, beating my legs with my riding-whip. All these performances were received with approval. The children grinned, the men smiled at each other, as much as to say, "He is very like one of *nosotros* (of us) after all."

The excitement I caused in that little inn was intense. Everything had to be fetched. Everything that I wanted was malapropos, un-Spanish, and out of season, out of time, and out of place. Water to wash,—a dozen red jars, knotted with cord, were sent on the heads of girls, half a mile off, to the street fountain, where the water was almost boiling. The eggs were to be sought for in the stable-mangers and hay-scented lofts. The ham was to be cut and cooked. As for the melon, I knew where that came from, for the landlord, putting on his hat with the air of a resolute and determined traveller, went out for it, and returned, after ten minutes, greasily triumphant, with a large speckled one, like a bloated aldermanic lizard, in a net. With what homely and ridiculous affectation of delighted hospitality did he, the crafty Manchegan, instantly cut me a slice, to stay my appetite! As for the idiot, she was chucklingly busy with the eggs; and the hard-featured mother—who every moment pointed with a fork at the fryingpan, and then turned round to me and grinned—was fussily blowing up, with a plaited straw firescreen, a smoulder of charcoal that gradually kindled up and grew to a lively burning crimson, from a flickering wavy yellow. At last came the dishing-up; when, at a central rickety deal table, I sat down to a basin of poached eggs floating like golden rafts on a sea of black grease, in which were stranded square dark chips, like so many Madras catamarans, with all hands lost. Then followed grapes; golden-skinned; filled with unadulterated wine of precious powers: then

waxy figs, of a viscous sweetness, tasting like a great sweetmeat pudding. Then the melon, marked in grooves by nature for the knife, filled with a yellow nectareous fluid. But I forget the wine: that took at least half an hour getting, because the landlord kept no wine himself, and had quarrelled or run in debt with every other landlord for a mile round. But he at last came back—his path marked with perspiration—gripping the bottle with his hot streaming hand. I bowed, drew out the stopple of smashed vine leaves, and poured him and myself out a glass. He drank it; and, smacking his lips, with a wink at his wife, as much as to say, "How I shall stick it on when it comes to the bill!" proceeded to mop himself all over with a dirty table-cloth, lying ready for the lavandera, or washerwoman. I found the wine a fiery, sweet, luscious Malaga wine, not unlike brandied raisin. As I went up the creaking loft stairs, for a two-hours siesta—for I had to ride on horseback from there over the mountains,—I saw the landlord get down the ink-horn and begin my bill.

He had just sanded it when I came down to proceed on my journey. I won't say much about it; but it was the most imaginative bill I ever perused. Never was the hot walk of a fat landlord so amply atoned for. I had mounted my mule, the guide's saddle-bags were adjusted, my Marselles jacket was tied in front of my saddle, the whole inn was drawn up to see me depart into yonder hazy glow of sunlight that fills up the road like a fog. I suddenly bethink me of something I had forgotten. "Señor Landlord, can you tell me if there is a Don Quixote living anywhere near this town?"

"Quixote," replies the landlord, thrusting my money into his pocket; "no, I never heard the name."

My next search for the Don was in the shops of Cordova. Perhaps, I thought, the old veteran, ruined by some accident of the late French war, has had to sell off his horse and greyhound, and come to this old sultan's city to gain an honest penny, and save his grey hairs from disgrace. "I will find him," I said, drawing my Leghorn hat over my eyes, and shouldering my green umbrella bordered with scarlet, that I used to defy the searching sun-enemy of unaddled brains.

I looked in at the print-shops. There were pictures of tight-booted grisettes with round arms and hawk's eyes; saints by the dozen, enough for all the sinners' houses in Cordova; simpering glossy-coloured Murillos; a portrait of the Queen of the Sandwich Islands, who is believed to be of Spanish descent—the very image of an unhealthy sow with piggy sensual eyes, flapping mouth, and an acre of yellow cheek. There was the Emperor, too, of the Billiard-marker Islands, with his caricature-nose, and thievish, vulture-eyes

stealthily cruel; and there was the King of the Indigo Country, who looked like a scottish martinet, a mixture of pipe-clay and champagne. As I looked at a picture of the Leviathan, side by side with a sketch of Majos dancing at the great fair of Seville, the proprietor came to the gilded door for a breath of air. The Don? Why it is a huge Eugène Sue sort of Frenchman, with a stiff black beard, cropped head, and bullet eyes. No more the Don than it is the Dneiper. I go in, however, and purchase portraits of that vulgar Hercules Bomba.

A little daunted, I look into the barber's shop opposite. There is an officer seated in an arm-chair on a sort of throne, his head—the back of which fits into a hollow in the chair—facing the barber's guitar, which lies ready on the shelf for customers who are obliged to wait. The busy Figaro—wardancing round the unhappy man, who is veiled and bearded with snowy, frothing lather—holds up to his stiff, black, bossy chin, the veritable brass basin of Mambranto, which the Don mistook for an enchanted and villanous knight's helmet, and wore many a hot day on the brown La Manchán sierras. There is the curve, bitten out of the circle for the chin. The Don—I watch from behind the windows through rows of red oils and French pomato-pots, dusty wigs and false moustachios—the Don rises; and, still all lathery and hidden, turns to the corner brass-tap basin to wash and be clean. I see his arm circle with that extreme tail-corner of the towel (the Spaniard is, as to washing, slightly hydrophobic). He turns. The Don? No! It is that old leathery-faced general, with the cast-steel eye-lids and pinched mouth; evidently a mean, bouncing disciplinarian; only great at court-martials and in the presence of trembling beggar soldiers in yellow jackets and hempen sandals. Go to! That is old General Whiteliver, who ran away from the Moors at Melilla, and was all but cashiered, only he bribed the commandant to depose that the Moors were four thousand stronger than they were. O, chivalry of Spain! buried under the waves at Lepanto; is the diver yet born that shall bring thee up from that brave wreck and welter of dead heroes?

What stores did I not visit? Notably a lemonade-store, where a dirty red curtain with forked fringe flaunted at the door, and where a Barbary monkey, chained by the middle, gibbered in impotent malice at the red and green paroquet from the Brazils, that sat scratching its top-knot with grave sagacity and contemplative approval, while the jacketed proprietor smoked a cigarette with that calm indifference to custom peculiar to the half-Moorish Spaniard who spends all to-day in talking of to-morrow, when every good thing is to be done, and every thing set right. The golden age is always to-morrow (mañana).

It is getting dark as I walk past the mat-shops ; where, like Turks squatted on their hams, the master, surrounded by his apprentices, like a father by his children—O, simple-hearted, wrong-headed country!—sits watching the plaiting and weaving of the red, brown, and yellow fibres of the Juncos (reed), that form such pleasant covers for floors in their hot climate. Though they harbour ambuscades of assassin fleas, how rich-coloured, hard, dry, cool, and clean they look. There is no Don there. I sigh ; for the master is a bullet-headed knave, patiently crafty and money-getting. The chivalrous respect for women is not in him ; for he curses the girl who brings him fire for his cigar.

What is this next door ? A lottery-stall, with eager shirt-sleeved peasants conning long ledger files of thick, black, treacherous-looking numbers ? A money-changer's, with bowls of gold-pieces, netted over, so that they look like canaries in wire cages ? A guitar-shop. Look at the rows twenty deep of raw guitars, unstained, unbrowned, unstrung ; no pegs in them ; music, as yet dumb within them, but still there, as the future man is in the child. There is Pajez at the bench, fitting in the ivory lines of the finger-board ; but there is no Don Quixote.

I pass on to the drapery-shops, where the red sashes float and stream, and the broad Andalusian plaids are displayed, with their lines of pink and brown, black and yellow. The Don is not there. Nor behind those strings of mules laden with thick table-slabs of cork. Where can he be ? I pass shops where fish is frying in large, hissing pans ; church furniture shops, all beads, crosses, and tinsel ; old picture-shops ; dagger-shops ; cigar-shops ; stalls of manuscript music ; old book-shops, where there are wonderful pictures of the triumph of the Spanish fleet at Trafalgar, and the destruction of El Milordo Nelson, and the deeds of Cochrane ; the Bugbear, as the frightened peasants of the coast called him. But nowhere the Don ; nowhere the brave, old, crazed, generous gentleman ; rousing from books to action at the end of life ; throwing by his reading torpor, and great to do or suffer.

"Perhaps," said I to myself, staring hard at the unfading Spanish sun, "I am looking after all, for what is not ; seeking for life in a dead country ; seeking for a live hero in a country of decayed voluptuaries." Then for the thousandth time, as I got to my hotel, and sat down on the edge of my iron bed to pull off my weary boots, I crooned out that delightful beginning of a never-tiring book :

"En un lugar de la Mancha, de cuyo nombre, &c. . . . adarga antigua, rocín flaco, y galgo corredor."

"In a part of la Mancha, whose name it is unnecessary to record, by no means long ago, lived an hidalgo, whose riches were—a lance

over his chimney-piece, an old target, a lean jade of a horse, and a greyhound that he kept for coursing!—"

LINA FERNIE.

I.

"I TELL you, John, you're just a fool!" exclaimed Widow Harland, regarding her son with pettish impatience and astonishment.

John looked very headstrong, and wilful, and desperately in earnest about the subject under discussion. "It is always a hard word with you, mother," said he, deprecatingly. "What can you have against Lina?"

"Have against her! She's the most conceited, selfish, uppish, wasteful wench in all Brigham!" was the uncompromising reply. "Marry her! She'll break your heart in a twelvemonth! She'd break any honest man's heart, with her idleness and love of finery."

"She has an uncommon pretty face, mother; and isn't it women's ways to like to set it off a bit?" pleaded John. "You never saw any harm in her until I took on with her."

"It is not for me to lightlie a neighbour's daughter when she is nought to me; but when you talk of bringing in a lass like Lina Fernie, and setting her up over your old mother's head, then it's time to speak, I think. I hoped you would have acted more sensible when it came to seeking a wife, John. A fine young man, like you, with a well-pleenished house to bring her to, and work the year in, an' the year out. Why, you might have the pick of the parish!"

"And that's what Lina is: she's the pick of the parish. Show me her match anywhere!"

"I say nought about prettiness; for red and white, and blue eyes like a wax doll's, Lina would be hard to beat; but they won't bake your bread, or guide your house, John, mind that! What can she do?—there's the question."

"Why, I suppose, mother, that, like other girls, she can learn. She's only young."

"I don't like her bringing-up. I don't like the family, John. They have never borne very good characters, either at home or abroad."

"And is poor Lina to be blamed for that?"

"Have you spoken to her, yet, John?"

"No. I thought I must speak to you first?"

"Well, then, I've said my say. If it had been Mary Jenner, or Libbie Frost, I would have been glad to make way for either of them; but it goes sorely against the grain with me to give place to Lina Fernie."

"Mary Jenner's older than me, mother; and Libbie Frost's downright ugly."

"I don't mind of hearing you say so till Lina came home from her aunt's in London."

"Libbie's well enough for some things, but

I could not fancy to marry her if there was not another woman in the world."

Mrs. Harland sighed deeply, and plied her knitting-pins fast; John continued to hover about her, scarcely satisfied to act against her counsel, yet fully bent on getting Lina Fernie for his wife.

"I wasn't a beauty, John, as well you may see," said the mother, with a wistful smile; "yet your father fancied me, and I don't think he ever regretted his choice. I was a good useful article, he used to say."

"You're a deal better like than Libbie Frost, now; and, mother, there'd be you to put Lina in the way of things, you know," he insinuated.

"She's not one that will take kindly to teaching; but I wish you would not talk to me about her any more. If your heart's set on her, I know you over well to expect to see you change it."

John acknowledged that his heart was set on Lina, and that a miserable man he would be that day he thought she looked coldly on him; and finding his mother really indisposed to indulge him with any further conversation on the subject, he strolled down the neat little garden into the village street, and turned naturally towards Lina's cottage.

Lina was standing on her doorstep, having a gossip with a neighbour; she haunted the door-step very much, and never scrupled to hold anybody in talk, man, woman, or child, young or old, rich or poor, friend or stranger, who passed by that way. She had not an atom of shyness. Indeed, John's mother was much more correct in her estimate of the village belle than was John himself. Lina was very pretty, very; nobody could gainsay that. Her complexion was of creamy fairness, with a brilliant but delicate bloom; her hair was bright golden, her figure was short, but plump. Lina knew she was a beauty, and liked other people to know it, too. She had no objection to the assiduities of the handsome young mason. Indeed, the longer her train of admirers, the better Lina liked it; so when she saw him coming towards the cottage, she bridled her white neck, and looked as captivatively-unconscious of him as ever she could—a needless wile, for poor John was already prostrated by the power of her charms, and perfectly incapable of a single reasonable reflection with regard to her.

As he approached, Maggie Sanders, the other gossip, drew off, and Lina invited John into the house. He accepted the courtesy gratefully; for there was only the deaf old grandmother sitting by the fire, and she would take no heed to their conversation. John had not at any time a skilful tongue at common-place chat, and his present absorbing feelings for Lina made him even less fluent than usual—a matter of which the girl was clearly sensible; but, by-and-by, he got one of Lina's nice little hands in his hard brown

ones, and after remarking that it was as white as a lady's, he said, with a glowing blush on his honest face:

"Lina, I want you to give it to me?"

"Give you my hand, John! Why what in the world could you do with it?" asked she, feigning not to understand him.

"I mean, Lina, will you be my wife? Do you like me well enough?"

"Why, John, I never so much as thought about you!"

"But will you try to think about me? O, Lina, I think of you night and day, and get no peace for thinking of you!"

Lina laughed merrily, and tried to pull away her hand; but John held it fast all the same, and would not let it go until she answered him.

"I don't want to be married, John," said she, half pettishly; "and besides, I know your mother is cross, and does not like me. She thinks that fright Libbie Frost would suit you better."

"But I don't think so, Lina; and so, what does it matter? You would soon get round my mother, for she is real good. She scarcely knows you."

"Yes, she does, and she always looks at me as if she were jealous about you,—and I'm sure she needn't be."

"Don't say that, Lina, don't. I'd rather she was ever so jealous than that you should not care for me. Do you care for me, Lina, darling?"

"Just a little bit; about as much as that," and the rural coquette measured off the first joint of her little finger as the amount of her affection for the ardent young mason.

"It's a beginning, Lina. It will be the whole hand soon;" and John looked not dissatisfied.

"Don't be over sure, John. Didn't I tell you I'd no thoughts of marrying yet? O, it's dull, ever so dull to get married when one's young!" and the lively maiden lifted up her hands in horrified deprecation of such a weariful fate. John's countenance fell.

"But not if you liked me, Lina,?" insinuated he, imprisoning the little hand again; "don't be unkind."

"I don't like you much, John, you know—you are over old for me: I do believe you're thirty, at least?"

"Nay, Lina, I'm not so old as that neither. I'm only eight-and-twenty," replied John, earnestly.

"And I'm eighteen—there's ten years between us. No, no, John; you're too old, you're too old!" and Mistress Lina shook her head, and looked seriously bewildering out of her blue eyes.

"I always knew you were a famous scholar, Lina, but I did not think you'd learnt ciphering either;" said John, with feigned surprise. "A clever little wife like you would be the making of me, you would, indeed. Why if I

ever get to be a master builder, you could help me with the books."

"I hate books, and I hate summing worse than anything!" retorted the perverse damsel, pouting.

John looked down at her half grieved and half admiring. She looked prettier than ever when she was rebellious. "Now, Lina, that's just to plague me," said he; "as if I were not bad enough without. Just give me one smile before I go—here's your father coming."

"La, John, how silly you are! Well, I'm going to Bartinglas feast on Thursday, and you may go with me if you like—does that please you?" John showed by his face that it did, and then as Lina's father reeled round the hedge he departed; for old Fernie was quarrelsome in his cups with friend and foe, but especially with a friend.

II.

To Bartinglas feast together went John and Lina, it being generally understood now by the friends and relatives of both parties that they were keeping company. But if John anticipated that he should keep Lina to himself all the day of the feast he was woefully mistaken. The admiration of one was by no means sufficient to satisfy her craving, and she gadded about from place to place in search of other acquaintance, letting John see that he was far from necessary to her. But his greatest grievance was, that when it was decent time to go home, Lina announced her determination to stay for a dance that was to take place in the long room of the public-house. John was not a frequenter of public-houses, and the idea that Lina should wish to enter such a place and join in such revelry as these rustic dances are, equally mortified and astonished him. He remonstrated and she pouted; she said he might go home and she would return with her cousins; but to this he would not agree, and the end was that Lina capered through half-a-dozen country dances with half-a-dozen fresh partners while John propped his back sulkily against the white-washed wall, and looked on disgusted. If he had broken with her that night, as she tried her utmost to make him do, it would have been all the better for him; but John was infatuated; and, though it hurt him to see his mother's grieved and angry face when he told her the reason of his late return from the feast, still he would not listen to a single word said in disparagement of Lina, and he would have bitten out his tongue rather than utter one.

From that evening at Bartinglas poor John never had a happy hour again, never a day's peace or ease of mind. Though Lina soon after pledged him her word that she would marry him in the fall of the year, she could not resist the often recurring temptation to exercise her attractions on other young men; and, as John was naturally of a sudden and violent, or rather jealous, temper, her con-

duct tried him severely. In vain he expostulated, in vain he reasoned, in vain he pleaded, Lina would only pout her dissatisfaction at his lectures, and tell him if he did not like her he was free to leave her; but poor John felt to his sorrow that he was less free than ever. His mortification and disappointment had a wretched effect on his temper; he became morose and irritable, even to his mother, and with Lina herself high words became quite common—rather, indeed, the rule than the exception when they met.

Mrs. Harland, when she knew that her son and Lina were really promised to each other, made a duty of the necessity, and tried to know her intended daughter-in-law better; but Lina always showed her a repulsive, unfriendly face, and, finally, the widow, losing all patience, gave up the vain attempt, and left her to her own devices. To one thing, however, she made up her mind, and that was, that she would not continue to live in the cottage with her son when he brought home Lina as his wife, and when the time for the wedding drew near she began to make preparations for retiring elsewhere. Lina made no secret of how glad this arrangement made her, for she was afraid of Mrs. Harland's serious integrity; but John regretted his mother's resolution for many and good reasons.

III.

It wanted but three weeks of the day fixed for the marriage, when John, going one evening rather later than usual to the Fernies' cottage, found seated there in the most friendly way, conversing with Lina, a smart young clerk out for a holiday, whom Lina told her lover she had known at her aunt's in London. The clerk was a good-looking, conceited young sprig, who evidently had a comfortable assurance of his own personal attractions. He called Lina, Linny, and made a hundred allusions to past events and amusements, while John sat by chafing and galled at his impertinent familiarity which Lina had not any notion of checking. To do the young city clerk justice, he had no idea whatever, that the ponderous young mason, who was so slow of speech and heavy of step, could be a wooer of Linny, whom he thought of seriously for himself; and he gave him several broad hints that his room would be more acceptable than his company. But John stayed perseveringly on, until Lina contrived him an errand to the top of the village, and sent him away, whether he would or no.

"Who is that fiery-faced clown, Linny? He lords it over you finely!" lisped the genteel clerk.

Lina coloured and stammered. She was ashamed to acknowledge John before this young spark; who despised a far better man than himself.

"O! he is a mason. He works with my father," said she.

There was a fine bush of monthly-roses trailing over the cottage walls, from which Lina always culled a few to embellish her work-table. It happened that some had been newly-gathered that afternoon, and she had taken one out of the cup and was playing with it while John was in the cottage. When John came back from the errand on which she had dispatched him, the rose had changed its place from her fingers to the city clerk's button-hole—a transference which caught his jealous eye in a moment. He gave her a glance, to which she replied with one of coquettish defiance; and, as the young stranger presently went away and left them together, he began to be very angry.

"I tell you what, John Harland," retorted she, passionately, "if you had not got my word, I'd never marry you. I like Tom Freeling's little finger better than your whole body!" John's eyes blazed, and he dashed away from the cottage in a fury. The heartless girl had quite warped his honest, manly nature. He scarcely knew what he did for the next hour or two.

It was late when he arrived home, and his mother was waiting up for him. It had begun to rain, and a distant rumble of thunder echoed in the sky. Mrs. Harland got up from her chair to bolt the door when he came in; but he impatiently forbade her, as he was going out again very early in the morning. She asked where he was going to; but as he seemed not to hear, and did not reply to her question, she said further: "Need I sit up, Johnny, I'm tired with washing to-day?" He seemed startled by her weary tone, and turned round to kiss her. This touch of now unusual tenderness quite broke down the old mother's reserve. "O! John, John! you've not been like yourself lately: what ails you? what's amiss?" and she hung about him affectionately. He put her quietly aside, after a minute or two, and bade her go to bed.

Long before daylight John was ready. He took down a gun that hung over the chimney, deliberately cleaned it, loaded it, and concealing it partially under his coat, he left the house stealthily, and set off on the high-road to Bartinglas. His countenance was wicked and deadly under the cloud of night. But no one met him; no one saw him to suspect on what evil errand he was bound. He had heard the young clerk say to Lina, out in the garden, before they parted: "Early to-morrow morning I'm going over to Bartinglas. Meet me there at noon, Linny, and we'll have a walk in the wood without that spying fiery-faced clown to watch us!" "Hush, he'll hear!" was Lina's response; and, on the instant, there came a devilish thought into John's head. "I'll spoil your meeting. I'll be beforehand with you, my fine gentle-

man—you shall not ridicule me to Lina again!"

As he walked, the rain continued to stream down in torrents. When he came to a little thick copse by the road-side, he hid himself amongst the trees. There was partial shelter for him over-head, but he stood in the tall wet reeds and grass. No matter: the chill did not cool his hot blood, nor quench the fire of jealous rage that was consuming him, and he waited there until the morning began to break through the dense watery clouds. Then he established himself under a careful covert, where he could see the road from Brigham, but would be himself unseen by any one approaching from that direction. The rain had ceased, but a thick vapour rose from the fields and dense vegetation about him. His watch was prolonged; he began to feel pains in his limbs and head, and giddiness. He found that he could scarcely steady his hands to raise the gun; not from any failure in his purpose, but from sheer physical inability. At last he heard the trot of a pony on the road, and the clear whistle of the young clerk. With a mad haste he tried to raise the gun. But his arm failed him. It was suddenly struck with such weakness, that he could not lift the weapon above his own breast; and, in that moment his deadly chance was lost. He sprang out into the road, with the intention of dragging the stranger from his horse, and beating him to death: but his foot slipped on the mud of the bank, and he fell prostrated on his face. The clerk, hearing the noise, turned, rode back, and recognised the mason whom he had seen at Lina's cottage.

"Eh! what, poaching!" he cried, as John reared his indignant head and stumbled upon his feet; "take my warning, Giles, if that's your name, and leave the game to them it belongs to. There's only one step, and that a short one, as I've heard say, between poaching and sheep-stealing." And with that he trotted off whistling his tune, and leaving John more wroth than before. He was half mad as he staggered home and restored the gun to its place over the chimney. His mother was just stirring. He had sense enough left to crawl into his chamber so stealthily that she should not suspect he had been absent all night. But for any rest he could get, he might have had his body stretched upon the rack and the tooth of an active devil gnawing at his heart.

IV.

It was full three months before John Harland set foot over the threshold again; and, when he did so at last, it was as a gaunt spectre, crippled and deformed by rheumatism in almost every limb. Towards the close of a sunshiny September afternoon, when the village was empty, every available hand being

engaged in the harvest-field, he said to his mother, who was sitting with her knitting in the open doorway:

"Mother, how long is it since Lina Fernie came to see after me? I haven't heard her voice for days—weeks, I think."

"It is weeks, John. Be advised by me, and give up thinking about her," was the pleading reply.

"It is all very easy to say give up thinking about her; but it is none so easy to do," said John bitterly. "I mean to hear my fate from her own lips; and, if you'll reach me down my plaid, I'll go and see her now—she never goes to the harvest."

"Wait a bit longer, John, wait a bit longer—you can't bear anything yet."

"And you think she'll have nothing more to say to me?" asked the young man, hoarsely.

"O, Johnny, lad! don't look so wretched; she's never worth it. She's never worth thy good heart!"

A miserable contortion passed over his features as his mother uttered the last words. No one but himself knew what evil intentions had been bred in that good heart, which a merciful Providence had frustrated. He rose with a stick and crutch and hobbled to the door. O, what a wreck he was! But not such a wreck as he might have been if God had left him his strength unparalysed on that terrible night when he went out intent on shedding blood. His mother brought his plaid and wrapped it all round him, and then kissed his sallow, sickly face fervently.

"Remember, Johnny, thee has me always, me that loved thee first, and will always love thee best!" she cried, as she let him go.

"Something tells me I'll have need to remember it, mother," he replied; "but I can't bear this torture of waiting any longer, and I'll know the worst at once."

She watched him down the village street, and saw him disappear within Fernie's cottage; not five minutes elapsed before he came out again. It was sad,—O, it was more than sad—to see the painful haste with which he toiled up the sunny, dusty street. His mother ran to meet him, and helped him in doors, not thinking of questioning him, so terrified was she at the expression of rage and agony that convulsed his features. He dropped upon the settle, with a groan, and hid his face. After a moment, he burst into a womanish passion of tears, which shook his crippled form vehemently. The mother watched him, and knew what it meant. The whole hope, dream, joy of his life was gone from him—for ever gone.

It was many weeks before John brought himself to speak of his brief interview with Lina; he then told his mother what had passed.

"Lina," said he, "was sitting by the window, and she gave a scream when she saw

me. 'Eh, John, but what a miserable lamester you are!' and laughed. I suppose there was something startling in my changed looks. I asked her if she meant to keep her word by me; and her answer was, 'Nay, John, I never loved you much, and you must be out of your head to think I shall marry you now!' And so I left her, laughing at my hobbling walk. That's Lina!"

V.

JOHN HARLAND is a grey-headed old man now,—harsh, bitter, unlovely: tainted through and through with the poison of his disappointment. A kind word, a kind deed, are not altogether strange to him, perhaps; but he hides them, as something of which he is ashamed. He says all the world is selfish, and crafty, and cruel.

As for Lina, beautiful, vain, unfeeling, she has been in her grave these many, many years: though where she lies, or how she died, we cannot tell. No one wept for her, nor felt for her, but him whom she despised. John knows what became of her. His charity found her in her despair, and gave her a grave; but how, or when, or where, he never said; and, none of those left in Brigham who knew her, care to ask. She was not much beloved.

JEWIS IN ROME.

THE public feeling which has been awakened by the baptism of the infant son of Mortara the Jew at Rome, and the subsequent discussion to which it has given rise, has created a desire to become acquainted with the position of The Children of Israel in that city; and Monsieur Edmond About, has written an article, or rather a series of articles, on the subject, which has been published in the *Moniteur*. From these papers we derive the following statements:

I entered the Ghetto, Monsieur About commences, by the Place of the Synagogues. These are installed in two houses, for the performance of the four rites which divide the Israelite population among them; namely, the Italian rite, the Portuguese rite, the Catalan, and the Sicilian. The synagogues are modest and clean, their parishes are dirty enough to make one shudder. It is true the condition of the public ways in the capital of the Christian world leaves much to be desired. There is too much impunity for dirtying them, and too little trouble is taken to keep them clean; and windows are only too frequently opened to allow the passage of the most horrible filth; but their condition is one of purity compared with the Ghetto. In the Christian part of the town the rain washes the streets, the sun dries the filth, the wind carries away the dust; but neither rain, wind, nor sun could cleanse the Ghetto; to accomplish that

would require an inundation or a fire, or a combination of the two.

Most people have heard of the extreme fecundity of the Italian race. A woman is seldom met with who has not at least one baby on her arm; but in the Ghetto, one might fancy the children were born in clusters, and each family to form a tribe by itself. The number is not known, but the elders of The People estimate that there are four thousand five hundred Hebrews in this valley of dirt. They live in the street, standing, sitting, or lying down in their rags, and great caution is necessary to avoid committing infanticide at every step. The type of these people is ugly, their complexion livid, and the expression of the countenance degraded by misery; nevertheless they are intelligent, adapted for business, live on very little, are resigned and irreproachable in their morals.

The existence of a colony of Jews at a few paces from the apostolic seat being a singular anomaly, it would be more singular still if it prospered. The Ghetto is poor, and for the following reasons: A Jew can neither be a proprietor, a farmer, or a manufacturer in Rome. He may sell new or old goods; he may repair the old and sell it for new, if he can; but he would violate the law if he manufactured a chain, a waistcoat, or a pair of shoes. Strictly confined to buying and selling, a few among them amass property; but these, in such cases, emigrate to a country where the laws are milder and the people do not regard them with the same contempt. They generally go to Leghorn; and thus, in the proportion that individuals are enriched, the Ghetto is impoverished.

It is not that the government is cruel or even severe. The severity is in the ancient laws, which the progress of manners, and the kindness of the popes, have gradually softened. The blood of the Hebrews did not flow in Rome during the middle ages, while it inundated Spain and the French provinces. The Papacy guarded the Jews as a fragment of a cursed people, who were bound to drag out a miserable existence until the consummation of the appointed time. It was content to keep them at a distance, to humiliate and to plunder them. They were at first compelled to reside in the valley of Egeria, more than two miles from the gate of Saint Lawrence. About the fourteenth century this rigour was relaxed, and they were permitted to reside in the Transtevera. Finally, between fifteen hundred and fifty-five and fifteen hundred and fifty-nine Paul the Fourth established them in the Ghetto. The condition of the Jews was so pitiable as to excite the compassion of Urban the Eighth, who thought he was doing an act of justice and foresight in fixing, once for all, the amount of rent to be levied on each house. Such and such houses were to pay ten and fifteen crowns a-year respectively; the landlord being bound, on the receipt of ten crowns from the tenant, to make

any repairs which the house might require. Urban has been dead two hundred and thirty-four years; yet the leases having been made perpetual in accordance with his order, and therefore transmissible to the latest posterity, the yearly rent remains the same; so that instead of the landlord deriving a maintenance from his houses, it is the tenant who has that advantage. For instance, there is a house belonging to a convent of Ursulines, who receive thirty crowns a-year, while the Hebrew tenant underlets it for four hundred and fifty crowns; and in addition he insists on the convent keeping it in repair. This, owing to the age of the house, does not cost the convent less than one hundred crowns a-year. Formerly the Ghetto possessed gates, which were regularly closed at half-past ten at night in summer and half-past nine in winter; but these were demolished in eighteen hundred and forty-seven, and there is no longer any visible barrier between the Christians and Jews, and the latter are authorised by the law to live in any parts of the town they please. But this law is a dead letter; for, if a Jew wants a house in a better part of the city, he is always refused. Hence they complain that the government takes from them secretly that which it has accorded to them publicly; and some of them even desire the restoration of the gates, as they say they would, at all events, insure protection at night. The wiser men in Israel, however, take things quietly. They thrive on the lowness of the rents, the moderation of the excise duties, and the benefits of a high foreign protector, who introduces some secret article in their favour in all his financial treaties. It is likewise only since the accession of Pius the Ninth to the Pontificate that Israel has ceased to bear the expenses of the Carnival. In the middle ages, the municipality regaled the populace with a Jews' race. Bénédict the Fourteenth substituted horses for Jews; but, at the expense of the latter; who were ordered to pay eight hundred crowns yearly for the sport. Every year the chiefs of The People carried the sum, with great ceremony, to the senator, who, however, did not waste any ceremony upon them—the form of their reception being something like this:

Senator: "Who are you?"

"Hebrews of Rome."

Senator: "I don't know you—begone!"

Even ten years since the municipal magistrate added to this affable address a gesture with the foot suggestive of an insult to which no one is insensible. The embassy next proceeded to another official, who made the same demand:

"Who are you?"

"Hebrews of Rome."

"What do you desire?"

"We humbly implore of your lordship the favour of residing here another year."

The proposition was granted, and the

money accepted; though in as ungracious a manner as possible. The present Pope has relieved the Jews both from the impost and the humiliation. There is, however, an ancient custom which still exists. This requires the Jews on the accession of a Pope to range themselves in a line near the arch of Titus. The Pope asks them what they are doing there? To which they respond by saying:

"We solicit the favour of offering for the acceptance of your Holiness a copy of our law!"

At the same time offering him a copy of the Old Testament, which he accepts with the observation—

"Excellent law! Detestable race!"

At the entrance to the Ghetto there stands a small church where, at one time, a preacher used to hold forth every Saturday afternoon, after dinner, to a select congregation consisting of a hundred and fifty Jews. The congregation never exceeded this number, and never fell below it, for the reason that the community were fined a crown for each individual wanting to complete that number. The text of the preacher had invariable reference to the obstinate disbelief of the Jews; but The People are a stiff-necked race, and no instance occurred of a conversion to the Roman Catholic faith during all the years they were compelled to listen to sermons which were made at their expense, though not to their profit. Since the accession of Pius the Ninth, this compulsory attendance has been put an end to.

The condition of the Jews at the present day in Rome is therefore such as to give them little cause of complaint. They are allowed to govern themselves; and, if a Jew has the misfortune to be sent to the galleys, he has at least the consolation of knowing that he is sent there at the request of the head of his tribe. The only impost to which the race is subjected amounts to but four hundred and fifty crowns; which, divided among four thousand five hundred persons, gives only about fivepence a-head; and, ever since eighteen hundred and forty-eight, they have declined to pay it.

The origin of this impost deserves to be related. Some two or three hundred years ago a Jew embraced the Christian religion, entered a convent, and employed his leisure hours in writing a pamphlet against his former co-religionists, in which, among other enormities, he charged them with eating little children. So much zeal was thought to deserve a recompense, and consequently an order was made on the Jews of the Ghetto, directing the payment of four hundred and fifty crowns annually to the writer who had so well described their customs. The sum was duly paid to the convent of which the writer was a member, and, after his death, the same convent insisted on a continuance of the payment, on the ground that it inherited the rights of the deceased; besides they added, "The Jews are

accustomed to pay four hundred and fifty crowns a-year, and Rome is a city of custom." Subsequently to eighteen hundred and forty-eight, the Jews have declined to pay it; because, not having paid it that year, they cannot be induced to see the advisability of renewing so expensive a custom. The matter has been referred to the Pope; who suggested a compromise, but this is little to the taste of the inhabitants of the Ghetto, who prefer to pay nothing.

Jews are tolerated in two other cities of the Papal States, Ancona and Sinigaglia, but it is in Rome that they enjoy the greatest amount of liberty. Little more than a year ago, the city of Ancona caused the revival of an ancient law, which forbids Christians to converse in public with the Jews.

A singular instance of a Jew benefiting by his religion is thus related. "He had committed a crime almost unknown among the Hebrews of our days: that of murder, and the victim was his brother-in-law. The case was clear, and completely proved. Here is the substance of the argument urged in his defence by his advocate: Gentlemen,—Whence comes it that the law punishes murderers so severely, even sometimes to the extent of putting them to death? It is because, in assassinating a Christian a soul and body is slain at the same time. An unprepared being is hurried into the presence of the Sovereign Judge, who has not confessed his sins, who has not received absolution, and who falls directly into hell, or at all events into purgatory. Therefore, murder—I mean the murder of a Christian—cannot be too severely punished. But we, what have we killed? Nothing, gentlemen, but a miserable Jew, damned, according to your creed, beforehand. If he had had a hundred years to prepare for death—you know the obstinacy of his race—he would still have died without confession. Let me beseech your indulgence for a venial error, and reserve your severity for those who attack the life and salvation of a Christian."

This plea was actually successful, and the culprit escaped with a few months' imprisonment.

LONG AGO.

O, the glens of long ago!

The willowy glens of long ago!

The mossy, rushy, fairy-haunted, misty glens of long ago!

O, the fields of long ago

The velvet fields of long ago!

The verdant, flowery, rainbow-circled, scented fields of long ago!

O, the streams of long ago

The crystal streams of long ago!

The tinkling, dancing, joyous-hearted, laughing streams of long ago!

O, the lanes of long ago !

The quiet lanes of long ago !

The narrow, mazy, ferny, bowery, ivied lanes of long ago !

O, the woods of long ago !

The waving woods of long ago !

The music-stifling, poet-thrilling, harp-voiced woods of long ago !

O, the hills of long ago !

The breezy hills of long ago !

The dazzling views of paradise from the magic hills of long ago !

O, the clouds of long ago !

The glorious clouds of long ago !

The silver-brighten'd, violet-tinted, roseate clouds of long ago !

O, the winds of long ago !

The deep-toned winds of long ago !

The strong, the proud, the widely-roaming, passionate winds of long ago !

O, the waves of long ago !

The mighty waves of long ago !

The swelling, heaving, bounding, curling, foaming waves of long ago !

O, the storms of long ago !

The thundering storms of long ago !

The iron-handed, giant-voiced, black-brow'd storms of long ago !

O, the homes of long ago !

The warm, true friends of long ago !

The undoubting eyes, the kindling hopes, the liberal hearts of long ago !

O, the years of long ago !

The sad, sad years of long ago !

That friends might fail, and roses die, and joys be lost with long ago !

And with thoughts of the present and long ago,

Comes dreams of the pure souls of long ago,

And hopes yet to rest in the land of the blest,

Where they pillow'd their weary heads long ago !

CHIPS FROM THE COMET.

FROM first to last, Donati's comet has thrown off more chips than people in general dream of, some of them very considerable ones. It has turned out to be a sort of celestial egg enclosed in a multitude of shells, which it got rid of as it approached the sun, like the traveller who cast aside his cloak under the mild persuasion of Phœbus Apollo ; although Boreas had in vain endeavoured to force it from him. Donati's comet exhibited one very remarkable phenomenon ; it formed successively, around its central nebulosity, a series of luminous envelopes distant and distinct from each other, till they attained the number of eight at least ; so that the comet seemed to be a never-ending nest of boxes of light. Similar phenomena were observed by the first Herschel and by Olbers in the grand comet of eighteen hundred and eleven. What

physical condition of the star itself can be conjoined with such a continual casting of luminous skins, it is difficult for us to imagine in our wildest reveries. It would seem at least to betoken the impossibility that the hairy wanderer (cometa, derived from *κῆρυξ*, coma, a head of hair) should be the dwelling-place of any animated beings whatever. And yet, if we had never seen fish, nor water insects and molluscs, and had no further experience of water than that it drowned us whenever we fell into it and remained submerged, we might be tempted to say, that it was impossible for organised creatures to exist in water. Therefore, we must hesitate before deciding that even Donati's comet may not have its inhabitants, whom we may suppose to wake up and dance, like a swarm of gnats, at their approach to the sun, and to fall again into torpid lethargy when their long, long winter recomences.

That the existence of such cometarians is improbable, though not impossible, may be concluded from the observations and reasonings of Monsieur Breton. That learned astronomer remarked, that the brightness of Donati's comet was less than that of the atmosphere soon after sunset ; which is less than that of the same atmosphere during day-time, which is less than that of the moon when she is visible in broad day ; which is nearly equal to that of a little white cloud of the same angular diameter. Yet the comet was fully exposed to the blazing sunshine, and was illuminated by its rays about three times as much as we are. If we combine these indications with the immense depth of the comet which our visual rays traversed—an ocean of luminous matter millions of miles deep in the portion of the tail comparatively near to the nucleus—some idea may be conceived of the excessive rarity of the vapour or dust of which this heavenly body is formed.

The curiosity of the public was greatly excited to trace the development of the tail ; but that development may be easily understood as soon as the excessive rarity of the comet's ponderable matter is taken into account. Whether dust or vapour, it is believed to be in any case an incoherent assemblage of atoms ; and, moreover, that every ponderable atom of the tail follows its own proper orbit, independently of the orbits of the neighbouring atoms. Now, if you throw into the air a shovelful of sand, it requires particular care and a special address to make the sand fly all in one mass, like a stone ; it is a necessary condition of such a feat that the grains of sand, when they leave the shovel, should all have equal and parallel velocities. If this condition be not fulfilled, every grain follows its own course separately. These courses diverge and separate, and the shovelful of sand spreads itself out into diverse forms. It is like the contents of a gun-barrel laden with small shot. The charge

rarely forms a ball or flies in one compact mass: every single shot follows its own independent trajectory, and the charge spreads.

Besides this, the observations and calculations made on the course of the comet's nucleus, indicate that it, the nucleus, has an elliptical orbit with a period of about twenty-one centuries. But all the particles which may have acquired even moderate accelerations, would necessarily assume hyperbolic orbits. An ellipse, or oval, is a curved line which returns into itself, like a circle, and might equally, like it, be taken for an emblem of eternity. A hyperbola is a sort of oval with one end burst open and the lines imperfectly straightened, so that there is no return into itself. It is a curve which may be roughly compared to a pair of sugar-tongs with never-ending legs, distended by a large lump of sugar: for a hyperbola's legs may be lengthened, or may extend, infinitely. Consequently, if any cause breaks open a comet's elliptical orbit, or the elliptical orbit of any of its non-coherent portions so as to pull and wring it into a hyperbola, there is no more return possible for that comet, or that portion of a comet. Now, when we remember the immense length of a comet, it is clear that the perturbations of the planets, acting unequally on the different portions of a comet, in consequence of their unequal distances, are certainly sufficient to give them diverging orbits. The materials of the tail are thus dissipated for ever, or nearly so. Therefore, could we even live one-and-twenty centuries, take Donati's comet, we ne'er shall look upon its like again; even if we saw its professed self. Finally, Donati's comet appears to have experienced, at its perihelion, powerful physical actions from the solar heat. These actions must have accelerated the particles of one-half of the nucleus, and retarded those of the other half; so that the former would take orbits of longer period, or even hyperbolic orbits, whilst the period of the latter would be shortened. Donati (who is about to publish drawings of his comet in its different phases) himself says, that there can be no doubt that the sun successively detached matter from the comet's head, which matter was afterwards dispersed by taking its departure from the nucleus, to constitute the hairy portion and the tail of the star. A comet would thus be a magnificent firework, which would burn itself out and become dissipated by the very act of its display.

From the motion of comets which describe hyperbolic orbits, Monsieur Brento ingeniously calculates the direction and the greatness of the sun's motion of translation through space. It would appear that, at the present moment, the sun's velocity of translation, instead of being great and proportional to the magnitude and importance of that heavenly body, is scarcely equal to the sixth of that of the earth in her orbit.

Professor Govi, one of Donati's friends, ascertained, in the first place, the polarisation of the comet's light, confirming what Arago had observed in eighteen hundred and thirty-five in Halley's comet; secondly, he determined the position of the plane of polarisation of this light, whose trace coincided sensibly with the axis of the tail. This coincidence continued to exist till the tenth of October; after which date bad weather prevented the comet's being observed for some time. This position of the plane of polarisation in reference to the position of the sun, removes all doubt as to the source of at least the most considerable portion of the light with which the comet shone,—namely, that it was derived from the sun.

These are not the only nor the least considerable chips that have fallen from the comet and its predecessors. Our readers will recollect that the existence of the ether (if demonstrated) was demonstrated by a comet.* It had been previously rendered probable, and has since been confirmed, by calculations based on the undulatory theory of light as a hypothesis, and by their accordance with actual phenomena. The discovery of the phenomena of interference, in which two lights, by mingling with each other, reciprocally annul each other's effects; that of the polarisation of light, which renders its rays susceptible of being reflected without being refracted in a certain plane for that particular ray, and susceptible, on the other hand, of refraction and not of reflection in another plane holding a special relation to the first. These two grand discoveries of modern natural philosophy have compelled mathematicians to recognise, in light, a series of undulations which are propagated in an eminently elastic fluid, named by them, as we know, the ether. And then the retardation which the propagation of light suffers by passing through bodies endowed with the highest refracting powers (well established by diverse experiments) gives strong support to this view of the nature of light. But further: from the notion of a repulsive ether, Monsieur Brento has deduced a sublime consequence, and has thus made a comet the parent, or rather the ancestor, of a new proof of the infinity of the created universe.

In the first place; since the light and heat of the stars can only reach us by the agency of the ether, it follows that this fluid must fill the whole of the celestial space in which the stars perform their movements. Secondly, as everything indicates that the movement of the stars in the firmament do not meet with any sensible resistance, it follows that the density of the ether which they traverse must be indefinitely small in comparison with that of the stars; lastly, since the light of the stars evidently reaches us in straight lines, it follows that the density of the ether

* See page 464 of the present volume.

must be sensibly uniform. But, if the molecules of the ether attracted each other, their dispersion throughout space could not continue uniform. It is true that the exactly uniform dispersion of an attractive fluid would constitute a state of equilibrium; but it would be an unstable equilibrium. That is to say, if disturbed by the slightest local condensation or refraction, the equilibrium would be broken; the fluid would instantly rush in masses to various centres, in virtue of its attractive power, and the uniform dispersion of the fluid would no longer exist. There would ensue, immediately, in some places, partial and local vacuums; and in others, local and limited condensations of the fluid.

On the other hand, a fluid whose particles repelled each other, if distributed in a nearly uniform manner in unlimited space, would tend more and more to a uniform distribution of its particles. Any partial local vacuum would be instantly filled up by the adjoining particles rushing in. In like manner, any partial and local condensation would determine a repulsion by which the too crowded molecules would be driven away from each other, till they met with an equal repulsion from without. Thus, the uniform density of the celestial ether, which remains sensibly the same in spite of the local movements of the heavenly bodies, shows that the atoms of the ether repel each other. And that the energy of the living forces transmitted by the undulations of the ether—the power of the solar light, heat, and chemical action—proves that the repulsion of its constituent atoms is enormous.

Bearing these facts in mind, is it possible to conceive that the ether occupies a finite space in a firmament which is geometrically infinite in every direction?

If the extent of the ether is limited, it is absolutely necessary that the space it occupies should be enclosed in some vast, continuous distended envelope, capable of offering sufficient resistance to the ether's expansive force, in spite of the enormous radius and span which this sort of roof or vault must have. If, therefore, the ether be limited, we are come back to the ancient dream of a solid transparent firmament, made of crystal, or of whatever other substance you please. Be it remembered that this firmament must inclose, not only the sun and its planets, but every star which we behold, and the Milky Way of which they form part, and the nebulae amongst which our Milky Way is only a single individual, and the congregations of nebulae, and the congregations of those congregations, and so on to infinity; there being nothing to authorise our limiting the number of the degrees of this stellar hierarchy. Such an idea as that of a crystal wall bounding the universe, can hardly stand a moment's reflection.

We are consequently led to conclude that

the celestial ether has no limits whatever; but that it actually extends infinitely in every direction of the geometrical heavens. It now remains to inquire whether, in this etherised immensity, the congregations of stars can by possibility be assembled within a limited space, beyond which there exists nothing but the ether only, in all directions, to infinity.

The totality of the stars which exist in the celestial ether, continually transmit to it an enormous quantity of vital force. This force travels through the ether in calorific and luminous undulations, and goes further and further away, indefinitely, from the centres of vibration, with nothing to stop it; unless the undulations meet, on their way, with atoms of a nature heterogeneous to the ether, which retain, after the passage of a wave, some fraction of the vital force of that wave. Consequently, if all the ponderable matter of the universe is confined within a given space, all the light and all the heat which makes its escape from this inclosure would be definitely lost to the stellar universe, which would therefore cool and grow dark to an indefinite extent; and after a lapse of time, which, though very great, is still finite, an epoch would arrive when the sum of subsistent vital force would fall below any appreciable limit. But if, on the contrary, the ponderable universe is infinite, like the celestial ether, in all directions, the whole of the vital force propagated in the heavens remains always within the circumference of this ponderable universe. In that case, the conservation of action and of vital force becomes separately applicable, on the one hand, to the totality of the celestial ether; and, on the other hand, to the totality of ponderable matter. What is given, and taken, is returned from every opposite quarter, in equal measure; upon the whole, there is no absolute loss or escape of vital force.

Thus, a finite universe swimming in an infinite ether must, little by little, lose its living energies, without the possibility of regaining them; an infinite universe, on the contrary, must preserve its total vital force under any changes whatever in its distribution, such changes being produced partly through the medium of the repulsive ether, and partly by the action of universal gravitation. The latter of these two hypotheses appears the only one admissible. In fact, all the manifestations of the creative power, which are one in kind, appear, *a priori*, to be necessarily inalterable in their sum, provided we include in that sum the absolute totality of creation. This law, and that of continuity, are perhaps the two laws which are the most general throughout all creation; and the notion of the indestructibility of matter, now admitted as an axiom, rests upon no other foundation.

An endeavour has therefore been made to establish the proposition: First, that the

celestial ether (inferred from the retardation of Encke's comet) extends infinitely in all directions, in a firmament geometrically infinite. Secondly, that the ponderable universe is distributed through all ethereal space, without its being possible that any finite boundary, how vast soever we may conceive it to be, can contain the whole of this ponderable universe.

A WONDERFUL WILD BEAST.

NEARLY a hundred years ago that part of Languedoc now called the department of the Lozère, but more popularly known as the Cévennes, was frightened from its propriety by the sudden apparition of a strange, ferocious animal, whose reported devastations can only be likened to the outrages committed by the celebrated Dragon of Wantley. Whence this creature came no one knew; as to what he was like no two persons could agree; but the terror inspired by his presence was universal. The district which he especially haunted procured for him the name of The Wild Beast of the Gévaudan; by which designation—occasionally shortened to The Wild Beast par excellence,—he soon became famous, not only in the south of France, but throughout the country, and even in foreign lands. It was an item of the news of the day to report his proceedings; bulletins of the slaughter of which he was the hero were regularly published; and, at last, like our own Nelson, he had a Gazette to himself. In this proclamation the qualities which shone so conspicuously in him were rated at the value of two thousand crowns, that sum being offered for his head.

It was in the month of September, in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty-four, that the attention of the police was first directed to the ravages of this monster; whose innate cruelty or furious appetite threatened to depopulate the entire region which he infested. Even women and children flew for their lives wherever he made his appearance. The earliest account of what he did and what he was supposed to be like, is thus set forth in the official journal of Paris:—

"A very strange wild beast has lately appeared in the neighbourhood of Langagne and the forest of Mercoire which has occasioned great commotion. It has already devoured twenty persons, chiefly children, and particularly young girls, and scarcely a day passes without some accident. The terror he occasions prevents the woodcutters from working in the forests; so that wood has become dear. Those who have seen him say he is much higher than a wolf, low before, and his feet are armed with talons. His hair is reddish, his head large, and the muzzle of it is shaped like that of a greyhound; his ears are small and straight; his breast is wide, and of a grey colour; his back streaked with black; and

his mouth, which is large, is provided with a set of teeth so very sharp that they have taken off several heads as clean as a razor could have done. He is of amazing swiftness; but, when he aims at his prey, he crouches so close to the ground, that he hardly appears to be bigger than a large fox; and, at the distance of some one or two toises, he rises upon his hind legs and springs upon his prey, seizing it by the neck or throat. He is afraid of oxen, which he runs away from. The consternation is dreadful throughout the district where he commits his ravages, and public prayers are offered up on the occasion. The Marquis de Marangis has sent out four hundred peasants to destroy this fierce beast; but they have not been able to do it!"

Either the wild beast of the Gévaudan must have been very cunning of fence as well as swift of foot, or the four hundred peasants not over-courageous, to be unable to kill or capture him; but so the fact remained for several months after the first alarm was excited. "The wild beast," says a letter from Mende, dated December the twenty-first, seventeen hundred and sixty-four, "which hath ravaged several provinces, has been for some time in ours. He was seen a few days ago near St. Flour, ten leagues from hence, and he is now in our neighbourhood. The day before yesterday he devoured a little girl who looked after cattle. A detachment of dragoons has been out six weeks after him (!). The province has offered a thousand crowns to any person who will kill him." Again, on the eighth of February, in the same year, we read the following statement from Montpellier. "On the twelfth ultimo the wild beast attacked seven children, five boys and two girls, none of whom exceeded eleven years of age. The beast flew at one of the boys: but the three eldest of them" (bolder it would seem than the bold dragoons) "by beating him with stakes, the ends of which were iron, obliged him to retire, after having bitten off a part of the boy's cheek, which he ate before them. He then seized another of the children; but they pursued him into a marsh which was close by, where he sunk in up to his belly. By continually beating him, they rescued their companion; who, though he was under his paw for some time, received only a wound in his arm, and a scratch in the face. A man at last coming up, the creature was put to flight. He afterwards devoured a boy at Mazel, and, on the twenty-first, flew on a girl, who, however, escaped with some dangerous wounds. The next day he attacked a woman, and bit off her head (!) Captain Duhamel, of the dragoons, is in pursuit of him, and has caused several of his men to dress themselves in women's apparel, and to accompany the children that keep cattle."

The courage exhibited by the boys in the preceding account, did not pass unrewarded;

for, the eyes of all France being fixed upon the doings of the wild beast of the Gévaudan, the King, Louis the Fifteenth himself, "having been informed of the bravery with which the young Portefaix attacked the beast on the twelfth of January last, at the head of his companions, and being willing to reward such gallant behaviour, has given him a recompense of four hundred livres, and has ordered three hundred to be distributed among his companions."

Now also came the time for offering a government reward. It was made public in the following placard, which was fixed up in all the cities and towns of the province of Languedoc:—

"By the King and the Intendant of the province of Languedoc. Notice is given to all persons, that His Majesty, being justly affected by the situation of his subjects, now exposed to the ravages of the wild beast which for four months past has infested Vivarais and Gévaudan, and being desirous to stop the progress of such a calamity, has determined to promise a reward of six thousand livres to any person or persons who shall kill this animal. Such as are willing to undertake the pursuit of him may previously apply to the Sieur de la Font, sub-deputy to the Intendant of Mendes, who will give them the necessary instructions agreeably to what has been presented by the ministry on the part of his Majesty."

King, Ministers, Intendants, Sub-intendants, regiments of dragoons, armed levies of peasants, and a stimulus of six thousand livres, for the purpose of "putting down" a party "not much bigger" (when couchant) "than a large fox," which had probably escaped from a showman's booth! The way in which such a beast ought to have been dealt with is very plainly stated in a letter addressed by an English foxhunter (who had read the royal proclamation with great disgust) to the printer of the magazine in which an English version of the document was published.

"Is it to be imagined, Mr. Printer," he says, "that the fiercest animal that ever traversed the wilds of Africa, would have been suffered in this nation for six whole months, to fatten upon the young boys and virgins of a country, throwing meanwhile the remaining ones into the most distressful consternation for the fate of their women and children, when a scarcity of provision might bring it to be their turn to maintain him? No, sir, in England, not less superior to France in the achievements of the camp, than in the manly exercises of the field, if he had lived six weeks only, it would have been merely *ex gratiâ*, for the sake, perhaps, of hunting him a second or a third time. Amongst us, I am pretty sure, if even a detachment of his Majesty's collection in the Tower were to make their escape into Epping Forest, we

should neither call aloud for a regiment of horse to fight a pitched battle with them, nor should we proclaim a fast, nor appoint a solemn procession of the clergy to do their part, for fear the army might all be devoured before they could effectually perform theirs. I will tell you what would be done with them: some of the keepers of the forest and their assistants, without calling to their aid either the civil or military force, would destroy them with their guns; as I have not the least doubt that, instead of trembling at the mention of their names, or fainting at the sound of their voice, they would be out every day in pursuit of them. And for the rest, I appeal to many a brother foxhunter, whether it would not be so. Half-a-dozen hearty country squires, who perhaps had served a campaign or two in the militia, with a pack of staunch foxhounds to lead them to their game, would presently give a good account of them. I do not mean that the hounds would be able to pull down an African lion or a Bengal tiger; but they would, Sir, when once they got upon the foot of one of these animals, very soon hunt him to his lair, from whence if they roused him, and he stood any chase before he was at bay, or stood at bay from the first, though he might possibly kill several couple of hounds, yet might the sportsmen easily bring him down with their light bullet-guns, with which they might ride armed upon such an occasion; or by letting loose bull-dogs upon him, effectually prevent his escape."

In all probability this manly proposal never reached the ears of the great-grandson of the Grand Monarque; for, up and down went the dragoons till, at length, it was generally supposed that the wild beast of the Gévaudan was an allegory—as headstrong as Mrs. Malaprop's; for, in the Gentleman's Magazine of February, eighteen hundred and sixty-five, we read: "By the wild beast is meant the heretics; by the children killed are intimated the converts that are frequently made by them to the protestant faith; and by the dragoons sent out against the wild beast, the violent attacks of the clergy are signified, who are always persecuting the protestants with the utmost rigour." The Parisians, however, did not favour this theory; for there they said that the wild beast of the Gévaudan was "neither a panther nor a hyena, as some supposed, nor anything merely symbolical; but a *bonâ fide* animal produced from a tiger and a lioness, which was brought into France to be shown as a curiosity."

About the same period appeared "a very particular account" of the wild beast, in a letter from Paris, dated the eighteenth of February, seventeen hundred and sixty-five. This circumstantial description, which Lepidus would have delighted in, runs thus:—

"You know how I acquainted you, some months ago, that Monsieur Bardelle, his son and I, designed going by the Diligence, and opening the New Year at our old friend Monsieur Dura's château, near Babres, in Languedoc. We spent the time very agreeably, our host and his family having done all in their power to make us welcome. The party broke up and took leave the first of this month, amongst whom was Monsieur Lefevre, a counsellor, and two young ladies, who were engaged to pass a week at Monsieur de Sante's, the curé of Vaistour, about three days' journey distant from the château of Monsieur Dura. The company went away in a berlingo and four, and the footman, Michel, on a saddle-horse; the carriage, after the manner here, being drawn by four post-horses, with two postilions, the berlingo having no coach-box. The first night the party lay at Guimpe, and set out next morning at nine, to bait halfway between that and Roteaux, being four posts, and a mountainous barren country, as all the Gévaudan is. The parish of Guimpe had been greatly alarmed by the frequent appearance of, and the horrid destruction made by the fiery animal that has so long been the terror of the Gévaudan, and is now so formidable that the inhabitants and travellers are in very great apprehension. The bailiff of Guimpe acquainted the party that this animal had been often lurking about the chaussée that week, and that it would be proper to take an escort of armed men, which would protect the carriage; but the gentlemen declined it, and took the ladies under their protection, and set out, on the second of February, very cheerfully. When they had made about two leagues, they observed at a distance a post-chaise, and a man on horse-back, coming down the hill of Credi, and whipping the horses very much; and at the descent, unfortunately the wheel-horse fell down, and the postilion was thrown off; whereupon the horseman who followed the chaise, advanced to take up the boy, in which moment, when he had got down, we perceived the wild beast so often described make a jump toward the horses, and on the footman's raising his right hand to draw a cutlass and strike the creature, it pricked up its ears, stood on its hind feet, and, showing its teeth full of froth, turned round and gave the fellow a most violent blow with the swing of its tail. The man's face was all over blood; and then the monster, seeing the gentleman in the chaise present a blunderbuss at its neck, crept on its forehead to the chaise-step, keeping its head almost under its forelegs, and getting close to the door, reared upright, vaulted into the inside, broke through the other side-glass, and ran at a great rate to the adjoining wood. The blunderbuss missed fire" (of course), "or it is possible this had been the last day this brute-disturber had

moved. The stench left in the carriage was past description, and no cure of burning frankincense, nor any other method removed, but rather increased the stink, so that it was sold for two louis; and though burned to ashes, the cinders were obliged, by order of a commissary, to be buried without the town walls. We came up very well in time; for the beast would doubtless have destroyed some one, had it not espied three of us advancing with guns. It certainly jumped through the chaise to get away from us." As well it might.

Another six months went by. Still the wild beast of the Gévaudan was at large, and doing all the mischief of which he was capable. A letter from Marvejols, of the twenty-fifth of June, says: "The wild beast devoured a woman last week, in the long plain of the Plantes. On Thursday last, a child of almost eight years of age was devoured by him between Sauvery and Malzieu. Some peasants saw him dart upon the child, and ran to its assistance; but the beast, seeing them approach, took his prey by the arm and carried it into a neighbouring wood. The next day he devoured a girl of fifteen, at Faisel, in the parish of Ventnejoles, and it is said" (what would they not say of such a ravenous monster?) "that he has devoured a third person this week."

As everything, however, comes to a close, sooner or later, so it befel with the wild beast of the Gévaudan, whose affairs were wound up the twentieth of September, seventeen hundred and sixty-five. On that day the creature was discovered in the wood of Pommières by a certain Monsieur Antoine de Beauterme (appropriately named) a gentleman of a distant province, remarkable for his skill and boldness in hunting, and the goodness of his dogs. He had come of his own accord, like a valiant Paladin, to the assistance of the terrified district, and shot him in the eye, at the distance of about fifty paces. But though the animal fell on receiving the wound, he soon recovered himself, and was making up to Monsieur de Beauterme with great fury, when he was shot dead by the Duke of Orleans' game-keeper, named Reinhard. Several inhabitants of the Gévaudan, who had been attacked by him, having declared him to be the same animal which had caused such consternation in the country—indeed there could hardly have been two of them—Monsieur de Beauterme set out with the body for Versailles, in order to present it to the king. After the beast's death, his dimensions were taken, and he was found to be thirty-two inches high, five feet seven inches and a half long, including, of course, his sweeping tail, and three feet thick (!)—which latter measurement means, most likely, his circumference. The surgeon who dissected him, said that he was more of the hyena than the wolf

kind, his teeth being forty in number, whereas wolves have but twenty-six. The muscles of his neck were very strong; his sides so formed that he could bend his head to his tail; his eyes sparkled so with fire, that it was hardly possible (for a regiment of dragoons) to bear his look; his tail was very large, broad, thick, and bristled with black hair; and his feet armed with claws which are described as being extremely strong and singular. He was as inodorous after death as Monsieur Bardelle and his friends had found him to be when alive, for, when killed, he sent forth a very disagreeable stench. In his body several sheep's bones were found. The king, who fully appreciated the heroic, directed that he should be embalmed, and stuffed with straw! He was in that condition returned to Monsieur de Beaupierre, who kept him till the Revolution came, and amongst other institutions swept away the terror of the Cevennes.

So came to an end, not by any manner of means an untimely one, the Wild Beast of the Gévaudan. He was, doubtless, a terrible creature to behold, but if he at all resembled the portrait of him which was sent in April, seventeen hundred and sixty-five, to the Intendant of Alençon, (in case he should happen to pass that way—some three hundred miles off), he must have been a creature rather to kill you with laughter than with his teeth and claws. I have the engraving from the original picture before me at this moment, and it bears this inscription: "Figure de la Beste féroce que l'on a nommé l'hýène, qui a dévoré plus que quatre-vingt personnes dans le Gévaudan." The animal is, in truth, a most ridiculous monster, one that Triculus would have jeered at as "a very weak monster, a most poor credulous monster, a puppy-headed monster, a most scurvy monster." Indeed the jester could hardly have hit upon any phrase of absurdity whereby to load him with contempt, as he stands, passant gardant, with one paw in the air, his curly tail trailing on the ground, with ponderous head and cropped ears,—with his mouth filled with enormous teeth, wide open, as if he were catching flies; with his small sleepy eyes, and with the most good-natured expression on his foolish face.

Such a wild beast is not a thing to fly from on the wings of fear. If one did avoid it, when encountered in the open air, it would rather be after the fashion of a late Earl; of whom I once heard the following story:—

He was a large man, who, in speaking, wobbled like a turkey-cock, and thus he related his adventures:

"What do you think?" he said, entering the library of Duffleton House one day, about forty years ago; "what do you think? As I was walking along the Strand this morning, not far from Exeter Change, I met a tiger!"

"A tiger! God bless me! What on earth did you do?"

"Do? I called a hackney coach!"

OLD CUSTOMS.

SIR JOSIAH CHILD, a wise and great man in his generation, sending out instructions from the East India Company, in the reign of King Charles the Second, imperiously told Mr. Vaux that he expected his orders were to be his rules, and not the laws of England; which were a heap of nonsense compiled by a few ignorant country gentlemen, who hardly knew how to make laws for the government of their private families, much less for the regulating of companies and foreign commerce.

Other persons, not so learned or so wise as Sir Josiah, came to a similar conclusion for cogent reasons. The farmers of Sussex, for instance, found it simply impossible to live unless they were allowed to export the wool of the sheep that fed upon their great downs; and even the most respectable of them became participators in a very peculiar kind of smuggling, which consisted in getting prohibited goods out of the kingdom. This owling trade, as it was called, became regularly organised in defiance of the law, and was carried on to a vast extent in Romney marshes and along the Sussex coast. The smugglers trusted the farmers, and the farmers trusted the smugglers. A kind of code of honour, or local morals, was established among them, and was rarely infringed on. In such a state of things—the direct creation of a foolish legislature—the revenue-officer who interfered with their business became naturally, in the people's eyes, the evil doer; while the free trader, as he was then generally called, was considered the friend of all. So widely and deeply had these feelings taken root in these parts a century and more ago, that there was scarcely a farmer, a tradesman, a clergyman, or a gentleman who had not actively sympathised with the unlawful trade.

A curious and instructive evidence of the degree in which this spirit had spread and corrupted the minds of the people, is to be found in the history of the murder of Daniel Chater and William Galley, which occurred in the neighbourhood in the year one thousand seven hundred and forty-seven, which we will now relate with strict adherence to the facts, as sworn to at the trials of the murderers.

In September of that year, one John Dymond, a shepherd, and, no doubt, an agent for others, agreed with a number of smugglers to go over from the Sussex coast to the island of Guernsey, to smuggle a large quantity of tea. The smugglers named their price, and proceeded, like business-men, to execute their commission; but unusual ill-luck befel them. On the way back, they fell in with a Revenue cutter, which gave chase. They

were forced to run their vessel ashore, and abandon her; and the revenue-officers, though they captured no men—and were not likely to capture any men while a farm-house or other lurking place could be found in the country—carried the vessel into the port of Poole in Dorsetshire, and lodged its cargo in the custom-house there.

Such an interference with the trade of the neighbourhood did not fail to cause considerable excitement. The ladies' lace, the landed gentleman's claret, might be cut off next; nay, the very rents of his tenants might be wanting; for, though at every burial the deceased was declared on oath to be buried in woollen dead clothes, Sussex farmers could still find no sufficient demand for their fleeces without sending them abroad. Something, it was clear, ought to be done; and, although the respectable portion of the population were disinclined to be the first to move, the bold smugglers of the county might safely reckon upon public sympathy, in any reasonable attempt to administer a lesson to the common enemy.

Towards the end of the month, a body of smugglers, to the amount of sixty and upwards, held a night meeting by torchlight in a solitary part of Charlton forest. All were well provided with fire-arms, and Dymond, the nominal proprietor of the seized cargo, was there. At this meeting a plan was arranged. Accordingly on the night between the sixth and seventh of the next month they proceeded to act. They appear to have had little fear of anything save a company of soldiers; who, being but lately posted in the neighbourhood, might be supposed to be wanting in sympathy with the general feeling of the inhabitants. To meet this difficulty, portions of the gang were stationed at different places on the road to secure a retreat; and about thirty of the number, well armed, marched boldly into the town of Poole; seized and pinioned the revenue-officers, and broke into the custom-house. Here, to their great joy, they found the whole of their cargo of tea—about thirteen or fourteen hundred-weight—a quantity in those days of very large value. This, in the midst of a large town and by a bright moon, they loaded on pack-horses, and then rode leisurely away through the streets and along the highroad. Nor could anybody afterwards find the men, or guess their names, or say whose were the horses, or trace one ounce of the tea, or discover any one, far or near, who had seen anything or knew anything whatever of these proceedings. The lawyer shrugged his shoulders; the farmer laughed a horse laugh; the landed gentleman winked over his claret at his guest. His Majesty's proclamation posted up at toll-gates and on fences was torn down, or daubed with mud. The local code of morals was honourably observed. Somebody may have had information to give, but no mouth was opened to give it.

Yes: there lived at that time at Fordingbridge, in Hampshire, close adjoining, a shoemaker named Daniel Chater; one of those unsocial men who are out of tune with the spirit of their time and neighbourhood—or, let us not be too hard—he may have been poor, a distraint for rent may have been hanging over him. Money, by a certain day and hour, may have been absolutely necessary to save him from ruin or disgrace. This man knew Dymond: and it happened that the smuggling escort passed at daylight, after the breaking open of the custom-house, through Fordingbridge. How little Dymond imagined that any one man in that village would be so base as to betray the party, is evidenced by a touching circumstance. Seeing Chater standing in his little garden by the road-side, Dymond stopped one of the horses, dismounted, and shaking hands with his acquaintance over the fence, conversed with him for a moment. Dymond then drove on with the rest of the gang. After the king's proclamation was out, a suspicion had, somehow or other, arisen against Dymond; Chater then recalled this fact, and felt no doubt that he was one of the party. Chater accordingly opened a correspondence with the custom-house officers, one of whom, a Mr. William Galley, was despatched with a letter to Major Batten, a Sussex Justice of the Peace, with instructions to pass through Fordingbridge, and take Daniel Chater with him, keeping their business secret, as they hoped to escape the vengeance of the neighbourhood.

The shoemaker and his companion rode away quietly through the Sussex lanes, taking counsel with no one, till they came to Chichester; where they were forced to inquire after Major Batten. Here they heard that the Justice of the Peace was at Stanstead, near Rowland Castle. To this place they accordingly set out, going through Leigh, where they met some respectable men named Austin, and asked of them their way. The Austins were going in the same direction, and offered to direct them. All this had caused delay; and, in asking after Major Batten, they had been compelled to reveal their destination to several persons—a revelation which, if the officer should happen to be known to any one in that part, would have been dangerous. But the officer had come from Southampton, many miles off, and had no apprehensions. Their prudent course, however, was clearly to go on without delay upon their business: but, coming into the village of Rowland Castle on the Sunday about noon, and being hot and weary, they stopped at the White Hart, a good inn kept by Elizabeth Payne, widow, who had two sons, blacksmiths, in the same village. Payne is still a common name in these parts, and Widow Payne's family had no doubt too deep a root in the neighbourhood to be without the common feeling of the place and time. She had her misgivings

about these men. One of them, at least, was a good judge of rum. While the two new comers were eating and drinking, she called Austin, their recent guide, aside, and told him "she was afraid they were come to do the smugglers hurt." This offensive suspicion had never crossed the mind of Austin. He told her they were going to Major Batten's—that he "did not suspect any harm, for they were merely carrying a letter to the Major."

This, however, only convinced Widow Payne of the correctness of her surmises, and she privately sent one of her blacksmith sons, who was then in the house, for two men named William Jackson and William Carter, who lived hard by. While the son was gone Chater and Galley wanted to be going, and asked for their horses; but Mrs. Payne told them that the man was gone out with the key of the stables, and would be home shortly, which, it is supposed, was but a trick of hers to occasion delay. As soon as Jackson came in, he called for "a pot of hot," and while that was getting ready, Carter arrived. Mrs. Payne immediately took them aside, and told them her suspicions concerning the two strangers, who were going with a letter to Major Batten. She then advised George Austin to go away about his business, telling him "as she respected him, he had better go, and not loiter about, lest he should come to some harm." Upon this hint he promptly went away.

Things soon began to look still more ominous for the officer and his friend; but, with a strange infatuation, they lingered, drinking while waiting for the stable key. So far from taking alarm at the number of men who now came dropping in one after the other, they congratulated themselves on finding so much good company, and smoked and drank till their business almost faded from their minds. Dusk was coming on, and, although not drunk, they were hardly in a fit condition to deliver themselves on important business to a military gentleman, and a justice of the peace. Chater grew sleepy-eyed, and talked foolishly about himself and his own cleverness, and of what great men had been shoemakers. Jackson, taking advantage of this, walked with him into the garden, and asked him how he did, and where Dymond, the shepherd, was. Chater said he believed he was in custody, but where or how he did not know; adding, like a fool, as indeed the drink had made him, "that he was going to appear against him, which he was sorry for, but could not help it."

Galley soon after came into the garden, suspecting that Jackson was persuading him not to persist in giving information against the smugglers, and upon Galley's desiring his friend to come in, Jackson said, "What is that to you?" and, being a powerful man,

he struck the unfortunate revenue-officer a blow, which set his mouth and nose bleeding, and knocked him down. Galley then incautiously said he was the king's officer. Jackson replied, with another oath, "You a king's officer? I'll make a king's officer of you; and, for another gill, I'll serve you so again." Offering to strike him again, one of the Paynes cried, "Don't be such a fool: do you know what you are doing?"

The two strangers now became uneasy, and wanted, at all risks, to be going; but Jackson, Carter, and the rest of the smuggling party persuaded them to stay, and drink more rum, and make it up; for they were sorry, they said, for what had happened. Night having now overtaken them, it would be very inconvenient to go on to their destination. They decided to stay, and the party sat down again together. It was near the time for closing the door of the White Hart, but the whole of the guests remained. Their number had increased—and this fact alone ought to have alarmed the officer and his companion, still more; but they were now fast losing all fear. Chater bragged of being the only friend of the Government in the whole neighbourhood, and talked of bringing down the smugglers very soon; and, sometimes, in his foolish eyes, the room became a court of law, in which he held forth, to a misty-looking judge and jury, upon the wickedness of smuggling: for, blinded by his drunken folly, he did not see the darkening faces of the men about him, nor note the ominous silence in which they listened to his vague words. Nor was Galley more sober, although, with the habitual prudence of his profession, he nudged his friend from time to time, and bade him hold his tongue. In this state, the two were at last led up to bed.

And now the White Hart doors are closed; the place is silent, and the lights are out, save in one room—the room in which the strangers had been sitting—where the company that they had left there still lingered. Not a man of them offering to stir. Something was in the minds of all; although, perhaps, even the most daring knew not exactly what was to be done. Nor did any vision visit the two strangers, with a sudden shudder through the blood, to rouse them from their drunken sleep, or warn them of the horrors of that night.

After a while, two of the gang stole upstairs, listening at the door. Hearing the snoring of the sleeping men, they entered the room. Here they found Galley and Chater, lying in their clothes upon their bed; and, gently moving Chater, who was much too sound asleep to heed them, they took from his pocket the letter to the justice. This was quietly brought down, and read in the kitchen to the smugglers, to whom it revealed exactly the bearer's errand. This inflamed their rage still more; and they held a con-

sultation as to what was to be done. One proposed to take them both to a well near the house, to murder them, and to throw them in. One, more humane, offered to take them prisoners, and send them over to France; but that was objected to, as there was a probability of their coming back, and betraying everything. Another said, if the company agreed, he would take them away to some place, where they should be confined till it was known what should be the fate of Dymond the shepherd; and, in the mean time, all should allow threepence a week to support them; determining that whatever might be Dymond's fate, theirs should be the same. But the majority were in no mood for such tenderness or trifling. The wives of both Jackson and Carter were present, and Jackson's wife sprang up, and with a furious gesture, exclaimed, "Hang them like dogs! Don't they come to hang us?" But even this was far from satisfying their cruel purpose.

Jackson began the movement. He went up into the room in which the two men were lying, and having deliberately fastened a large pair of spurs on his horseman's boots, he sprang upon the bed, and began to strike the sleepers on the face and forehead with the rowels, till they were covered with blood; beating them at the same time with a short thick horsewhip, and calling upon them to get up. The unfortunate men sprang out of bed, and found themselves seized at once, and dragged down into the room below. Prayers for mercy brought them only oaths, and blows, and warnings to be silent, in return. The smugglers then took them out of the house; but one of their number returned, with a pistol cocked in his hand, and swore that he would shoot through the head any person who should mention what he had seen or heard.

Meanwhile, having taken their horses from the stable, and stripped the two men of their coats (which were found afterwards, stained with blood by the road-side), they placed them both upon one of the horses, tying their legs together under his belly; Jackson having asked particularly for a belt, or a cord for that purpose. In this condition they proceeded a little way, when Jackson, who was like a furious maniac, cried out, "Whip 'em, cut 'em, slash 'em, damn 'em." And then all fell upon them with whips, save the one who was leading the horse; for the roads were so bad that they were obliged to go slowly. Thus they tortured the men till they came to Woodash, which was only half a mile from the place where they began. Here their victims, writhing with the pain, fell off, with their heads under the horse; their legs, which were tied, appearing over the back. When their tormentors found this, they set them upright again, and continued whipping them over the head, face, and shoulders, till they came to Dean, about half a mile further; the horse still going at a

very slow pace, and stumbling over the rutty broken roads, which increased their agony. Here they slipped, and fell under the horse again, as before, with their feet in the air.

This time, however, they were too weak to sit upon the horse at all; upon which the tormentors separated them, and two of the smugglers mounted upon the horses, one took Chater, and the other Galley, on his back, where the torture was continued, till the two smugglers themselves receiving some of the blows, called out to the others to desist. All this time, Jackson rode beside the two men, with a pistol cocked, swearing that if they groaned loudly, he would blow their brains out. They then agreed to go up with them to Harris's well, in Ladyholt Park, which was the property of John Caryll, a Catholic gentleman, and a friend of the poet Pope. Here they took Galley from the horse, meaning to throw him down into the well. The wretched man rejoiced at this; begging them to dispatch him at once. But the fiend Jackson said, with a fearful oath "No! If that's the case, we must have something more to say to you." They then put him on the horse again, and whipped him over the downs, till he fell off once more, and they laid him across the saddle, with his breast downwards, as a butcher does a calf, and one squeezed him in a way so horribly cruel that the poor fellow groaned very much, and cried aloud that he could not bear it; and at last said, "I am falling, I am falling." One of the gang, giving him a push, he fell heavily, and some thought he had broken his neck, and was dead; although from a horrible circumstance afterwards discovered, it was known that he was not.

It should not be forgotten, in considering these barbarities as an indication of the feeling against the revenue officers in those days, that not one of these men had any direct interest in the case of Dymond and the smuggled tea, which had been taken out of the custom-house at Poole, a place further distant from them than London, and separated by a whole county. Nor were they, in the usual sense smugglers, or importers of smuggled goods; but were only persons interested in smuggling more or less.

Supposing Galley to be dead, they then laid him upon a horse; and, as they were going up a dirty lane, one said, "Let us seek a place to carry them to." So little were they afraid of witnesses, that they went to the house of one Pescod, and, knocking at the door, the daughter came down; when they said they had got two men whom they wanted to bring into the house. The girl told them her father was ill. But they insisting that she should go up and ask him to let them in. She did, and brought down word that her father would suffer nobody to be brought there; and the men returned to their companions.

It was now some hours past midnight; the weather being very raw and cold. Coming to the village of Keeke, they went boldly and knocked up the landlord of the Red Lion there, and his family, who came down and made them a fire, and got them food. They told the landlord that they had had an engagement with some officers, had lost their tea, and were afraid that several of their people were killed. The body of Galley they kept concealed in a brewhouse at the back of the premises. When they had refreshed themselves, they went away; but one of them shortly after came back to the landlord and asked him if he could find out a place hard-by where he had before concealed some goods. The landlord said he remembered it, but he could not go with them. The smugglers insisted he should; and they then took a candle, a lantern, and a spade, and went away together, and joined the rest. Coming to the spot they were in search of—a miry hollow, deep down among briars and withered leaves—they began to dig a hole, the landlord of the Red Lion working with them. His excuse afterwards was, that "it being a very cold morning, he helped, and did not think what it was for." Into this hole they hastily thrust the body of Galley, all cut and bruised, and in his blood-stained clothes—dead, as they thought him; but a terrible evidence was afterwards found that, even now, some life remained, for his hands were discovered held up to his face, as if to keep the dirt, as they shovelled it upon him, out of his mouth and eyes.

Thus did poor Galley at length find release from his barbarous enemies. Terrible as was his fate, however, it was milder and more merciful in its speedy end, than that which befel the shoemaker, who had bragged at the White Hart so boldly of his deeds. When they had buried Galley, all the party, save two, returned to the Red Lion, and there sat eating, drinking, and smoking the whole of the day. The two that had not joined them were sent in charge of Daniel Chater, their remaining victim; who, being the informer, and the chief cause of the betrayal of the tea smugglers, they determined to submit to even worse torture than his companion had endured. Mills, an old man, and his companion, accordingly took Chater to a place called a skilling, or turf house, belonging to Mills, in a solitary place on the border of a wood. Here they fastened their prisoner by a heavy iron chain, about three yards long; where, all day long, the smoke of burning peat curling under his eyes and nostrils, save when a breath of wind came to his relief, made him grievously sore, and almost choked him. On the Wednesday, being the third night after the outrage at Rowland's Castle, the whole gang met again at the Red Lion, to consult what further cruelties to inflict on Chater, who was still alive. One of the number said, "Let us load a gun, clap the

muzzle to his head, and we will tie a long string to the trigger, when we will all of us lay hold of it and pull it!" But this was rejected, "as it would put him out of his pain too soon." Finally, they came to the resolution of carrying him up to Harris's, in Ladyholt Park, there to treat him as they had intended to treat Galley.

All this while Chater was suffering the most horrible torture; being continually visited by one or other of his enemies, who swore at him and struck him cruel blows. When at length the whole party came down to the turf house, Tapner, one of them, pulled out a huge clasp-knife, and dancing and gesticulating like a madman, rushed at the unhappy man, who was still chained, crying, "Down on your knees to prayers!" The poor shoemaker accordingly knelt down slowly and feebly on the turf, and began to pray; but, while he was so engaged, one of their number went behind him and kicked him, upbraiding him for being "a preaching villain," and saying, "We have done for Galley, and we will do for you!" Then Tapner, without any provocation from the poor man—who was indeed now too weak and wretched even to complain—rushed at him again, and drew his knife across his nose, whereby he almost cut both of his eyes out. Still the wretched creature only uttered a groan, and bent his head; but Tapner, not yet satisfied, rushed at him in another fit of frenzy, and struck again, but this time a little higher, so that the knife made a deep gash across his forehead.

They then placed him on a horse, and set out for Harris's Well, Tapner whipping him all the way, till seeing that he was bloody, he went up to him, and swore if the blood should stain the saddle he would destroy him instantly. Thus, in the dead of the night, they came up to the well in the park, which was between twenty and thirty feet deep, and paled round to keep the cattle from falling in. Tapner then pulled a cord out of his pocket and tied it with a noose round the neck of their victim, and bade him get over the pales to the well. The poor man, scarcely unwilling to obey, seeing an opening occasioned by some decayed pales, would have gone through this, but was prevented by the others, who swore he should get over, having all the while the rope round his neck, and being extremely weak.

As soon as he had got over the pales, Tapner took one end of the rope and tied it round the rail in the opening where the pales were broken, there being no roller to the well, which was dry and abandoned. They then pushed him into the well; but the length of the rope would not suffer his body to hang above knee-deep in it, so that the upper part appeared above the low brick parapet, hanging by the rope about the neck. Here, however, as his body leaned against the wall, the

weight did not strangle him; and, after a quarter of an hour, they got over, cut the rope, and dropped the body, head foremost, down. They then listened, and could still hear him groan. At this they went to a man who was a gardener, and woke him up, and asked him to lend them a ladder and a rope, which he did; but they could not move the ladder, and returned without it to the well, where they could still hear the unfortunate Chater feebly moaning. At this, they procured two old gate-posts that were lying on the ground within the park, which they cast down together with some heavy stones; when, listening again, they could hear nothing, and were satisfied that he was dead. After this they killed the horse that they had stolen, took his hide off, and cut it into small pieces, and made away with them to prevent any discovery. Galley's body was not found till long after. Chater, when discovered in the well, presented a piteous spectacle, with the rope about his neck. His eyes appeared to be cut or picked out; his boots and spurs were on, but one of his legs "came short off" when they lifted the body.

At least fifteen persons were actively engaged in these horrible proceedings. Many others had been openly spectators of much that had been done, and had rendered assistance to the murderers, while, for three days, they had gone about the country; but the Government could obtain no tidings whatever of the missing men. Galley's coat being found all blood-stained by the roadside, as we have stated, it was imagined that they had been either murdered or carried abroad by the smugglers, but how no one appeared to know. A proclamation was issued, with a large reward; but, for seven months, no information was received as to who were the murderers. At length, however, in the usual course of such histories, a magistrate received a letter from one who had witnessed some part of their proceedings; and, shortly after, one of the murderers coming in, and voluntarily surrendering himself, probably from fear of the rest, he became king's evidence, and the greater number were tried and sentenced to be hanged—some of them in chains.

While awaiting their execution, being all ironed and stapled down and well guarded, most of them behaved with extreme levity, eating and drinking regularly without any seeming concern, and talking freely to the people who, according to the custom of the time, were allowed to come in and see them. One of the prisoners, an old man of sixty, asked the clergyman, gaily, when he thought they should be hanged? Being reproved, he answered that, "According to the common course of nature, he could not have

lived above a year or two longer; that, as to the murder, it gave him little trouble, as he had but small hand in it. As to the charge of smuggling, he owned he had been concerned in that trade for a great many years, and did not think there was any harm in it." His son said, "He was not present when the murders were done; though, if he had, he should not have thought it any great crime." One said, he "had had many engagements with the revenue officers, and been wounded three times." Another, when told they must go up to receive judgment, "What a-devil do they mean by that? Could not they do our whole business last night, without obliging us to come again, and wear out our shoes?" But there were some less hardened; and Jackson, one of the cruellest of the number, was no sooner measured for the chains in which he was to be hung, than he was struck with such terror that he died in two hours after. The old man Mills, however, was unchanged to the last. He cursed the executioner for making him stand on tiptoe, and bade him "not hang him by inches."

We live in a better age; but many foolish customs are still entered on our revenue commissioners' book, violating great principles, and needlessly perpetuating the smuggler's trade—duties upon articles of two or three times greater amount than the value of the goods themselves—most of these articles comprising, like tea and brandy, a large value in a small bulk. The risk of carrying such things, like all other risks, may be exactly estimated and insured against, at a certain price. When this price is less than the duty, smuggling, in spite of custom-houses and coast-guards, will go on, the revenue will be cheated, and the bold smuggler retain some shadow of his old popularity.

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THE SIN OF A FATHER.

DOCTOR BROWN was poor, and had to make his way in the world. He had gone to study his profession in Edinburgh, and his energy, ability, and good conduct had entitled him to some notice on the part of the professors. Once introduced to the ladies of their families, his prepossessing appearance and pleasing manners made him an universal favourite, and perhaps no other student received so many invitations to dances, evening parties, or was so often singled out to fill up an odd vacancy at the last moment at the dinner-table. No one knew particularly who he was, or where he sprang from; but then he had no near relations, as he had once or twice observed; so he was evidently not hampered with low-born or low-bred connections. He had been in mourning for his mother when he first came to college.

All this much was recalled to the recollection of Professor Frazer by his niece Margaret as she stood before him one morning in his study, telling him, in a low but resolute voice, that the night before Doctor James Brown had offered her marriage, that she had accepted him, and that he was intending to call on Professor Frazer (her uncle and natural guardian) that very morning to obtain his consent to their engagement. Professor Frazer was perfectly aware, from Margaret's manner, that his consent was regarded by her as a mere form, for that her mind was made up; and he had more than once had occasion to find out how inflexible she could be. Yet he too was of the same blood, and held to his own opinions in the same obdurate manner. The consequence of which frequently was, that uncle and niece had argued themselves into mutual bitterness of feeling, without altering each other's opinions one jot. But Professor Frazer could not restrain himself on this occasion of all others.

"Then, Margaret, you will just quietly settle down to be a beggar, for that lad Brown has little or no money to think of marrying upon: you that might be my Lady Kennedy if you would."

"I could not, Uncle."

"Nonsense, child. Sir Alexander is a personable and agreeable man,—middle-aged, if you will—well, a wilful woman maun have

her way; but, if I had had a notion that youngster was sneaking into my house to cajole you into fancying him, I would have seen him far enough before I had ever let your aunt invite him to dinner. Aye! you may mutter; but I say no gentleman would ever have come into my house to seduce my niece's affections without first informing me of his intentions and asking my leave."

"Doctor Brown is a gentleman, Uncle Frazer, whatever you may think of him."

"So you think—so you think. But who cares for the opinion of a love-sick girl? He is a handsome, plausible young fellow, of good address. And I don't mean to deny his ability. But there is something about him I never did like, and now it's accounted for. And Sir Alexander— Well, well! your aunt will be disappointed in you, Margaret. But you were always a headstrong girl. Has this Jamie Brown ever told you who or what his parents were, or where he comes from? I don't ask about his forbears, for he does not look like a lad who has ever had ancestors; and you a Frazer of Lovat! Fie, for shame, Margaret! Who is this Jamie Brown?"

"He is James Brown, Doctor of Medicine of the University of Edinburgh: a good, clever young man, whom I love with my whole heart," replied Margaret, reddening.

"Hoot! is that the way for a maiden to speak? Where does he come from? Who are his kinsfolk? Unless he can give a pretty good account of his family and prospects, I shall just bid him begone, Margaret, and that I tell you fairly."

"Uncle" (her eyes were filling with hot indignant tears), "I am of age; you know he is good and clever; else why have you had him so often to your house? I marry him and not his kinsfolk. He is an orphan. I doubt if he has any relations that he keeps up with. He has no brothers nor sisters. I don't care where he comes from."

"What was his father?" asked Professor Frazer, coldly.

"I don't know. Why should I go prying into every particular of his family, and asking who his father was, and what was the maiden name of his mother, and when his grandmother was married?"

"Yet I think I have heard Miss Margaret

Frazer speak up pretty strongly in favour of a long line of unspotted ancestry."

"I had forgotten our own, I suppose, when I spoke so. Simon Lord Lovat is a creditable great uncle to the Frazers. If all tales be true, he ought to have been hanged for a felon, instead of beheaded like a loyal gentleman."

"O! if you're determined to foul your own nest, I have done. Let James Brown come in; I will make him my bow, and thank him for condescending to marry a Frazer."

"Uncle," said Margaret, now fairly crying, "don't let us part in anger. We love each other in our hearts. You have been good to me, and so has my aunt. But I have given my word to Doctor Brown, and I must keep it. I should love him if he was the son of a ploughman. We don't expect to be rich; but he has a few hundreds to start with, and I have my own hundred a-year—"

"Well, well, child, don't cry. You have settled it all for yourself, it seems; so I wash my hands of it. I shake off all responsibility. You will tell your aunt what arrangements you make with Doctor Brown about your marriage, and I will do what you wish in the matter. But don't send the young man in to me to ask my consent. I neither give it nor withhold it. It would have been different if it had been Sir Alexander."

"O! Uncle Frazer, don't speak so. See Dr. Brown, and at any rate—for my sake—tell him you consent. Let me belong to you that much. It seems so desolate at such a time to have to dispose of myself as if nobody owned or cared for me."

The door was thrown open, and Doctor James Brown was announced. Margaret hastened away; and, before he was aware, the Professor had given a sort of consent, without asking a question of the happy young man, who hurried away to seek his betrothed; leaving her uncle muttering to himself.

Both Doctor and Mrs. Frazer were so strongly opposed to Margaret's engagement, in reality, that they could not help showing it by manner and implication; although they had the grace to keep silent. But Margaret felt even more keenly than her lover, that he was not welcome in the house. Her pleasure in seeing him was destroyed by her sense of the cold welcome that he received; and she willingly yielded to his desire of a short engagement; which was contrary to their original plan of waiting until he should be settled in practice in London, and should see his way clear to such an income as should render their marriage a prudent step. Doctor and Mrs. Frazer neither objected nor approved. Margaret would rather have had the most vehement opposition than this icy coldness. But it made her turn with redoubled affection to her warm-hearted and sympathising lover. Not that she had ever discussed her uncle and aunt's behaviour with him. As long as he was

apparently unaware of it, she would not awaken him to a sense of it. Besides, they had stood to her so long in the relation of parents, that she felt she had no right to bring in a stranger to sit in judgment upon them.

So it was with rather a heavy heart that she arranged their future ménage with Doctor Brown; unable to profit by her aunt's experience and wisdom. But Margaret herself was a prudent and sensible girl. Although accustomed to a degree of comfort in her uncle's house that almost amounted to luxury, she could resolutely dispense with it when occasion required. When Doctor Brown started for London to seek and prepare their new home, she enjoined him not to make any but the most necessary preparations for her reception. She would herself superintend all that was wanting when she came. He had some old furniture stored up in a warehouse which had been his mother's. He proposed selling it, and buying new in its place. Margaret persuaded him not to do this; but to make it go as far as it could. The household of the newly-married couple was to consist of a Scotch woman long connected with the Frazer family, who was to be the sole female servant; and of a man whom Doctor Brown picked up in London, soon after he had fixed on a house, a man named Crawford, who had lived for many years with a gentleman now gone abroad, but who gave him the most excellent character, in reply to Doctor Brown's inquiries. This gentleman had employed Crawford in a number of ways; so that in fact he was a kind of Jack-of-all-trades; and Doctor Brown, in every letter to Margaret, had some new accomplishment of his servant's to relate, which he did with the more fulness and zest, because Margaret had slightly questioned the wisdom of starting in life with a man-servant, but had yielded to Doctor Brown's arguments of the necessity of keeping up a respectable appearance, making a decent show, &c., to any one who might be inclined to consult him, but be daunted by the appearance of old Christie out of the kitchen, and unwilling to leave any message to one who spoke such unintelligible English. Crawford was so good a carpenter that he could put up shelves, adjust faulty hinges, mend locks, and even went the length of constructing a box out of some old boards that had once formed a packing-case. Crawford one day, when his master was too busy to go out for his dinner, improvised an omelette as good as any Doctor Brown had ever tasted in Paris, when he was studying there. In short, Crawford was a kind of admirable Crichton in his way, and Margaret was quite convinced that Doctor Brown was right in his decision that they must have a man-servant; even before she was respectfully greeted by Crawford as he opened the door to the newly-married couple, when they came to their new home after their short wedding tour.

Doctor Brown was rather afraid lest Margaret should think the house bare and cheerless in its half-furnished state; for he had obeyed her injunctions and bought as little furniture as might be, in addition to the few things he had inherited from his mother. His consulting room (how grand it sounded!) was completely arranged, ready for stray patients; and it was well calculated to make a good impression on them. There was a Turkey carpet on the floor, that had been his mother's, and was just sufficiently worn to give it the air of respectability which handsome pieces of furniture have when they look as if they had not just been bought for the occasion, but are in some degree hereditary. The same appearance pervaded the room; the library table (bought second-hand, it must be confessed), the bureau—that had been his mother's—the leather chairs (as hereditary as the library table) the shelves Crawford had put up for Doctor Brown's medical books, a good engraving or two on the walls, gave altogether so pleasant an aspect to the apartment that both Doctor and Mrs. Brown thought, for that evening at any rate, that poverty was just as comfortable a thing as riches. Crawford had ventured to take the liberty of placing a few flowers about the room, as his humble way of welcoming his mistress; late autumn flowers, blending the idea of summer with that of winter suggested by the bright little fire in the grate. Christie sent up delicious scones for tea, and Mrs. Frazer had made up for her want of geniality as well as she could by a store of marmalade and mutton hams: Doctor Brown could not be easy even in this comfort until he had shown Margaret, almost with a groan, how many rooms were as yet unfurnished, how much remained to be done. But she laughed at his alarm lest she should be disappointed in her new home, declared that she should like nothing better than planning and contriving; that what with her own talent for upholstery and Crawford's for joinery the rooms should be furnished as if by magic, and no bills—the usual consequences of comfort—be forthcoming. But with the morning and daylight Doctor Brown's anxiety returned. He saw and felt every crack in the ceiling, every spot on the paper, not for himself but for Margaret. He was constantly in his own mind, as it seemed, comparing the home he had brought her to, to the one she had left. He seemed constantly afraid lest she had repented, or would repent having married him. This morbid restlessness was the only drawback to their great happiness; and, to do away with it, Margaret was led into expenses much beyond her original intention. She bought this article in preference to that because her husband, if he went shopping with her, seemed so miserable if he suspected that she denied herself the slightest wish on the score of economy. She learnt to avoid

taking him out with her when she went to make her purchases, as it was a very simple thing to her to choose the least expensive thing even though it were the ugliest, when she was by herself, but not a simple painless thing to her to harden her heart to his look of mortification when she quietly said to the shopman that she could not afford this or that. On coming out of a shop after one of these occasions, he had said:

"O, Margaret, I ought not to have married you. You must forgive me—I have so loved you."

"Forgive you, James!" said she. "For making me so happy! What should make you think I care so much for rep in preference to moreen? Don't speak so again, please."

"O, Margaret! but don't forget how I ask you to forgive me."

Crawford was everything that he had promised to be, and more than could be desired. He was Margaret's right hand in all her little household plans, in a way which irritated Christie not a little. This feud between Christie and Crawford was indeed the greatest discomfort in the household. Crawford was silently triumphant in his superior knowledge of London, in his favour up-stairs, in his power of assisting his mistress, and in the consequent privilege of being frequently consulted. Christie was for ever regretting Scotland, and hinting at Margaret's neglect of one who had followed her fortunes into a strange country to make a favourite of a stranger, and one who was none so good as he ought to be, as she would sometimes affirm. But, as she never brought any proof of her vague accusations, Margaret did not choose to question her, but set them down to a jealousy of her fellow-servant, which the mistress did all in her power to heal. On the whole, however, the four people forming this family lived together in tolerable harmony. Doctor Brown was more than satisfied with his house, his servants, his professional prospects, and most of all with his little bright energetic wife. Margaret from time to time was taken by surprise by certain moods of her husband's; but the tendency of these moods was not to weaken her affection, rather to call out a feeling of pity for what appeared to her morbid sufferings and suspicions—a pity ready to be turned into sympathy as soon as she could discover any definite cause for his occasional depression of spirits. Christie did not pretend to like Crawford; but, as Margaret quietly declined to listen to her grumbings and discontent on this head, and as Crawford himself was almost painfully solicitous to gain the good opinion of the old Scotch woman, there was no open rupture between them. On the whole, the popular, successful Doctor Brown was apparently the most anxious person in his family. There could be no great cause for this as regarded his money affairs. By one of those lucky

accidents which sometimes lift a man up out of his struggles, and carry him on to smooth unencumbered ground, he had made a great step in his professional progress, and their income from this source was likely to be fully as much as Margaret and he had ever anticipated in their most sanguine moments, with the likelihood, too, of a steady increase as the years went on.

I must explain myself more fully on this head.

Margaret herself had rather more than a hundred a-year; sometimes, indeed, her dividends had amounted to one hundred and thirty or forty pounds; but on that she dared not rely. Doctor Brown had seventeen hundred remaining of the three thousand left him by his mother; and, out of this money, he had to pay for some of the furniture, the bills for which had not been sent in at the time, in spite of all Margaret's entreaties that such might be the case. They came in about a week before the time when the events I am going to narrate took place. Of course they amounted to more than even the prudent Margaret had expected, and she was a little dispirited to find how much money it would take to liquidate them. But, curiously and contradictorily enough—as she had often noticed before—any real cause for anxiety or disappointment did not seem to affect her husband's cheerfulness. He laughed at her dismay over her accounts, jingled the proceeds of that day's work in his pockets, counted it out to her, and calculated the year's probable income from that day's gains. Margaret took the guineas, and carried them up-stairs to her own secretaire in silence; having learnt the difficult art of trying to swallow down her household cares in the presence of her husband. When she came back she was cheerful, if grave. He had taken up the bills in her absence, and had been adding them up.

"Two hundred and thirty-six pounds," he said, putting the accounts away to clear the table for tea as Crawford brought in the things. "Why I don't call that much. I believe I reckoned on their coming to a great deal more. I'll go into the city to-morrow and sell out some shares, and set your little heart at ease. Now don't go and put a spoonful less tea in to-night to help to pay these bills. Earning is better than saving, and I am earning at a famous rate. Give me good tea, Maggie, for I have done a good day's work."

They were sitting in the doctor's consulting room for the better economy of fire. To add to Margaret's discomfort the chimney smoked this evening. She had held her tongue from any repining words; for she remembered the old proverb about a smoky chimney and a scolding wife; but she was more irritated by the puffs of smoke coming over her pretty white work than she cared to show; and it was in a sharper tone than usual that she

spoke in bidding Crawford take care and have the chimney swept. The next morning all had cleared brightly off. Her husband had convinced her that all their money matters were going on well; the fire burned brightly at breakfast time, and the unwonted sun shone in at the windows. Margaret was surprised when Crawford told her that he had not been able to meet with a chimney-sweeper that morning, but that he had tried to arrange the coals in the grate so that for this one morning at least his mistress should not be annoyed, and, by the next, he would take care to secure a sweep. Margaret thanked him, and acquiesced in all his plans about giving a general cleaning to the room, the more readily, because she felt that she had spoken sharply the night before. She decided to go and pay all her bills, and make some distant calls on the next morning; and her husband promised to go into the city and provide her with the money.

This he did. He showed her the notes that evening, locked them up for the night in his bureau; and, lo, in the morning they were gone! They had breakfasted in the back parlour, or half-furnished dining-room. A charwoman was in the front room, cleaning after the sweeps. Doctor Brown went to his bureau, singing an old Scotch tune as he left the dining-room. It was so long before he came back that Margaret went to look for him. He was sitting in the chair nearest to the bureau, leaning his head upon it, in an attitude of the deepest despondency. He did not seem to hear Margaret's step, as she made her way among rolled-up carpets and chairs piled on each other. She had to touch him on the shoulder before she could rouse him.

"James, James!" she said in alarm.

He looked up at her almost as if he did not know her.

"O, Margaret," he said, and took hold of her hands, and hid his face in her neck.

"Dearest love, what is it?" she asked, thinking he was suddenly taken ill.

"Some one has been to my bureau since last night," he groaned, without looking up or moving.

"And taken the money," said Margaret, in an instant understanding how it stood. It was a great blow; a great loss, far greater than the few extra pounds by which the bills had exceeded her calculations: yet it seemed as if she could bear it better. "O, dear!" she said, "that is bad; but after all—Do you know," she said, trying to raise his face, so that she might look into it, and give him the encouragement of her honest loving eyes, "at first I thought you were deadly ill, and all sorts of dreadful possibilities rushed through my mind,—it is such a relief to find that it is only money—"

"Only money," he echoed, sadly, avoiding her look, as if he could not bear to show her how much he felt it.

"And after all," she said, with spirit, "it can't be gone far. Only last night here. The chimney-sweeps—we must send Crawford for the police directly. You did not take the numbers of the notes?" ringing the bell as she spoke.

"No; they were only to be in our possession one night," he said.

"No, to be sure not."

The charwoman now appeared at the door with her pail of hot water. Margaret looked into her face, as if to read guilt or innocence. She was a protégée of Christie's, who was not apt to accord her favour easily, or without good grounds; an honest, decent widow, with a large family to maintain by her labour,—that was the character in which Margaret had engaged her; and she looked it. Grimy in her dress—because she could not spare the money or time to be clean—her skin looked healthy and cared for; she had a straightforward, business-like appearance about her, and seemed in no ways daunted nor surprised to see Doctor and Mrs. Brown standing in the middle of the room, in displeased perplexity and distress. She went about her business without taking any particular notice of them. Margaret's suspicions settled down yet more distinctly upon the chimney-sweeper; but he could not have gone far, the notes could hardly have got into circulation. Such a sum could hardly have been spent by such a man in so short a time, and the restoration of the money was her first, her only object. She had hardly a thought for subsequent duties, such as prosecution of the offender, and the like consequences of crime. While her whole energies were bent on the speedy recovery of the money, and she was rapidly going over the necessary steps to be taken, her husband sat all poured out into his chair, as the Germans say; no force in him to keep his limbs in any attitude requiring the slightest exertion; his face sunk, miserable, and with that foreshadowing of the lines of age which sudden distress is apt to call out on the youngest and smoothest faces.

"What can Crawford be about?" said Margaret, pulling the bell again with vehemence. "O, Crawford!" as the man at that instant appeared at the door.

"Is anything the matter?" he said, interrupting her, as if alarmed into an unusual discomposure by her violent ringing. "I had just gone round the corner with the letter master gave me last night for the post, and when I came back Christie told me you had rung for me, ma'am. I beg your pardon, but I have hurried so," and, indeed, his breath did come quickly, and his face was full of penitent anxiety.

"O, Crawford! I am afraid the sweep has got into your master's bureau, and taken all the money he put there last night. It is gone, at any rate. Did you ever leave him in the room alone?"

"I can't say, ma'am; perhaps I did. Yes! I believe I did. I remember now,—I had my work to do; and I thought the charwoman was come, and I went to my pantry; and some time after Christie came to me, complaining that Mrs. Roberts was so late; and then I knew that he must have been alone in the room. But dear me, ma'am, who would have thought there had been so much wickedness in him?"

"How was it he got into the bureau?" said Margaret, turning to her husband. "Was the lock broken?"

He roused himself up, like one who wakens from sleep.

"Yes! No! I suppose I had turned the key without locking it last night. The bureau was closed, not locked, when I went to it this morning, and the bolt was shot." He relapsed into inactive, thoughtful silence.

"At any rate, it is no use losing time in wondering now. Go, Crawford, as fast as you can, for a policeman. You know the name of the chimney-sweeper, of course," she added, as Crawford was preparing to leave the room.

"Indeed, ma'am, I'm very sorry, but I just agreed with the first who was passing along the street. If I could have known—"

But Margaret had turned away with an impatient gesture of despair. Crawford went without another word to seek a policeman.

In vain did his wife try and persuade Doctor Brown to taste any breakfast; a cup of tea was all he would try and swallow, and that was taken in hasty gulps, to clear his dry throat, as he heard Crawford's voice talking to the policeman whom he was ushering in.

The policeman heard all and said little. Then the inspector came. Doctor Brown seemed to leave all the talking to Crawford, who apparently liked nothing better. Margaret was infinitely distressed and dismayed by the effect the robbery seemed to have on her husband's energies. The probable loss of such a sum was bad enough, but there was something so weak and poor in character, in letting it affect him so strongly—to deaden all energy and destroy all hopeful spring, that, although Margaret did not dare to define her feeling, nor the cause of it, to herself, she had the fact before her perpetually, that, if she were to judge of her husband from this morning only, she must learn to rely on herself alone in all cases of emergency. The inspector repeatedly turned from Crawford to Doctor and Mrs. Brown for answers to his inquiries. It was Margaret who replied, with terse short sentences, very different from Crawford's long involved explanations.

At length the inspector asked to speak to her alone. She followed him into the next room, past the affronted Crawford and her despondent husband. The inspector gave one

sharp look at the charwoman, who was going on with her scouring with stolid indifference, turned her out, and then asked Margaret where Crawford came from,—how long he had lived with them, and various other questions, all showing the direction his suspicions had taken. This shocked Margaret extremely; but she quickly answered every inquiry; and, at the end, watched the inspector's face closely, and waited for the avowal of the suspicion.

He led the way back to the other room without a word, however. Crawford had left, and Doctor Brown was trying to read the morning's letters (which had just been delivered), but his hands shook so much that he could not see a line.

"Doctor Brown," said the inspector, "I have little doubt that your man-servant has committed this robbery. I judge so from his whole manner; and from his anxiety to tell the story, and his way of trying to throw suspicion on the chimney-sweeper, neither whose name nor dwelling can he give; at least he says not. Your wife says he has already been out of the house this morning, even before he went to summon a policeman; so there is little doubt that he has found means for concealing or disposing of the notes; and you say you do not know the numbers. However, that can probably be ascertained."

At this moment Christie knocked at the door, and, in a state of great agitation, demanded to speak to Margaret. She brought up an additional store of suspicious circumstances, none of them much in themselves, but all tending to criminate her fellow-servant. She had expected to find herself blamed for starting the idea of Crawford's guilt, and was rather surprised to find herself listened to with attention by the inspector. This led her to tell many other little things all bearing against Crawford, which, a dread of being thought jealous and quarrelsome, had led her to conceal before from her master and mistress. At the end of her story the inspector said:

"There can be no doubt of the course to be taken. You, sir, must give your man-servant in charge. He will be taken before the sitting magistrate directly; and there is already evidence enough to make him be remanded for a week; during which time we may trace the notes, and complete the chain."

"Must I prosecute?" said Doctor Brown, almost lividly pale. "It is, I own, a serious loss of money to me; but there will be the further expenses of the prosecution—the loss of time—the—"

He stopped. He saw his wife's indignant eyes fixed upon him; and shrank from their look of unconscious reproach.

"Yes, inspector," he said, "I give him in charge. Do what you will. Do what is right. Of course I take the consequences. We take the consequences. Don't we, Margaret?"

He spoke in a kind of wild low voice; of which Margaret thought it best to take no notice.

"Tell us exactly what to do," she said, very coldly and quietly, addressing herself to the policeman.

He gave her the necessary directions as to their attending at the police-office, and bringing Christie as a witness, and then went away to take measures for securing Crawford.

Margaret was surprised to find how little hurry or violence needed to be used in Crawford's arrest. She had expected to hear sounds of commotion in the house, if indeed Crawford himself had not taken the alarm and escaped. But, when she had suggested the latter apprehension to the inspector, he smiled, and told her that when he had first heard of the charge from the policeman on the beat, he had stationed a detective officer within sight of the house to watch all ingress or egress; so that Crawford's whereabouts would soon be discovered if he had attempted to escape.

Margaret's attention was now directed to her husband. He was making hurried preparations for setting off on his round of visits, and evidently did not wish to have any conversation with her on the subject of the morning's event. He promised to be back by eleven o'clock; before which time the inspector had assured them their presence would not be needed. Once or twice Doctor Brown said, as if to himself, "It is a miserable business." Indeed, Margaret felt it to be so; and now that the necessity for immediate speech and action was over, she began to fancy that she must be very hard-hearted—very deficient in common feeling; inasmuch as she had not suffered like her husband at the discovery that the servant—whom they had been learning to consider as a friend, and to look upon him as having their interests so warmly at heart—was, in all probability, a treacherous thief. She remembered all his pretty marks of attention to her from the day when he had welcomed her arrival at her new home by his humble present of flowers, until only the day before, when, seeing her fatigued, he had, unasked, made her a cup of coffee,—coffee such as none but he could make. How often had he thought of warm dry clothes for her husband; how wakeful had he been at nights; how diligent in the mornings! It was no wonder that her husband felt this discovery of domestic treason acutely. It was she who was hard and selfish, and thinking more of the recovery of the money than of the terrible disappointment in character if the charge against Crawford were true.

At eleven o'clock her husband returned with a cab. Christie had thought the occasion of appearing at a police-office worthy of her Sunday clothes, and was as smart as her possessions could make her. But Margaret and her husband looked as pale and

sorrow-stricken, as if they had been the accused, and not the accusers.

Doctor Brown shrank from meeting Crawford's eye, as the one took his place in the witness box, the other in the dock. Yet Crawford was trying—Margaret was sure of this—to catch his master's attention. Failing that, he looked at Margaret with an expression she could not fathom. Indeed the whole character of his face was changed. Instead of the calm smooth look of attentive obedience, he had assumed an insolent, threatening expression of defiance; smiling occasionally in a most unpleasant manner as Doctor Brown spoke of the bureau and its contents. He was remanded for a week, but, the evidence as yet being far from conclusive, bail for his appearance was taken. This bail was offered by his brother, a respectable tradesman, well known in his neighbourhood, and to whom Crawford had sent on his arrest.

So Crawford was at large again, much to Christie's dismay; who took off her Sunday clothes on her return home with a heavy heart, hoping rather than trusting that they should not all be murdered in their beds before the week was out. It must be confessed Margaret herself was not entirely free from fears of Crawford's vengeance; his eyes had looked so maliciously and vindictively at her and at her husband as they gave their evidence.

But his absence in the household gave Margaret enough to do to prevent her dwelling on foolish fears. His being away made a terrible blank in their daily comfort, which neither Margaret nor Christie exert themselves as they would—could fill up; and it was the more necessary that all should go on smoothly, as Doctor Brown's nerves had received such a shock at the discovery of the guilt of his favourite trusted servant, that Margaret was led at times to apprehend a serious illness. He would pace about the room at night when he thought she was asleep, moaning to himself—would require the utmost persuasion to induce him to go out and see his patients. He was worse than ever after consulting the lawyer whom he had employed to conduct the prosecution. There was, as Margaret was brought unwillingly to perceive, some mystery in the case; for he eagerly took his letters from the post, going to the door as soon as he heard the knock, and concealing their directions from her. As the week passed away his nervous misery still increased.

One evening—the candles were not lighted—he was sitting over the fire in a listless attitude, resting his head on his hand, and that supported on his knee, Margaret determined to try an experiment, to see if she could not probe, and find out the nature of the sore that he hid with such constant care. She took a stool and sat down at his feet, taking his hand in hers.

"Listen, dearest James, to an old story I

once heard. It may interest you. There were once two orphans, boy and girl in their hearts, though they were a young man and young woman in years. They were not brother and sister, and by and by they fell in love; just in the same fond silly way you and I did, you remember. Well, the girl was amongst her own people, but the boy was far away from his, if indeed he had any alive. But the girl loved him so dearly for himself that sometimes she thought she was glad that he had no one to care for him but just her alone. Her friends did not like him as much as she did; for perhaps they were wise, grave, cold people, and she, I daresay, was very foolish. And they did not like her marrying the boy; which was just stupidity in them, for they had not a word to say against him. But, about a week before the marriage day was fixed, they thought they had found out something—my darling love, don't take away your hand—don't tremble so, only just listen! Her aunt came to her and said: 'Child, you must give up your lover: his father was tempted, and sinned, and if he is now alive he is a transported convict. The marriage cannot take place.' But the girl stood up and said: 'If he has known this great sorrow and shame he needs my love all the more. I will not leave him, nor forsake him, but love him all the better. And I charge you, aunt, as you hope to receive a blessing for doing as you would be done by, that you tell no one!' I really think that girl awed her aunt in some strange way into secrecy. But, when she was left alone she cried long and sadly, to think what a shadow rested on the heart she loved so dearly, and she meant to strive to lighten the life, and to conceal for ever that she had heard of the burden; but now she thinks—O, my husband! how you must have suffered—" as he bent down his head on her shoulder and cried terrible man's tears.

"God be thanked!" he said at length. "You know all, and you do not shrink from me. O, what a miserable, deceitful coward I have been! Suffered! Yes—suffered enough to drive me mad, and if I had but been brave, I might have been spared all this long twelve-months of agony. But it is right I should have been punished. And you knew it even before we were married, when you might have drawn back!"

"I could not: you would not have broken off your engagement with me, would you, under the like circumstances, if our cases had been reversed?"

"I do not know. Perhaps I might, for I am not so brave, so good, so strong as you, my Margaret. How could I be? Let me tell you more: We wandered about, my mother and I, thankful that our name was such a common one, but shrinking from every allusion—in a way which no one can understand, who has not been conscious of an

inward sore. Living in an assize town was torture: a commercial one was nearly as bad. My father was the son of a dignified clergyman, well known to his brethren: a cathedral town was to be avoided, because there the circumstance of the Dean of Saint Botolph's son having been transported was sure to be known. I had to be educated; therefore we had to live in a town; for my mother could not bear to part from me, and I was sent to a day-school. We were very poor for our station—no! we had no station; we were the wife and child of a convict,—for my poor mother's early habits, I should have said. But when I was about fourteen my father died in his exile, leaving, as convicts in those days sometimes did, a large fortune. It all came to us. My mother shut herself up, and cried and prayed for a whole day. Then she called me in, and took me into her counsel. We solemnly pledged ourselves to give the money to some charity, as soon as I was legally of age. Till then the interest was laid by, every penny of it: though sometimes we were in sore distress for money, my education cost so much. But how could we tell how the money had been accumulated?" Here he dropped his voice. "Soon after I was one-and-twenty, the papers rang with admiration of the unknown munificent donor of certain sums. I loathed their praises. I shrank from all recollection of my father. I remembered him dimly, but always as angry and violent with my mother. My poor, gentle mother! Margaret, she loved my father; and, for her sake I have tried, since her death, to feel kindly towards his memory. Soon after my mother's death, I began to know you, my jewel, my treasure!"

After a while, he began again. "But O! Margaret, even now you do not know the worst. After my mother's death, I found a bundle of law papers—of newspaper reports about my father's trial, poor soul. Why she had kept them, I cannot say. They were covered over with notes in her handwriting; and, for that reason, I kept them. It was so touching to read her record of the days spent by her in her solitary innocence, while he was embroiling himself deeper and deeper in crime. I kept this bundle (as I thought so safely!) in a secret drawer of my bureau; but that wretch Crawford has got hold of it. I missed the papers that very morning. The loss of them was infinitely worse than the loss of the money; and now Crawford threatens to bring out the one terrible fact, in open court, if he can; and his lawyer may do it, I believe. At any rate, to have it blazoned out to the world,—I who have spent my life in fearing this hour! But most of all for you, Margaret! Still—if only it could be avoided—who will employ the son of Brown the noted forger? I shall lose all my practice. Men will look askance at me as I enter their doors. They will drive me into crime. I sometimes fear that crime

is hereditary! O, Margaret, what am I to do?"

"What can you do?" she asked.

"I can refuse to prosecute."

"Let Crawford go free, you knowing him to be guilty?"

"I know him to be guilty."

"Then, simply, you cannot do this thing. You let loose a criminal upon the public."

"But, if I do not, we shall come to shame and poverty. It is for you I mind it, not for myself. I ought never to have married."

"Listen to me. I don't care for poverty; and, as for shame, I should feel it twenty times more grievously if you and I had consented to screen the guilty from any fear or for any selfish motives of our own. I don't pretend that I shall not feel it when first the truth is known. But my shame will turn into pride as I watch you live it down. You have been rendered morbid, dear husband, by having something all your life to conceal. Let the world know the truth, and say the worst. You will go forth, a free, honest, honourable man, able to do your future work without fear."

"That scoundrel Crawford has sent for an answer to his impudent note," said Christie, putting in her head at the door.

"Stay! May I write it?" said Margaret. She wrote:

Whatever you may do or say, there is but one course open to us. No threats can deter your master from doing his duty.

MARGARET BROWN.

"There!" she said, passing it to her husband; "he will see that I know all, and I suspect he has reckoned something on your tenderness for me."

Margaret's note only enraged, it did not daunt, Crawford. Before a week was out, every one who cared knew that Doctor Brown, the rising young physician, was son of the notorious Brown the forger. All the consequences took place which he had anticipated. Crawford had to suffer a severe sentence; and Doctor Brown and his wife had to leave the house and to go to a smaller one; they had to pinch and to scrow; aided in all most zealously by the faithful Christie. But Doctor Brown was lighter-hearted than he had ever been before in his conscious lifetime. His foot was now firmly planted on the ground, and every step he rose was a sure gain. People did say that Margaret had been seen in those worst times on her hands and knees cleaning her own door-step. But I don't believe it, for Christie would never have let her do that. And, as far as my own evidence goes, I can only say that the last time I was in London I saw a door-plate with Doctor James Brown upon it, on the door of a handsome house in a handsome square. As I looked, I saw a brougham drive up to the door, and a lady get out, and go into that house, who was certainly

the Margaret Frazer of old days—graver, more portly, more stern I had almost said. But, as I watched and thought, I saw her come to the dining-room window with a baby in her arms, and her whole face melted into a smile of infinite sweetness.

A GOLDEN LEGEND.

In fifteen hundred and thirty-one, Diego de Ordaz, one of the followers of Cortez to Mexico, set out to explore the Orinoco. He got as far as the cataract of the Atures, when the hostility of the Indians, and the difficulty of ascending the rapids, forced him to return. He was the first European who attempted to explore the river, and it was forty years after his failure before the attempt was renewed. Juan da Silva organised the second expedition; one of the members of which was a certain Juan Martin de Albujar, who was taken prisoner by the Caribs, or Caribisi Indians, of the Lower Orinoco, and lived for many years among them, wandering from tent to tent, and tribe to tribe, at once prisoner and comrade. On his adventures—so at least it is supposed—was founded that wonderful narration of Juan Martinez, which led to the disastrous expedition of Domingo de Vera, fitted out by Philip the Second. De Vera's equipment consisted of two thousand armed men, devoted to the conquest of the Dorado so graphically described by Martinez; together with ten lay priests and a rich canon of the cathedral, with the title of Administrator General, to attend to the spiritual needs and necessities of the marauders; and twelve cowed monks for the conversion of the heathen. Domingo did not accomplish much. Disease, famine, shipwreck, and the Indians put an end to the expedition; and, of the two thousand armed men who went out flushed with hope and strong in the filibuster's faith, only a handful were spared to tell the fate of the rest. It was a tragical result to a mediæval Spanish version of Munchausen.

Sir Walter Raleigh was as deeply bitten as the rest, and must needs fit out an expedition to discover "that mighty, rich, and bewtiful Empire of Guiana, and that great and golden citie which the Spanyards call El Dorado, and the naturals Manoa." On Thursday the sixth of February, fifteen hundred and ninety-five, he set sail, on the conquest of what he believed would prove the glory and the enrichment of England for ever and aye. His was no ordinary filibustering expedition; no vulgar pickeering;* but the attainment of such national wealth as should exalt that terrible old lioness, Elizabeth, of his simulated love so far above her rival, that Spain would be fain to hide her diminished head before her.

"It becomes not the former fortune in

which I once lived," says he, "to goe journeys of picorie,* and it had sorted ill with the offices of honour, which by her Majesties Grace I hold to this day in England to run from cape to cape, and from place to place, for the pillage of ordinary prizes."

El Dorado, the city of Manoa, as described by the veracious Juan Martinez, was in truth no ordinary prize, but one well worth both search and danger. A place where the very kitchen utensils were of gold and silver, and where brobdignagian gardens full of trees and birds and colossal statues all of gold abounded, was no ordinary country for an English knight to annex. Pity only that it was not true, and that it would have been just as profitable to have set out in search of the cities of the moon as of the city of Manoa. Although, indeed, the later discoveries of California, of gold lying in the rocks and beneath the rivers there, seem to give more than a colouring of probability to the tradition of the sixteenth century. Martinez, or the author under his name, romancer as he was, might, and very probably did, give a definite shape to floating reports, rather than create a romance of his own without any substratum of fact or tradition. He dressed up all he heard, and coloured to the highest point every most shadowy sketch; but we think it more than likely that he did not invent the whole. This was his story: the story that befooled a King of Spain and dazzled the intellects of one of England's greatest men:

When Ordaz, of whom we have spoken above, was lying at the port of Morequito, on his way up the Orinoco, "by some negligence the whole store of powder provided for the service was set on fire," for which piece of negligence Martinez, who had the command and charge of the same, was condemned to be executed forthwith. Being much beloved by the soldiers, he obtained, as a boon, that they should place him in a canoe alone, without food, but well armed, and thus set him adrift on the river. These were the best terms he could make for himself, and he was thankful for their grace. As it chanced, he met that very evening some Guianians, who, never having seen a civilised man before, took Martinez as a grand prize and valuable curiosity; leading him as a show from town to town, until they brought him, blindfold, to the city of Manoa, where Inga—we should say the Inca, or king—lived. He was fourteen or fifteen days on the journey, he said, yet unable to give any distinct account thereof, having been kept carefully blindfold all the way.

He entered the city of Manoa at noon, when instantly they unbound his eyes. He travelled "al that daie til night throw the citie, and the next day from sun-rising to sun-setting, ere he came to the pallace of Inga." This would make the city fifty miles

* To pickeer (rob or pillage).

* Picaro (rogue), Spanish.

long at the most moderate calculation, throwing into the shade the Japanese street of ten miles, and making London little better than a well-sized village. But large dimensions suited both the times and the place. Could the chief city be anything but in harmony with mountains that no man could ascend, rivers like seas, inland seas like oceans, with plains as large as European nations, and forests that no foot could traverse? South American scenery demanded heroic measure, and Martinez was too good an artist to violate the laws of local colouring. When a Japanese royal palace can contain forty thousand inhabitants, why may not Central America have had a city that took a full day and a half to traverse from end to end? However, true or not, Martinez was none the less a sixteenth century Munchausen.

Inga, who knew at once that he was a Christian, "for it was not long before that his brothers Guascar and Atabalipa were vanquished by the Spaniards in Peru," treated him handsomely, causing him to be lodged in his palace and well entertained. After he had lived there seven months, and had begun to speak the language, Inga asked him which he would prefer, to remain with them in Manoa, or to return to his own people? Martinez chose the latter; whereupon the generous emperor set him on board his canoe again, laden with gold and silver. But some borderers (thieves, as all borderers are,) fell in with him, and robbed him of his treasure, leaving him only "two great bottels of gords, which were filled with beads of gold curiously wrought, which those Orenoqueponi thought had been no other thing than his drink, or meate, or graine for foode." These gourds he gave to Holy Mother Church, when he was dying, to buy masses for his soul. No man ever saw them again; but their destination sufficiently explained this. In Manoa, said Martinez, the ordinary metal was gold or silver, with sometimes copper for the greater hardness thereof. All the commonest household utensils were made of the precious metals; the streets were paved, and the houses overlaid with the same; huge statues and large artificial gardens peopled with artificial nature beyond the size of nature, all of pure gold, were set about the royal palace; while the emperor and his lords went to their feasts rubbed over with an odoriferous balsamic gum, most rare and precious, then covered from head to foot with gold-dust, so that they looked like so many moving, breathing, glittering, golden statues. Of all fashions in dress certainly the most original.

This, then, was the narration which fired Raleigh's adventurous blood and swift imagination; and it was for the discovery and conquest of this golden city of Manoa that he set sail from England in the year fifteen hundred and ninety-five. He went, as he fondly believed, to glory and conquest, the

aggrandisement of his queen and country, and to his own deathless renown and prosperity.

Raleigh did not find Manoa; but he saw a good many curious things worthy of note. He saw oysters growing on trees: which statement was received by the enlightened men of the day with a burst of derision—forming one of the palpable lies sneered at by Hume. Yet he told no lie. The mangoes growing by the sea-shore in South America, within the limits of high-water mark, may be found to this day covered with certain kinds of oysters, which Raleigh said were "very salt and wel tasted," but which modern fastidiousness rejects as, at the best, mere insipid substitutes for their European cousins. And he saw the great pitch-lake, Lake Brea, of which he made satisfactory trial in tarring his ship; finding that it withstood the heat of the sun better than the Norwegian pitch, and was therefore very profitable for ships trading to the south. In our own days, Admiral Cochrane made a more decided attempt to turn the Brea lake to account; but he found it required so much oil to render it sufficiently pliable, that it was far more expensive to use than common pitch. Raleigh was more sanguine, and seemed to consider it of vast future commercial importance and advantage.

At Puertos de los Hispanioles, in Trinidad, some Spaniards went aboard Raleigh's ship to buy linen. The wily knight plied them with wine, and they, waxing boastful and romancing under the unwonted luxury, plied him in turn with such wonderful stories of all they had seen and heard in Guiana, that his hopes and resolution were strengthened fourfold. So, taking Berreo prisoner, who "the year before betrayed eight of Captain Whiddon's men," and, showing to the natives her majesty's picture, "which they so admired and honoured as it had been easie to have brought them idolatrous thereof," he once more went forward on his journey in search of the golden city and the golden king, leaving his ships at Trinidad, while he and a chosen number set out in boats. He crossed the sea, first skirting the island till he came to the Serpent's Mouth, where he entered the river Manamo, which he calls Amana, by which he hoped to join the Orinoco.

On his way he inquired for the warlike women, the Amazons, of whom Thevet and Orellana had brought such wild accounts into Europe,—accounts that mixed up together classic legends and the unlicensed imaginations of the early West Indian travellers, into one monstrous fable. The Cacique of whom Raleigh inquired confirmed the report of the existence of such a tribe; saying, that a race of warrior-women was really to be found some sixty leagues inland; women who admitted no men within their territories, and who met their male neighbours only once a-year, during the month of April, which time they spent in

feasting and carousing; and who repudiated all their male children, preserving to themselves only the female, to be their heiresses and successors. The Amazons had much gold plates and crescents, which they exchanged against certain green stones, called *piedras del higado*, and held as amulets against nervous diseases and livercomplaints, fevers, and snake-bites. These stones are yet to be found, though rarely. They are green, cylindrical, about two or three inches long, and perforated. They were regarded much as the fairy pennies and various witch stones of our northern superstitions were regarded; and perhaps, like them, were witnesses of an elder and extinct civilisation. Raleigh does not pretend to have seen any of the Amazons himself: but he saw, instead, glorious Indian girls of the Canibal tribe, sold by their parents to the Spaniards for four or five hatchets, which Canibal, or more properly Carib, girls the Spaniards sold afterwards for fifty or a hundred crowns. They seem to have touched the Englishman's fancy even more than he liked to say: perhaps he was not unmindful of what jealous eyes would read his words of praise. He saw, too, what filled him with as much, if with a different kind of admiration;—the hammocks, or *brasill beds*, which the women wove from the cotton-plant, or the silk grass (*bromelia*), or from the fibres of the palm. But he was looking for gold, and he cared little in comparison for all the plants and fruits which have been, in fact, the great gain to us of those new countries: hoarding up instead every tradition of gold as the hope which was to guide him, and laying more store by the "hard white sparre which the Spaniards called *al madre del oro*" (quartz), than by the more subtle riches at his feet. The great inland lake, the city of Manoa burning with gold, and the auriferous rocks of Guiana—none of which existed—were Sir Walter's dreams and objects: he never thought of what the cotton-plant would do for man, nor to what extent a future trade in the various kinds of farinaceous food would be carried on, nor the revolution of food and habits that lay in the sugar-canes of the steaming savannahs. All these were indirect and subtle benefits; and no man cares for the indirect when looking to the fame and gain of the positive and direct.

He saw the *Tiutius*, or, as we call them, the Waraus Indians, "a verie goodlie people, and verie valiant," with the most manly and deliberate speech of any nation whatsoever. These *Tiutius* dwelt in winter upon trees, slinging their hammocks among the branches, to escape the inundations of the river: but in the summer they lived on the ground, like other folk. He mentions their use of the tops of the palmetto, or mountain cabbage, for bread; their refusing to eat anything but what is wild and natural, disdaining all food that has been cultivated by man; their

love of tobacco, skill in boat-building, and peculiar method of showing their love to their dead chiefs, by beating their bones into powder, which then the wives and friends mingled with their drink. He saw the gorgeous flocks of parrots and macaws feeding on the manicole palm, which no traveller to South America and the West Indies can fail to notice; "birds of all colours, some carnation, some crimson, orange, tawney, purple, green, watched, and of all other sorts, both simple and mixt;" he saw, on either side of the river, the most beautiful country that ever his eyes beheld,—deer coming down to feed by the water's edge, as if they had been used to a keeper's call: and he saw the *Lagertos*, which modern English call alligators and caimans. He lost a young negro by one of these monsters. The negro, "a very proper young fellow," had jumped overboard for a swim in the warm, calm river, when he was seized by an alligator, and devoured in the sight of all. He saw all this, but it was not what he wanted to see; and he and his men toiled up the Manamo with hopes that gradually slackened and faded, as the hour of fulfilment seemed receding farther and farther each day.

When his courage and the fortitude of his men had almost come to an end, he met with four canoes coming down the river. He instantly gave chase, and captured the larger two, which had run themselves ashore; but the smaller turned up a creek, and so were lost; for he could not follow them on water, and it was useless to attempt their pursuit on land. In the captured canoes was found a great store of bread, which Raleigh says was more welcome to them than anything on earth could have been, excepting gold; and of this even the capture gave them additional hope; for the canoes had aboard of them three Spaniards—a cavallero, a soldier, and a refiner—all of whom escaped, but left behind the refiner's basket, with quicksilver, saltpetre, and the like.

After some help from the Indians, whom they seem in turn to have well treated and not oppressed, Raleigh and his men continued their journey until they entered the Orinoco—the leading hope of their long travel.

Sailing up, still going westward, Raleigh was struck with the "blew metalline colour" of the rocks, which he took to be of steel ore; but which, as yet, have been found to contain only manganese and oxide of iron, with (supposed) carbon and supercarburetted iron. The red earth, too, attracted his notice, and he met with various unknown tribes of Indians, who lighted a fire by rubbing two sticks together, and among whom he specially mentions the *Aroras*, who were as black as negroes, very valiant, and who used the famous poisoned arrows. The poison of those arrows is yet partially a mystery; but it is proved, at least, that neither snakes' teeth nor stinging ants have

anything to do with the matter. The juice of the plant *Strychnos toxifera*, with the name of which we are all unhappily familiar, is assumed to be the active principle of the preparation. But, as there is only one tribe of Indians which prepares it, and as the whole process is kept a profound secret, the best that can be done, even by analytical chemistry, is but a guess. Still onward and upward till they gained the port of Morequito, the very place whence Juan Martinez dated his adventures, and where the Indians brought them "victual in great plenty, as venison, porke, hens, chickens, fowle, fish, with divers sorts of excellent fruits and rootes, and great abundance of pinas (pine apples), the princesses of fruits that grow under the sun, especially those of Guiana;" also stores of bread and wine, and a sort of paraquitos, no bigger than wrens, and a beast, called by the Spaniards *armadillo*, but by the Indians *capacam*, of which our English knight gives some curiously apocryphal details. After much pleasant talk with the old king, who gave Raleigh particulars concerning the rich town called Macureguarai that still fed his hopes, he passed on his way, until he came to the great cataracts. And here he thought himself on the threshold of his hopes. Not only the beauty of the scenery, the wide savannahs stretching miles away in their bush luxuriance, the wonderfully lovely flowers and noble forest trees, the exquisite plumage and melody of the birds, and the grace and fearless courage of the animals—not only all this delighted him, poet and fervid artist as he was, but every stone which he stooped to pick up "promised either silver or gold by his complexion." What alchemist but saw his hope in every straw-coloured bubble floating in his crucible! What adventurer but met the shadow of the coming consummation in every dead leaf fluttering drily to the ground! Rock crystals, which he believes a kind of sapphire, and crystals growing diamond-wise, therefore not so far from kin with the royal diamond itself, stones which cunning Spaniards pronounce the true mother-of-gold, and not base *marquesite* (pyrites) at all; all these to Raleigh, half maddened with his dreams, were so many indications of the wealth to come—of the wealth that might be gathered even here where they stand, but which is to be found in such abundance in the city of Manoa beyond. If they could but reach that city of Manoa! If they could but come to where they might gather gold and precious stones, as those Spanish men at home thrust out their hands for figs and grapes! All their sufferings, all their hardships, would be forgotten then; nay, turned to greater triumphs, as love roots itself always deepest round pain. But Manoa was not yet at hand. And, instead of the civilised and humane Inga of Martinez in his gorgeous city, Raleigh heard of that strange tribe of Indians which,

unfortunately, no later traveller has discovered, "who have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts, and a long train of hair growing backward between their shoulders." He met with more beautiful slave-girls, sold for three or four hatchets a-piece. But no Manoa.

Then the rain came down in those fearful tropical torrents of which we all have read or heard; the Orinoco began to swell and rage, the crew cried out against their hardships, and Raleigh's brave heart sank. He drew a veil between his hopes and his hand, turned his boat's head to the east, and sailed down the stream, though against the wind, at the rate of a hundred miles a day. So gained once more the port of Morequito, and had another interview with old Topiawari. Topiawari, still holding to the tradition of a "rich and appareled nation," where gold, found in pieces as large as small stones, was the common metal, and where they made images of birds and beasts and men in gold, advised Raleigh to wait until he had a larger company, and a more suitable season; also until he had gained over to his side all the intervening tribes, enemies of El Doradans. To clinch this last most sensible argument, Topiawari told him a fearful story of how three hundred Spaniards, wearied and hungered, were journeying through the plains of Macureguarai, where they were surrounded and burnt to death; the Indians setting fire to the long, dry, crackling prairie grass. As a proof of his goodwill, he gave his only son to Raleigh, to take with him to England; and the adventurer departed, leaving with the tribe two of his own men, then turning his face seaward again. They struggled down the river Macareo, until they crossed the sea again, and finally gained the Island of Trinidad. There they found their ships at anchor; than which was never a more joyful sight to wearied, disappointed, hopeless men. So ended this first English expedition in search of the city of Manoa, and the fabled land of gold and precious stones.

On the twenty-sixth of March, sixteen hundred and seventeen, Raleigh, released from a long and iniquitous imprisonment, sailed out from the Thames on his second and more completely organised expedition. Of this, though so ostentatious and complete in all its arrangements, but little need be said. It was even more entirely a failure than the first; a failure in its object, and of infinite disastrousness to himself; for by it he lost his friends, his son, his hopes, fortune, health, and ultimately his noble life. His son was killed in the taking of Sante Thomé from the Spaniards. Keymis, under whom he fought, succeeding only in taking, not in holding, the town; getting nothing by the feat but the honour of embroiling two allied nations, and the bitter reproaches of his chief. Reproaches so bitter, perhaps so

merited, that poor Keymis could not stand up under them. He laid himself down in his cabin, and committed the sad suicide which finished the ruin he had begun. When Raleigh returned home, shattered in health, broken-hearted and bankrupt, Gondomar, the Spanish envoy, accused him to the king of being a pirate. "Pirates! pirates! pirates!" cried he; the sole words he spoke in the special audience which had been granted him. King James was too much disappointed to be just. Raleigh was seized, imprisoned, the old ridiculous myth of his treasonable complicity in the Arabella Stuart affair was trumped up again; and on the twenty-ninth of October, sixteen hundred and eighteen, he was beheaded on Tower Hill.

No one has found the city of Manoa; but instead of gold, tapioca, cassava, arnotto, cinnamon, and all precious spices, tobacco, potatoes, pine-apples, sugar, dye-woods, sago, and many more things than we can enumerate, have poured the blessing of the rich south-west upon us, and given the world both greater benefit and greater wealth than if all Guiana had been of burnished gold, and every rock and crag a nest of precious stones.

EVERYBODY'S REFEREE.

I AM not aware that I have ever exhibited any great strength of mind; that I can boast of any very enlarged experience in the affairs of the world; that I am remarkable for wisdom, prudence, and forethought; or that I am a man to be consulted upon every emergency by persons who suffer from a want of self-reliance, or a strong desire to repose a confidence in a supposed congenial soul. No man shrinks more than I do from the responsibility of giving advice; yet, no man exists with whom consultation is more frequently sought. Some write to me to know at what hour they shall call to take my opinion upon an intricate question of law (which I know nothing about); others beg me to meet them at my own time and place, as they wish to be guided by me in business of the utmost importance. Young authors come to me with heavy rolls of manuscript, wishing me to suggest corrections in lectures, poems, novels, and plays. Friends drag me about the streets of London to obtain the benefit of my taste in the purchase of a carriage, or the selection of a picture. Mothers come to me with ailing children, to know the best medical men who have devoted their lives to the treatment of measles, smallpox, or indigestion. Other mothers come to me with other children (not ailing) to know the best school in Brussels to which a young lady can be sent; or to learn the easiest way, and the exact cost, of getting a presentation for a boy to Christ's Hospital. I know forty people who cannot think of taking a house until I have gone over it, and given my opinion about it. Because I have never ridden

a horse in my life, I am exactly the unprejudiced person to be taken twenty miles out of town, on a cold, frosty morning, to decide upon the choice of an unbroken colt from a cattle-dealer.

I have kept a regular account of bets that I have been called in as an umpire to decide, and I find the annual average for the last ten years to be rather more than one a week. I am not a director of any public company; but I have been nominated trustee in seven or eight instances, without my consent; and I have narrowly escaped two heavy lawsuits under executorships, which I have been weak enough to accept. Fathers come to me with their fat, hearty, troublesome boys, at the critical age of fourteen or fifteen; and, because I am a bachelor, with no family experience, I am asked to suggest the occupation best adapted to the temperament of each particular lad.

People with large families write to me from the country, stating their intention of coming up in the mass by a particular train, and asking me to be kind enough to see to all the necessary arrangements for their comfort. These arrangements always refer to lodgings, and sometimes many other things besides; and I have frequently the satisfaction of seeing the quarters I have provided changed, before the expiration of a couple of weeks, and of being ceremoniously thanked for the trouble I have taken, which has turned out so well, considering the very short time allowed me for selection.

I receive post-office orders from wild settlements in the country, to be expended in fish, or other delicacies of the season. About a week after I have duly despatched my commissions, I receive another ominous order for a packet of patent medicine, which leads me to suppose that my first selection was not as judiciously made as it might have been. Well-known charitable friends, who live in remote parts, and who occasionally receive the most piteous of begging-letters, take the liberty of referring to me as a proper person to investigate the cases. A stream of unheard-of misery is, by these means, diverted to the door of my humble dwelling, which I should never have seen or heard of, but for the confidence of my friends.

I have never set up for being a well-informed man, although I seem to be invested with that character wherever I make my appearance. "Sir," says a pompous gentleman in spectacles, in the midst of dead silence, and across a room full of company, "may I ask your opinion of the present ministry? Will they go out, sir, if defeated upon the Lodger Suffrage Bill?"

I stammer out a reply, in the best words I have at my command, and am obliged to admit that I have devoted very little attention lately to questions of home politics. My answer is attributed to modesty, and not to ignorance; and my tormentor at once

changes his ground to the very wide field of foreign policy.

"May I ask, sir," he says, "if you consider that Colicotroni's measure for the introduction of foreign corn into Greece will have any effect upon the coal trade?"

"Decidedly," I reply, seeing the necessity of making a bold assertion; which originates a general discussion, under cover of which I escape.

A dinner-party may be enjoyment to many people; but it is none to me. I am always asked the most extraordinary questions ever put to any man who is not the editor of a newspaper, or a penny cyclopædia. Young curates going to distant livings, question me anxiously about the character and doctrine of their new bishop. I cannot undertake to say with any certainty, when I am asked (and I am asked very frequently) who was the prime minister at the time of the great cabbage-rot, when bread was two and fourpence halfpenny the four pound loaf; who was the marquis who won a hundred and twenty thousand pounds at billiards, in a lonely country-house, in the course of a single week, from young Lord Mull, of Galloway; who was the lady who left the stage in eighteen hundred and twelve; to marry the Duke of Dunstable, and what was her real maiden name; who it was that went up in a balloon at Ceylon, nearly a century before Montgolfier was ever heard of; who it was that witnessed Captain Barclay's feat of walking a thousand successive miles in a thousand successive hours; and who was the man who last fought with Molyneux, when that distinguished pugilist behaved with so much magnanimity, that the Prince Regent, who was present, wished to knight him on the spot. These, and thousands of such questions, have been asked me at different times, before a special inquiry department was instituted in the weekly publications, and the weekly press. But there is one bore who sticks to me with the pertinacity of a barnacle, a horse-leech, a burr, a parasite. He is not to be shaken off by any such weak suggestion as a reference to the columns of the weekly prints. In alluding to individuals he clings to the alphabetical form; for he is very scrupulous about mentioning names, which might cloud my judgment, and affect the purity of that opinion he is always so anxious to obtain. He generally meets me in the street, and takes my passive arm, leaning his head upon mine, as he dwells upon the latest of those wrongs, which he seems for ever doomed to suffer.

"Now," says my confidential friend, "I'll put the case to you in this way: A goes to B's house to dinner, where he meets C. I don't give any names; I don't accuse any man. I am A; there are four ladies in the drawing-room,—one the lady of the house, whom I will personify by D, and the other

three by the letters E, F, and G. I hope I make myself clearly understood?"

"O, perfectly," I reply, listlessly.

"Very well," he continues, "D, in the absence of B, asks me to take down F, but before I can comply, C steps in, pushes me upon G, and takes F, leaving me E, G, D."

"How annoying!" I exclaim, mechanically.

"Annoying?" inquires my confidential friend, astonished at the mildness of the term; "annoying? it's more. But this is not all; for E—no D, makes a pointed observation to B—no C, across the table (I will not mention the remark), by which I am brought in direct collision with C. The matter don't end here, for B takes it up after C has gone up-stairs with G, F, B, and D."

"G, F, B?" I ask; "are there two Bs?"

"G, F, E, and D, I should say," he answers. "Thank you. Now what would you do under these circumstances?"

Having filled the position of everybody's referee for many troublesome years, I want to resign it. It must have fallen upon me originally, because I wear spectacles, am a trifle bald, am blessed with black, bushy, wise-looking eyebrows, am master of my time, and am always to be found; but so ready am I to resign my doubtful honours to those who may covet them, that I have at last made arrangements to obtain a post under Government, as the only thing I could think of, that would not trouble me with employment, and yet would give me an excuse for saying, I am fully engaged.

THREE YEARS OLDER.

A FRIEND who is no jester, when asked to lend a new and interesting book, sends a blue volume of *Miscellaneous Statistics of the United Kingdom*. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. We open it, and see a great spreading of tables; in fact, as in the world generally, it contains more tables than feasts. What, then, could the judicious friend have meant by sending a book containing returns of the statistics of the country for the three years last reckoned out by the Statistical Department, Board of Trade?

No doubt he intends us not only to read, but to write on these tables to show what progress England has made as it gets three years older. We shall begin with the interesting topic of marriage. The population of Great Britain is about twenty-two millions, now increasing at the rate of more than a quarter of a million yearly, and, in England, the great multitude of marriages are those of bachelors to spinsters. Of these there are every year in England and Wales, London included, about one hundred and thirty thousand. All the other marriages do not make up another thirty thousand, and, in half of that outlying number, the brides are spinsters and the bridegrooms widowers, while only in

a fourth are the bridegrooms bachelors and the brides widows. For every two widows who get husbands again, three widowers get second wives; and the widowers take spinsters twice as often as they take widows.

Of the persons in England and Wales married in the three years eighteen hundred and fifty-four, five, and six, only three boys, but seventy-six girls, were wedded at the age of fifteen; twenty-three men, but only one woman, married at the age of eighty. The great marrying age in this country is twenty. Twenty-five is only half as popular, and, between those ages, more persons are married than in all the other years of life added together. Under the age of twenty, there are married in a year in England not very many more than about two thousand youths of the male sex, and eleven or twelve thousand girls; but, after the age of sixty, four times as many men as women.

In the three years of which the reckonings stand side by side, there has been in England and Wales a positive and steady decrease in the number of deaths. In eighteen hundred and fifty-four the Metropolis was very much more fatal to life than the country generally; but, so much has been done for the improvement of the health of London, that amendment has gone forward at double speed, and the London mortality in the last of the three years was less than that of the country generally in either of the previous two; being very nearly level with the average then shown by all England and Wales. While the country advanced from one death in forty-three to one in forty-nine, the advance of London was from one in thirty-four to one in forty-six, which almost means the saving of one life in every hundred people. There can be no doubt that this steady improvement in the general health of the people is due most especially to the successful exertions of the men who have been urging, against every obstacle, the main principles of sanitary reform; who have got rid of town burial-grounds, multiplied windows, analysed poisonous victuals, poured down the ears of the multitude their little streams of knowledge about drains, sewers, and good water, and taught thousands to live in accordance with the laws by which men's bodies are governed.

No doubt there is much knowledge of the ways of Nature necessary for establishment of the best and most wholesome neighbourly relations among all the members of a great community. How best to promote the utmost degree of moral and material good-fellowship among twenty or thirty millions of people, so as to secure for each one the least molestation and the utmost comfort from those who are round about him, is a study to which many studies tend. Call it a science if you will; it is rather a small system of sciences studied with special application to one national and wise purpose.

We look next to the table of deaths in England and Wales during these three years, from the several registered diseases; and here we remark that, although it certainly does lie without the province of the statistical department of the Board of Trade, yet it may be worth considering, whether a climate table for the three years would not add point and significance to more than one section of the information given. Its bearing on the table of the kinds of disease prevalent in each year is obvious. We see, for example, a singular preponderance of death from old age in eighteen hundred and fifty-five over deaths from the same cause in the years before and after it. But there are tables of agriculture also, and few people can doubt, though it is not easy to define with any accuracy, the connection that must exist between tables of weather, poverty and crime.

The fatal disease of the English is consumption. No other disease kills half, and but two kill nearly half as many of us in a twelvemonth; only about half as many die of age. There were more deaths from consumption, as there were more from old age, in eighteen hundred and fifty-five than in the years before and after, and the yearly death roll from this cause in England and Wales is about fifty thousand strong. The two diseases that destroy, in England, about half as many people as consumption, are convulsions, chiefly among children, and—another disease of the lungs—pneumonia, an inflammation of their substance.

This disease also was especially fatal in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-five, and the next most fatal complaint—again a disease of the lungs—bronchitis, an inflammation of their air-passages, rose most especially in danger, being indeed, for once, actually more than half as fatal as consumption. Yet the whole mortality was, in that year, less than in the year preceding it, when there was an excess of mortality by more than nineteen thousand deaths from cholera, and by twenty instead of thirteen thousand deaths from diarrhoea.

In eighteen hundred and fifty-five, again, there was more than a double mortality from influenza. Scarletina, during the three years, was becoming a less fatal disorder; typhus was slowly, but very certainly, on the decline. Deaths by intemperance were also decreasing somewhat rapidly in number. The deaths by cold in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-five were nearly doubled. In the last year of the three there was a decided increase in the number of deaths by poison. In the two years, eighteen hundred and fifty-five and fifty-six, by an odd coincidence, there was precisely the same number of deaths by hanging and suffocation.

These are the chief points in the death-table. The steady decrease in the number of deaths caused by scarlatina, typhus, and intemperance, give certainty to the inference,

drawn from gross averages, of the good result that has rewarded the exertions of those men who have laboured on behalf of public health.

The terrible mortality caused by bronchitis, pneumonia, and consumption, which together kill—in England and Wales only—a hundred thousand people every year (being one-fourth of the entire mortality from more than a hundred other causes in addition to themselves), should make us think a little seriously of many things, and not least seriously of the freaks of fashion which set climate at defiance. Why do we send children abroad in damp and cold weather with their legs bare, submitted, tender as their bodies are, to risks that even strong adults could not brave with impunity? Custom has made this matter appear familiar and trifling, but it is not out of place to say, at the beginning of another winter, that the denial to young children of proper skirts to their clothes and warm coverings to their legs has sown the seeds of consumption in thousands and thousands, and is of many dangerous things done in obedience to laws of fashion, the one that is most thoughtless and most cruel.

It is in the child that consumption can most readily be planted—in the child, that when the tendency exists, it can be conquered, if at all. It is to be fought against by protecting the body with sufficient clothing against chill and damp, by securing it plenty of wholesome sleep,—not suffocative sleep among feathers and curtains,—plenty of free ablu-tion without prejudices on behalf of water, icy cold, plenty of cheerful exercise short of fatigue, plenty of meat, and bread, and wholesome pudding. Those indeed are the things wanted by all children. Many a child pines in health upon a diet stinted with the best intentions. But the truth is, that it is not possible to over-feed a child with simple wholesome eatables. It can be stimulated to excess in the demolishing of sickly dainties; and, with a stomach once fairly depraved, may be made incompetent to say when it has had too little or too much. But a child fed only upon wholesome things knows better than any mamma can tell when it wants more; it can eat a great deal; has not only to maintain life, but to add height and breadth to stature. Fortify it, then, against variations of climate, by meeting freely the demands of its body; give it full animal vigour to resist un-wholesome impressions. Especially let the good housewife, who has a young family to feed, learn to be utterly reckless as to the extent of her milk-score. Somebody has declared a pint of milk to contain as much nourishment as half a pound of meat. Be that as it may, it is the right food for little ones to thrive upon, and may save much subsequent expenditure for cod-liver oil.

Still reading together the three years already named, we come to the heading Education, and there find that, in the primary

schools of England and Wales, there was an annual increase of about seventy thousand in the number of school children brought under inspection. More than four times as many children are accommodated in the church-schools as in the schools of English denominations not connected with the Church; but the schools of the Dissenters grow the faster in proportion.

Omitting the odd hundreds and tens, there was an average of three hundred thousand children actually in attendance at church-schools in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four. Had the subsequent increase been at the same rate as that of "British, Wesleyan and other Presbyterian schools not connected with the Church of England," the number next year should have been nine thousand greater than it was; and in the year after next, the attendance at church-schools was twenty-one thousand short of what it would have been had they kept pace with Protestant schools unconnected with the Church in their development. The registered average attendance at the Roman Catholic schools, in Great Britain, was a thousand less in the last than in the first of the three years, and in the second of the years fell four or five thousand below what seems to be its usual mark—not thirty thousand at the best. There is matter in these figures for some very obvious reflections.

It is less satisfactory to observe in another table, that, while there is throughout Great Britain a decided increase in the school attendance of children under the age of seven, there is an actual falling off in the attendance of all children above that age. This falling off is most apparent in the English church-schools, and partly for a very creditable reason;—the greater extension of the infant school system, which has increased the proportion of the youngest children. At the same time the tables show that there is a decidedly superior tendency in the schools of the English Dissenters to retain children of a more advanced age; that, in this respect, the English Roman Catholic schools fall very short of them both; and that they are all very distinctly beaten by the schools of Scotland. All of these contain double the proportion of pupils older than fourteen, than is to be found in the most prosperous of the primary schools of England. On the other hand, if the schools of the Church of England receive on the whole younger pupils, they retain them longer under training, than the schools of the English Dissenters. A little more than five in a hundred of the children in our church-schools, but not quite four per cent. in the British and other schools, remain longer than four years. In the Roman Catholic schools this number is but two per cent., but it is six and seven per cent. in all Scotch schools, except those of the Episcopal Church. In the schools of the English Protestant Dissenters,

teachers are somewhat better paid than in the church-schools.

Thus far we have discussed only a few points that concern health and education. We have yet to pick from the tables crumbs of knowledge about the apparent course through three successive years of British Industry and Poverty and Crime. But with these topics we find a natural association in some recent reports of the progress of one or two colonies. It is well, therefore, to secure space enough by getting some fresh paper for our notes.

GOING FOR A SONG.

THE Théâtre Impérial, Toulouse, does not rank any degree higher than its fellow provincial places of entertainment. It is not managed with the same brilliancy as the Opéra Comique or French Opera House at Paris. Its staff of talent does not make those metropolitan houses pale their ineffectual fires, or hide their diminished heads. It has that dingy, woful, out-of-season aspect unhappily too common with many of its brethren: its own shabbiness mating with the seedy aspect of its sons and daughters hanging about the door. It is of the province, provincial; its gilding is dull; its paint discoloured; its scenery old; its atmosphere damp, and its audience sparse. To such a place might Saint Ignatius have repaired conveniently when composing his sad spiritual exercises, with a certain loneliness and worldly abstraction.

To this unpromising temple of the Théâtre Impérial, Toulouse, was attached Mademoiselle Amélie Piquette, first woman and leading voice whenever the light operas of Auber Adolphe Adam were played. Towards her, several young persons of the town, associated with leading trading interests, nourished hopeless great passions, and were consumed and wasted thereby to the prejudice of their healths and callings. It went, however, to no greater lengths than bouquet offerings and some poetic scribbling; for Mademoiselle was under safeguard of her husband, a man jealous and angry, and moreover bearded fiercely. Piquette, the husband, hung craftily about the side-scenes, holding the opera cloak and the eau de cologne, waiting till his wife should come off the stage. His fierce eyes measured every unprofessional visitor as though doubtful of his business. But outside (or perhaps inside) of these cerberine qualities he was unmatched for his devotion. For never was professional husband so unwearied in pushing his wife's fame. On her benefit nights you would say that Mademoiselle Piquette had fifty husbands at the least. For, when she was fairly launched in her grand horse-of-battle song or bring-the-house-down aria, that fierce pard face of Piquette would be ubiquitous in galleries, side-boxes, front-boxes, orchestra, and pit. The occupant

of the front box would hear a hoarse voice behind him utter a deep bravo, and just catch a glimpse of the pard face enveloped in a cloak disappearing at the door. In an instant of time almost inappreciable it is seen in the amphitheatre, whispering such words as "divine!" "ravishing!" With a bound it is in the galleries, shrieking desperately for an encore.

But empires grow old and kingdoms decay. All first women have not that strange voice-longevity given to great Italian Divas. Chanteuses even of first provincial force have not brazen throats; and so, one night when it was rumoured behind the scenes that there was a Parisian manager listening, Mademoiselle Piquette lashed herself into a perfect dramatic fury. In this abnormal temperament, towards the last scene of the last act, her voice unhappily cracked. Cracked flagrantly. What a wretched night followed on that catastrophe may be conceived. Poor distracted Piquette went nigh to being shut up in an asylum for life: he did such foolish things. But what was to be thought of for future sustenance? Many an anxious hour was consumed in laying out plans. The stage was no more to be thought of: that was clear. Had she been in Paris, not even the manœuvre of the claque known as "the cover" could have helped. That desperate resource, whose significance rested in this: that when the singer is about touching on the failing note, the band of applauding hands comes pouring in, and drowns utterly the abortive tone.

There is a walk still open to voices that have met with this peculiar form of accident; and, on this walk, it was resolved that Madame should strive to enter. If the stage was forbidden her, there was the drawing-room. If the aria d'assolto, the soaring storming tragedy-queen's song, was denied to her, there was still left the gentle, plaintive romance. The encouraging roar of the parterre was gone for ever; but there was in exchange the subdued approbation of the salon. In that new scene you might speak if you could not sing. Ancient tenors, whose voices have fled away years ago, have been known to sit at the piano and enunciate with perfect elocution the most successful little ditties. And, if it be an established fact that love is nothing without sentiment: in music the sentiment can stand itself without voice and without tone; needing only a feeling heart and a well of sensibility. It was decided. Madame shall be a drawing-room chanteuse.

Luckily, Piquette had once served a person of distinction—now very high in the diplomatic circles at Paris—as courier: and this noble official was good enough to say he would mention Madame Piquette's name, if he could only recollect it, to certain small people of his acquaintance.

In course of time the small people of Mon-

sieur le Marquis' acquaintance, when they had occasion to see their friends, were glad to have Madame Piquette in a cheap way; who, by this time, had trained herself to a whole repertory of fitting songs, rendered with prodigious dramatic effect. Characteristic, indeed, was that song of the Muleteer's Wife; when, at the burden, Madame put back her head, beat her foot on the ground, and made as though she were cracking a whip. Not less attractive, too, was the Vivandière, with its burden also marked pantomimically, Madame giving an excellent delineation of the peculiar bearing of those ladies, setting her arms akimbo, and conveying happily the notion that she was filling something from a little cask under her right arm.

Curious to say, these semi-dramatic readings were not received with so much favour as might be expected. Perhaps Madame's great and crowning strength lay in pieces of another order. Perhaps in those little melting histories—at which old men cry, and in which the events of a life are concentrated within the compass of three short stanzas—which narrate how the youth of prepossessing manners, to which unluckily his worldly endowments do not correspond, has gained the affections of a young person under age, and without the sanction of her lawful guardian:

"But," says Madame Piquette, dropping her arms pensively, and entering on the burden, "'tis the old story! L'amour sans bien n'est rien, n'est rien! sans bien, sans bien—n'est r-r-rien—n'est R-r-ri—en!!!" which, ending the first verse happily enough, melts into reflective symphony, touched delicately by husband at the piano. Still suffering from that impecuniosity, as Doctor Samuel Johnson has it, which is the sharpest stone on his lover's walk, the youth finds himself necessitated to go abroad and fight his country's battles. Vows are interchanged at parting. The music slackens. "I go," says the youth, "forget me not." "But," says Madame, in mournful and desponding accents, "love, without wealth, is nought, is nought!" Then comes halting, dirge-like symphonies from the husband, in favour of the pie-crust quality of lovers' promises, and hinting at the extreme likelihood of such foolish talk being forgotten with the lapse of time.

"But years go by," Madame continues, taking up the measure in a vigorous and even noisy manner. "There is gaiety abroad, and the marriage-bells are sounding (happy imitation of bells on the top notes of the piano). But for whom? She will wed a proud and wealthy milord. But there is the clatter of a steed upon the hills (galloping rumble among bass notes). He comes! He comes! (startling chord.) Mon Dieu! too late! too late!" (staccato chord.) Then recurs, heart-rendingly and mournfully, the burden: this time conveying a world of reproach, sorrow, and despairing adhesion to the eternal truth, "Car l'amour sans bien—sans bi-en. N'est

rien. N'est Ri—i—i—iiii—EN!!!" Dead March in Saul Symphony from husband, who seems utterly overcome. The old men present weep hysterically.

Naturally this was Madame's war-charger, or cheval de bataille: but unhappily, a fickle public soon tired of Madame and her delineations. The pantomimic Muleteer's Wife was found to pall: the Vivandière was thought to be a little broad: and even the old men came at last to listen to the War-Charger with provoking dryness. It was said, unreasonably enough, that, taken as recitations, they were admirable; but a song would have been preferred. Even that artifice of poor Piquette, stolen from the claque—the "cover" that is—soon became transparent as glass. That crash and noise of his piano, drowning the ticklish high notes, was, so to speak, smoked. It would not do. The demand fell off; slowly, but surely. O, is there not that bootless nuttifying of swine with pearls, written over and over again in the world's warning book?

Piquette and wife sat together gloomily in their rooms. "It was all over," said the ex-courier, biting his nails. Nothing left but the pan of charcoal and asphyxia. All that night he tossed wearily, thinking of some plan; and, in the morning, said he had found it. Thermopylæ had come for them, he said, with a hollow laugh: but it should be tried. It might succeed: and if not, why there was the charcoal and the asphyxia as before. He went forth early to the house of the diplomatic Marquis, to importune him. He obtained audience. The diplomatic Marquis was sick of the pair, and was glad to be rid of the patronage: therefore he lent a willing ear to the project—nay, would give a little money. Piquette returned joyful—rayonnant, as his countrymen say, "We are to go," he said, rubbing his hands.

"Whither?" Madame asked, a little astonished.

"To Turkey!" said Piquette.

"To Turkey?" she said, with flashing eyes.

"Don't be alarmed. You shall sing before the Commander of the Faithful!"

"How!" said Madame, wofully.

"Yes," answered Piquette, "and the Marquis shall give us a letter to the representative of France. He will try and secure us a passage in one of the Government ships. Courage, my friend, all goes well!"

Why should they not go to Turkey? Solfa and his wife had been over last year to Saint Petersburg, and had brought home roubles and decorations. Utinait, the famous tenor, had been to the Brazils and been presented by imperial hands with a share in a silver mine. His valet wore his orders for him, they were such an embarrassment. Then why not Turkey?

The letter was written, and the Government passage secured. Piquette and wife set forth,

bound for the Golden Horn. On the voyage out, a little stroke of business was done, and a concert for the officers of the ship was proposed, which went off successfully enough. A small offering, in proportion to each one's means, Piquette said, would not be unacceptable.

Once in the Golden Horn, Piquette sought an interview with the representative of France, and delivered his letter.

"You must wait," said the representative, grinding his teeth. "Milord de Cuning is up at this moment; we are down. But courage! You must wait our term: it will soon come."

Poor Piquette and wife had to wait, therefore. Waited for a week first; then for another week: then a third—then a fourth: until their hearts were thoroughly sickened with this hope deferred—until their poor bodies went nigh to being famished.

One day, however, Milord slipped down, and our French envoy rose in proportion. The ministry were tumbled out headlong: the French end of the see-saw was in the air. But such was diplomatic exultation at this victory, that it drove all thoughts of Piquette out of the envoy's head. That wretched man called daily at his hotel, frantically demanding speech of the dread authority. At last he got in.

"Pah!" he said, impatiently, "how can I attend to such trifles now! You want to grind an organ before the Sultan, or some such thing. You must wait!"

"But we shall starve; we shall die in waiting," Piquette said, desperately.

The great man looked up from his papers for the first time, and saw the worn, pinched face of Piquette. His heart was not all of Protocols or Despatches, and so he had pity. "I will try what I can do for you," he said: "leave me now."

Piquette departed, filled with joy, and flew to his faithful singing wife with the news. "It is accomplished," he said.

But they had to wait, for all that. It was rumoured that Said Pacha, ex Vizier, was at Milord's hotel night and day: nay, had all but effected coalition with Achmet Bey, who had hitherto held himself tolerably neutral. It was a terrible crisis; but our diplomatist was not unequal to it. Achmet was bought—at heavy cost, doubtless; but still he was bought. That was one-half the battle. Two interviews with the Sultan crunched Milord's influence to powder. It would take him months of conspiring to recover that ground. The victory was secure; and as our Frenchman departed, making his last salaam to the descendant of the Prophet, he bethought him of the poor singers, and threw in a word for them. Graicouh, the Commander of the Faithful, bowed his fezzed head. He would hear the infidel strollers on the next night. Moreover, he was somewhat ennuyed, and was a little inclined to amusement.

"Mashallah!" he said to the prime eunuch, "what will the gjaours be like? Did the Frank say she was a houri? God is great! I will buy her!"

Some saltimbanques, or jugglers, had lately given their entertainment before his majesty, and much diverted him; so he rather hungered after such diversion.

The terrible night arrived: for it had been a terrible thought to the pair from the moment the news reached them. In simplest white had madame attired herself, with trepidation,—such trepidation!

"I shall never get through it, mon ami!" she said, hysterically. "I shall sleep to-night in the sack of the Bosphorus!"

Piquette heard her, but he heeded not: his thoughts were far away. "He will make me a pasha. I shall be Hakeim Effendi! Suleima Bey would sound handsomely!" And here he surprised himself, stroking an imaginary beard.

It was in an inner room of the palace, lighted beautifully with a flood of waxen lights, that the Commander of the Faithful was seated. Around were his faithful pashas, his vizier, his head eunuch, his favourite shaving-man, through all time reputed to have the greatest influence of all who attend on the Servant of the Prophet. At a little window hung a gauze curtain, behind which might have been made out indistinct outlines,—those, perhaps, of Fatima; perhaps of Zuleika; perhaps of the Sultana herself (who shall tell?), reported to be a miracle of beauty, and come to hearken to the gjaour's minstrelsy. It was altogether an imposing sight; and besides, the confidential barber had whispered it about, that His Highness was in the most delighted spirits.

Our poor singers were all this while confined in a lonely, ill-lighted, dismal, back-room, which seems usually to be the sort of resting-place assigned to such as are bidden to sing before the royalties of this earth. There, with fluttering, trembling hearts, they waited until they should be wanted.

A haughty Moslem was standing at the door, in the full costume of his country. He scowled; and motioned them to follow him, and they obeyed. The fatal hour was indeed come. They were before the Commander of the Faithful. He was on a pile of cushions, and his pipe had just been lighted.

"Courage!" whispers Piquette to his wife, whom he is dragging along.

"His Highness wishes the entertainment to commence," said the interpreter.

Piquette started, and looked about irresolutely. He missed a four-footed assistant, indispensable to the success of the entertainment. "The piano," he murmured.

"What does the infidel require?" asked the Vizier, sharply.

"He seems to want what is called a piano," the dragoman answered.

"He cannot have it," the Vizier answered, "so let him begin."

Here was a terrible blow. The piano was essential to Madame's interpretation of the little drama,—to throw in colour, breath, and effect. Besides, it was useful in covering those little inequalities of Madame's organ. What should he do?

"Let him begin," said the Vizier, in a voice of thunder.

There was no help for it: so Piquette led out Madame to the middle of the floor with as much grace as he could, left her there, and then drew a little to one side to wait events.

Madame, some way—now that she was facing her public—had got back some of her courage; nay, she felt something like enthusiasm filling her gentle breast; and her famous ballet charger of *L'amour sans bien* being now brought round, she sprang upon his back at once, and started at a gallop. Besides, she saw that the Soldan had been scrutinising her closely; but she did not see that his lips had curled as he finished his survey. So she commenced the history of her unfortunate young man and his ill-fated love.

Yes, this fire shall consume me,
This love within me ever burn;
And if thy lover e'er desert thee,
Call on me, and I'll return.

"Mais," continues Madame, dropping her head pensively, and fixing the Commander of the Faithful with her eyes, "'Tis the old story,—*L'amour sans bien*—*sans bien*! (with mournful and desponding glance) *n'est rien*! *n'est rien*! *n'est Ri—EN*!" Piquette, from the corner, expresses his faith in the dismal truth by profound shaking of his head.

Everything was going admirably. The Soldan was seen to take his narghili from his mouth for an instant, to give utterance to a single word, significant, doubtless, of his approbation. "*Naoum*!" was the word spoken by the Soldan; and he replaced his pipe.

The dragoman interpreted it to eager Piquette.

"Monsieur," said the dragoman, "His Highness orders me to say that he wishes Madame to have done at once."

Piquette was thunder-stricken,—crushed. He could only murmur, "She has only just began—she—"

Meantime, the poor lady, utterly unconscious of this dialogue, began to intone the

second portion of her little history. Her eyes now swam with tenderness as she warmed to her theme; for she was at that tender parting of the lovers:

Yes, 'twere better that I leave thee—
Bend to fate, so harsh and stern.
Still, should this cruel one deceive thee,
Ah, call on me, and I'll return!

"Ah! call on——"

The Soldan has again removed his pipe, and a strange guttural issues, with a cloud of smoke. "Zieck!" says the Soldan.

"Ah! call on me," Madame still sings, "and I'll——"

The dragoman interprets. "His Highness orders me to say, that unless Madame holds her tongue this instant, he will have her thrown into the Bosphorus."

Madame was just about fixing her august listener with her eyes, entering on the moral burden of her song,—for, *L'amour sans bien*! *sans——*," when the wretched husband, all aghast, rushed to her, and placed his hand on her mouth. The perspiration dropped from his brow, and there was a profound silence for a minute or more.

Again the Soldan removed his pipe. "Boulack!" was the monosyllable that came forth.

Dragoman interprets. "His Highness desires, Monsieur, to see you dance."

"Dance!" says Piquette, now all but distraught by these accumulated horrors; "Sir, I cannot dance; I don't know how. I merely go about with my wife, to carry her cloak and——"

"Zieck! Boulack!" the Soldan spits forth, rather than speaks.

Dragoman interprets, very quickly. "His Highness orders me to say, that unless you dance at once, he will have you impaled by his chief executioner, and your body thrown to the dogs."

There was nothing for it. Unhappy Piquette had to go through a series of ill-regulated leaps and gambadoes, as unlike dancing as could be conceived,—all to the unconcealed disgust of the Sultan and his court.

"Chick!" says that imperial personage, removing his pipe for the last time.

Dragoman: "His Highness desires that you will withdraw yourselves as speedily as possible; that you will quit Constantinople to-morrow morning. If you ever return, His Highness will have you both flung into the Bosphorus!"

Why pursue the sad chronicle further?

THE END OF VOLUME THE EIGHTEENTH.

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OVER THE WAY.

I HAD been living at Tunbridge Wells and nowhere else, going on for ten years, when my medical man—very clever in his profession, and the prettiest player I ever saw in my life of a hand at Long Whist, which was a noble and a princely game before Short was heard of—said to me, one day, as he sat feeling my pulse on the actual sofa which my poor dear sister Jane worked before her spine came on, and laid her on a board for fifteen months at a stretch—the most upright woman that ever lived—said to me, "What we want, ma'am, is a fillip."

"Good gracious, goodness gracious, Doctor Towers!" says I, quite startled at the man, for he was so christened himself: "don't talk as if you were alluding to people's names; but say what you mean."

"I mean, my dear ma'am, that we want a little change of air and scene."

"Bless the man!" said I; "does he mean we or me!"

"I mean you, ma'am."

"Then Lord, forgive you, Doctor Towers," I said; "why don't you get into a habit of expressing yourself in a straightforward manner, like a loyal subject of our gracious Queen Victoria, and a member of the Church of England?"

Towers laughed, as he generally does when he has fidgetted me into any of my impatient ways—one of my states, as I call them—and then he began,—

"Tone, ma'am, Tone, is all you require!" He appealed to Trottle, who just then came in with the coal-scuttle, looking, in his nice black suit, like an amiable man putting on coals from motives of benevolence.

Trottle (whom I always call my right hand) has been in my service two and thirty years. He entered my service, far away from

England. He is the best of creatures, and the most respectable of men; but, opinionated.

"What you want, ma'am," says Trottle, making up the fire in his quiet and skilful way, "is Tone."

"Lord forgive you both!" says I, bursting out a-laughing; "I see you are in a conspiracy against me, so I suppose you must do what you like with me, and take me to London for a change."

For some weeks Towers had hinted at London, and consequently I was prepared for him. When we had got to this point, we got on so expeditiously, that Trottle was packed off to London next day but one, to find some sort of place for me to lay my troublesome old head in.

Trottle came back to me at the Wells after two days' absence, with accounts of a charming place that could be taken for six months certain, with liberty to renew on the same terms for another six, and which really did afford every accommodation that I wanted.

"Could you really find no fault at all in the rooms, Trottle?" I asked him.

"Not a single one, ma'am. They are exactly suitable to you. There is not a fault in them. There is but one fault outside of them."

"And what's that?"

"They are opposite a House to Let."

"O!" I said, considering of it. "But is that such a very great objection?"

"I think it my duty to mention it, ma'am. It is a dull object to look at. Otherwise, I was so greatly pleased with the lodging that I should have closed with the terms at once, as I had your authority to do."

Trottle thinking so highly of the place, in my interest, I wished not to disappoint him. Consequently I said:

"The empty House may let, perhaps."

"O, dear no, ma'am," said Trottle, shaking his head with decision; "it won't let. It never does let, ma'am."

"Mercy me! Why not?"

"Nobody knows, ma'am. All I have to mention is, ma'am, that the House won't let?"

"How long has this unfortunate House been to let, in the name of Fortune?" said I.

"Ever so long," said Trottle. "Years."

"Is it in ruins?"

"It's a good deal out of repair, ma'am, but it's not in ruins."

The long and the short of this business was, that next day I had a pair of post-horses put to my chariot—for, I never travel by railway: not that I have anything to say against railways, except that they came in when I was too old to take to them; and that they made ducks and drakes of a few turnpike-bonds I had—and so I went up myself, with Trottle in the rumble, to look at the inside of this same lodging, and at the outside of this same House.

As I say, I went and saw for myself. The lodging was perfect. That, I was sure it would be; because Trottle is the best judge of comfort I know. The empty house was an eyesore; and that I was sure it would be too, for the same reason. However, setting the one thing against the other, the good against the bad, the lodging very soon got the victory over the House. My lawyer, Mr. Squares, of Crown Office Row, Temple, drew up an agreement; which his young man jabbered over so dreadfully when he read it to me, that I didn't understand one word of it except my own name; and hardly that, and I signed it, and the other party signed it, and, in three weeks' time, I moved my old bones, bag and baggage, up to London.

For the first month or so, I arranged to leave Trottle at the Wells. I made this arrangement, not only because there was a good deal to take care of in the way of my school-children and pensioners, and also of a new stove in the hall to air the house in my absence, which appeared to me calculated to blow up and burst; but, likewise because I suspect Trottle (though the steadiest of men, and a widower between sixty and seventy) to be what I call rather a Philanderer. I mean, that when any friend comes down to see me and brings a maid, Trottle is always remarkably ready to show that maid the Wells of an evening; and that I have more than once noticed the shadow of his arm, outside the room door nearly opposite my chair, encircling that maid's waist on the landing, like a table-cloth brush.

Therefore, I thought it just as well, before any London Philandering took place, that I should have a little time to look round me, and to see what girls were in and about the place. So, nobody stayed with me in my new lodging at first after Trottle had established

me there safe and sound, but Peggy Flobbins, my maid; a most affectionate and attached woman, who never was an object of Philandering since I have known her, and is not likely to begin to become so after nine-and-twenty years next March.

It was the fifth of November when I first breakfasted in my new rooms. The Guys were going about in the brown fog, like magnified monsters of insects in table-beer, and there was a Guy resting on the doorsteps of the House to Let. I put on my glasses, partly to see how the boys were pleased with what I sent them out by Peggy, and partly to make sure that she didn't approach too near the ridiculous object, which of course was full of sky-rockets, and might go off into bangs at any moment. In this way it happened that the first time I ever looked at the House to Let, after I became its opposite neighbour, I had my glasses on. And this might not have happened once in fifty times, for my sight is uncommonly good for my time of life; and I wear glasses as little as I can, for fear of spoiling it.

I knew already that it was a ten-roomed house, very dirty and much dilapidated; that the area-rails were rusty and peeling away, and that two or three of them were wanting, or half-wanting; that there were broken panes of glass in the windows, and blotches of mud on other panes, which the boys had thrown at them; that there was quite a collection of stones in the area, also proceeding from those Young Mischiefs; that there were games chalked on the pavement before the house, and likenesses of ghosts chalked on the street-door; that the windows were all darkened by rotting old blinds, or shutters, or both; that the bills "To Let," had curled up, as if the damp air of the place had given them cramps; or had dropped down into corners, as if they were no more. I had seen all this on my first visit, and I had remarked to Trottle, that the lower part of the black board about terms was split away; that the rest had become illegible, and that the very stone of the door-steps was broken across. Notwithstanding, I sat at my breakfast table on that Please to Remember the fifth of November morning, staring at the House through my glasses, as if I had never looked at it before.

All at once—in the first-floor window on my right—down in a low corner, at a hole in a blind or a shutter—I found that I was looking at a secret Eye. The reflection of my fire may have touched it and made it shine; but, I saw it shine and vanish.

The eye might have seen me, or it might not have seen me, sitting there in the glow of my fire—you can take which probability you prefer, without offence—but something struck through my frame, as if the sparkle of this eye had been electric, and had flashed straight at me. It had such an effect upon me, that I could not remain by myself, and I

rang for Flobbins, and invented some little jobs for her, to keep her in the room. After my breakfast was cleared away, I sat in the same place with my glasses on, moving my head, now so, and now so, trying whether, with the shining of my fire and the flaws in the window-glass, I could re-produce any sparkle seeming to be up there, that was like the sparkle of an eye. But no; I could make nothing like it. I could make ripples and crooked lines in the front of the House to Let, and I could even twist one window up and loop it into another; but, I could make no eye, nor anything like an eye. So I convinced myself that I really had seen an eye.

Well, to be sure I could not get rid of the impression of this eye, and it troubled me and troubled me, until it was almost a torment. I don't think I was previously inclined to concern my head much about the opposite House; but, after this eye, my head was full of the house; and I thought of little else than the house, and I watched the house, and I talked about the house, and I dreamed of the house. In all this, I fully believe now, there was a good Providence. But, you will judge for yourself about that, bye-and-bye.

My landlord was a butler, who had married a cook, and set up housekeeping. They had not kept house longer than a couple of years, and they knew no more about the House to Let than I did. Neither could I find out anything concerning it among the tradespeople or otherwise; further than what Trotter had told me at first. It had been empty, some said six years, some said eight, some said ten. It never did let, they all agreed, and it never would let.

I soon felt convinced that I should work myself into one of my states about the House; and I soon did. I lived for a whole month in a flurry, that was always getting worse. Towers's prescriptions, which I had brought to London with me, were of no more use than nothing. In the cold winter sunlight, in the thick winter fog, in the black winter rain, in the white winter snow, the House was equally on my mind. I have heard, as everybody else has, of a spirit's haunting a house; but I have had my own personal experience of a house's haunting a spirit; for that House haunted mine.

In all that month's time, I never saw any one go into the House nor come out of the House. I supposed that such a thing must take place sometimes, in the dead of the night, or the glimmer of the morning; but, I never saw it done. I got no relief from having my curtains drawn when it came on dark, and shutting out the house. The Eye then began to shine in my fire.

I am a single old woman. I should say at once, without being at all afraid of the name, I am an old maid; only that I am older than the phrase would express. The time was when I had my love-trouble, but, it is

long and long ago. He was killed at sea (Dear Heaven rest his blessed head!) when I was twenty-five. I have all my life, since ever I can remember, been deeply fond of children. I have always felt such a love for them, that I have had my sorrowful and sinful times when I have fancied something must have gone wrong in my life—something must have been turned aside from its original intention I mean—or I should have been the proud and happy mother of many children, and a fond old grandmother this day. I have soon known better in the cheerfulness and contentment that God has blessed me with and given me abundant reason for; and yet I have had to dry my eyes even then, when I have thought of my dear, brave, hopeful, handsome, bright-eyed Charley, and the trust he meant to cheer me with. Charley was my youngest brother, and he went to India. He married there, and sent his gentle little wife home to me to be confined, and she was to go back to him, and the baby was to be left with me, and I was to bring it up. It never belonged to this life. It took its silent place among the other incidents in my story that might have been, but never were. I had hardly time to whisper to her "Dead my own!" or she to answer, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust! O lay it on my breast and comfort Charley!" when she had gone to seek her baby at Our Saviour's feet. I went to Charley, and I told him there was nothing left but me, poor me; and I lived with Charley, out there, several years. He was a man of fifty, when he fell asleep in my arms. His face had changed to be almost old and a little stern; but, it softened, and softened when I laid it down that I might cry and pray beside it; and, when I looked at it for the last time, it was my dear, untroubled, handsome, youthful Charley of long ago.

—I was going on to tell that the loneliness of the House to Let brought back all these recollections, and that they had quite pierced my heart one evening, when Flobbins, opening the door, and looking very much as if she wanted to laugh but thought better of it, said:

"Mr. Jabez Jarber, ma'am!"

Upon which Mr. Jarber ambled in, in his usual absurd way, saying:

"Sophonisba!"

Which I am obliged to confess is my name. A pretty one and proper one enough when it was given to me: but, a good many years out of date now, and always sounding particularly high-flown and comical from his lips. So I said, sharply:

"Though it is Sophonisba, Jarber, you are not obliged to mention it, that I see."

In reply to this observation, the ridiculous man put the tips of my five right-hand fingers to his lips, and said again, with an aggravating accent on the third syllable:

"Sophonisba!"

I don't burn lamps, because I can't abide

the smell of oil, and wax candles belonged to my day. I hope the convenient situation of one of my tall old candlesticks on the table at my elbow will be my excuse for saying, that if he did that again, I would chop his toes with it. (I am sorry to add that when I told him so, I knew his toes to be tender.) But, really, at my time of life and at Jarber's, it is too much of a good thing. There is an orchestra still standing in the open air at the Wells, before which, in the presence of a throng of fine company, I have walked a minuet with Jarber. But, there is a house still standing, in which I have worn a pinafore, and had a tooth drawn by fastening a thread to the tooth and the door-handle, and toddling away from the door. And how should I look now, at my years, in a pinafore, or having a door for my dentist?

Besides, Jarber always was more or less an absurd man. He was sweetly dressed, and beautifully perfumed, and many girls of my day would have given their ears for him; though I am bound to add that he never cared a fig for them, or their advances either, and that he was very constant to me. For, he not only proposed to me before my love-happiness ended in sorrow, but afterwards too: not once, nor yet twice; nor will we say how many times. However many they were, or however few they were, the last time he paid me that compliment was immediately after he had presented me with a digestive dinner-pill stuck on the point of a pin. And I said on that occasion, laughing heartily, "Now, Jarber, if you don't know that two people whose united ages would make about a hundred and fifty, have got to be old, I do; and I beg to swallow this nonsense in the form of this pill," (which I took on the spot), "and I request to hear no more of it."

After that, he conducted himself pretty well. He was always a little squeezed man, was Jarber, in little sprigged waistcoats; and he had always little legs and a little smile, and a little voice, and little round-about ways. As long as I can remember him he was always going little errands for people, and carrying little gossip. At this present time when he called me "Sophonisba!" he had a little old-fashioned lodging in that new neighbourhood of mine. I had not seen him for two or three years, but I had heard that he still went out with a little perspective-glass and stood on doorsteps in Saint James's Street, to see the nobility go to Court; and went in his little cloak and goloshes outside Willis's rooms to see them go to Almack's; and caught the frightfullest colds, and got himself trodden upon by coachmen and linkmen, until he went home to his landlady a mass of bruises, and had to be nursed for a month.

Jarber took off his little fur-collared cloak, and sat down opposite me, with his little cane and hat in his hand.

"Let us have no more Sophonisbaing, if

you please, Jarber," I said. "Call me Sarah. How do you do? I hope you are pretty well."

"Thank you. And you?" said Jarber.

"I am as well as an old woman can expect to be."

Jarber was beginning:

"Say, not old, Sophon—" but I looked at the candlestick, and he left off; pretending not to have said anything.

"I am infirm, of course," I said, "and so are you. Let us both be thankful it's no worse."

"Is it possible that you look worried?" said Jarber.

"It is very possible. I have no doubt it is the fact."

"And what has worried my Soph—, soft-hearted friend," said Jarber.

"Something not easy, I suppose, to comprehend. I am worried to death by a House to Let, over the way."

Jarber went with his little tip-toe step to the window-curtains, peeped out, and looked round at me.

"Yes," said I, in answer: "that house."

After peeping out again, Jarber came back to his chair with a tender air, and asked: "How does it worry you, S—arah?"

"It is a mystery to me," said I. "Of course every house is a mystery, more or less; but, something that I don't care to mention" (for truly the Eye was so slight a thing to mention that I was more than half ashamed of it), "has made that House so mysterious to me, and has so fixed it in my mind, that I have had no peace for a month. I foresee that I shall have no peace, either, until Trottle comes to me, next Monday."

I might have mentioned before, that there is a long-standing jealousy between Trottle and Jarber; and that there is never any love lost between those two.

"Trottle," petulantly repeated Jarber, with a little flourish of his cane; "how is Trottle to restore the lost peace of Sarah?"

"He will exert himself to find out something about the House. I have fallen into that state about it, that I really must discover by some means or other, good or bad, fair or foul, how and why it is that that House remains To Let."

"And why Trottle? Why not," putting his little bat to his heart; "why not, Jarber?"

"To tell you the truth, I have never thought of Jarber in the matter. And now I do think of Jarber, through your having the kindness to suggest him—for which I am really and truly obliged to you—I don't think he could do it."

"Sarah!"

"I think it would be too much for you, Jarber."

"Sarah!"

"There would be coming and going, and fetching and carrying, Jarber, and you might catch cold."

"Sarah! What can be done by Trottle, can be done by me. I am on terms of acquaintance with every person of responsibility in this parish. I am intimate at the Circulating Library. I converse daily with the Assessed Taxes. I lodge with the Water Rate. I know the Medical Man. I lounge habitually at the House Agent's. I dine with the Churchwardens. I move to the Guardians. Trottle! A person in the sphere of a domestic, and totally unknown to society!"

"Don't be warm, Jarber. In mentioning Trottle, I have naturally relied on my Right-Hand, who would take any trouble to gratify even a whim of his old mistress's. But, if you can find out anything to help to unravel the mystery of this House to Let, I shall be fully as much obliged to you as if there was never a Trottle in the land."

Jarber rose and put on his little cloak. A couple of fierce brass lions held it tight round his little throat; but a couple of the mildest Hares might have done that, I am sure. "Sarah," he said, "I go. Expect me on Monday evening, the Sixth, when perhaps you will give me a cup of tea;—may I ask for no Green? Adieu!"

This was on a Thursday, the second of December. When I reflected that Trottle would come back on Monday, too, I had my misgivings as to the difficulty of keeping the two powers from open warfare, and indeed I was more uneasy than I quite like to confess. However, the empty House swallowed up that thought next morning, as it swallowed up most other thoughts now, and the House quite preyed upon me all that day, and all the Saturday.

It was a very wet Sunday: raining and blowing from morning to night. When the bells rang for afternoon church, they seemed to ring in the commotion of the puddles as well as in the wind, and they sounded very loud and dismal indeed, and the street looked very dismal indeed, and the House looked dimmest of all.

I was reading my prayers near the light, and my fire was glowing in the darkening window-glass, when, looking up, as I prayed for the fatherless children and widows and all who were desolate and oppressed,—I saw the Eye again. It passed in a moment, as it had done before; but, this time, I was inwardly more convinced that I had seen it.

Well to be sure, I *had* a night that night! Whenever I closed my own eyes, it was to see eyes. Next morning, at an unreasonably, and I should have said (but for that railroad) an impossibly early hour, comes Trottle. As soon as he had told me all about the Wells, I told him all about the House. He listened with as great interest and attention as I could possibly wish, until I came to Jabez Jarber, when he cooled in an instant, and became opinionated.

"Now, Trettle," I said, pretending not to notice, "when Mr. Jarber comes back this

evening, we must all lay our heads together."

"I should hardly think that would be wanted, ma'am; Mr. Jarber's head is surely equal to anything."

Being determined not to notice, I said again, that we must all lay our heads together.

"Whatever you order, ma'am, shall be obeyed. Still, it cannot be doubted, I should think, that Mr. Jarber's head is equal, if not superior, to any pressure that can be brought to bear upon it."

This was provoking; and his way, when he came in and out all through the day, of pretending not to see the House to Let, was more provoking still. However, being quite resolved not to notice, I gave no sign whatever that I did notice. But, when evening came, and he showed in Jarber, and, when Jarber wouldn't be helped off with his cloak, and poked his cane into cane chair-backs and china ornaments and his own eye, in trying to unclasp his brazen lions of himself (which he couldn't do, after all) I could have shaken them both.

As it was, I only shook the tea-pot, and made the tea. Jarber had brought from under his cloak, a roll of paper, with which he had triumphantly pointed over the way, like the Ghost of Hamlet's Father appearing to the late Mr. Kemble, and which he had laid on the table.

"A discovery?" said I, pointing to it, when he was seated, and had got his tea-cup.—"Don't go, Trottle."

"The first of a series of discoveries," answered Jarber. "Account of a former tenant, compiled from the Water-Rate, and Medical Man."

"Don't go, Trottle," I repeated. For, I saw him making imperceptibly to the door.

"Begging your pardon, ma'am, I might be in Mr. Jarber's way?"

Jarber looked that he decidedly thought he might be. I relieved myself with a good angry croak, and said—always determined not to notice:

"Have the goodness to sit down, if you please, Trottle. I wish you to hear this."

Trottle bowed in the stiffest manner, and took the remotest chair he could find. Even that, he moved close to the draught from the keyhole of the door.

"Firstly," Jarber began, after sipping his tea, "would my Sophon—"

"Begin again, Jarber," said I.

"Would you be much surprised, if this House to Let, should turn out to be the property of a relation of your own?"

"I should indeed be very much surprised."

"Then it belongs to your first cousin (I learn, by the way, that he is ill at this time) George Forley."

"Then that is a bad beginning. I cannot deny that George Forley stands in the relation of first cousin to me; but I hold no

communication with him. George Forley has been a hard, bitter, stony father to a child now dead. George Forley was most implacable and unrelenting to one of his two daughters who made a poor marriage. George Forley brought all the weight of his hand to bear as heavily against that crushed thing, as he brought it to bear lightly, favouringly, and advantageously upon her sister, who made a rich marriage. I hope that, with the measure George Forley meted, it may not be measured out to him again. I will give George Forley no worse wish."

I was strong upon the subject, and I could not keep the tears out of my eyes; for, that young girl's was a cruel story, and I had dropped many a tear over it before.

"The house being George Forley's," said I, "is almost enough to account for there being a Fate upon it, if Fate there is. Is there anything about George Forley in those sheets of paper?"

"Not a word."

"I am glad to hear it. Please to read on. Trotter, why don't you come nearer? Why do you sit mortifying yourself in those Arctic regions? Come nearer."

"Thank you, ma'am; I am quite near enough to Mr. Jarber."

Jarber rounded his chair, to get his back full to my opinionated friend and servant, and, beginning to read, tossed the words at him over his (Jabez Jarber's) own ear and shoulder.

He read what follows:

THE MANCHESTER MARRIAGE.

Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw came from Manchester to London and took the House To Let. He had been, what is called in Lancashire, a Salesman for a large manufacturing firm, who were extending their business, and opening a warehouse in London; where Mr. Openshaw was now to superintend the business. He rather enjoyed the change of residence; having a kind of curiosity about London, which he had never yet been able to gratify in his brief visits to the metropolis. At the same time he had an odd, shrewd, contempt for the inhabitants; whom he had always pictured to himself as fine, lazy people; caring nothing but for fashion and aristocracy, and lounging away their days in Bond Street, and such places; ruining good English, and ready in their turn to despise him as a provincial. The hours that the men of business kept in the city scandalised him too; accustomed as he was to the early dinners of Manchester folk, and the consequently far longer evenings. Still, he was pleased to go to London; though he would not for the world have confessed it, even to himself, and always spoke of the step to his friends as one demanded of him by the interests of his employers, and sweetened to him by a considerable increase

of salary. His salary indeed was so liberal that he might have been justified in taking a much larger House than this one, had he not thought himself bound to set an example to Londoners of how little a Manchester man of business cared for show. Inside, however, he furnished the House with an unusual degree of comfort, and, in the winter time, he insisted on keeping up as large fires as the grates would allow, in every room where the temperature was in the least chilly. Moreover, his northern sense of hospitality was such, that, if he were at home, he could hardly suffer a visitor to leave the house without forcing meat and drink upon him. Every servant in the house was well warmed, well fed, and kindly treated; for their master scorned all petty saving in aught that conduced to comfort; while he amused himself by following out all his accustomed habits and individual ways in defiance of what any of his new neighbours might think.

His wife was a pretty, gentle woman, of suitable age and character. He was forty-two, she thirty-five. He was loud and decided; she soft and yielding. They had two children; or rather, I should say, she had two; for the elder, a girl of eleven, was Mrs. Openshaw's child by Frank Wilson her first husband. The younger was a little boy, Edwin, who could just prattle, and to whom his father delighted to speak in the broadest and most unintelligible Lancashire dialect, in order to keep up what he called the true Saxon accent.

Mrs. Openshaw's Christian-name was Alice, and her first husband had been her own cousin. She was the orphan niece of a sea-captain in Liverpool: a quiet, grave little creature, of great personal attraction when she was fifteen or sixteen, with regular features and a blooming complexion. But she was very shy, and believed herself to be very stupid and awkward; and was frequently scolded by her aunt, her own uncle's second wife. So when her cousin, Frank Wilson, came home from a long absence at sea, and first was kind and protective to her; secondly, attentive; and thirdly, desperately in love with her, she hardly knew how to be grateful enough to him. It is true she would have preferred his remaining in the first or second stages of behaviour; for his violent love puzzled and frightened her. Her uncle neither helped nor hindered the love affair; though it was going on under his own eyes. Frank's step-mother had such a variable temper, that there was no knowing whether what she liked one day she would like the next, or not. At length she went to such extremes of crossness, that Alice was only too glad to shut her eyes and rush blindly at the chance of escape from domestic tyranny offered her by a marriage with her cousin; and, liking him better than any one in the world except her uncle (who was at this time at sea) she went off one morning and was married to him; her only bridesmaid being the housemaid at her

aunt's. The consequence was, that Frank and his wife went into lodgings, and Mrs. Wilson refused to see them, and turned away Norah, the warm-hearted housemaid; whom they accordingly took into their service. When Captain Wilson returned from his voyage, he was very cordial with the young couple, and spent many an evening at their lodgings; smoking his pipe, and sipping his grog; but he told them that, for quietness' sake, he could not ask them to his own house; for his wife was bitter against them. They were not very unhappy about this.

The seed of future unhappiness lay rather in Frank's vehement, passionate disposition; which led him to resent his wife's shyness and want of demonstration as failures in conjugal duty. He was already tormenting himself, and her too, in a slighter degree, by apprehensions and imaginations of what might befall her during his approaching absence at sea. At last he went to his father and urged him to insist upon Alice's being once more received under his roof; the more especially as there was now a prospect of her confinement while her husband was away on his voyage. Captain Wilson was, as he himself expressed it, "breaking up," and unwilling to undergo the excitement of a scene; yet he felt that what his son said was true. So he went to his wife. And before Frank went to sea, he had the comfort of seeing his wife installed in her old little garret in his father's house. To have placed her in the one best spare room was a step beyond Mrs. Wilson's powers of submission or generosity. The worst part about it, however, was that the faithful Norah had to be dismissed. Her place as housemaid had been filled up; and, even had it not, she had forfeited Mrs. Wilson's good opinion for ever. She comforted her young master and mistress by pleasant prophecies of the time when they would have a household of their own; of which, in whatever service she might be in the meantime, she should be sure to form part. Almost the last action Frank Wilson did, before setting sail, was going with Alice to see Norah once more at her mother's house. And then he went away.

Alice's father-in-law grew more and more feeble as winter advanced. She was of great use to her step-mother in nursing and amusing him; and, although there was anxiety enough in the household, there was perhaps more of peace than there had been for years; for Mrs. Wilson had not a bad heart, and was softened by the visible approach of death to one whom she loved, and touched by the lonely condition of the young creature, expecting her first confinement in her husband's absence. To this relenting mood Norah owed the permission to come and nurse Alice when her baby was born, and to remain to attend on Captain Wilson.

Before one letter had been received from Frank (who had sailed for the East Indies and China), his father died. Alice was

always glad to remember that he had held her baby in his arms, and kissed and blessed it before his death. After that, and the consequent examination into the state of his affairs, it was found that he had left far less property than people had been led by his style of living to imagine; and, what money there was, was all settled upon his wife, and at her disposal after her death. This did not signify much to Alice, as Frank was now first mate of his ship, and, in another voyage or two, would be captain. Meanwhile he had left her some hundreds (all his savings) in the bank.

It became time for Alice to hear from her husband. One letter from the Cape she had already received. The next was to announce his arrival in India. As week after week passed over, and no intelligence of the ship's arrival reached the office of the owners, and the Captain's wife was in the same state of ignorant suspense as Alice herself, her fears grew most oppressive. At length the day came when, in reply to her inquiry at the Shipping Office, they told her that the owners had given up hope of ever hearing more of the Betsy-Jane, and had sent in their claim upon the Underwriters. Now that he was gone for ever, she first felt a yearning, longing love for the kind cousin, the dear friend, the sympathising protector, whom she should never see again,—first felt a passionate desire to show him his child, whom she had hitherto rather craved to have all to herself—her own sole possession. Her grief was, however, noiseless, and quiet—rather to the scandal of Mrs. Wilson; who bewailed her step-son as if he and she had always lived together in perfect harmony, and who evidently thought it her duty to burst into fresh tears at every strange face she saw; dwelling on his poor young widow's desolate state, and the helplessness of the fatherless child, with an unction, as if she liked the excitement of the sorrowful story.

So passed away the first days of Alice's widowhood. Bye-and-bye things subsided into their natural and tranquil course. But, as if this young creature was always to be in some heavy trouble, her ewe-lamb, began to be ailing, pining and sickly. The child's mysterious illness turned out to be some affection of the spine likely to affect health; but not to shorten life—at least so the doctors said. But the long dreary suffering of one whom a mother loves as Alice loved her only child, is hard to look forward to. Only Norah guessed what Alice suffered; no one but God knew.

And so it fell out, that when Mrs. Wilson, the elder, came to her one day in violent distress, occasioned by a very material diminution in the value of the property that her husband had left her,—a diminution which made her income barely enough to support herself, much less Alice—the latter could hardly understand how anything which did

not touch health or life could cause such grief; and she received the intelligence with irritating composure. But when, that afternoon, the little sick child was brought in, and the grandmother—who after all loved it well—began a fresh moan over her losses to its unconscious ears—saying how she had planned to consult this or that doctor, and to give it this or that comfort or luxury in after years, but that now all chance of this had passed away—Alice's heart was touched, and she drew near to Mrs. Wilson with unwonted caresses, and, in a spirit not unlike to that of Ruth, entreated, that come what would, they might remain together. After much discussion in succeeding days, it was arranged that Mrs. Wilson should take a house in Manchester, furnishing it partly with what furniture she had, and providing the rest with Alice's remaining two hundred pounds. Mrs. Wilson was herself a Manchester woman, and naturally longed to return to her native town; Some connexions of her own at that time required lodgings, for which they were willing to pay pretty handsomely. Alice undertook the active superintendence and superior work of the household. Norah, willing faithful Norah, offered to cook, scour, do anything in short, so that she might but remain with them.

The plan succeeded. For some years their first lodgers remained with them, and all went smoothly,—with the one sad exception of the little girl's increasing deformity. How that mother loved that child, is not for words to tell!

Then came a break of misfortune. Their lodgers left, and no one succeeded to them. After some months they had to remove to a smaller house; and Alice's tender conscience was torn by the idea that she ought not to be a burden to her mother-in-law, but ought to go out and seek her own maintenance. And leave her child! The thought came like the sweeping boom of a funeral bell over her heart.

Bye-and-bye, Mr. Openshaw came to lodge with them. He had started in life as the errand-boy and sweeper-out of a warehouse; had struggled up through all the grades of employment in the place, fighting his way through the hard striving Manchester life with strong pushing energy of character. Every spare moment of time had been sternly given up to self-teaching. He was a capital accountant, a good French and German scholar, a keen, far-seeing, tradesman; understanding markets, and the bearing of events, both near and distant, on trade: and yet, with such vivid attention to present details, that I do not think he ever saw a group of flowers in the fields without thinking whether their colours would, or would not, form harmonious contrasts in the coming spring muslins and prints. He went to debating societies, and threw himself with all his heart and soul into politics; esteeming, it must be owned, every man a fool or a knave

who differed from him, and overthrowing his opponents rather by the loud strength of his language than the calm strength of his logic. There was something of the Yankee in all this. Indeed his theory ran parallel to the famous Yankee motto—"England flogs creation, and Manchester flogs England." Such a man, as may be fancied, had had no time for falling in love, or any such nonsense. At the age when most young men go through their courting and matrimony, he had not the means of keeping a wife, and was far too practical to think of having one. And now that he was in easy circumstances, a rising man, he considered women almost as incumbrances to the world, with whom a man had better have as little to do as possible. His first impression of Alice was indistinct, and he did not care enough about her to make it distinct. "A pretty yea-nay kind of woman," would have been his description of her, if he had been pushed into a corner. He was rather afraid, in the beginning, that her quiet ways arose from a listlessness and laziness of character which would have been exceedingly discordant to his active energetic nature. But, when he found out the punctuality with which his wishes were attended to, and her work was done; when he was called in the morning at the very stroke of the clock, his shaving-water scalding hot, his fire bright, his coffee made exactly as his peculiar fancy dictated, (for he was a man who had his theory about everything, based upon what he knew of science, and often perfectly original)—then he began to think: not that Alice had any peculiar merit; but that he had got into remarkably good lodgings: his restlessness wore away, and he began to consider himself as almost settled for life in them.

Mr. Openshaw had been too busy, all his life, to be introspective. He did not know that he had any tenderness in his nature; and if he had become conscious of its abstract existence, he would have considered it as a manifestation of disease in some part of his nature. But he was decoyed into pity unawares; and pity led on to tenderness. That little helpless child—always carried about by one of the three busy women of the house, or else patiently threading coloured beads in the chair from which, by no effort of its own, could it ever move; the great grave blue eyes, full of serious, not uncheerful, expression, giving to the small delicate face a look beyond its years; the soft plaintive voice dropping out but few words, so unlike the continual prattle of a child—caught Mr. Openshaw's attention in spite of himself. One day—he half scorned himself for doing so—he cut short his dinner-hour to go in search of some toy which should take the place of those eternal beads. I forget what he bought; but, when he gave the present (which he took care to do in a short abrupt manner, and when no one was by to see him) he was almost thrilled by the flash of delight that

came over that child's face, and could not help all through that afternoon going over and over again the picture left on his memory, by the bright effect of unexpected joy on the little girl's face. When he returned home, he found his slippers placed by his sitting-room fire; and even more careful attention paid to his fancies than was habitual in those model lodgings. When Alice had taken the last of his tea-things away—she had been silent as usual till then—she stood for an instant with the door in her hand. Mr. Openshaw looked as if he were deep in his book, though in fact he did not see a line; but was heartily wishing the woman would be gone, and not make any palaver of gratitude. But she only said:

"I am very much obliged to you, Sir. Thank you very much," and was gone, even before he could send her away with a "There, my good woman, that's enough!"

For some time longer he took no apparent notice of the child. He even hardened his heart into disregarding his sudden flush of colour and little timid smile of recognition, when he saw her by chance. But, after all, this could not last for ever; and, having a second time given way to tenderness, there was no relapse. The insidious enemy having thus entered his heart, in the guise of compassion to the child, soon assumed the more dangerous form of interest in the mother. He was aware of this change of feeling, despised himself for it, struggled with it; nay, internally yielded to it and cherished it, long before he suffered the slightest expression of it, by word, action, or look, to escape him. He watched Alice's docile obedient ways to her stepmother; the love which she had inspired in the rough Norah (roughened by the wear and tear of sorrow and years); but above all, he saw the wild, deep, passionate affection existing between her and her child. They spoke little to any one else, or when any one else was by; but, when alone together, they talked, and murmured, and cooed, and chattered so continually, that Mr. Openshaw first wondered what they could find to say to each other, and next became irritated because they were always so grave and silent with him. All this time, he was perpetually devising small new pleasures for the child. His thoughts ran, in a pertinacious way, upon the desolate life before her; and often he came back from his day's work loaded with the very thing Alice had been longing for, but had not been able to procure. One time it was a little chair for drawing the little sufferer along the streets, and many an evening that ensuing summer Mr. Openshaw drew her along himself, regardless of the remarks of his acquaintances. One day in autumn he put down his newspaper, as Alice came in with the breakfast, and said, in as indifferent a voice as he could assume:—

"Mrs. Frank, is there any reason why we two should not put up our horses together?"

Alice stood still in perplexed wonder. What did he mean? He had resumed the reading of his newspaper, as if he did not expect any answer; so she found silence her safest course, and went on quietly arranging his breakfast without another word passing between them. Just as he was leaving the house, to go to the warehouse as usual, he turned back and put his head into the bright, neat, tidy kitchen, where all the women breakfasted in the morning:

"You'll think of what I said, Mrs. Frank" (this was her name with the lodgers), "and let me have your opinion upon it to-night."

Alice was thankful that her mother and Norah were too busy talking together to attend much to this speech. She determined not to think about it at all through the day; and, of course, the effort not to think, made her think all the more. At night she sent up Norah with his tea. But Mr. Openshaw almost knocked Norah down as she was going out at the door, by pushing past her and calling out "Mrs. Frank!" in an impatient voice, at the top of the stairs.

Alice went up, rather than seem to have affixed too much meaning to his words.

"Well, Mrs. Frank," he said, "what answer? Don't make it too long; for I have lots of office work to get through to-night."

"I hardly know what you meant, Sir," said truthful Alice.

"Well! I should have thought you might have guessed. You're not new at this sort of work, and I am. However, I'll make it plain this time. Will you have me to be thy wedded husband, and serve me, and love me, and honour me, and all that sort of thing? Because, if you will, I will do as much by you, and be a father to your child—and that's more than is put in the prayer-book. Now, I'm a man of my word; and what I say, I feel; and what I promise, I'll do. Now, for your answer!"

Alice was silent. He began to make the tea, as if her reply was a matter of perfect indifference to him; but, as soon as that was done, he became impatient.

"Well?" said he.

"How long, sir, may I have to think over it?"

"Three minutes!" (looking at his watch). "You've had two already—that makes five. Be a sensible woman, say Yes, and sit down to tea with me, and we'll talk it over together; for, after tea, I shall be busy; say No" (he hesitated a moment to try and keep his voice in the same tone), "and I shan't say another word about it, but pay up a year's rent for my rooms to-morrow, and be off. Time's up! Yes or no?"

"If you please, sir,—you have been so good to little Ailsie—"

"There, sit down comfortably by me on the

sofa, and let us have our tea together. I am glad to find you are as good and sensible as I took you for."

And this was Alice Wilson's second wooing.

Mr. Openshaw's will was too strong, and his circumstances too good, for him not to carry all before him. He settled Mrs. Wilson in a comfortable house of her own, and made her quite independent of lodgers. The little that Alice said with regard to future plans was in Norah's behalf.

"No," said Mr. Openshaw. "Norah shall take care of the old lady as long as she lives; and, after that, she shall either come and live with us, or, if she likes it better, she shall have a provision for life—for your sake, missus. No one who has been good to you or the child shall go unrewarded. But even the little one will be better for some fresh stuff about her. Get her a bright, sensible girl as a nurse: one who won't go rubbing her with calf's-foot jelly as Norah does; wasting good stuff outside that ought to go in, but will follow doctors' directions; which, as you must see pretty clearly by this time, Norah won't; because they give the poor little wench pain. Now, I'm not above being nesh for other folks myself. I can stand a good blow, and never change colour; but, set me in the operating-room in the infirmary, and I turn as sick as a girl. Yet, if need were, I would hold the little wench on my knees while she screeched with pain, if it were to do her poor back good. Nay, nay, wench! keep your white looks for the time when it comes—I don't say it ever will. But this I know, Norah will spare the child and cheat the doctor if she can. Now, I say, give the bairn a year or two's chance, and then, when the pack of doctors have done their best—and, maybe, the old lady has gone—we'll have Norah back, or do better for her."

The pack of doctors could do no good to little Ailsie. She was beyond their power. But her father (for so he insisted on being called, and also on Alice's no longer retaining the appellation of Mama, but becoming henceforward Mother), by his healthy cheerfulness of manner, his clear decision of purpose, his odd turns and quirks of humour, added to his real strong love for the helpless little girl, infused a new element of brightness and confidence into her life; and, though her back remained the same, her general health was strengthened, and Alice—never going beyond a smile herself—had the pleasure of seeing her child taught to laugh.

As for Alice's own life, it was happier than it had ever been. Mr. Openshaw required no demonstration, no expressions of affection from her. Indeed, these would rather have disgusted him. Alice could love deeply, but could not talk about it. The perpetual requirement of loving words, looks, and caresses, and misconstruing their absence into absence of love, had been the

great trial of her former married life. Now, all went on clear and straight, under the guidance of her husband's strong sense, warm heart, and powerful will. Year by year their worldly prosperity increased. At Mrs. Wilson's death, Norah came back to them, as nurse to the newly-born little Edwin; into which post she was not installed without a pretty strong oration on the part of the proud and happy father; who declared that if he found out that Norah ever tried to screen the boy by a falsehood, or to make him nesh either in body or mind, she should go that very day. Norah and Mr. Openshaw were not on the most thoroughly cordial terms; neither of them fully recognising or appreciating the other's best qualities.

This was the previous history of the Lancashire family who had now removed to London, and had come to occupy the House.

They had been there about a year, when Mr. Openshaw suddenly informed his wife that he had determined to heal long-standing feuds, and had asked his uncle and aunt Chadwick to come and pay them a visit and see London. Mrs. Openshaw had never seen this uncle and aunt of her husband's. Years before she had married him, there had been a quarrel. All she knew was, that Mr. Chadwick was a small manufacturer in a country town in South Lancashire. She was extremely pleased that the breach was to be healed, and began making preparations to render their visit pleasant.

They arrived at last. Going to see London was such an event to them, that Mrs. Chadwick had made all new linen fresh for the occasion—from night-caps downwards; and, as for gowns, ribbons, and collars, she might have been going into the wilds of Canada where never a shop is, so large was her stock. A fortnight before the day of her departure for London, she had formally called to take leave of all her acquaintance; saying she should need all the intermediate time for packing up. It was like a second wedding in her imagination; and, to complete the resemblance which an entirely new wardrobe made between the two events, her husband brought her back from Manchester, on the last market-day before they set off, a gorgeous pearl and amethyst brooch, saying, "Lunnon should see that Lancashire folks knew a handsome thing when they saw it."

For some time after Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick arrived at the Openshaws', there was no opportunity for wearing this brooch; but at length they obtained an order to see Buckingham Palace, and the spirit of loyalty demanded that Mrs. Chadwick should wear her best clothes in visiting the abode of her sovereign. On her return, she hastily changed her dress; for Mr. Openshaw had planned that they should go to Richmond, drink tea and return by moonlight. Accordingly, about

five o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw and Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick set off.

The housemaid and cook sate below, Norah hardly knew where. She was always engrossed in the nursery, in tending her two children, and in sitting by the restless, excitable Ailsie till she fell asleep. Bye-and-bye, the housemaid Bessy tapped gently at the door. Norah went to her, and they spoke in whispers.

"Nurse! there's some one down-stairs wants you."

"Wants me! Who is it?"

"A gentleman—"

"A gentleman? Nonsense!"

"Well! a man, then, and he asks for you, and he rung at the front door bell, and has walked into the dining-room."

"You should never have let him," exclaimed Norah, "master and missus out—"

"I did not want him to come in; but, when he heard you lived here, he walked past me, and sat down on the first chair, and said, 'Tell her to come and speak to me.' There is no gas lighted in the room, and supper is all set out."

"He'll be off with the spoons!" exclaimed Norah, putting the housemaid's fear into words, and preparing to leave the room, first, however, giving a look to Ailsie, sleeping soundly and calmly.

Down-stairs she went, uneasy fears stirring in her bosom. Before she entered the dining-room she provided herself with a candle, and, with it in her hand, she went in, looking round her in the darkness for her visitor.

He was standing up, holding by the table. Norah and he looked at each other; gradual recognition coming into their eyes.

"Norah?" at length he asked.

"Who are you?" asked Norah, with the sharp tones of alarm and incredulity. "I don't know you:" trying, by futile words of disbelief, to do away with the terrible fact before her.

"Am I so changed?" he said, pathetically. "I daresay I am. But, Norah, tell me!" he breathed hard, "where is my wife? Is she—is she alive?"

He came nearer to Norah, and would have taken her hand; but she backed away from him; looking at him all the time with staring eyes, as if he were some horrible object. Yet he was a handsome, bronzed, good-looking fellow, with beard and moustache, giving him a foreign looking aspect; but his eyes! there was no mistaking those eager, beautiful eyes—the very same that Norah had watched not half-an-hour ago, till sleep stole softly over them.

"Tell me, Norah—I can bear it—I have feared it so often. Is she dead?" Norah still kept silence. "She is dead!" He hung on Norah's words and looks, as if for confirmation or contradiction.

"What shall I do?" groaned Norah. "O, sir! why did you come? how did you find

me out? where have you been? We thought you dead, we did, indeed!" She poured out words and questions to gain time, as if time would help her.

"Norah! answer me this question straight, by yes or no—Is my wife dead?"

"No, she is not!" said Norah, slowly and heavily.

"O, what a relief! Did she receive my letters? But perhaps you don't know. Why did you leave her? Where is she? O, Norah, tell me all quickly!"

"Mr. Frank!" said Norah at last, almost driven to bay by her terror lest her mistress should return at any moment, and find him there—unable to consider what was best to be done or said—rushing at something decisive, because she could not endure her present state: "Mr. Frank! we never heard a line from you, and the shipowners said you had gone down, you and every one else. We thought you were dead, if ever man was, and poor Miss Alice and her little sick, helpless child! O, sir, you must guess it," cried the poor creature at last, bursting out into a passionate fit of crying, "for indeed I cannot tell it. But it was no one's fault. God help us all this night!"

Norah had sate down. She trembled too much to stand. He took her hands in his. He squeezed them hard, as if by physical pressure, the truth could be wrung out.

"Norah!" His time his tone was calm, stagnant as despair. "She has married again!"

Norah shook her head sadly. The grasp slowly relaxed. The man had fainted.

There was brandy in the room. Norah forced some drops into Mr. Frank's mouth, chafed his hands, and—when mere animal life returned, before the mind poured in its flood of memories and thoughts—she lifted him up, and rested his head against her knees. Then she put a few crumbs of bread taken from the supper-table, soaked in brandy into his mouth. Suddenly he sprang to his feet.

"Where is she? Tell me this instant." He looked so wild, so mad, so desperate, that Norah felt herself to be in bodily danger; but her time of dread had gone by. She had been afraid to tell him the truth, and then she had been a coward. Now, her wits were sharpened by the sense of his desperate state. He must leave the house. She would pity him afterwards; but now she must rather command and upbraid; for he must leave the house before her mistress came home. That one necessity stood clear before her.

"She is not here; that is enough for you to know. Nor can I say exactly where she is" (which was true to the letter if not to the spirit). "Go away, and tell me where to find you to-morrow, and I will tell you all. My master and mistress may come back at any minute, and then what would become of me with a strange man in the house?"

Such an argument was too petty to touch his excited mind.

"I don't care for your master and mistress. If your master is a man, he must feel for me—poor shipwrecked sailor that I am—kept for years a prisoner amongst savages, always, always, always thinking of my wife and my home—dreaming of her by night, talking to her, though she could not hear, by day. I loved her more than all heaven and earth put together. Tell me where she is, this instant, you wretched woman, who salved over her wickedness to her, as you do to me."

The clock struck ten. Desperate positions require desperate measures.

"If you will leave the house now, I will come to you to-morrow and tell you all. What is more, you shall see your child now. She lies sleeping up-stairs. O, sir, you have a child, you do not know that as yet—a little weakly girl—with just a heart and soul beyond her years. We have reared her up with such care. We watched her, for we thought for many a year she might die any day, and we tended her, and no hard thing has come near her, and no rough word has ever been said to her. And now you come and will take her life into your hand, and will crush it. Strangers to her have been kind to her; but her own father—Mr. Frank, I am her nurse, and I love her, and I tend her, and I would do anything for her that I could. Her mother's heart beats as hers beats; and, if she suffers a pain, her mother trembles all over. If she is happy, it is her mother that smiles and is glad. If she is growing stronger, her mother is healthy: if she dwindles, her mother languishes. If she dies—well, I don't know: it is not every one can lie down and die when they wish it. Come up-stairs, Mr. Frank, and see your child. Seeing her will do good to your poor heart. Then go away, in God's name, just this one night—to-morrow, if need be, you can do anything—kill us all if you will, or show yourself a great grand man, whom God will bless for ever and ever. Come, Mr. Frank, the look of a sleeping child is sure to give peace."

She led him up-stairs; at first almost helping his steps, till they came near the nursery door. She had almost forgotten the existence of little Edwin. It struck upon her with affright as the shaded light fell upon the other cot; but she skilfully threw that corner of the room into darkness, and let the light fall on the sleeping Ailsie. The child had thrown down the coverings, and her deformity, as she lay with her back to them, was plainly visible through her slight night-gown. Her little face, deprived of the lustre of her eyes, looked wan and pinched, and had a pathetic expression in it, even as she slept. The poor father looked and looked with hungry, wistful eyes, into which the big tears came swelling up slowly, and dropped heavily down, as he stood trembling and shaking all

over. Norah was angry with herself for growing impatient of the length of time that long lingering gaze lasted. She thought that she waited for full half-an-hour before Frank stirred. And then—instead of going away—he sank down on his knees by the bedside, and buried his face in the clothes. Little Ailsie stirred uneasily. Norah pulled him up in terror. She could afford no more time even for prayer in her extremity of fear; for surely the next moment would bring her mistress home. She took him forcibly by the arm; but, as he was going, his eye lighted on the other bed: he stopped. Intelligence came back into his face. His hands clenched.

"His child?" he asked.

"Her child," replied Norah. "God watches over him," said she instinctively; for Frank's looks excited her fears, and she needed to remind herself of the Protector of the helpless.

"God has not watched over me," he said, in despair; his thoughts apparently recoiling on his own desolate, deserted state. But Norah had no time for pity. To-morrow she would be as compassionate as her heart prompted. At length she guided him down-stairs and shut the outer door and bolted it—as if by bolts to keep out facts.

Then she went back into the dining-room and effaced all traces of his presence as far as she could. She went up-stairs to the nursery and sate there, her head on her hand, thinking what was to come of all this misery. It seemed to her very long before they did return; yet it was hardly eleven o'clock. She heard the loud, hearty Lancashire voices on the stairs; and, for the first time, she understood the contrast of the desolation of the poor man who had so lately gone forth in lonely despair.

It almost put her out of patience to see Mrs. Openshaw come in, calmly smiling, handsomely dressed, happy, easy, to inquire after her children.

"Did Ailsie go to [sleep comfortably?]" she whispered to Norah.

"Yes."

Her mother bent over her, looking at her slumbers with the soft eyes of love. How little she dreamed who had looked on her last! Then she went to Edwin, with perhaps less wistful anxiety in her countenance, but more of pride. She took off her things, to go down to supper. Norah saw her no more that night.

Beside the door into the passage, the sleeping-nursery opened out of Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw's room, in order that they might have the children more immediately under their own eyes. Early the next summer morning Mrs. Openshaw was awakened by Ailsie's startled call of "Mother! mother!" She sprang up, put on her dressing-gown, and went to her child. Ailsie was only half awake, and in a not uncommon state of terror.

"Who was he, mother? Tell me?"

"Who, my darling? No one is here. You have been dreaming love. Waken up quite. See, it is broad daylight."

"Yes," said Ailsie, looking round her; then clinging to her mother, said, "but a man was here in the night, mother."

"Nonsense, little goose. No man has ever come near you!"

"Yes, he did. He stood there. Just by Norah. A man with hair and a beard. And he knelt down and said his prayers. Norah knows he was here, mother" (half angrily, as Mrs. Openshaw shook her head in smiling incredulity).

"Well! we will ask Norah when she comes," said Mrs. Openshaw, soothingly. "But we won't talk any more about him now. It is not five o'clock; it is too early for you to get up. Shall I fetch you a book and read to you?"

"Don't leave me, mother," said the child, clinging to her. So Mrs. Openshaw sate on the bedside talking to Ailsie, and telling her of what they had done at Richmond the evening before, until the little girl's eyes slowly closed and she once more fell asleep.

"What was the matter?" asked Mr. Openshaw, as his wife returned to bed.

"Ailsie, wakened up in a fright, with some story of a man having been in the room to say his prayers,—a dream, I suppose." And no more was said at the time.

Mrs. Openshaw had almost forgotten the whole affair when she got up about seven o'clock. But, bye-and-bye, she heard a sharp altercation going on in the nursery. Norah speaking angrily to Ailsie, a most unusual thing. Both Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw listened in astonishment.

"Hold your tongue, Ailsie! let me hear none of your dreams; never let me hear you tell that story again!" Ailsie began to cry.

Mr. Openshaw opened the door of communication before his wife could say a word.

"Norah, come here!"

The nurse stood at the door, defiant. She perceived she had been heard, but she was desperate.

"Don't let me hear you speak in that manner to Ailsie again," he said sternly, and shut the door.

Norah was infinitely relieved; for she had dreaded some questioning; and a little blame for sharp speaking was what she could well bear, if cross examination was let alone.

Down-stairs they went. Mr. Openshaw carrying Ailsie; the sturdy Edwin coming step by step, right foot foremost, always holding his mother's hand. Each child was placed in a chair by the breakfast-table, and then Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw stood together at the window, awaiting their visitors' appearance and making plans for the day. There was a pause. Suddenly Mr. Openshaw turned to Ailsie, and said:

"What a little goosy somebody is with her dreams, waking up poor, tired mother in the middle of the night with a story of a man being in the room."

"Father! I'm sure I saw him," said Ailsie, half crying. "I don't want to make Norah angry; but I was not asleep, for all she says I was. I had been asleep,—and I awakened up quite wide awake though I was so frightened. I kept my eyes nearly shut, and I saw the man quite plain. A great brown man with a beard. He said his prayers. And then he looked at Edwin. And then Norah took him by the arm and led him away, after they had whispered a bit together."

"Now, my little woman must be reasonable," said Mr. Openshaw, who was always patient with Ailsie. "There was no man in the house last night at all. No man comes into the house as you know, if you think; much less goes up into the nursery. But sometimes we dream something has happened, and the dream is so like reality, that you are not the first person, little woman, who has stood out that the thing has really happened."

"But, indeed it was not a dream!" said Ailsie beginning to cry.

Just then Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick came down, looking grave and discomposed. All during breakfast time they were silent and uncomfortable. As soon as the breakfast things were taken away, and the children had been carried up-stairs, Mr. Chadwick began in an evidently preconcerted manner to inquire if his nephew was certain that all his servants were honest; for, that Mrs. Chadwick had that morning missed a very valuable brooch, which she had worn the day before. She remembered taking it off when she came home from Buckingham Palace. Mr. Openshaw's face contracted into hard lines: grew like what it was before he had known his wife and her child. He rang the bell even before his uncle had done speaking. It was answered by the housemaid.

"Mary, was any one here last night while we were away?"

"A man, sir, came to speak to Norah."

"To speak to Norah! Who was he? How long did he stay?"

"I'm sure I can't tell, sir. He came—perhaps about nine. I went up to tell Norah in the nursery, and she came down to speak to him. She let him out, sir. She will know who he was, and how long he stayed."

She waited a moment to be asked any more questions, but she was not, so she went away.

A minute afterwards Openshaw made as though he were going out of the room; but his wife laid her hand on his arm:

"Do not speak to her before the children," she said, in her low quiet, voice. "I will go up and question her."

"No! I must speak to her. You must know," said he, turning to his uncle and aunt, "my missus has an old servant, as

faithful as ever woman was, I do believe, as far as love goes,—but, at the same time, who does not always speak truth, as even the missus must allow. Now, ray notion is, that this Norah of ours has been come over by some good-for-nothing chap (for she's at the time o'life when they say women pray for husbands—'any, good Lord, any,') and has let him into our house, and the chap has made off with your brooch, and m'appen many another thing beside. It's only saying that Norah is soft-hearted, and does not stick at a white lie—that's all, missus."

It was curious to notice how his tone, his eyes, his whole face changed as he spoke to his wife; but he was the resolute man through all. She knew better than to oppose him; so she went up-stairs, and told Norah her master wanted to speak to her, and that she would take care of the children in the meanwhile.

Norah rose to go without a word. Her thoughts were these:

"If they tear me to pieces they shall never know through me. He may come,—and then just Lord have mercy upon us all: for some of us are dead folk to a certainty. But he shall do it; not me."

You may fancy, now, her look of determination as she faced her master alone in the dining-room; Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick having left the affair in their nephew's hands, seeing that he took it up with such vehemence.

"Norah! Who was that man that came to my house last night?"

"Man, sir!" As if infinitely surprised; but it was only to gain time.

"Yes; the man whom Mary let in; whom she went up-stairs to the nursery to tell you about; whom you came down to speak to; the same chap, I make no doubt, whom you took into the nursery to have your talk out with; whom Ailsie saw, and afterwards dreamed about; thinking, poor wench! she saw him say his prayers, when nothing, I'll be bound, was farther from his thoughts; who took Mrs. Chadwick's brooch, value ten pounds. Now, Norah! Don't go off! I am as sure as that my name's Thomas Openshaw, that you knew nothing of this robbery. But I do think you've been imposed on, and that's the truth. Some good-for-nothing chap has been making up to you, and you've been just like all other women, and have turned a soft place in your heart to him; and he came last night a-lov'ing, and you had him up in the nursery, and he made use of his opportunities, and made off with a few things on his way down! Come, now, Norah: it's no blame to you, only you must not be such a fool again! Tell us," he continued, "what name he gave you, Norah? I'll be bound it was not the right one; but it will be a clue for the police."

Norah drew herself up. "You may ask that question, and taunt me with my being single, and with my credulity, as you will,

Master Openshaw. You'll get no answer from me. As for the brooch, and the story of theft and burglary; if any friend ever came to see me (which I defy you to prove, and deny), he'd be just as much above doing such a thing as you yourself, Mr. Openshaw and more so, too; for I'm not at all sure as everything you have is rightly come by, or would be yours long, if every man had his own." She meant, of course, his wife; but he understood her to refer to his property in goods and chattels.

"Now, my good woman," said he, "I'll just tell you truly, I never trusted you out and out; but my wife liked you, and I thought you had many a good point about you. If you once begin to sauce me, I'll have the police to you, and get out the truth in a court of justice, if you'll not tell it me quietly and civilly here. Now the best thing you can do is quietly to tell me who the fellow is. Look here! a man comes to my house; asks for you; you take him up-stairs, a valuable brooch is missing next day; we know that you, and Mary, and cook, are honest; but you refuse to tell us who the man is. Indeed you've told one lie already about him, saying no one was here last night. Now I just put it to you, what do you think a policeman would say to this, or a magistrate? A magistrate would soon make you tell the truth, my good woman."

"There's never the creature born that should get it out of me," said Norah. "Not unless I choose to tell."

"I've a great mind to see," said Mr. Openshaw, growing angry at the defiance. Then, checking himself, he thought before he spoke again:

"Norah, for your missus's sake I don't want to go to extremities. Be a sensible woman, if you can. It's no great disgrace, after all, to have been taken in. I ask you once more—as a friend—who was this man whom you let into my house last night?"

No answer. He repeated the question in an impatient tone. Still no answer. Norah's lips were set in determination not to speak.

"Then there is but one thing to be done. I shall send for a policeman."

"You will not," said Norah, starting forwards. "You shall not, sir! No policeman shall touch me. I know nothing of the brooch, but I know this: ever since I was four and twenty I have thought more of your wife than of myself: ever since I saw her, a poor motherless girl put upon in her uncle's house, I have thought more of serving her than of serving myself! I have cared for her and her child, as nobody ever cared for me. I don't cast blame on you, sir, but I say it's ill giving up one's life to any one; for, at the end, they will turn round upon you, and forsake you. Why does not my missus come herself to suspect me? Maybe she is gone for the police? But I don't stay here, either for police, or magistrate, or master.

"You're an unlucky lot. I believe there's a curse on you. I'll leave you this very day. Yes! I'll leave that poor Ailsie, too. I will! No good will ever come to you!"

Mr. Openshaw was utterly astonished at this speech; most of which was completely unintelligible to him, as may easily be supposed. Before he could make up his mind what to say, or what to do, Norah had left the room. I do not think he had ever really intended to send for the police to this old servant of his wife's; for he had never for a moment doubted her perfect honesty. But he had intended to compel her to tell him who the man was, and in this he was baffled. He was, consequently, much irritated. He returned to his uncle and aunt in a state of great annoyance and perplexity, and told them he could get nothing out of the woman; that some man had been in the house the night before; but that she refused to tell who he was. At this moment his wife came in, greatly agitated, and asked what had happened to Norah; for that she had put on her things in passionate haste, and had left the house.

"This looks suspicious," said Mr. Chadwick. "It is not the way in which an honest person would have acted."

Mr. Openshaw kept silence. He was sorely perplexed. But Mrs. Openshaw turned round on Mr. Chadwick with a sudden fierceness no one ever saw in her before.

"You don't know Norah, uncle! She is gone because she is deeply hurt at being suspected. O, I wish I had seen her—that I had spoken to her myself. She would have told me anything." Alice wrung her hands.

"I must confess," continued Mr. Chadwick to his nephew, in a lower voice, "I can't make you out. You used to be a word and a blow, and oftenest the blow first; and now, when there is every cause for suspicion, you just do nought. Your missus is a very good woman, I grant; but she may have been put upon as well as other folk, I suppose. If you don't send for the police, I shall."

"Very well," replied Mr. Openshaw, surlily. "I can't clear Norah. She won't clear herself, as I believe she might if she would. Only I wash my hands of it; for I am sure the woman herself is honest, and she's lived a long time with my wife, and I don't like her to come to shame."

"But she will then be forced to clear herself. That, at any rate, will be a good thing."

"Very well, very well! I am heart-sick of the whole business. Come, Alice, come up to the babies; they'll be in a sore way. I tell you, uncle!" he said, turning round once more to Mr. Chadwick, suddenly and sharply, after his eye had fallen on Alice's wan, tearful anxious face; "I'll have none sending for the police after all. I'll buy my aunt twice as handsome a brooch this very day; but I'll not have Norah suspected, and my missus plagued. There's for you."

He and his wife left the room. Mr. Chadwick quietly waited till he was out of hearing, and then said to his wife; "For all Tom's heroics, I'm just quietly going for a detective, wench. Thou need'st know nought about it."

He went to the police-station, and made a statement of the case. He was gratified by the impression which the evidence against Norah seemed to make. The men all agreed in his opinion, and steps were to be immediately taken to find out where she was. Most probably, as they suggested, she had gone at once to the man, who, to all appearance, was her lover. When Mr. Chadwick asked how they would find her out? they smiled, shook their heads, and spoke of mysterious but infallible ways and means. He returned to his nephew's house with a very comfortable opinion of his own sagacity. He was met by his wife with a penitent face:

"O master, I've found my brooch! It was just sticking by its pin in the flounce of my brown silk, that I wore yesterday. I took it off in a hurry, and it must have caught in it; and I hung up my gown in the closet. Just now, when I was going to fold it up, there was the brooch! I'm very vexed, but I never dreamt but what it was lost!"

Her husband muttering something very like "Confound thee and thy brooch too! I wish I'd never given it thee," snatched up his hat, and rushed back to the station; hoping to be in time to stop the police from searching for Norah. But a detective was already gone off on the errand.

Where was Norah? Half mad with the strain of the fearful secret, she had hardly slept through the night for thinking what must be done. Upon this terrible state of mind had come Ailsie's questions, showing that she had seen the Man, as the unconscious child called her father. Lastly came the suspicion of her honesty. She was little less than crazy as she ran up stairs and dashed on her bonnet and shawl; leaving all else, even her purse, behind her. In that house she would not stay. That was all she knew or was clear about. She would not even see the children again, for fear it should weaken her. She feared above everything Mr. Frank's return to claim his wife. She could not tell what remedy there was for a sorrow so tremendous, for her to stay to witness. The desire of escaping from the coming event was a stronger motive for her departure than her soreness about the suspicions directed against her; although this last had been the final goad to the course she took. She walked away almost at headlong speed; sobbing as she went, as she had not dared to do during the past night for fear of exciting wonder in those who might hear her. Then she stopped. An idea came into her mind that she would leave London altogether, and betake herself to her native town

of Liverpool. She felt in her pocket for her purse, as she drew near the Euston Square station with this intention. She had left it at home. Her poor head aching, her eyes swollen with crying, she had to stand still, and think, as well as she could, where next she should bend her steps. Suddenly the thought flashed into her mind that she would go and find out poor Mr. Frank. She had been hardly kind to him the night before, though her heart had bled for him ever since. She remembered his telling her, as she inquired for his address, almost as she had pushed him out of the door, of some hotel in a street not far distant from Euston Square. Thither she went: with what intention she hardly knew, but to assuage her conscience by telling him how much she pitied him. In her present state she felt herself unfit to counsel, or restrain, or assist, or do ought else but sympathise and weep. The people of the inn said such a person had been there; had arrived only the day before; had gone out soon after his arrival, leaving his luggage in their care; but had never come back. Norah asked for leave to sit down, and await the gentleman's return. The landlady—pretty secure in the deposit of luggage against any probable injury—showed her into a room, and quietly locked the door on the outside. Norah was utterly worn out, and fell asleep—a shivering, starting, uneasy slumber, which lasted for hours.

The detective, meanwhile, had come up with her some time before she entered the hotel, into which he followed her. Asking the landlady to detain her for an hour or so, without giving any reason beyond showing his authority (which made the landlady applaud herself a good deal for having locked her in), he went back to the police-station to report his proceedings. He could have taken her directly; but his object was, if possible, to trace out the man who was supposed to have committed the robbery. Then he heard of the discovery of the brooch; and consequently did not care to return.

Norah slept till even the summer evening began to close in. Then up. Some one was at the door. It would be Mr. Frank; and she dizzily pushed back her ruffled grey hair, which had fallen over her eyes, and stood looking to see him. Instead, there came in Mr. Openshaw and a policeman.

"This is Norah Kennedy," said Mr. Openshaw.

"O, sir," said Norah, "I did not touch the brooch; indeed I did not. O, sir, I cannot live to be thought so badly of; and very sick and faint, she suddenly sank down on the ground. To her surprise, Mr. Openshaw raised her up very tenderly. Even the policeman helped to lay her on the sofa; and, at Mr. Openshaw's desire, he went for some wine and sandwiches; for the poor gaunt woman lay there almost as if dead with weariness and exhaustion.

"Norah!" said Mr. Openshaw, in his kindest voice, "the brooch is found. It was hanging to Mrs. Chadwick's gown. I beg your pardon. Most truly I beg your pardon, for having troubled you about it. My wife is almost broken-hearted. Eat, Norah,—or, stay, first drink this glass of wine," said he, lifting her head, pouring a little down her throat.

As she drank, she remembered where she was, and who she was waiting for. She suddenly pushed Mr. Openshaw away, saying, "O, sir, you must go. You must not stop a minute. If he comes back he will kill you."

"Alas, Norah! I do not know who 'he' is. But some one is gone away who will never come back: some one who knew you, and whom I am afraid you cared for."

"I don't understand you, sir," said Norah, her master's kind and sorrowful manner bewildering her yet more than his words. The policeman had left the room at Mr. Openshaw's desire, and they two were alone.

"You know what I mean, when I say some one is gone who will never come back. I mean that he is dead!"

"Who?" said Norah, trembling all over.

"A poor man has been found in the Thames this morning, drowned."

"Did he drown himself?" asked Norah, solemnly.

"God only knows," replied Mr. Openshaw, in the same tone. "Your name and address at our house, were found in his pocket: that, and his purse, were the only things, that were found upon him. I am sorry to say it, my poor Norah; but you are required to go and identify him."

"To what?" asked Norah.

"To say who it is. It is always done, in order that some reason may be discovered for the suicide—if suicide it was. I make no doubt he was the man who came to see you at our house last night. It is very sad, I know." He made pauses between each little clause, in order to try and bring back her senses; which he feared were wandering—so wild and sad was her look.

"Master Openshaw," said she, at last, "I've a dreadful secret to tell you—only you must never breathe it to any one, and you and I must hide it away for ever. I thought to have done it all by myself, but I see I cannot. You poor man—yes! the dead, drowned creature is, I fear, Mr. Frank, my mistress's first husband!"

Mr. Openshaw sat down, as if shot. He did not speak; but, after a while, he signed to Norah to go on.

"He came to me the other night—when—God be thanked—you were all away at Richmond. He asked me if his wife was dead or alive. I was a brute, and thought more of your all coming home than of his sore trial:

I spoke out sharp, and said she was married again, and very content and happy: I all but turned him away: and now he lies dead and cold!"

"God forgive me!" said Mr. Openshaw.

"God forgive us all!" said Norah. "You poor man needs forgiveness perhaps less than anyone among us. He had been among the savages—shipwrecked—I know not what—and he had written letters which had never reached my poor missus."

"He saw his child!"

"He saw her—yes! I took him up, to give his thoughts another start; for I believed he was going mad on my hands. I came to seek him here, as I more than half-promised. My mind misgave me when I heard he had never come in. O, sir! it must be him!"

Mr. Openshaw rang the bell. Norah was almost too much stunned to wonder at what he did. He asked for writing materials, wrote a letter, and then said to Norah:

"I am writing to Alice, to say I shall be unavoidably absent for a few days; that I have found you; that you are well, and send her your love, and will come home to-morrow. You must go with me to the Police Court; you must identify the body: I will pay high to keep names and details out of the papers."

"But where are you going, sir?"

He did not answer her directly. Then he said:

"Norah! I must go with you, and look on the face of the man whom I have so injured, unwittingly, it is true; but it seems to me as if I had killed him. I will lay his head in the grave, as if he were my only brother: and how he must have hated me! I cannot go home to my wife till all that I can do for him is done. Then I go with a dreadful secret on my mind. I shall never speak of it again, after these days are over. I know you will not, either." He shook hands with her: and they never named the subject again, the one to the other.

Norah went home to Alice the next day. Not a word was said on the cause of her abrupt departure a day or two before. Alice had been charged by her husband in his letter not to allude to the supposed theft of the brooch; so she, implicitly obedient to those whom she loved both by nature and habit, was entirely silent on the subject, only treated Norah with the most tender respect, as if to make up for unjust suspicion.

Nor did Alice inquire into the reason why Mr. Openshaw had been absent during his uncle and aunt's visit, after he had once said that it was unavoidable. He came back, grave and quiet; and, from that time forth, was curiously changed. More thoughtful, and perhaps less active; quite as decided in conduct, but with new and different rules for the guidance of that conduct. Towards Alice he could hardly be more kind than he

had always been; but he now seemed to look upon her as some one sacred and to be treated with reverence, as well as tenderness. He thrived in business, and made a large fortune, one half of which was settled upon her.

Long years after these events,—a few months after her mother died, Ailsie and her "father" (as she always called Mr. Openshaw), drove to a cemetery a little way out of town, and she was carried to a certain mound by her maid, who was then sent back to the carriage. There was a head-stone, with F. W. and a date. That was all. Sitting by the grave, Mr. Openshaw told her the story; and for the sad fate of that poor father whom she had never seen, he shed the only tears she ever saw fall from his eyes.

"A most interesting story, all through," I said, as Jarber folded up the first of his series of discoveries in triumph. "A story that goes straight to the heart—especially at the end. But"—I stopped, and looked at Trottle.

Trottle entered his protest directly in the shape of a cough.

"Well!" I said, beginning to lose my patience. "Don't you see that I want you to speak, and that I don't want you to cough?"

"Quite so, ma'am," said Trottle, in a state of respectful obstinacy which would have upset the temper of a saint. "Relative, I presume, to this story, ma'am?"

"Yes, yes!" said Jarber. "By all means let us hear what this good man has to say."

"Well, sir," answered Trottle, "I want to know why the House over the way doesn't let, and I don't exactly see how your story answers the question. That's all I have to say, sir."

I should have liked to contradict my opinionated servant, at that moment. But, excellent as the story was in itself, I felt that he had hit on the weak point, so far as Jarber's particular purpose in reading it was concerned.

"And that is what you have to say, is it?" repeated Jarber. "I enter this room announcing that I have a series of discoveries, and you jump instantly to the conclusion that the first of the series exhausts my resources. Have I your permission, dear lady, to enlighten this obtuse person, if possible, by reading Number Two?"

"My work is behindhand, ma'am," said Trottle, moving to the door, the moment I gave Jarber leave to go on.

"Stop where you are," I said, in my most peremptory manner, "and give Mr. Jarber his fair opportunity of answering your objection now you have made it."

Trottle sat down with the look of a martyr,

and Jarber began to read with his back turned on the enemy more decidedly than ever.

GOING INTO SOCIETY.

At one period of its reverses, the House fell into the occupation of a Showman. He was found registered as its occupier, on the parish books of the time when he rented the House, and there was therefore no need of any clue to his name. But, he himself was less easy to be found; for, he had led a wandering life, and settled people had lost sight of him, and people who plumed themselves on being respectable were shy of admitting that they had ever known anything of him. At last, among the marsh lands near the river's level, that lie about Deptford and the neighbouring market-gardens, a Grizzled Personage in velveteen, with a face so cut up by varieties of weather that he looked as if he had been tattoo'd, was found smoking a pipe at the door of a wooden house on wheels. The wooden house was laid up in ordinary for the winter near the mouth of a muddy creek; and everything near it, the foggy river, the misty marshes, and the steaming market-gardens, smoked in company with the grizzled man. In the midst of this smoking party, the funnel-chimney of the wooden house on wheels was not remiss, but took its pipe with the rest in a companionable manner.

On being asked if it were he who had once rented the House to Let, Grizzled Velveteen looked surprised, and said yes. Then his name was Magsman? That was it, Toby Magsman—which lawfully christened Robert; but called in the line, from a infant, Toby. There was nothing agin Toby Magsman, he believed? If there was suspicion of such—mention it!

There was no suspicion of such, he might rest assured. But, some inquiries were making about that House, and would he object to say why he left it?

Not at all; why should he? He left it, along of a Dwarf.

Along of a Dwarf?

Mr. Magsman repeated, deliberately and emphatically, Along of a Dwarf.

Might it be compatible with Mr. Magsman's inclination and convenience, to enter, as a favour, into a few particulars?

Mr. Magsman entered into the following particulars.

It was a long time ago, to begin with;—afore lotteries and a deal more, was done away with. Mr. Magsman was looking about for a good pitch, and he see that house, and he says to himself, "I'll have you, if you're to be had. If money'll get you, I'll have you."

The neighbours cut up rough, and made complaints; but Mr. Magsman don't know what they *would* have had. It was a lovely thing. First of all, there was the canvass,

representin the picter of the Giant, in Spanish trunks and a ruff, who was himself half the height of the house, and was run up with a line and pulley to a pole on the roof, so that his Ed was coeval with the parapet. Then, there was the canvass, representin the picter of the Albina lady, showin her white air to the Army and Navy in correct uniform. Then, there was the canvass, representin the picter of the Wild Indian a scalpin a member of some foreign nation. Then, there was the canvass, representin the picter of a child of a British Planter, seized by two Boa Constrictors—not that *we* never had no child, nor no Constrictors neither. Similarly, there was the canvass, representin the picter of the Wild Ass of the Prairies—not that *we* never had no wild asses, nor wouldn't have had 'em at a gift. Last, there was the canvass, representin the picter of the Dwarf, and like him too (considerin), with George the Fourth in such a state of astonishment at him as His Majesty couldn't with his utmost politeness and stoutness express. The front of the House was so covered with canvasses, that there wasn't a spark of daylight ever visible on that side. "MAGSMAN'S AMUSEMENTS," fifteen foot long by two foot high, ran over the front door and parlor winders. The passage was a Arbour of green baize and gardenstuff. A barrel-organ performed there unceasing. And as to respectability,—if threepence ain't respectable, what is?

But, the Dwarf is the principal article at present, and he was worth the money. He was wrote up as MAJOR TPSCHOFFKI, of the IMPERIAL BULGRADERIAN BRIGADE. Nobody couldn't pronounce the name, and it never was intended anybody should. The public always turned it, as a regular rule, into Chopski. In the line he was called Chops; partly on that account, and partly because his real name, if he ever had any real name (which was very dubious), was Stakes.

He was a un-common small man, he really was. Certainly, not so small as he was made out to be, but where *is* your Dwarf as is? He was a most uncommon small man with a most uncommon large Ed; and what he had inside that Ed, nobody never knowed but himself: even supposin himself to have ever took stock of it, which it would have been a stiff job for even him to do.

The kindest little man as never growed! Spirited, but not proud. When he travelled with the Spotted Baby—though he knowed himself to be a nat'ral Dwarf, and knowed the Baby's spots to be put upon him artificial, he nursed that Baby like a mother. You never heard him give a ill-name to a Giant. He *did* allow himself to break out into strong language respectin the Fat Lady from Norfolk; but that was an affair of the 'art; and when a man's 'art has been trifled with by a lady, and the preference giv to a Indian, he ain't master of his actions.

He was always in love, of course; every human nat'ral phenomenon is. And he was always in love with a large woman; I never knowed the Dwarf as could be got to love a small one. Which helps to keep 'em the Curiosities they are.

One sing'ler idea he had in that Ed of his, which must have meant something, or it wouldn't have been there. It was always his opinion that he was entitled to property. He never would put his name to anything. He had been taught to write, by the young man without arms, who got his living with his toes (quite a writing-master *he* was, and taught scores in the line), but Chops would have starved to death, afore he'd have gained a bit of bread by putting his hand to a paper. This is the more curious to bear in mind, because *he* had no property, nor hope of property, except his house and a sarser. When I say his house, I mean the box, painted and got up outside like a reg'lar six-roomer, that he used to creep into, with a diamond ring (or quite as good to look at) on his forefinger, and ring a little bell out of what the Public believed to be the Drawing-room winder. And when I say a sarser, I mean a Chaney sarser in which he made a collection for himself at the end of every Entertainment. His cue for that, he took from me: "Ladies and gentlemen, the little man will now walk three times round the Cairawan, and retire behind the curtain." When he said anything important, in private life, he mostly wound it up with this form of words, and they was generally the last thing he said to me at night afore he went to bed.

He had what I consider a fine mind—a poetic mind. His ideas respectin his property, never come upon him so strong as when he sat upon a barrel-organ and had the handle turned. Arter the vibration had run through him a little time, he would screech out, "Toby, I feel my property coming—grind away! I'm counting my guineas by thousands, Toby—grind away! Toby, I shall be a man of fortun! I feel the Mint a jingling in me, Toby, and I'm swelling out into the Bank of England!" Such is the influence of music on a poetic mind. Not that he was partial to any other music but a barrel-organ; on the contrary, hated it.

He had a kind of a everlasting grudge agin the Public: which is a thing you may notice in many phenomenons that get their living out of it. What riled him most in the nater of his occupation was, that it kep him out of Society. He was continually sayin, "Toby, my ambition is, to go into Society. The curse of my position towards the Public, is, that it keeps me hout of Society. This don't signify to a low beast of a Indian; he an't formed for Society. This don't signify to a Spotted Baby; *he* an't formed for Society.—I am."

Nobody never could make out what Chops

done with his money. He had a good salary, down on the drum every Saturday as the day come round, besides having the run of his teeth—and he was a Woodpecker to eat—but all Dwarfs are. The sarser was a little income, bringing him in so many halfpence that he'd carry 'em, for a week together, tied up in a pocket handkercher. And yet he never had money. And it couldn't be the Fat Lady from Norfolk, as was once supposed; because it stands to reason that when you have a animosity towards a Indian which makes you grind your teeth at him to his face, and which can hardly hold you from Goosing him audible when he's going through his War-Dance—it stands to reason you wouldn't under them circumstances deprive yourself, to support that Indian in the lap of luxury.

Most unexpected, the mystery come out one day at Egham Races. The Public was shy of bein pulled in, and Chops was ringin his little bell out of his drawing-room winder, and was snarlin to me over his shoulder as he kneeled down with his legs out at the back-door—for he couldn't be shoved into his house without kneeling down, and the premises wouldn't accommodate his legs—was snarlin, "Here's a precious Public for you; why the Devil don't they tumble up?" when a man in the crowd holds up a carrier-pigeon, and cries out, "If there's any person here as has got a ticket, the Lottery's just drawn, and the number as has come up for the great prize is three, seven, forty-two! Three, seven, forty-two!" I was givin the man to the Furies myself, for calling off the Public's attention—for the Public will turn away, at any time, to look at anything in preference to the thing showed 'em; and if you doubt it, get 'em together for any individul purpose on the face of the earth, and send only two people inlate, and see if the whole company an't far more interested in takin particular notice of them two than of you—I say, I wasn't best pleased with the man for callin out, and, wasn't blessin him in my own mind, when I see Chops's little bell fly out of winder at a old lady, and he gets up and kicks his box over, exposin the whole secret, and he catches hold of the calves of my legs and he says to me, "Carry me into the wan, Toby, and throw a pail of water over me or I'm a dead man, for I've come into my property!"

Twelve thousand odd hundred pound, was Chops's winnins. He had bought a half-ticket for the twenty-five thousand prize, and it had come up. The first use he made of his property, was, to offer to fight the Wild Indian for five hundred pound a side, him with a poisoned darnin-needle and the Indian with a club; but the Indian bein in want of backers to that amount, it went no further.

Arter he had been mad for a week—in a state of mind, in short, in which, if I had let him sit on the organ for only two minutes, I believe he would have bust—but we kep

the organ from him—Mr. Chops come round, and behaved liberal and beautiful to all. He then sent for a young man he knewed, as had a verry genteel appearance and was a Bonnet at a gaming-booth (most respectable brought up, fater havin been imminent in the livery stable line but unfortunate in a commercial crisis through paintin a old grey, ginger-bay, and sellin him with a Pedigree), and Mr. Chops said to this Bonnet, who said his name was Normandy, which it wasn't:

"Normandy, I'm a goin into Society. Will you go with me?"

Says Normandy: "Do I understand you, Mr. Chops, to hintimate that the 'ole of the expenses of that move will be borne by yourself?"

"Correct," says Mr. Chops. "And you shall have a Princely allowance too."

The Bonnet lifted Mr. Chops upon a chair, to shake hands with him, and replied in poetry, with his eyes seeminly full of tears:

"My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea,
And I do not ask for more,
But I'll Go;—along with thee."

They went into Society, in a chay and four greys with silk jackets. They took lodgings in Pall Mall, London, and they blazed away.

In consequence of a note that was brought to Bartlemy Fair in the autumn of next year by a servant, most wonderful got up in milk-white cords and tops, I cleaned myself and went to Pall Mall, one evenin appointed. The gentlemen was at their wine arter dinner, and Mr. Chops's eyes was more fixed in that Ed of his than I thought good for him. There was three of 'em (in company, I mean), and I knowed the third well. When last met, he had on a white Roman shirt, and a bishop's-mitre covered with leopard-skin, and played the clarionet all wrong, in a band at a Wild Beast Show.

This gent took on not to know me, and Mr. Chops said: "Gentlemen, this is a old friend of former days:" and Normandy looked at me through a eye-glass, and said, "Magsman, glad to see you!"—which I'll take my oath he wasn't. Mr. Chops, to git him convenient to the table, had his chair on a throne (much of the form of George the Fourth's in the canvass), but he hardly appeared to me to be King there in any other pint of view, for his two gentlemen ordered about like Emperors. They was all dressed like May-Day—gorgeous!—and as to Wine, they swam in all sorts.

I made the round of the bottles, first separate to say I had done it), and then mixed 'em all together (to say I had done it), and then tried two of 'em as half-and-half, and then t'other two. Altogether, I passed a pleasin evenin, but with a tendency to feel muddled, until I considered it good manners to get up and say, "Mr. Chops, the best of friends must part, I thank you for the wariety of foreign drains you have stood so

'ansome, I looks towards you in red wine, and I takes my leave." Mr. Chops replied, "If you'll just hitch me out of this over your right arm, Magsman, and carry me downstairs, I'll see you out." I said I couldn't think of such a thing, but he would have it, so I lifted him off his throne. He smelt strong of Maideary, and I couldn't help thinking as I carried him down that it was like carrying a large bottle full of wine, with a rayther ugly stopper, a good deal out of proportion.

When I set him on the door-mat in the hall, he kep me close to him by holding on to my coat-collar, and he whispers:

"I an't 'appy, Magsman."

"What's on your mind, Mr. Chops?"

"They don't see me well. They an't grateful to me. They puts me on the mantel-piece when I won't have in more Champagne-wine, and they locks me in the sideboard when I won't give up my property."

"Get rid of 'em, Mr. Chops."

"I can't. We're in Society together, and what would Society say?"

"Come out of Society," says I.

"I can't. You don't know what you're talking about. When you have once gone into Society, you mustn't come out of it."

"Then if you'll excuse the freedom, Mr. Chops," were my remark, shaking my head grave, "I think it's a pity you ever went in."

Mr. Chops shook that deep Ed of his, to a surprisin extent, and slapped it half a dozen times with his hand, and with more Wice than I thought were in him. Then, he says, "You're a good feller, but you don't understand. Good night, go along. Magsman, the little man will now walk three times round the Cairawan, and retire behind the curtain." The last I see of him on that occasion was his tryin, on the extremest verge of insensibility, to climb up the stairs, one by one, with his hands and knees. They'd have been much too steep for him, if he had been sober; but he wouldn't be helped.

It warn't long after that, that I read in the newspaper of Mr. Chops's being presented at court. It was printed, "It will be recollected"—and I've noticed in my life, that it is sure to be printed that it *will* be recollected, whenever it won't—"that Mr. Chops is the individual of small stature, whose brilliant success in the last State Lottery attracted so much attention." Well, I says to myself, Such is life! He has been and done it in earnest at last! He has astonished George the Fourth!

(On account of which, I had that canvass new-painted, him with a bag of money in his hand, a presentin it to George the Fourth, and a lady in Ostrich Feathers fallin in love with him in a bag-wig, sword, and buckles correct.)

I took the House as is the subject of present inquiries—though not the honor of bein acquainted—and I run Magsman's Amuse-

ments in it thirteen months—sometimes one thing, sometimes another, sometimes nothin particular, but always all the canvasses outside. One night, when we had played the last company out, which was a shy company through its raining Heavens hard, I was takin a pipe in the one pair back along with the young man with the toes, which I had taken on for a month (though he never drawed—except on paper), and I heard a kickin at the street door. “Halloa!” I says to the young man, “what’s up!” He rubs his eyebrows with his toes, and he says, “I can’t imagine, Mr. Magsman”—which he never could imagine nothin, and was monotonous company.

The noise not leavin off, I laid down my pipe, and I took up a candle, and I went down and opened the door. I looked out into the street; but nothin could I see, and nothin was I aware of, until I turned round quick, because some creetur run between my legs into the passage. There was Mr. Chops!

“Magsman,” he says, “take me, on the hold terms, and you’ve got me; if it’s done, say done!”

I was all of a maze, but I said, “Done, sir.”

“Done to your done, and double done!” says he. “Have you got a bit of supper in the house?”

Bearin in mind them sparklin varieties of foreign drains as we’d guzzled away at in Pall Mall, I was ashamed to offer him cold saggages and gin-and-water; but he took ’em both and took ’em free; havin a chair for his table, and sittin down at it on a stool, like hold times. I, all of a maze all the while.

It was arter he had made a clean sweep of the saggages (beef, and to the best of my calculations two pound and a quarter), that the wisdom as was in that little man, began to come out of him like prespiration.

“Magsman,” he says, “look upon me! You see afore you, One as has both gone into Society and come out.”

“Oh! You are out of it, Mr. Chops? How did you get out, sir?”

“SOLD OUT!” says he. You never saw the like of the wisdom as his Ed expressed, when he made use of them two words.

“My friend Magsman, I’ll impart to you a discovery I’ve made. It’s wallable; it’s cost twelve thousand five hundred pound; it may do you good in life.—The secret of this matter is, that it ain’t so much that a person goes into Society, as that Society goes into a person.”

Not exactly keeping up with his meanin, I shook my head, put on a deep look, and said, “You’re right there, Mr. Chops.”

“Magsman,” he says, twichin me by the leg, “Society has gone into me, to the tune of every penny of my property.”

I felt that I went pale, and though nat’-

rally a bold speaker, I couldn’t hardly say, “Where’s Normandy?”

“Bolted. With the plate,” said Mr. Chops.

“And t’other one?”—meaning him as formerly wore the bishop’s mitre.

“Bolted. With the jewels,” said Mr. Chops.

I sat down and looked at him, and he stood up and looked at me.

“Magsman,” he says, and he seemed to myself to get wiser as he got hoarser; “Society, taken in the lump, is all dwarfs. At the court of Saint James’s, they was all a doin my hold bisness—all a goin three times round the Cairawan, in the hold Court-suits and properties. Elsewheres, they was most of ’em ringin their little bells out of make-believes. Everywheres, the sarser was a goin round, Magsman, the sarser is the uniwersal Institution!”

I perceived, you understand, that he was soured by his misfortuns, and I felt for Mr. Chops.

“As to Fat Ladies,” says he, giving his Ed a tremendous one agin the wall, “there’s lots of *them* in Society, and worse than the original. *Hers* was a outrage upon Taste—simply a outrage upon Taste—awakenin contempt—carryin its own punishment in the form of a Indian!” Here he giv himself another tremendous one. “But *theirs*, Magsman, *theirs* is mercenary outrages. Lay in Cashmeer shawls, buy bracelets, strew ’em and a lot of ’andsome fans and things about your rooms, let it be known that you give away like water to all as come to admire, and the Fat Ladies that don’t exhibit for so much down upon the drum, will come from all the pints of the compass to flock about you, whatever you are. They’ll drill holes in your ’art, Magsman, like a Cullender. And when you’ve no more left to give, they’ll laugh at you to your face, and leave you to have your bones picked dry by Vulturs, like the dead Wild Ass of the Prairies that you deserve to be!” Here he giv himself the most tremendous one of all, and dropped.

I thought he was gone. His Ed was so heavy, and he knocked it so hard, and he fell so stoney, and the sassagerial disturbance in him must have been so immense, that I thought he was gone. But, he soon come round with care, and he sat up on the floor, and he said to me, with wisdom comin out of his eyes, if ever it come:

“Magsman! The most material difference between the two states of existence through which your unappy friend has passed;” he reached out his poor little hand, and his tears dropped down on the moustachio which it was a credit to him to have done his best to grow, but it is not in mortals to command success,—“the difference is this. When I was out of Society, I was paid light for being seen. When I went into Society, I paid heavy for being seen. I prefer the

former, even if I wasn't forced upon it. Give me out through the trumpet, in the hold way, tomorrow."

After that, he slid into the line again as easy as if he had been iled all over. But, the organ was kep from him, and no allusions was ever made, when a company was in, to his property. He got wiser every day; his views of Society and the Public was luminous, bewildering, awful; and his Ed got bigger and bigger as his Wisdom expanded it.

He took well, and pulled 'em in most excellent for nine weeks. At the expiration of that period, when his Ed was a sight, he expressed one evenin, the last Company havin been turned out, and the door shut, a wish to have a little music.

"Mr. Chops," I said (I never dropped the "Mr." with him; the world might do it, but not me); "Mr. Chops, are you sure as you are in a state of mind and body to sit upon the organ?"

His answer was this: "Toby, when next met with on the tramp, I forgive her and the Indian. And I am."

It was with fear and trembling that I began to turn the handle; but he sat like a lamb. It will be my belief to my dying day, that I see his Ed expand as he sat; you may therefore judge how great his thoughts was. He sat out all the changes, and then he come off.

"Toby," he says, with a quiet smile, "the little man will now walk three times round the Cairawan, and retire behind the curtain."

When we called him in the morning, we found him gone into a much better Society than mine or Pall Mall's. I giv Mr. Chops as comfortable a funeral as lay in my power, followed myself as Chief, and had the George the Fourth canvass carried first, in the form of a banner. But, the House was so dismal arterwards, that I giv it up, and took to the Wau again.

"I don't triumph," said Jarber, folding up the second manuscript, and looking hard at Trottlet. "I don't triumph over this worthy creature. I merely ask him if he is satisfied now?"

"How can he be anything else?" I said, answering for Trottlet, who sat obstinately silent. "This time, Jarber, you have not only read us a delightfully amusing story, but you have also answered the question about the House. Of course it stands empty now. Who would think of taking it after it had been turned into a caravan?" I looked at Trottlet, as I said those last words, and Jarber waved his hand indulgently in the same direction.

"Let this excellent person speak," said Jarber. "You were about to say, my good man?"

"I only wished to ask, sir," said Trottlet, doggedly, "if you could kindly oblige me with

a date or two, in connection with that last story?"

"A date!" repeated Jarber. "What does the man want with dates!"

"I should be glad to know, with great respect," persisted Trottlet, "if the person named Magsman was the last tenant who lived in the House. It's my opinion—if I may be excused for giving it—that he most decidedly was not."

With those words, Trottlet made a low bow, and quietly left the room.

There is no denying that Jarber, when we were left together, looked sadly discomposed. He had evidently forgotten to inquire about dates; and, in spite of his magnificent talk about his series of discoveries, it was quite as plain that the two stories he had just read, had really and truly exhausted his present stock. I thought myself bound, in common gratitude, to help him out of his embarrassment by a timely suggestion. So I proposed that he should come to tea again, on the next Monday evening, the thirteenth, and should make such inquiries in the meantime, as might enable him to dispose triumphantly of Trottlet's objection.

He gallantly kissed my hand, made a neat little speech of acknowledgment, and took his leave. For the rest of the week I would not encourage Trottlet by allowing him to refer to the House at all. I suspected he was making his own inquiries about dates, but I put no questions to him.

On Monday evening, the thirteenth, that dear unfortunate Jarber came, punctual to the appointed time. He looked so terribly harassed, that he was really quite a spectacle of feebleness and fatigue. I saw, at a glance, that the question of dates had gone against him, that Mr. Magsman had not been the last tenant of the House, and that the reason of its emptiness was still to seek.

"What I have gone through," said Jarber, "words are not eloquent enough to tell. Oh, Sophonisba, I have begun another series of discoveries! Accept the last two as stories laid on your shrine; and wait to blame me for leaving your curiosity unappeased, until you have heard Number Three."

Number Three looked like a very short manuscript, and I said as much. Jarber explained to me that we were to have some poetry this time. In the course of his investigations he had stepped into the Circulating Library, to seek for information on the one important subject. All the Library-people knew about the House was, that a female relative of the last tenant as they believed, had, just after that tenant left, sent a little manuscript poem to them which she described as referring to events that had actually passed in the House; and which she wanted the proprietor of the Library to publish. She had written no address on her letter; and the proprietor had kept the manuscript

ready to be given back to her (the publishing of poems not being in his line) when she might call for it. She had never called for it; and the poem had been lent to Jarber, at his express request, to read to me.

Before he began, I rang the bell for Trottle; being determined to have him present at the new reading, as a wholesome check on his obstinacy. To my surprise Peggy answered the bell, and told me that Trottle had stepped out, without saying where. I instantly felt the strongest possible conviction that he was at his old tricks: and that his stepping out in the evening, without leave, meant—Philandering.

Controlling myself on my visitor's account, I dismissed Peggy, stifled my indignation, and prepared, as politely as might be, to listen to Jarber.

THREE EVENINGS IN THE HOUSE.

NUMBER ONE.

I.

Yes, it look'd dark and dreary
That long and narrow street:
Only the sound of the rain,
And the tramp of passing feet,
The duller glow of the fire,
And gathering mists of night
To mark how slow and weary
The long day's cheerless flight!

II.

Watching the sullen fire,
Hearing the dreary rain,
Drop after drop, run down
On the darkening window-pane:
Chill was the heart of Bertha,
Chill as that winter day,—
For the star of her life had risen
Only to fade away.

III.

The voice that had been so strong
To bid the snare depart,
The true and earnest will,
And the calm and steadfast heart,
Were now weigh'd down by sorrow,
Were quivering now with pain;
The clear path now seem'd clouded,
And all her grief in vain.

IV.

Duty, Right, Truth, who promised
To help and save their own,
Seem'd spreading wide their pinions
To leave her there alone.
So, turning from the Present
To well-known days of yore,
She call'd on them to strengthen
And guard her soul once more.

V.

She thought how in her girlhood
Her life was given away,
The solemn promise spoken
She kept so well to-day;
How to her brother Herbert
She had been help and guide,
And how his artist-nature
On her calm strength relied.

VI.

How through life's fret and turmoil
The passion and fire of art
In him was soothed and quicken'd
By her true sister heart;
How future hopes had always
Been for his sake alone;
And now, what strange new feeling
Possess'd her as its own?

VII.

Her home; each flower that breathed there;
The wind's sigh, soft and low;
Each trembling spray of ivy;
The river's murmuring flow;
The shadow of the forest;
Sunset, or twilight dim;
Dear as they were, were dearer
By leaving them for him.

VIII.

And each year as it found her
In the dull, feverish town,
Saw self still more forgotten,
And selfish care kept down
By the calm joy of evening
That brought him to her side,
To warn him with wise counsel,
Or praise with tender pride.

IX.

Her heart, her life, her future,
Her genius, only meant
Another thing to give him,
And be therewith content.
To-day, what words had stirr'd her,
Her soul could not forget?
What dream had fill'd her spirit
With strange and wild regret?

X.

To leave him for another:
Could it indeed be so?
Could it have cost such anguish
To bid this vision go?
Was this her faith? Was Herbert
The second in her heart?
Did it need all this struggle
To bid a dream depart?

XI.

And yet, within her spirit
A far-off land was seen;
A home, which might have held her;
A love, which might have been;
And Life: not the mere being
Of daily ebb and flow,
But Life itself had claim'd her,
And she had let it go!

XII.

Within her heart there echo'd
Again the well-known tone
That promised this bright future,
And ask'd her for its own:
Then words of sorrow, broken
By half-reproachful pain;
And then a farewell, spoken
In words of cold disdain.

XIII.

Where now was the stern purpose
That nerved her soul so long?
Whence came the words she utter'd,
So hard, so cold, so strong?

What right had she to banish
A hope that God had given?
Why must she choose earth's portion,
And turn aside from Heaven?

XIV.

To-day! Was it this morning?
If this long, fearful strife
Was but the work of hours,
What would be years of life?
Why did a cruel Heaven
For such great suffering call?
And why—O, still more cruel!—
Must her own words do all?

XV.

Did she repent? O Sorrow!
Why do we linger still
To take thy loving message,
And do thy gentle will?
See, her tears fall more slowly;
The passionate murmurs cease,
And back upon her spirit
Flow strength, and love, and peace.

XVI.

The fire burns more brightly,
The rain has passed away,
Herbert will see no shadow
Upon his home to-day;
Only that Bertha greets him
With doubly tender care,
Kissing a fonder blessing
Down on his golden hair.

NUMBER TWO.

I.

THE studio is deserted,
Palette and brush laid by,
The sketch rests on the easel,
The paint is scarcely dry;
And Silence—who seems always
Within her depths to bear
The next sound that will utter—
Now holds a dumb despair.

II.

So Bertha feels it: listening
With breathless, atony fear,
Waiting the dreadful summons
Each minute brings more near:
When the young life, now ebbing,
Shall fail, and pass away
Into that mighty shadow
Who shrouds the house to-day.

III.

But why—when the sick chamber
Is on the upper floor—
Why dares not Bertha enter
Within the close-shut door?
If he—her all—her Brother,
Lies dying in that gloom,
What strange mysterious power
Has sent her from the room?

IV.

It is not one week's anguish
That can have changed her so;
Joy has not died here lately,
Struck down by one quick blow;

But cruel months have needed
Their long relentless chain,
To teach that shrinking manner
Of helpless, hopeless pain.

V.

The struggle was scarce over
Last Christmas Eve had brought:
The fibres still were quivering
Of the one wounded thought,
When Herbert—who, unconscious,
Had guessed no inward strife—
Bade her, in pride and pleasure,
Welcome his fair young wife.

VI.

Bade her rejoice, and smiling,
Although his eyes were dim,
Thank'd God he thus could pay her
The care she gave to him.
This fresh bright life would bring her
A new and joyous fate—
O Bertha, check the murmur
That cries, Too late! too late!

VII.

Too late! Could she have known it
A few short weeks before,
That his life was completed,
And needing hers no more,
She might—O sad repining!
What "might have been," forget;
"It was not," should suffice us
To stifle vain regret.

VIII.

He needed her no longer,
Each day it grew more plain;
First with a startled wonder,
Then with a wondering pain.
Love: why, his wife best gave it;
Comfort: durst Bertha speak?
Counsel: when quick resentment
Flush'd on the young wife's cheek.

IX.

No more long talks by firelight
Of childish times long past,
And dreams of future greatness
Which he must reach at last;
Dreams, where her purer instinct
With truth unerring told
Where was the worthless gilding,
And where refined gold.

X.

Slowly, but surely ever,
Dora's poor jealous pride,
Which she call'd love for Herbert,
Drove Bertha from his side;
And, spite of nervous effort
To share their alter'd life,
She felt a check to Herbert,
A burden to his wife.

XI.

This was the least; for Bertha
Fear'd, dreaded, *knew* at length,
How much his nature owed her
Of truth, and power, and strength;
And watch'd the daily failing
Of all his nobler part:
Low aims, weak purpose, telling
In lower, weaker art.

XII.

And now, when he is dying,
The last words she could hear
Must not be hers, but given
The bride of one short year.
The last care is another's;
The last prayer must not be
The one they learnt together
Beside their mother's knee.

XIII.

Summon'd at last: she kisses
The clay-cold stiffening hand;
And, reading pleading efforts
To make her understand,
Answers, with solemn promise,
In clear but trembling tone,
To Dora's life henceforward
She will devote her own.

XIV.

Now all is over. Bertha
Dares not remain to weep,
But soothes the frightened Dora
Into a sobbing sleep.
The poor weak child will need her:
O, who can dare complain,
When God sends a new Duty
To comfort each new Pain!

NUMBER THREE.

I.

THE House is all deserted
In the dim evening gloom,
Only one figure passes
Slowly from room to room;
And, pausing at each doorway,
Seems gathering up again
Within her heart the relics
Of bygone joy and pain.

II.

There is an earnest longing
In those who onward gaze,
Looking with weary patience
Towards the coming days.
There is a deeper longing,
More sad, more strong, more keen:
Those know it who look backward,
And yearn for what has been.

III.

At every hearth she pauses,
Touches each well known chair;
Gazes from every window,
Lingers on every stair.
What have these months brought Bertha
Now one more year is past?
This Christmas Eve shall tell us,
The third one and the last.

IV.

The wilful, wayward Dora,
In those first weeks of grief,
Could seek and find in Bertha
Strength, soothing, and relief.
And Bertha—last sad comfort
True woman-heart can take—
Had something still to suffer
And do for Herbert's sake.

V.

Spring, with her western breezes,
From Indian islands bore
To Bertha news that Leonard
Would seek his home once more.
What was it—joy, or sorrow?
What were they—hopes, or fears?
That flush'd her cheeks with crimson,
And fill'd her eyes with tears?

VI.

He came. And who so kindly
Could ask and hear her tell
Herbert's last hours; for Leonard
Had known and loved him well.
Daily he came; and Bertha
Poor weary heart, at length,
Weigh'd down by other's weakness,
Could rest upon his strength.

VII.

Yet not the voice of Leonard
Could her true care beguile,
That turn'd to watch, rejoicing,
Dora's reviving smile.
So, from that little household
The worst gloom pass'd away,
The one bright hour of evening
Lit up the livelong day.

VIII.

Days passed. The golden summer
In sudden heat bore down
Its blue, bright, glowing sweetness
Upon the scorching town.
And sights and sounds of country
Came in the warm soft tune
Sung by the honey'd breezes
Borne on the wings of June.

IX.

One twilight hour, but earlier
Than usual, Bertha thought
She knew the fresh sweet fragrance
Of flowers that Leonard brought;
Through open'd doors and windows
It stole up through the gloom,
And with appealing sweetness
Drew Bertha from her room.

X.

Yes, he was there; and pausing
Just near the open'd door,
To check her heart's quick beating,
She heard—and paused still more—
His low voice—Dora's answers—
His pleading—Yes, she knew
The tone—the words—the accents:
She once had heard them too.

XI.

"Would Bertha blame her?" Leonard's
Low, tender answer came:
"Bertha was far too noble
To think or dream of blame."
"And was he sure he loved her?"
"Yes, with the one love given
Once in a lifetime only,
With one soul and one heaven!"

XII.

Then came a plaintive murmur,—
"Dora had once been told
That he and Bertha"— "Dearest,
Bertha is far too cold

To love; and I, my Dora,
If once I fancied so,
It was a brief delusion,
And over,—long ago."

XIII.

Between the Past and Present,
On that bleak moment's height,
She stood. As some lost traveller
By a quick flash of light
Seeing a gulf before him,
With dizzy, sick despair,
Reels to clutch backward, but to find
A deeper chasm there.

XIV.

The twilight grew still darker,
The fragrant flowers more sweet,
The stars shone out in heaven,
The lamps gleam'd down the street;
And hours pass'd in dreaming
Over their new found fate,
Ere they could think of wondering
Why Bertha was so late.

XV.

She came, and calmly listen'd;
In vain they strove to trace
If Herbert's memory shadow'd
In grief upon her face.
No blame, no wonder show'd there,
No feeling could be told;
Her voice was not less steady,
Her manner not more cold.

XVI.

They could not hear the anguish
That broke in words of pain
Through that calm summer midnight,—
"My Herbert—mine again!"
Yes, they have once been parted,
But this day shall restore
The long lost one; she claims him;
"My Herbert—mine once more!"

XVII.

Now Christmas Eve returning,
Saw Bertha stand beside
The altar, greeting Dora,
Again a smiling bride;
And now the gloomy evening
Sees Bertha pale and worn,
Leaving the house for ever,
To wander out forlorn.

XVIII.

Forlorn—nay, not so. Anguish
Shall do its work at length;
Her soul, pass'd through the fire,
Shall gain still purer strength.
Somewhere there waits for Bertha
An earnest noble part;
And, meanwhile, God is with her,—
God, and her own true heart!

I could warmly and sincerely praise the little poem, when Jarber had done reading it; but I could not say that it tended in any degree towards clearing up the mystery of the empty House.

Whether it was the absence of the irritating influence of Trottlet, or whether it was simply fatigue, I cannot say, but Jarber did

not strike me, that evening, as being in his usual spirits. And though he declared that he was not in the least daunted by his want of success thus far, and that he was resolutely determined to make more discoveries, he spoke in a languid absent manner, and shortly afterwards took his leave at rather an early hour.

When Trottlet came back, and when I indignantly taxed him with Philandering, he not only denied the imputation, but asserted that he had been employed on my service, and, in consideration of that, boldly asked for leave of absence for two days, and for a morning to himself afterwards, to complete the business, in which he solemnly declared that I was interested. In remembrance of his long and faithful service to me, I did violence to myself, and granted his request. And he, on his side, engaged to explain himself to my satisfaction, in a week's time, on Monday evening the twentieth.

A day or two before, I sent to Jarber's lodgings to ask him to drop in to tea. His landlady sent back an apology for him that made my hair stand on end. His feet were in hot water; his head was in a flannel petticoat; a green shade was over his eyes; the rheumatism was in his legs; and a mustard-poultice was on his chest. He was also a little feverish, and rather distracted in his mind about Manchester Marriages, a Dwarf, and Three Evenings, or Evening Parties—his landlady was not sure which—in an empty House, with the Water Rate unpaid.

Under these distressing circumstances, I was necessarily left alone with Trottlet. His promised explanation began, like Jarber's discoveries, with the reading of a written paper. The only difference was that Trottlet introduced his manuscript under the name of a Report.

TROTTLER'S REPORT.

THE curious events related in these pages would, many of them, most likely never have happened, if a person named Trottlet had not presumed, contrary to his usual custom, to think for himself.

The subject on which the person in question had ventured, for the first time in his life, to form an opinion purely and entirely his own, was one which had already excited the interest of his respected mistress in a very extraordinary degree. Or, to put it in plainer terms still, the subject was no other than the mystery of the empty House.

Feeling no sort of objection to set a success of his own, if possible, side by side, with a failure of Mr. Jarber's, Trottlet made up his mind, one Monday evening, to try what he could do, on his own account, towards clearing up the mystery of the empty House. Carefully dismissing from his mind all nonsensical notions of former tenants and their histories, and keeping the

one point in view steadily before him, he started to reach it in the shortest way, by walking straight up to the House, and bringing himself face to face with the first person in it who opened the door to him.

It was getting towards dark, on Monday evening, the thirteenth of the month, when Trotter first set foot on the steps of the House. When he knocked at the door, he knew nothing of the matter which he was about to investigate, except that the landlord was an elderly widower of good fortune, and that his name was Forley. A small beginning enough for a man to start from, certainly!

On dropping the knocker, his first proceeding was to look down cautiously out of the corner of his right eye, for any results which might show themselves at the kitchen-window. There appeared at it immediately the figure of a woman, who looked up inquisitively at the stranger on the steps, left the window in a hurry, and came back to it with an open letter in her hand, which she held up to the fading light. After looking over the letter hastily for a moment or so, the woman disappeared once more.

Trotter next heard footsteps shuffling and scraping along the bare hall of the house. On a sudden they ceased, and the sound of two voices—a shrill persuading voice and a gruff resisting voice—confusedly reached his ears. After a while, the voices left off speaking—a chain was undone, a bolt drawn back—the door opened—and Trotter stood face to face with two persons, a woman in advance, and a man behind her, leaning back flat against the wall.

"Wish you good evening, sir," says the woman, in such a sudden way, and in such a cracked voice, that it was quite startling to hear her. "Chilly weather, ain't it, sir? Please to walk in. You come from good Mr. Forley, don't you, sir?"

"Don't you, sir?" chimes in the man hoarsely, making a sort of gruff echo of himself, and chuckling after it, as if he thought he had made a joke.

If Trotter had said, "No," the door would have been probably closed in his face. Therefore, he took circumstances as he found them, and boldly ran all the risk, whatever it might be, of saying, "Yes."

"Quite right, sir," says the woman. "Good Mr. Forley's letter told us his particular friend would be here to represent him, at dusk, on Monday the thirteenth—or, if not on Monday the thirteenth, then on Monday the twentieth, at the same time, without fail. And here you are on the Monday the thirteenth, ain't you, sir? Mr. Forley's particular friend, and dressed all in black—quite right, sir! Please to step into the dining-room—it's always kept scoured and clean against Mr. Forley comes here—and I'll fetch a candle in half a minute. It gets so dark in the evenings, now, you hardly know where you are, do you, sir? And how is good Mr.

Forley in his health? We trust he is better, Benjamin, don't we? We are so sorry not to see him as usual, Benjamin, ain't we? In half a minute, sir, if you don't mind waiting, I'll be back with the candle. Come along, Benjamin."

"Come along, Benjamin," chimes in the echo, and chuckles again as if he thought he had made another joke.

Left alone in the empty front-parlour, Trotter wondered what was coming next, as he heard the shuffling, scraping footsteps go slowly down the kitchen-stairs. The front-door had been carefully chained up and bolted behind him on his entrance; and there was not the least chance of his being able to open it to effect his escape, without betraying himself by making a noise.

Not being of the Jarber sort, luckily for himself, he took his situation quietly, as he found it, and turned his time, while alone, to account, by summing up in his own mind the few particulars which he had discovered thus far. He had found out, first, that Mr. Forley was in the habit of visiting the house regularly. Second, that Mr. Forley, being prevented by illness from seeing the people put in charge as usual, had appointed a friend to represent him; and had written to say so. Third, that the friend had a choice of two Mondays, at a particular time in the evening, for doing his errand; and that Trotter had accidentally hit on this time, and on the first of the Mondays, for beginning his own investigations. Fourth, that the similarity between Trotter's black dress, as servant out of livery, and the dress of the messenger (whoever he might be), had helped the error by which Trotter was profiting. So far, so good. But what was the messenger's errand? and what chance was there that he might not come up and knock at the door himself, from minute to minute, on that very evening?

While Trotter was turning over this last consideration in his mind, he heard the shuffling footsteps come up the stairs again, with a flash of candle-light going before them. He waited for the woman's coming in with some little anxiety; for the twilight had been too dim on his getting into the house to allow him to see either her face or the man's face at all clearly.

The woman came in first, with the man she called Benjamin at her heels, and set the candle on the mantel-piece. Trotter takes leave to describe her as an offensively-cheerful old woman, awfully lean and wiry, and sharp all over, at eyes, nose, and chin—devilishly brisk, smiling, and restless, with a dirty false front and a dirty black cap, and short fidgetty arms, and long hooked fingernails—an unnaturally lusty old woman, who walked with a spring in her wicked old feet, and spoke with a smirk on her wicked old face—the sort of old woman (as Trotter thinks) who ought to have lived in the dark

ages, and been ducked in a horse-pond, instead of flourishing in the nineteenth century, and taking charge of a Christian house.

"You'll please to excuse my son, Benjamin, won't you, sir?" says this witch without a broomstick, pointing to the man behind her, propped against the bare wall of the dining-room, exactly as he had been propped against the bare wall of the passage. "He's got his inside dreadful bad again, has my son Benjamin. And he won't go to bed, and he will follow me about the house, up-stairs and down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber, as the song says, you know. It's his indigestion, poor dear, that sours his temper and makes him so aggravating—and indigestion is a wearing thing to the best of us, ain't it, sir?"

"Ain't it, sir?" chimes in aggravating Benjamin, winking at the candle-light like an owl at the sunshine.

Trottle examined the man curiously, while his horrid old mother was speaking of him. He found "My son Benjamin" to be little and lean, and buttoned-up slovenly in a frowsy old great-coat that fell down to his ragged carpet-slippers. His eyes were very watery, his cheeks very pale, and his lips very red. His breathing was so uncommonly loud, that it sounded almost like a snore. His head rolled helplessly in the monstrous big collar of his great-coat; and his limp, lazy hands potted about the wall on either side of him, as if they were groping for an imaginary bottle. In plain English, the complaint of "My son Benjamin" was drunkenness, of the stupid, pig-headed, sottish kind. Drawing this conclusion easily enough, after a moment's observation of the man, Trottle found himself, nevertheless, keeping his eyes fixed much longer than was necessary on the ugly drunken face rolling about in the monstrous big coat collar, and looking at it with a curiosity that he could hardly account for at first. Was there something familiar to him in the man's features? He turned away from them for an instant, and then turned back to him again. After that second look, the notion forced itself into his mind, that he had certainly seen a face somewhere, of which that sot's face appeared like a kind of slovenly copy. "Where?" thinks he to himself, "where did I last see the man whom this aggravating Benjamin, here, so very strongly reminds me of?"

It was no time, just then—with the cheerful old woman's eye searching him all over, and the cheerful old woman's tongue talking at him, nineteen to the dozen—for Trottle to be ransacking his memory for small matters that had got into wrong corners of it. He put by in his mind that very curious circumstance respecting Benjamin's face, to be taken up again when a fit opportunity offered itself; and kept his wits about him in prime order for present necessities.

"You wouldn't like to go down into the

kitchen, would you?" says the witch without the broomstick, as familiar as if she had been Trottle's mother, instead of Benjamin's. "There's a bit of fire in the grate, and the sink in the back kitchen don't smell to matter much to-day, and it's uncommon chilly up here when a person's flesh don't hardly cover a person's bones. But you don't look cold, sir, do you? And then, why, Lord bless my soul, our little bit of business is so very, very little, it's hardly worth while to go down-stairs about it, after all. Quite a game at business, ain't it, sir? Give-and-take—that's what I call it—give-and-take!"

With that, her wicked old eyes settled hungrily on the region round about Trottle's waistcoat-pocket, and she began to chuckle like her son, holding out one of her skinny hands, and tapping cheerfully in the palm with the knuckles of the other. Aggravating Benjamin, seeing what she was about, roused up a little, chuckled and tapped in imitation of her, got an idea of his own into his muddled head all of a sudden, and bolted it out charitably for the benefit of Trottle.

"I say!" says Benjamin, settling himself against the wall and nodding his head viciously at his cheerful old mother, "I say! Look out. She'll skin you!"

Assisted by these signs and warnings, Trottle found no difficulty in understanding that the business referred to was the giving and taking of money, and that he was expected to be the giver. It was at this stage of the proceedings that he first felt decidedly uncomfortable, and more than half inclined to wish he was on the street-side of the house-door again.

He was still cudgelling his brains for an excuse to save his pocket, when the silence was suddenly interrupted by a sound in the upper part of the house.

It was not at all loud—it was a quiet, still, scraping sound—so faint that it could hardly have reached the quickest ears, except in an empty house.

"Do you hear that, Benjamin?" says the old woman. "He's at it again, even in the dark, ain't he? Praps you'd like to see him, sir!" says she, turning on Trottle, and poking her grinning face close to him. "Only name it; only say if you'd like to see him before we do our little bit of business—and I'll show good Forley's friend upstairs, just as if he was good Mr. Forley himself. My legs are all right, whatever Benjamin's may be. I get younger and younger, and stronger and stronger, and jollier and jollier, every day—that's what I do! Don't mind the stairs on my account, sir, if you'd like to see him."

"Him?" Trottle wondered whether "him," meant a man, or a boy, or a domestic animal of the male species. Whatever it meant, here was a chance of putting off that uncomfortable give-and-take-business, and, better still, a chance perhaps of finding out

one of the secrets of the mysterious House. Trotter's spirits began to rise again, and he said "Yes," directly, with the confidence of a man who knew all about it.

Benjamin's mother took the candle at once, and lighted Trotter briskly to the stairs; and Benjamin himself tried to follow as usual. But getting up several flights of stairs, even helped by the bannisters, was more, with his particular complaint, than he seemed to feel himself inclined to venture on. He sat down obstinately on the lowest step, with his head against the wall, and the tails of his big great coat spreading out magnificently on the stairs behind him and above him, like a dirty imitation of a court lady's train.

"Don't sit there, dear," says his affectionate mother, stopping to snuff the candle on the first landing.

"I shall sit here," says Benjamin, agitating to the last, "till the milk comes in the morning."

The cheerful old woman went on nimbly up the stairs to the first-floor, and Trotter followed, with his eyes and ears wide open. He had seen nothing out of the common in the front parlour, or up the staircase, so far. The House was dirty and dreary and close-smelling—but there was nothing about it to excite the least curiosity, except the faint scraping sound, which was now beginning to get a little clearer—though still not at all loud—as Trotter followed his leader up the stairs to the second floor.

Nothing on the second-floor landing, but cobwebs above and bits of broken plaster below, cracked off from the ceiling. Benjamin's mother was not a bit out of breath, and looked all ready to go to the top of the monument if necessary. The faint scraping sound had got a little clearer still; but Trotter was no nearer to guessing what it might be, than when he first heard it in the parlour downstairs.

On the third, and last, floor, there were two doors; one, which was shut, leading into the front garret; and one, which was ajar, leading into the back garret. There was a loft in the ceiling above the landing; but the cobwebs all over it vouched sufficiently for its not having been opened for some little time. The scraping noise, plainer than ever here, sounded on the other side of the back garret door; and, to Trotter's great relief, that was precisely the door which the cheerful old woman now pushed open.

Trotter followed her in; and, for once in his life, at any rate, was struck dumb with amazement, at the sight which the inside of the room revealed to him.

The garret was absolutely empty of everything in the shape of furniture. It must have been used, at one time or other, by somebody engaged in a profession or a trade which required for the practice of it a great deal of light; for the one window in the room which looked out on a wide open space at the

back of the house, was three or four times as large, every way, as a garret-window usually is. Close under this window, kneeling on the bare boards with his face to the door, there appeared, of all the creatures in the world to see alone at such a place and at such a time, a mere mite of a child—a little, lonely, wizened, strangely-clad boy, who could not at the most, have been more than five years old. He had a greasy old blue shawl crossed over his breast, and rolled up, to keep the ends from the ground, into a great big lump on his back. A strip of something which looked like the remains of a woman's flannel petticoat, showed itself under the shawl, and, below that again, a pair of rusty black stockings, worlds too large for him, covered his legs and his shoeless feet. A pair of old clumsy muffetees, which had worked themselves up on his little frail red arms to the elbows, and a big cotton nightcap that had dropped down to his very eyebrows, finished off the strange dress which the poor little man seemed not half big enough to fill out, and not near strong enough to walk about in.

But there was something to see even more extraordinary than the clothes the child was swaddled up in, and that was the game which he was playing at, all by himself; and which, moreover, explained in the most unexpected manner the faint scraping noise that had found its way down-stairs, through the half-opened door, in the silence of the empty house.

It has been mentioned that the child was on his knees in the garret, when Trotter first saw him. He was not saying his prayers, and not crouching down in terror at being alone in the dark. He was, odd and unaccountable as it may appear, doing nothing more or less than playing at a charwoman's or housemaid's business of scouring the floor. Both his little hands had tight hold of a mangy old blacking-brush, with hardly any bristles left in it, which he was rubbing backwards and forwards on the boards, as gravely and steadily as if he had been at scouring-work for years, and had got a large family to keep by it. The coming-in of Trotter and the old woman did not startle or disturb him in the least. He just looked up for a minute at the candle, with a pair of very bright, sharp eyes, and then went on with his work again, as if nothing had happened. On one side of him was a battered pint saucepan without a handle, which was his make-believe pail; and on the other a morsel of slate-coloured cotton rag, which stood for his flannel to wipe up with. After scrubbing bravely for a minute or two, he took the bit of rag, and mopped up, and then squeezed make-believe water out into his make-believe pail, as grave as any judge that ever sat on a Bench. By the time he thought he had got the floor pretty dry, he raised himself upright on his knees, and blew

out a good long breath, and set his little red arms akimbo, and nodded at Trottle.

"There!" says the child, knitting his little downy eyebrows into a frown. "Drat the dirt! I've cleaned up. Where's my beer?"

Benjamin's mother chuckled till Trottle thought she would have choked herself.

"Lord ha' mercy on us!" says she, "just hear the imp. You would never think he was only five years old, would you, sir? Please to tell good Mr. Forley you saw him going on as nicely as ever, playing at being me scouring the parlour floor, and calling for my beer afterwards. That's his regular game, morning, noon, and night—he's never tired of it. Only look how snug we've been and dressed him. That's my shawl a keepin his precious little body warm, and Benjamin's nightcap a keepin his precious little head warm, and Benjamin's stockings, drawed over his trowsers, a keepin his precious little legs warm. He's snug and happy if ever a imp was yet. 'Where's my beer!'—say it again, little dear, say it again!"

If Trottle had seen the boy, with a light and a fire in the room, clothed like other children, and playing naturally with a top, or a box of soldiers, or a bouncing big India-rubber ball, he might have been as cheerful under the circumstances as Benjamin's mother herself. But seeing the child reduced (as he could not help suspecting) for want of proper toys and proper child's company, to take up with the mocking of an old woman at her scouring-work for something to stand in the place of a game, Trottle, though not a family man, nevertheless felt the sight before him to be, in its way, one of the saddest and the most pitiable that he had ever witnessed.

"Why, my man," says he, "you're the boldest little chap in all England. You don't seem a bit afraid of being up here all by yourself in the dark."

"The big winder," says the child, pointing up to it, "sees in the dark; and I see with the big winder." He stops a bit, and gets up on his legs, and looks hard at Benjamin's mother. "I'm a good 'un," says he, "ain't I? I save candle."

Trottle wondered what else the forlorn little creature had been brought up to do without, besides candlelight; and risked putting a question as to whether he ever got a run in the open air to cheer him up a bit. O, yes, he had a run now and then, out of doors (to say nothing of his runs about the house), the lively little cricket—a run according to good Mr. Forley's instructions, which were followed out carefully, as good Mr. Forley's friend would be glad to hear, to the very letter.

As Trottle could only have made one reply to this, namely, that good Mr. Forley's instructions were, in his opinion, the instructions of an infernal scamp; and as he felt that such an answer would naturally prove

the death-blow to all further discoveries on his part, he gulped down his feelings before they got too many for him, and held his tongue, and looked round towards the window again to see what the forlorn little boy was going to amuse himself with next.

The child had gathered up his blacking brush and bit of rag, and had put them into the old tin saucepan; and was now working his way, as well as his clothes would let him, with his make-believe pail hugged up in his arms, towards a door of communication which led from the back to the front garret.

"I say," says he, looking round sharply over his shoulder, "what are you two stopping here for? I'm going to bed now—and so I tell you!"

With that, he opened the door, and walked into the front room. Seeing Trottle take a step or two to follow him, Benjamin's mother opened her wicked old eyes in a state of great astonishment.

"Mercy on us!" says she, "haven't you seen enough of him yet?"

"No," says Trottle. "I should like to see him go to bed."

Benjamin's mother burst into such a fit of chuckling that the loose extinguisher in the candlestick clattered again with the shaking of her hand. To think of good Mr. Forley's friend taking ten times more trouble about the imp than good Mr. Forley himself! Such a joke as that, Benjamin's mother had not often met with in the course of her life, and she begged to be excused if she took the liberty of haying a laugh at it.

Leaving her to laugh as much as she pleased, and coming to a pretty positive conclusion, after what he had just heard, that Mr. Forley's interest in the child was not of the fondest possible kind, Trottle walked into the front room, and Benjamin's mother, enjoying herself immensely, followed with the candle.

There were two pieces of furniture in the front garret. One, an old stool of the sort that is used to stand a cask of beer on; and the other a great big rickety straddling old truckle bedstead. In the middle of this bedstead, surrounded by a dim brown waste of sacking, was a kind of little island of poor bedding—an old bolster, with nearly all the feathers out of it, doubled in three for a pillow; a mere shred of patchwork counterpane, and a blanket; and under that, and peeping out a little on either side beyond the loose clothes, two faded chair cushions of horsehair, laid along together for a sort of makeshift mattress. When Trottle got into the room, the lonely little boy had scrambled up on the bedstead with the help of the beer-stool, and was kneeling on the outer rim of sacking with the shred of counterpane in his hands, just making ready to tuck it in for himself under the chair cushions.

"I'll tuck you up, my man," says Trottle. "Jump into bed, and let me try."

"I mean to tuck myself up," says the poor forlorn child, "and I don't mean to jump. I mean to crawl, I do—and so I tell you!"

With that, he set to work, tucking in the clothes tight all down the sides of the cushions, but leaving them open at the foot. Then, getting up on his knees, and looking hard at Trotter, as much as to say, "What do you mean by offering to help such a handy little chap as me?" he began to untie the big shawl for himself, and did it, too, in less than half a minute. Then, doubling the shawl up loose over the foot of the bed, he says, "I say, look here," and ducks under the clothes, head first, worming his way up and up softly, under the blanket and counterpane, till Trotter saw the top of the large nightcap slowly peep out on the bolster. This over-sized head-gear of the child's had so shoved itself down in the course of his journey to the pillow, under the clothes, that when he got his face fairly out on the bolster, he was all nightcap down to his mouth. He soon freed himself, however, from this slight encumbrance by turning the ends of the cap up gravely to their old place over his eyebrows—looked at Trotter—said, "Snug, ain't it? Good-bye!"—popped his face under the clothes again—and left nothing to be seen of him but the empty peak of the big nightcap standing up sturdily on end in the middle of the bolster.

"What a young limb it is, ain't it?" says Benjamin's mother, giving Trotter a cheerful dig with her elbow. "Come on! you won't see no more of him to-night!"—

"And so I tell you!" sings out a shrill, little voice under the bedclothes, chiming in with a playful finish to the old woman's last words.

If Trotter had not been, by this time, positively resolved to follow the wicked secret which accident had mixed him up with, through all its turnings and windings, right on to the end, he would have probably snatched the boy up then and there, and carried him off from his garret prison, bedclothes and all. As it was, he put a strong check on himself, kept his eye on future possibilities, and allowed Benjamin's mother to lead him down-stairs again.

"Mind them top bannisters," says she, as Trotter laid his hand on them. "They are as rotten as medlars every one of 'em."

"When people come to see the premises," says Trotter, trying to feel his way a little farther into the mystery of the House, "you don't bring many of them up here, do you?"

"Bless your heart alive!" says she, "nobody ever comes now. The outside of the house is quite enough to warn them off. More's the pity, as I say. It used to keep me in spirits, staggering 'em all, one after another, with the frightful high rent—especially the women, drat 'em. 'What's the rent of this house?'—'Hundred and twenty

pound a-year?'—'Hundred and twenty? why, there ain't a house in the street as lets for more than eighty?'—'Likely enough, ma'am; other landlords may lower their rents if they please; but this here landlord sticks to his rights, and means to have as much for his house as his father had before him!'—'But the neighbourhood's gone off since then!'—'Hundred and twenty pound, ma'am.'—'The landlord must be mad!'—'Hundred and twenty pound, ma'am.'—'Open the door you impertinent woman!' Lord! what a happiness it was to see 'em bounce out, with that awful rent a-ringing in their ears all down the street!"

She stopped on the second-floor landing to treat herself to another chuckle, while Trotter privately posted up in his memory what he had just heard. "Two points made out," he thought to himself: "the house is kept empty on purpose, and the way it's done is to ask a rent that nobody will pay."

"Ah, deary me!" says Benjamin's mother, changing the subject on a sudden, and twisting back with a horrid, greedy quickness to those awkward money-matters which she had broached down in the parlour. "What we've done, one way and another for Mr. Forley, it isn't in words to tell! That nice little bit of business of ours ought to be a bigger bit of business, considering the trouble we take, Benjamin and me, to make the imp up-stairs as happy as the day is long. If good Mr. Forley would only please to think a little more of what a deal he owes to Benjamin and me—"

"That's just it," says Trotter, catching her up short in desperation, and seeing his way, by the help of those last words of hers to slipping cleverly through her fingers. "What should you say, if I told you that Mr. Forley was nothing like so far from thinking about that little matter as you fancy? You would be disappointed, now, if I told you that I had come to-day without the money?"—(her lank old jaw fell, and her villainous old eyes glared, in a perfect state of panic, at that!)—"But what should you say, if I told you that Mr. Forley was only waiting for my report, to send me here next Monday, at dusk, with a bigger bit of business for us two to do together than ever you think for? What should you say to that?"

The old wretch came so near to Trotter, before she answered, and jammed him up confidentially so close into the corner of the landing, that his throat, in a manner, rose at her.

"Can you count it off, do you think, on more than that?" says she, holding up her four skinny fingers and her long crooked thumb, all of a tremble, right before his face.

"What do you say to two hands, instead of one?" says he, pushing past her, and getting down-stairs as fast as he could.

What she said Trotter thinks it best not to

report, seeing that the old hypocrite, getting next door to light-headed at the golden prospect before her, took such liberties with unearthly names and persons which ought never to have approached her lips, and rained down such an awful shower of blessings on Trottle's head, that his hair almost stood on end to hear her. He went on down-stairs as fast as his feet would carry him, till he was brought up all standing, as the sailors say, on the last flight, by aggravating Benjamin, lying right across the stair, and fallen off, as might have been expected, into a heavy drunken sleep.

The sight of him instantly reminded Trottle of the curious half likeness which he had already detected between the face of Benjamin and the face of another man, whom he had seen at a past time in very different circumstances. He determined, before leaving the House, to have one more look at the wretched muddled creature; and accordingly shook him up smartly, and propped him against the staircase wall, before his mother could interfere.

"Leave him to me; I'll freshen him up," says Trottle to the old woman, looking hard in Benjamin's face, while he spoke.

The fright and surprise of being suddenly woke up, seemed, for about a quarter of a minute, to sober the creature. When he first opened his eyes, there was a new look in them for a moment, which struck home to Trottle's memory as quick and as clear as a flash of light. The old maudlin sleepy expression came back again in another instant, and blurred out all further signs and tokens of the past. But Trottle had seen enough in the moment before it came; and he troubled Benjamin's face with no more inquiries.

"Next Monday, at dusk," says he, cutting short some more of the old woman's palaver about Benjamin's indigestion. "I've got no more time to spare, ma'am, to-night: please to let me out."

With a few last blessings, a few last dutiful messages to good Mr. Forley, and a few last friendly hints not to forget next Monday at dusk, Trottle contrived to struggle through the sickening business of leave-taking; to get the door opened; and to find himself, to his own indescribable relief, once more on the outer side of the House To Let.

LET AT LAST.

"THERE, ma'am!" said Trottle, folding up the manuscript from which he had been reading, and setting it down with a smart tap of triumph on the table. "May I venture to ask what you think of that plain statement, as a guess on my part (and not on Mr. Jarber's) at the riddle of the empty House?"

For a minute or two I was unable to say a word. When I recovered a little, my first question referred to the poor forlorn little boy.

"To-day is Monday the twentieth," I said.

"Surely you have not let a whole week go by without trying to find out something more?"

"Except at bed-time, and meals, ma'am," answered Trottle, "I have not let an hour go by. Please to understand that I have only come to an end of what I have written, and not to an end of what I have done. I wrote down those first particulars, ma'am, because they are of great importance, and also because I was determined to come forward with my written documents, seeing that Mr. Jarber chose to come forward, in the first instance, with his. I am now ready to go on with the second part of my story as shortly and plainly as possible, by word of mouth. The first thing I must clear up, if you please, is the matter of Mr. Forley's family affairs. I have heard you speak of them, ma'am, at various times; and I have understood that Mr. Forley had two children only by his deceased wife, both daughters. The eldest daughter married, to her father's entire satisfaction, one Mr. Bayne, a rich man, holding a high government situation in Canada. She is now living there with her husband, and her only child, a little girl of eight or nine years old. Right so far, I think, ma'am?"

"Quite right," I said.

"The second daughter," Trottle went on, "and Mr. Forley's favourite, set her father's wishes and the opinions of the world at flat defiance, by running away with a man of low origin—a mate of a merchant-vessel, named Kirkland. Mr. Forley not only never forgave that marriage, but vowed that he would visit the scandal of it heavily in the future on husband and wife. Both escaped his vengeance, whatever he meant it to be. The husband was drowned on his first voyage after his marriage, and the wife died in child-bed. Right again, I believe, ma'am?"

"Again quite right."

"Having got the family matter all right, we will now go back, ma'am, to me and my doings. Last Monday, I asked you for leave of absence for two days; I employed the time in clearing up the matter of Benjamin's face. Last Saturday I was out of the way when you wanted me. I played truant, ma'am, on that occasion, in company with a friend of mine, who is managing clerk in a lawyer's office; and we both spent the morning at Doctors' Commons, over the last will and testament of Mr. Forley's father. Leaving the will-business for a moment, please to follow me first, if you have no objection, into the ugly subject of Benjamin's face. About six or seven years ago (thanks to your kindness) I had a week's holiday with some friends of mine who live in the town of Pendlebury. One of those friends (the only one now left in the place) kept a chemist's shop, and in that shop I was made acquainted with one of the two doctors in the town, named Barsham. This Barsham was a first-rate surgeon, and might have got

to the top of his profession, if he had not been a first-rate blackguard. As it was, he both drank and gambled; nobody would have anything to do with him in Pendlebury; and, at the time when I was made known to him in the chemist's shop, the other doctor, Mr. Dix, who was not to be compared with him for surgical skill, but who was a respectable man, had got all the practice; and Barsham and his old mother were living together in such a condition of utter poverty, that it was a marvel to everybody how they kept out of the parish workhouse."

"Benjamin and Benjamin's mother!"

"Exactly, ma'am. Last Thursday morning (thanks to your kindness, again) I went to Pendlebury to my friend the chemist, to ask a few questions about Barsham and his mother. I was told that they had both left the town about five years since. When I inquired into the circumstances, some strange particulars came out in the course of the chemist's answer. You know I have no doubt, ma'am, that poor Mrs. Kirkland was confined while her husband was at sea, in lodgings at a village called Flatfield, and that she died and was buried there. But what you may not know is, that Flatfield is only three miles from Pendlebury; that the doctor who attended on Mrs. Kirkland was Barsham; that the nurse who took care of her was Barsham's mother; and that the person who called them both in, was Mr. Forley. Whether his daughter wrote to him, or whether he heard of it in some other way, I don't know; but he was with her (though he had sworn never to see her again when she married) a month or more before her confinement, and was backwards and forwards a good deal between Flatfield and Pendlebury. How he managed matters with the Barshams cannot at present be discovered; but it is a fact that he contrived to keep the drunken doctor sober, to everybody's amazement. It is a fact that Barsham went to the poor woman with all his wits about him. It is a fact that he and his mother came back from Flatfield after Mrs. Kirkland's death, packed up what few things they had, and left the town mysteriously by night. And, lastly, it is also a fact that the other doctor, Mr. Dix, was not called in to help, till a week after the birth and burial of the child, when the mother was sinking from exhaustion—exhaustion (to give the vagabond, Barsham, his due) not produced, in Mr. Dix's opinion, by improper medical treatment, but by the bodily weakness of the poor woman herself—"

"Burial of the child?" I interrupted, trembling all over. "Trottle! you spoke that word 'burial,' in a very strange way—you are fixing your eyes on me now with a very strange look—"

Trottle leaned over close to me, and pointed through the window to the empty house.

"The child's death is registered, at Pendle-

bury," he said, "on Barsham's certificate, under the head of Male Infant, Still-Born. The child's coffin lies in the mother's grave, in Flatfield churchyard. The child himself—as surely as I live and breathe, is living and breathing now—a castaway and a prisoner in that villainous house!"

I sank back in my chair.

"It's guess-work, so far, but it is borne in on my mind, for all that, as truth. Rouse yourself, ma'am, and think a little. The last I hear of Barsham, he is attending Mr. Forley's disobedient daughter. The next I see of Barsham, he is in Mr. Forley's house, trusted with a secret. He and his mother leave Pendlebury suddenly and suspiciously five years back; and he and his mother have got a child of five years old, hidden away in the house. Wait! please to wait—I have not done yet. The will left by Mr. Forley's father, strengthens the suspicion. The friend I took with me to Doctors' Commons, made himself master of the contents of that will; and when he had done so, I put these two questions to him. 'Can Mr. Forley leave his money at his own discretion to anybody he pleases?' 'No,' my friend says, 'his father has left him with only a life interest in it.' 'Suppose one of Mr. Forley's married daughters has a girl, and the other a boy, how would the money go?' 'It would all go,' my friend says, 'to the boy, and it would be charged with the payment of a certain annual income to his female cousin. After her death, it would go back to the male descendant, and to his heirs.' Consider that, ma'am! The child of the daughter whom Mr. Forley hates, whose husband has been snatched away from his vengeance by death, takes his whole property in defiance of him; and the child of the daughter whom he loves, is left a pensioner on her low-born boy-cousin for life! There was good—too good reason—why that child of Mrs. Kirkland's should be registered still-born. And if, as I believe, the register is founded on a false certificate, there is better, still better reason, why the existence of the child should be hidden, and all trace of his parentage blotted out, in the garret of that empty house."

He stopped, and pointed for the second time to the dim, dust-covered garret-windows opposite. As he did so, I was startled—a very slight matter sufficed to frighten me now—by a knock at the door of the room in which we were sitting.

My maid came in, with a letter in her hand. I took it from her. The mourning card, which was all the envelope enclosed, dropped from my hands.

George Forley was no more. He had departed this life three days since, on the evening of Friday.

"Did our last chance of discovering the truth," I asked, "rest with *him*? Has it died with *his* death?"

"Courage, ma'am! I think not. Our chance rests on our power to make Barsham and his mother confess; and Mr. Forley's death, by leaving them helpless, seems to put that power into our hands. With your permission, I will not wait till dusk to-day, as I at first intended, but will make sure of those two people at once. With a policeman in plain clothes to watch the house, in case they try to leave it; with this card to vouch for the fact of Mr. Forley's death; and with a bold acknowledgment on my part of having got possession of their secret, and of being ready to use it against them in case of need, I think there is little doubt of bringing Barsham and his mother to terms. In case I find it impossible to get back here before dusk, please to sit near the window, ma'am, and watch the house, a little before they light the street-lamps. If you see the front-door open and close again, will you be good enough to put on your bonnet, and come across to me immediately? Mr. Forley's death may, or may not, prevent his messenger from coming as arranged. But, if the person does come, it is of importance that you, as a relative of Mr. Forley's, should be present to see him, and to have that proper influence over him which I cannot pretend to exercise."

The only words I could say to Trottles as he opened the door and left me, were words charging him to take care that no harm happened to the poor forlorn little boy.

Left alone, I drew my chair to the window; and looked out with a beating heart at the guilty house. I waited and waited through what appeared to me to be an endless time, until I heard the wheels of a cab stop at the end of the street. I looked in that direction, and saw Trottles get out of the cab alone, walk up to the House, and knock at the door. He was let in by Barsham's mother. A minute or two later, a decently-dressed man sauntered past the house, looked up at it for a moment, and sauntered on to the corner of the street close by. Here he leant against the post, and lighted a cigar, and stopped there smoking in an idle way, but keeping his face always turned in the direction of the house-door.

I waited and waited still. I waited and waited, with my eyes riveted to the door of the house. At last I thought I saw it open in the dusk, and then felt sure I heard it shut again softly. Though I tried hard to compose myself, I trembled so that I was obliged to call for Peggy to help me on with my bonnet and cloak, and was forced to take her arm to lean on, in crossing the street.

Trottles opened the door to us, before we could knock. Peggy went back, and I went in. He had a lighted candle in his hand.

"It had happened, ma'am, as I thought it would," he whispered, leading me into the bare, comfortless, empty parlour. "Barsham and his mother have consulted their own

interests, and have come to terms. My guess-work is guess-work no longer. It is now what I felt it was—Truth!"

Something strange to me—something which women who are mothers must often know—trembled suddenly in my heart, and brought the warm tears of my youthful days thronging back into my eyes. I took my faithful old servant by the hand, and asked him to let me see Mrs. Kirkland's child, for his mother's sake.

"If you desire it, ma'am," said Trottles, with a gentleness of manner that I had never noticed in him before. "But pray don't think me wanting in duty and right feeling, if I beg you to try and wait a little. You are agitated already, and a first meeting with the child will not help to make you so calm, as you would wish to be, if Mr. Forley's messenger comes. The little boy is safe upstairs. Pray think first of trying to compose yourself for a meeting with a stranger; and believe me you shall not leave the house afterwards without the child."

I felt that Trottles was right, and sat down as patiently as I could in a chair he had thoughtfully placed ready for me. I was so horrified at the discovery of my own relation's wickedness that when Trottles proposed to make me acquainted with the confession wrung from Barsham and his mother, I begged him to spare me all details, and only to tell me what was necessary about George Forley.

"All that can be said for Mr. Forley, ma'am, is, that he was just scrupulous enough to hide the child's existence and blot out its parentage here, instead of consenting, at the first, to its death, or afterwards, when the boy grew up, to turning him adrift, absolutely helpless in the world. The fraud has been managed, ma'am, with the cunning of Satan himself. Mr. Forley had the hold over the Barshams, that they had helped him in his villany, and that they were dependent on him for the bread they eat. He brought them up to London to keep them securely under his own eye. He put them into this empty house (taking it out of the agent's hands previously, on pretence that he meant to manage the letting of it himself); and by keeping the house empty, made it the surest of all hiding places for the child. Here, Mr. Forley could come, whenever he pleased, to see that the poor lonely child was not absolutely starved; sure that his visits would only appear like looking after his own property. Here the child was to have been trained to believe himself Barsham's child, till he should be old enough to be provided for in some situation, as low and as poor as Mr. Forley's uneasy conscience would let him pick out. He may have thought of atonement on his death-bed; but not before—I am only too certain of it—not before!"

A low, double knock startled us.

"The messenger!" said Trottles, under his

breath. He went out instantly to answer the knock; and returned, leading in a respectable-looking elderly man, dressed like Trottle, all in black, with a white cravat, but otherwise not at all resembling him.

"I am afraid I have made some mistake," said the stranger.

Trottle, considerably taking the office of explanation into his own hands, assured the gentleman that there was no mistake; mentioned to him who I was; and asked him if he had not come on business connected with the late Mr. Forley. Looking greatly astonished, the gentleman answered, "Yes." There was an awkward moment of silence, after that. The stranger seemed to be not only startled and amazed, but rather distrustful and fearful of committing himself as well. Noticing this, I thought it best to request Trottle to put an end to further embarrassment, by stating all particulars truthfully, as he had stated them to me; and I begged the gentleman to listen patiently for the late Mr. Forley's sake. He bowed to me very respectfully, and said he was prepared to listen with the greatest interest.

It was evident to me—and, I could see, to Trottle also—that we were not dealing, to say the least, with a dishonest man.

"Before I offer any opinion on what I have heard," he said, earnestly and anxiously, after Trottle had done, "I must be allowed, in justice to myself, to explain my own apparent connection with this very strange and very shocking business. I was the confidential legal adviser of the late Mr. Forley, and I am left his executor. Rather more than a fortnight back, when Mr. Forley was confined to his room by illness, he sent for me, and charged me to call and pay a certain sum of money here, to a man and woman whom I should find taking charge of the house. He said he had reasons for wishing the affair to be kept a secret. He begged me so to arrange my engagements that I could call at this place either on Monday last, or to-day, at dusk; and he mentioned that he would write to warn the people of my coming, without mentioning my name (Dalcott is my name) as he did not wish to expose me to any future importunities on the part of the man and woman. I need hardly tell you that this commission struck me as being a strange one; but, in my position with Mr. Forley, I had no resource but to accept it without asking questions, or to break off my long and friendly connection with my client. I chose the first alternative. Business prevented me from doing my errand on Monday last—and if I am here to-day, notwithstanding Mr. Forley's unexpected death, it is emphatically because I understood nothing of the matter, on knocking at this door; and therefore felt myself bound, as executor, to clear it up. That, on my word of honour, is the whole truth, so far as I am personally concerned."

"I feel quite sure of it, sir," I answered. "You mentioned Mr. Forley's death, just now, as unexpected. May I inquire if you were present, and if he has left any last instructions?"

"Three hours before Mr. Forley's death," said Mr. Dalcott, "his medical attendant left him apparently in a fair way of recovery. The change for the worse took place so suddenly, and was accompanied by such severe suffering, as entirely to prevent him from communicating his last wishes to any one. When I reached his house, he was insensible. I have since examined his papers. Not one of them refers to the present time, or to the serious matter which now occupies us. In the absence of instructions, I must act cautiously on what you have told me; but I will be rigidly fair and just at the same time. The first thing to be done," he continued, addressing himself to Trottle, "is to hear what the man and woman, down-stairs, have to say. If you can supply me with writing-materials, I will take their declarations separately on the spot, in your presence, and in the presence of the policeman who is watching the house. Tomorrow I will send copies of those declarations, accompanied by a full statement of the case, to Mr. and Mrs. Bayne in Canada (both of whom know me well as the late Mr. Forley's legal adviser); and I will suspend all proceedings, on my part, until I hear from them, or from their solicitor in London. In the present posture of affairs this is all I can safely do."

We could do no less than agree with him, and thank him for his frank and honest manner of meeting us. It was arranged that I should send over the writing materials from my lodgings; and, to my unutterable joy and relief, it was also readily acknowledged that the poor little orphan boy could find no fitter refuge than my old arms were longing to offer him, and no safer protection for the night than my roof could give. Trottle hastened away up-stairs, as actively as if he had been a young man, to fetch the child down.

And he brought him down to me without another moment of delay, and I went on my knees before the poor little Mite, and embraced him, and asked him if he would go with me to where I lived? He held me away for a moment, and his wan, shrewd little eyes looked sharp at me. Then he clung close to me all at once, and said:

"I'm a-going along with you, I am—and so I tell you!"

For inspiring the poor neglected child with this trust in my old self, I thanked Heaven, then, with all my heart and soul, and I thank it now!

I bundled the poor darling up in my own cloak, and I carried him in my own arms across the road. Peggy was lost in speechless amazement to behold me trudging out of

breath up-stairs, with a strange pair of poor little legs under my arm ; but, she began to cry over the child the moment she saw him, like a sensible woman as she always was, and she still cried her eyes out over him in a comfortable manner, when he at last lay fast asleep, tucked up by my hands in Trottle's bed.

"And Trottle, bless you, my dear man," said I, kissing his hand, as he looked on: "the forlorn baby came to this refuge through you, and he will help you on your way to Heaven."

Trottle answered that I was his dear mistress, and immediately went and put his head out at an open window on the landing, and looked into the back street for a quarter of an hour.

That very night, as I sat thinking of the poor child, and of another poor child who is never to be thought about enough at Christmas-time, the idea came into my mind which I have lived to execute, and in the realisation of which I am the happiest of women this day.

"The executor will sell that House, Trottle?" said I.

"Not a doubt of it, ma'am, if he can find a purchaser."

"I'll buy it."

I have often seen Trottle pleased ; but, I never saw him so perfectly enchanted as he was when I confided to him, which I did, then and there, the purpose that I had in view.

To make short of a long story—and what story would not be long, coming from the lips of an old woman like me, unless it was made short by main force!—I bought the House. Mrs. Bayne had her father's blood in her ; she evaded the opportunity of forgiving and generous reparation that was offered her, and disowned the child ; but, I was prepared for that, and, loved him all the more for having no one in the world to look to, but me.

I am getting into a flurry by being over-pleased, and I dare say I am as incoherent as need be. I bought the House, and I altered

it from the basement to the roof, and I turned it into a Hospital for Sick Children.

Never mind by what degrees my little adopted boy came to the knowledge of all the sights and sounds in the streets, so familiar to other children and so strange to him ; never mind by what degrees he came to be pretty, and childish, and winning, and companionable, and to have pictures and toys about him, and suitable playmates. As I write, I look across the road to my Hospital, and there is the darling (who has gone over to play) nodding at me out of one of the once lonely windows, with his dear chubby face backed up by Trottle's waistcoat as he lifts my pet for "Grandma" to see.

Many an Eye I see in that House now, but it is never in solitude, never in neglect. Many an Eye I see in that House now, that is more and more radiant every day with the light of returning health. As my precious darling has changed beyond description for the brighter and the better, so do the not less precious darlings of poor women change in that House every day in the year. For which I humbly thank that Gracious Being whom the restorer of the Widow's son and of the Ruler's daughter, instructed all mankind to call their Father.

THREE CHRISTMAS READINGS,

BY

MR. CHARLES DICKENS,

Will take place at ST. MARTIN'S HALL, LONG ACRE. On CHRISTMAS EVE, Friday, December 24th ; on the evening of BOXING-DAY, Monday, December 27th ; and on the evening of TWELFTH NIGHT, Thursday, January 6th. Each evening, THE CHRISTMAS CAROL, and THE TRIAL FROM PICKWICK.

Number 458 of HOUSEHOLD WORDS will be

A

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